

## **He Has my Back**

As one ages, it becomes more difficult to have the strength to change places. One worries that when new people move in close, they will bring problems.

As the house next door sold, I wondered who the new tenants would be. Watching daily, I finally see a heavily bearded thin man standing in front.

Not very young, not very old, somewhat medium, not particularly bold. I greeted him from my driveway and he approached right away.

Introductions made, and we proceeded to have a brief talk about his moving plans. I felt comfortable that we have an owner family and not flipper renters.

As time progressed, the move was made, and he came over to talk. Sitting comfortably in my driveway, I assumed a dominant role.

Knowing the neighborhood and history, I explained to him about my needs. He listened quietly, not interrupting, understanding my expressed need for privacy.

I had heard that they moved to be near their Church.

The only way I would ever move for religion would be to get away from it.

I told him of my aversion, fighting the force-feeding of the Calvinists. I told him I could never accept the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth.

He sat quietly, listening to unsolicited blabber from a stranger.

I finally realized that everything being said was about me, by me.

I finally slowed down. I felt selfish for not asking him about him.

He made a simple statement that he cannot imagine living without his Faith.

What amazed me was that there was no selling his belief, no preaching. Over time, it dawned on me that he simply accepted me for who am I.

This kind Jesus-looking man simply wanted my friendship, to help me with chores. To offer his shoulder to use as a prop and to help my teetering balance.

Seldom in life will one find another like him. Quiet, kind, accepting, unconditional love. He genuinely walks the walk of the One he believes in. It is a powerful way to live.