



The Journey of Thomas

Honor

By John J. Smid

Romans 12:10

Be devoted to one another in brotherly love. Honor one another above yourselves.

We have gone through 8 other Core Values which bring us to Honor. We began with Honesty, and have ended with Honor. I think it is very interesting to see the “H O N” at the beginning of each of these book end topics of this series.

One meaning of the word Honor is to engage in “public esteem”. To honor someone is to reflect respect and value to them in a public fashion. In the King James Version it says “in honor, preferring one another”.

When we have learned how to be internally honest, to rid ourselves of false images and pretense, and opening our lives up to God’s plan and purposes; something changes inside our character. At this point we move into other’s lives more intentionally, becoming less judgmental with them and hold their lives with confidentiality.

From this point we move into learning how to love them sacrificially just because we are commanded to and therefore we value them as God does. We learn how to see things in their lives that are worth affirming even if we don’t agree with other aspects of their life.

I have experienced several times lately a natural movement towards public honor. When I have seen beneath the surface of a person’s life and find their human heart to beat just like mine I have good things to say about them when I tell others the story of our meeting.

I recently received this poem that sums up our series:

Shoes in church

I showered and shaved I adjusted my tie. I got there and sat in a pew just in time. Bowing my head in prayer as I closed my eyes I saw the shoe of the man next to me touching my own I sighed.

With plenty of room on either side, I thought, 'Why must our soles touch?' It bothered me, his shoe touching mine but it didn't bother him much.

A prayer began: 'Our Father'.... I thought, 'This man with the shoes has no pride. They're dusty, worn, and scratched. Even worse, there are holes on the side!'

'Thank You for blessings,' the prayer went on. The shoe man said a quiet 'Amen.'

I tried to focus on the prayer but my thoughts were on his shoes again. Aren't we supposed to look our best when walking through the door? 'Well, this certainly isn't it,' I thought, Glancing toward the floor.

Then the prayer was ended and the songs of praise began. The shoe man was certainly loud and proud as he sang. His voice lifted the rafters and his hands were raised high. The Lord could surely hear the shoe man's voice from the sky.

It was time for the offering and what I threw in was steep. I watched as the shoe man reached into his pockets so deep. I saw what was pulled out and what the shoe man put in. Then I heard a soft 'clink' as when silver hits tin.

The sermon really bored me to tears, and that's no lie. It must have been the same for the shoe man for tears fell from his eyes.

At the end of the service; as is the custom here we must greet new visitors, and show them all good cheer. But I felt moved inside somehow and wanted to meet the shoe man.

So after the closing prayer I reached over and shook his hand. He was old and his skin was dark and his hair was truly a mess. But I thanked him for coming, for being our guest.

He said, 'my name's' Charlie I'm glad to meet you, my friend.' There were tears in his eyes but he had a large, wide grin.

'Let me explain,' he said, wiping tears from his eyes. 'I've been coming here for months and you're the first to say 'Hi.'" 'I know that my appearance is not like all the rest'. 'But I really do try to always look my best.' 'I always clean and polish my shoes 'before my very long walk. 'But by the time I get here they're dirty and dusty, like chalk.'

My heart filled with pain and I swallowed to hide my tears. As he continued to apologize for daring to sit so near. He said, 'when I get here I know I must look a sight.' 'But I thought if I could touch you then maybe our souls might unite.'

I was silent for a moment knowing whatever was said would pale in comparison I spoke from my heart, not my head.

'Oh, you've touched me,' I said 'and taught me, in part; 'That the best of any man is what is found in his heart.' The rest, I thought, this shoe man will never know. Like just how thankful I really am that his dirty old shoe touched my soul. (author unknown)

Prayer for today: Lord, help me to honor others because of who they are to you. Help me to see opportunities to present your people in such a way as to show their value to others around.

Practical Application:

Find a way today to publically honor someone you know either at work or at home.

Write three feeling statements regarding the subject of Honor:

“I feel _____

About being honored publically

Because _____”

“I feel _____

About a time in my life when I felt dishonored

Because _____”

“I feel _____

About showing honor to someone in a public way

Because _____”

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