

Wordless Witness

Description

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1 Corinthians 9:13-27

R.G. Hamilton, a retired pastor I was privileged to know in my first pastorate, served small rural churches beginning in the 1930s. He told me of a woman in one of those churches whose husband never attended. When Brother Hamilton asked about visiting the man church members tried to discourage him, "He doesn't want preachers coming around. He has thrown several off the place." Still, he felt like he ought to go.

Arriving at the farm Brother Hamilton saw the man shocking corn in a nearby field. Corn stalks were cut and tied into teepee shaped bunches to dry. It was all hard work. Brother Hamilton took off his coat and headed into the field. Without saying a word he began working alongside the farmer. They labored throughout the long afternoon without speaking. Finally the field was finished. The farmer was the first to speak, "What time is Sunday School?" "9:30," the preacher responded. "We'll see you then," the farmer shook the preacher's hand. Brother Hamilton left without another word. "They were both there the next Sunday," he told me, "And the whole rest of the time I was in that church they were there every week."

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