

We walked into the truck stop and up to the cashier. I told her I wanted to buy my friend Rick the buffet for lunch. While I reached for my wallet, she reached for one of those white Styrofoam “to-go” boxes. She said she was sure Rick would want his lunch to go.

I’d never been sure what righteous indignation meant until that moment. I felt a lot more love and compassion for Rick right then than I did for the cashier. I tried to remain calm and not let my new friend see my anger. I informed the cashier he’d be eating in, just like everyone else. I stayed until Rick was seated with his lunch and waved goodbye.

When I left, I prayed for Rick and others like him in this country who have been treated less than human just because of the color of their skin, a disability, or their nationality. I felt sorry for him. but I felt even worse for people like the cashier who reach for the “to go” boxes of life and never realize what they’re doing.

There would be more ahead like Rick who were waiting to eat, waiting to be treated with dignity and love. Our nation was scattered with people, red, yellow, black and even white, who find themselves discarded by society. Some live under bridges, some in rat-infested slums, and some even blend in the best they can in our own neighborhoods. We had begun praying early in the walk God would give us the heart of Jesus, and it was happening. Every day, with every step, people were capturing our hearts.