

When I Met My Best Friend

By Brenda Poinsett

May I tell you about my friend? You will not grow restless or tired from listening because the story has never grown old.

It all began when Jim, a pal of mine, introduced us. During the process of introduction, I was startled as Jim said, “Why don’t you two become friends?”

I’m a very curious person, and I wondered what was so important about this friend of Jim’s. Jim and I are usually frank with each other and so I asked him, “Why should we be friends?”

Jim put his hand on my shoulder and said, “Brenda, I know that you have many friends, but you can’t begin to realize the true meaning of friendship until you’ve had this person for a friend. Aren’t there things in your life that you’re ashamed of? Don’t you long for inner happiness?”

My eyes filled with tears, and I said, “Yes, Jim, I do, but how can your friend help me?”

Jim’s face shone with happiness as he said, “We realize that we’re not perfect and never will be, but my friend is. He was disliked by many who didn’t want His friendship. They saw to it that He was crucified. When He went to the cross, Brenda, He died for our sins; and now He wants your friendship.”

“I would like this friendship, Jim, but how do I go about it?”

Softly, he answered, “Simply trust Him, tell Him you need Him and want His friendship.”

I did, and instantly, my heart filled with joy, peace, and satisfaction. I knew without a doubt that He would be mine forever.

Since that time, He has walked beside me daily. He sings each song with me and listens to my pleas and heartaches. His understanding never ceases. I feel His presence even in the midst of deepest trials. The joy never stops surging in my soul.

But I can't help wondering what He thinks of me. I know it took lots of love to be crucified for me, and each day His patience, grace, and mercy are tested by my actions. He must be deeply hurt when I refuse to introduce Him to my friends. Do you suppose He thinks I'm ashamed of Him whenever I'm talking to someone who doesn't know Him and He keeps nudging my elbow and saying, "Introduce me, Brenda, introduce me to your friend"? I jerk my arm away and pretend I'm not listening. Then when we're alone again, I realize what I have done. How could I have been so impolite to my best friend? It would have been so simple to say, "Would you like to meet my friend?"

I turn to Him and say, "Please forgive me. It will never happen again. I'm terribly sorry."

As He remembers how I hurt Him, the smile leaves His face and the light goes out of His eyes, but soon He is smiling again, and I know everything will be all right.

I suppose by now you are wondering what His name is. He has many. They are Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace. He has riches of gold and silver, but yet He will enter the poorest of hearts. He is a craftsman at His trade for this carpenter is building me a mansion in heaven. He is a master teacher with many students. He will never fail you if you become one of His students. He is the Son of the creator of the universe, and He will create a desire in your heart to serve Him. His name is above every name. His name is Jesus.