

## **Christ's Love is Just like Sitting**

In my community I once sat in a doorway with a woman who lives in a poor housing district and who often comes to our shelter. She was waiting in the doorway until her ride came. The night before, her male roommate had battered her. One eye was swollen shut and one side of her face was blue with bruises. Her face, I remember, had scars from years of brokenness. She was also limited in her intellect. She reached for my hand and we sat silently together in that cold concrete doorway. This woman knew a lifetime of rejection. People passed by, and I wondered if they ever saw us or perhaps the awareness of the situation left them not knowing how to respond. I have felt that way on the streets before. When her ride came, I asked her to come to the shelter and we could find a counselor to help work through the pain and to make new choices. We stood, we hugged, and her last words to me were: "I don't know what no counselor person is, but it must be something like us sitting, cause when we were sitting together, I didn't feel no pain."

That day in the doorway she gave me the gift of love—a reminder that in Christ there is no limit to love's forbearance, its trust, its hope, and its power to endure. Christ's love is just like sitting.