

**" Bob "**

For many years I worked in home health care in the state of Arkansas. I have many fond memories of my patients and they were always encouraging me to write. So here is a testimony about Bob.

Bob was a homeless man, and Bob is not his real name, he lived on the streets for many years not in Arkansas but another state. He was rough and tough from the many years on the streets; he could make a fist and use it and often probably did as a weapon. He had many experiences and shared most of them with me. Most of his life was violent, and he never said why he lived in the streets. He liked to drink, cuss, lose his temper the whole bit and attitude. He did not want to be clean and had not slept in a home or bed for a long while.

Well, Bob became very ill, terminally ill, and the state called his sister in Arkansas and asked her to take him in or he would have to go to a nursing home. Bob was in his late 50's. The home health agency was always giving me the characters, the challenging ones; I enjoyed everyone of them, each and every patient.

The first meeting was interesting, he did not want any one touching him or taking care of him. After a few choice words of his we finally reached a middle ground and agreement. I just always stated here is what we are going to do today, and this is how we will do it, he grunted and complained but he always said he had met his match in me. In other words he did not want his sister to have to do it so he settled on me. After a couple of months he softened somewhat and started sharing his life story, he never even shared that with his sister. I just listened and I always said I understand. He said: " how could you understand? " I stated: "Bob, I have been there just not as bad as your life was. " He was always saying I wonder who will remember me when I am gone. One day I told him; " Bob, I will and your sister" and he always popped up with yeah right. He showed me a hobby he started with a saw, he made door stops in animal and cartoon shapes, and I stated; " Bob you really are talented " and he always said, " yeah right."

One day I asked him: " Bob do you believe there is a heaven " and he said; " no because I am going to hell for all I have done." I said; "Bob the good Lord forgives " and he said: " not for this " and I asked for what and he said that he had got in a fight in a bar or street fight and killed a man. I just stood still for a long while and than I said ; " Bob have you ever felt evil around you ?" and he said; " yeah so what " and I said if you have felt the evil than you know also that God exists also. I explained how Jesus forgives everything that is why, He died for us. I also stated there is a war going on for each one of us in the spirit realm for our spirit, if we are not forgiven than hell will be our home, if we are forgiven than heaven will be our new home. The choice is ours, we are not forced. Bob said; " Well what do I have to do? " I said first you have to feel Him and let Him come into your heart and you have to be completely honest with what you tell Him. So Bob said " what do I have to do? " and I said it is easy, you just pray from your heart and say; " Jesus Christ forgive me for my sins for I have many and I have fallen short of the glory of God. Jesus come into my life and heart forgive me for my sins." Amen.

Well he prayed and he asked. Bob than started having real nightmares about his past. He asked me if He has forgiven me why am I having these awful dreams all of a sudden ? I said; "Bob He is just telling you what He has forgiven you for. " The week before he passed away he asked me will you really remember me ? I said yes of course. He wanted to know why and I said because I like you Bob. He said; why on earth do you like me he asked and I said I just do Bob and I always will remember you and Jesus loves you to. Well after that week Bob got worse and the family called me in the middle of the night and I went and sat with him, he was very restless but he calmed down when I came in and his sister said " you always could get him to do things we couldn't get him to do and than she said I think he liked you. " I said; "yes, I know even though he would not admit it." It has been 22 years now since Bob died, and yes, I still remember you Bob. You were the first person I led to Jesus Christ.

A man or woman's home, is their castle, their home no matter what kind of castle, home or street. Treat them like they are part of one big loving family. Many times people just want someone to listen and be kind to them.