

*"I was hungry and you fed me, thirsty and you gave me a drink, naked and you clothed me, homeless and you sheltered me, imprisoned and you visited me ..."*

*"When Lord? When were you hungry and I fed You?"*

*"How could you ask that, you of the three million peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and the one hundred ways to fix the hamburger that could have been steak if you hadn't been feeding me? How could you ask?"*

*"And you were thirsty?"*

*"I was in the Kool-Aid line that came in with the summer heat and flies, left mud on your floors and finger prints on your walls, and you gave me a drink."*

*"But naked, Lord, homeless?"*

*"I was born to you naked and homeless. You sheltered me, first in your womb, then in your arms, and clothed me with your love (and spent the next 20 years struggling to pay the mortgage and the fuel bills, and keep me in jeans.)"*

*"Lord, I never knew I visited you in prison. I've never been in a prison."*

*"Oh yes. For I was imprisoned in my littleness, behind the bars of my crib, and I cried out in the night and you came. I was imprisoned inside a 12-year-old body that was exploding with so many emotions that I no longer knew who I was and you loved me into being myself. I was imprisoned behind my teenage rebellion, my anger, and my stereo set, and you came and sat by the wall of my hostility, took the abuse I heaped upon you, and waited in love for me to open the door."*

*"Now enter into the kingdom my Father has prepared for you since the foundation of the world."*