

Peter's Memory of His Grandpa

"Praise the Lord!" my grandfather says. His eyes squint ahead, and he carefully slows for a curve in the road.

His exclamation was in response to the news of the salvation of one of my friends. Though they have only met her once or twice and do not know her well enough to recall her name without a reminder, they know her as one of Christ's lost sheep and they care for her as He does.

"That's wonderful," Grandma adds. "She had such a sweet spirit; now she's safe in His arms."

"Amen!" Grandpa shouts. He needs no introduction for a prayer—my Grandfather; he just shouts a praise to Jesus or talks earnestly to Him, whenever and wherever a blessing or a need demand it. "Thank You, Father!"

He prays alone, except for my Grandmother's silent prayers beside him, and except for the weak stop-and-start prayers of my mind in the backseat of the car. Yet in the glow of his face, no one could believe that Grandpa truly prays alone. He leans forward, his eyes squinting ahead at the road, the intensity of his prayer still in his face. It is as if he, like John of Revelation, is catching a glimpse of the glowing, bronze feet of Jesus just ahead of him on the road and simply cannot contain his joy. As the trees, houses, and cars fly by around him in the steadily darkening evening, the dawn of "that Great Day" is breaking before him and Jesus fills his vision.

"Hallelujah!"

Is it my imagination or do I hear the echo of the invisible Cloud of Witnesses—the Great Multitude that no one can number? (NIV Heb. 12:1, NIV Rev. 7:9) "Amen! Praise and glory and wisdom and thanks and honor and power and strength be to our God for ever and ever. Amen!" (NIV Rev 7:12)

The car whirs onward, the headlights lift the darkness only to reveal the road, and the mortality of this world sinks heavily upon me. Yet Grandpa sits not a yard in front of me rejoicing with the saints and angels of Heaven over the one sinner who has repented (NIV Luke 15:10).