

This is the Day...Monday

June 13, 2022

The God who Sees You

“She gave this name to the LORD who spoke to her: “You are the God who sees me,” for she said, “I have now seen the One who sees me.” (Genesis 16:13)

During my seminary years at Vanderbilt, I often had to park my car several blocks away for the school campus when I arrived to attend class. If you have ever been to Nashville or to the Vanderbilt campus, you know that it is only a short distance from downtown Nashville and the busy streets of Music Row. This area was filled with a wide variety of folks. Some were the executives who rode around in fancy cars. Some were doctors and nurses who worked at the hospital. But it was not unusual to pass by someone, sitting alone on the street corner with their guitar case nearby. They always seemed to have this look of despair on their face as they sat on the sidewalk, leaning against the building. I always assumed that those were the folks who had come to Nashville to make it big in the music industry and have discovered just how difficult it can be. Then there were the folks who were just homeless and there were lots of them. Some wandered up and down the street and others just sat or slept under benches and against buildings.

These folks were very transient, so I rarely saw them more than once or twice. But there was one exception. Every day, as I walked from my parking lot to the school campus, I would pass a young woman who was sitting under some trees near the parking lot. By the look of her clothes and her backpack, she was obviously homeless. She always looked up as I passed by, and I would always simply say hi or throw up a wave. Every day she was in the same place and every day I shared a smile and a wave and kept on walking to class. Soon she began to smile and wave back at me. It was as though she was waiting for me and looking forward to our very brief encounter.

One day, I decided to get a burger for lunch as I was leaving class. I decided to buy two of them and share one with the homeless lady. I was not sure how she would react, but I walked up to her and simply reached out to hand her the bag of food without saying anything. To my amazement, she finally spoke, and I will never forget her words. She said, “Thank you for seeing me.”

That day I learned the importance of seeing the people around you. Not just those in need. Not just those that you could possibly help. But everyone that you encounter. Seeing them as a person just like you. Seeing them as someone just trying to live and matter. Seeing them as another one of God’s children. I can imagine that there is no worse feeling than to be invisible to everyone around you.

On this day which God has given you, make sure you see people. It is easy to get so caught up in your own life that you don’t see the special people around you. Take the time to see someone today. See them as your Father sees you. Filtered through the lens of Christ’s love and forgiveness.