



“The Surprise Visit”

January 2017

Isn't it interesting as to what makes the news these days, but the stories that should really be publicized seldom make it to the news. As your Chaplains we are privileged to witness some of the most sacred and noble moment of human kindness that seldom goes public. Our Angles among us. For example our members responded to a well-being check, a single mom, with 4 kids in the apartment, no heat and the kids are huddled around the stove to keep warm. After exchanging some pleasantries with the mom, our "Angels" left, went to area Walmart and bought sweaters for all the kids. Or the Officers on line in Jewel at the checkout, behind an old gentleman in tattered clothing, and when it came for the old man to pay for his groceries our "Angel" stuck his hand out and swiped his own credit card and paid for the old man's groceries. And the list goes on and on. So on behalf of all of us that know about all the acts of kindness that you do, we say THANK YOU for being G-d's presence out in the street, you do G-d proud, you do us proud and for that we say G-d bless you all. It brings to mind the story of."The Surprise Visit"

In a small neighboring village from where we live, is a woman whom we know by the name of Ruth. Ruth went to her mail box one morning to retrieve her mail and found an envelope. She picked it up, looked at it before opening, and then she looked at the envelope again.

There was no stamp, no postmark, no return name or address, only her name and address.

She read the letter, it said:

Dear Ruth: "I'm going to be in your neighborhood next Saturday afternoon, and I'd like to stop by for a visit, if that's okay with you"?

Love Always, the Lord

Her hands were shaking as she placed the letter on the table. "Why would the Lord want to visit me? I'm nobody special; I don't bother anybody, I just live my quiet life." After a few moments she calmed down and thought, no problem but remembered her empty kitchen cabinets.

"Oh my goodness, I really don't have anything to offer. I'll have to run down to the store and buy something for dinner." She reached for her purse and counted

out its contents. Ten dollars and forty cents. Well, I can get some bread, cold cuts, and a bottle of pop, at least. She threw on her coat and hurried out the door. A loaf of French bread, a half-pound of sliced turkey, and a carton of milk...leave Ruth with grand total twelve cents to last her until Monday. Nonetheless, she felt good as she headed home, her meager offerings tucked under her arm. "Hey lady, can you help us, lady?" Ruth had been so absorbed in her dinner plans; she hadn't even noticed two figures huddled in the alleyway. A man and a woman, both of them dressed in little more than rags. "Look lady, I ain't got a job, ya know, and my wife and I have been living out here on the street, and, well, now it's getting cold and we're getting kind of hungry and, well, if you could help us. Lady, we'd really appreciate it."

Ruth looked at them both. The streets took a toll on them, their clothes were dirty and tattered, and frankly, she was certain that they could get some kind of work if they really wanted to. "Sir, I'd like to help you, but I'm a poor woman myself. All I have is a few cold cuts and some bread, and I'm having an important guest for dinner tonight and I was planning on serving that to Him."

"Yeah, well, okay lady, I understand. Thanks anyway." The man put his arm around the woman's shoulders, turned and headed back into the alley. As she watched them leave, Ruth felt a familiar twinge in her heart, how could she turn them away, when they have even less than her? "Sir, wait!" the couple stopped and turned as she ran down the alley after them. "Look, why don't you take this food, I'll figure out something else to serve my guest." She handed the man her grocery bag. "Thank you, lady", the man said, "thank you very much!" "Yes, thank you!" It was the man's wife, and Ruth could see now that she was shivering. "You know, I've got another coat at home. Here, why don't you take this one?" Ruth unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it over the woman's shoulders. Then smiling, she turned and walked back to the street...without her coat and with nothing to serve her guest.

"Thank you lady! Thank you very much!" the couple shouted. Ruth was chilled by the time she reached her front door, and worried too. The Lord was coming to visit and she didn't have anything to offer Him. She fumbled through her purse for the door key. But as she did, she noticed another envelope in her mailbox.

"That's odd. The mailman doesn't usually come twice in one day." She opened the envelope, and it read....Dear Ruth: It was so good to see you again. Thank you for

the lovely meal. And thank you, too, for the beautiful coat.Love Always, The Lord. End of story. On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, thanks to each of you for going out every day to do G-d's work and taking such good care of His children. You do you Maker proud and you do us proud!

And now a little chuckle from the humor files. "Mom's White Hair"

One morning, as little Hannah was sitting at the kitchen sink watching her mother wash and dry the breakfast plates, she noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair mixed in with her dark hair. Hannah looked at her mother and said, "Why have you got some white hairs, mummy?" Her mother replied, "Well darling, every time a daughter does something bad to make her mother cry or unhappy, one of her mother's hairs turns white."

Hannah thought about this information for a few moments then said, "Mummy, so how come all of grandma's hairs are white?"lol....lol

Your Chaplains wish you a very Happy Blessed New Year! May 2017 be one of your best ones yet.

Should you need a shoulder to lean on or perhaps have some good humor to share, don't hesitate to give us a call.

Compliments of your Police Chaplain Rabbi Moshe Wolf 773-463-4780

Or e-mail: moshewolf@hotmail.com