

JUST CHECKING IN

**A minister passing through his
church in the middle of the day,
Decided to pause by the altar
and see who had come to pray.**

Just then the back door opened,
a man came down the aisle,
The minister frowned as he saw the man
hadn't shaved in quite a while.

His shirt was kinda shabby and
his coat was worn and frayed.
The man knelt, he bowed his head,
then rose and walked away.

In the days that followed,
each noon time came this chap,
Each time he knelt just for a moment,
a lunch pail in his lap.

Well, the minister's suspicions grew,
with robbery a main fear,
He decided to stop the man and ask him,
"What are you doing here?"

The old man said, he worked down the road.
Lunch was half an hour.
Lunchtime was his prayer time,
for finding strength and power.

"I stay only moments, see,
because the factory is so far away;
As I kneel here talking to the Lord,
this is kinda what I say:

**"I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, LORD,
HOW HAPPY I'VE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHER'S FRIENDSHIP
AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN.**

DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY,
BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY.
SO, JESUS, THIS IS JIM CHECKING IN."

The minister feeling foolish,
told Jim, that was fine.
He told the man he was welcome to come
and pray just anytime.

Time to go, Jim smiled, said "Thanks."
He hurried to the door.
The minister knelt at the altar,
he'd never done it before.

His cold heart melted, warmed with love,
and met with Jesus there.
As the tears flowed, in his heart,
he repeated old Jim's prayer:

"I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, LORD,
HOW HAPPY I'VE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHER'S FRIENDSHIP
AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN.

I DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY,
BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY.
SO, JESUS, THIS IS ME CHECKING IN."

Past noon one day, the minister noticed
that old Jim hadn't come.
As more days passed without Jim,
he began to worry some.

At the factory, he asked about him,
learning he was ill.
The hospital staff was worried,
but he'd given them a thrill.

The week that Jim was with them,
brought changes in the ward.
His smiles, a joy contagious.
Changed people, were his reward.

The head nurse couldn't understand
why Jim was so glad,
When no flowers, calls or cards came,
not a visitor he had.

The minister stayed by his bed,
he voiced the nurse's concern:
No friends came to show they cared.
He had nowhere to turn.

Looking surprised, old Jim spoke up
and with a winsome smile;
"The nurse is wrong, she couldn't know,
that in here all the while

Everyday at noon He's here,
a dear friend of mine, you see,
He sits right down, takes my hand,
leans over and says to me:

"I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, JIM,
HOW HAPPY I HAVE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND THIS FRIENDSHIP,
AND I TOOK AWAY YOUR SIN.

ALWAYS LOVE TO HEAR YOU PRAY,
I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERY DAY,
AND SO JIM, THIS IS JESUS CHECKING IN."

Author unknown