I Keep Seeing You

i saw You six days ago near a bus stop downtown. You stopped to help adrunken man. I went into a store for a notebook and some mints. You were still there when i came out. i passed him by. My agenda was my salvation. And then there You were again—half past ten in the morning in the adolescent oncology wing. You were laughing with a child—hairless head. You whispered something to her and she pressed her ear to Your chest. Her eyes widened. What did You say?

i saw You in a pub, celebrating the birthday of a 50 year-old waitressnamed Betty Rae. i cannot say why, but it surprised me somehow that

You were there.

Once more i saw You, Monday 2 a.m. i wondered if You were following meor if i was following You. You were in the kitchen of the Waffle House, serving hash browns and eggs to the chain-smoking trucker, his rig warm from the I-40 passage west to east. You knew his name. i overheard Your conversation. The life-weary driver went on and on. This was the third divorce for Ted. i didn’t believe his story. You did, as if You had been next door.

i keep seeing You, my Jesus, in the wanderlust of grace amazing. Deep calls to deep and bids me come.