

Theological Musings from Dave's Laptop

May 31, 2016

I'm about half through reading Randy Nabors' book, *Merciful: The Opportunity and Challenge of Discipling the Poor Out of Poverty*. Randy grew up in the "projects" of Newark, New Jersey, and is well known for his long and effective pastorate in inner-city Chattanooga. I've heard Randy speak in Baltimore.

Here and there in the book are poems Randy has written to accentuate the text. Here's one I really like:

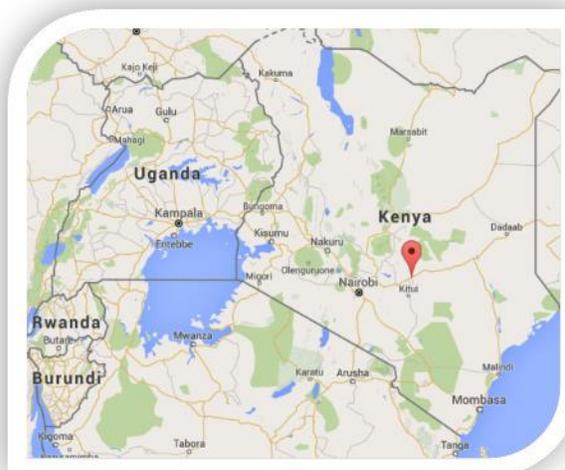
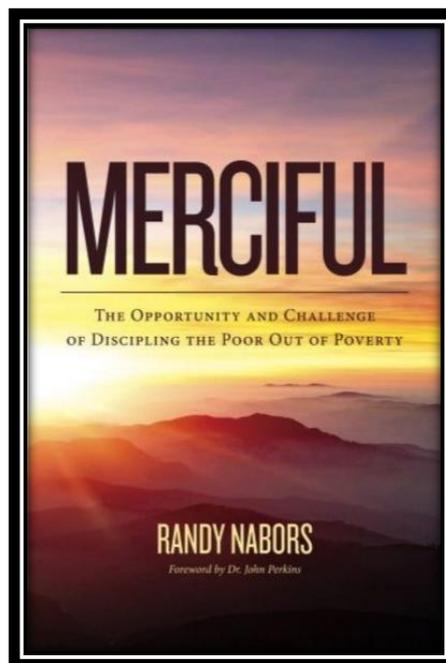
*Another hot African day
Whose high sun beating low
Finds a white man sweating
Mops his brow and waiting
Upon a rural bus
In an obscure little market town
Somewhere 'tween Mwingi and Ngai.*

*The African woman lays out her mangos
On a market day,
Cloth spread upon the ground.
Anonymity in proximity
African and American sit.*

*She is curious that a white man
Is not only here
But waits upon a bus,
Whose kind roar by in Rovers,
Seldom with any need but speed
To pass her by.*

*Enthralled, she wonders
In a non-English way,
Is poverty
Emanating from a Mzungu,
Is she deceived?
Maybe God inculcates
Humility,
At least in this moment
In one whose
Very clothes
Could send her kids
To school*

Or purchase bread for a month.



*He is stranded
From too many flattened tires,
On his way back to recover
Another now repaired
In a town recently passed.*

*With her lithe arm
She reaches for one shiny moist
And succulent fruit
On whose skin
Sunlight prances in sparkling invitation.
She offers fruit to him, and in
Thirsty dismay he says,
“Hapana pesa,
I have no cash money,
Save for the bus.”*

*Undeterred, no hesitation,
Withdraws not her hand,
Smiles – and offers again.*

*When there is no water
On a hot Kenyan day,
There is the drink of kindness
And it is a gift
Long remembered.
Without words,
From a stranger,
A kindness from poverty to wealth
That had no money.*

May we go and do likewise.

Dave

