

**“LORD ARE YOU LISTENING”**

A little six year old boy knelt down by his bed one night to say his prayers. He started off by saying, “Our father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom...” Then suddenly, he stopped and started over again. “Lord this is Tommy. Are you listening?”

Each night, before I go to sleep, I say the Lord’s prayer. Mom says that’s good. But just this once, can I talk to you? You know, sort of man to man.”

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I thank you for all the things you’ve given me. I thank you for my dog Sam and my cat Buddy and all my toys and especially for my new bike I got for my birthday. But tonight, I want to talk to you about my dad.”

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Christmas is almost here, I did so want that new catcher’s mitt and that new train set. You know, the one that blows real smoke. But really, all I want for Christmas is for my dad to go to Church with mom and me.”

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You see, my dad and mom fight a lot. I know dad doesn’t mean all those hateful things he says, but sometimes he makes my mommy cry, and he makes me cry too. Would you talk to him? He doesn’t seem to want to listen to anyone else.”

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Unknown to the little boy, his father had come up stairs to say good night and was standing in the doorway listening to his son’s prayer. With a lump in his throat, tears running down his face, and knots in his stomach, he had to turn and walk away. The little boy finished his prayers, climbed into bed, and fell fast asleep.

The next morning, being Sunday, Tommy was up bright and early ready for Church. He ran down the stairs to meet his mom and to see if the Lord had answered his prayer. When he didn't see his father, he asked, "Mom, where's dad?" She replied "You know your father, Tommy. He sleeps way past noon on Sunday." With a sad heart, Tommy and his mom left for Church.

All during the service, Tommy kept looking back at the door, but no one else came in. With a deep sigh, Tommy said to himself, "I guess the Lord was too busy with other things to hear my prayer. After all, it is the holidays. Well maybe next year."

Service was just about over and the pastor was giving the final altar call when suddenly, the door of the Church opened. It was Tommy's dad. He made his way down the isle, fell on his knees at the altar, and began asking God to forgive him of his sins.

Tommy was elated with joy. With a big smile on his face, he looked up at his mom who was crying with tears of joy and gladness. They embraced each other, and Tommy, looking toward Heaven, whispered in a soft child like voice, "Lord, I guess you were listening after all. Thank You. Oh by the way "Lord,"

***"Merry Christmas and Happy Birthday...."***

Donald Henson  
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