

Meeting Ronnie... "a voice crying from the wilderness"

I met Ronnie today, sometime around the 3:00 am shift; there a'bouts.

There I am at my night-shift post just sitting in my car, as usual, facing the large closed gate I am posted inside of and just watching the normal SF night life; cops coming and going in the fueling station across the street, the normal characters walking by, people on bicycles, others with dogs and others walking by to stop to urinate, others go down the alley to the right of me down to the dumpsters in the next lot.

You see, there is what they call out here the "vagrant camp" and it is 2 buildings down from me to the left on the corner; vagrant meaning homeless, so to speak. So basically it is just another typical night-shift of watching the gate.

Then here comes Ronnie, from the right side he appears in front of the building next door pushing a large cart of some sort down the street. Although it is hard to tell at first while sitting in my car behind the gate, as its dark and see only shadows of things at first, but I could tell it was a man pushing a large object on a cart and really struggling with it.

As he gets a little closer he can go no further as the cart will not roll anymore as it seems stuck and a few smaller things are falling off onto the street as it seems he has now hit a place in the street where he can no longer push or pull this cart. So he stops and starts fidgeting with it. He is not directly in front of the gate yet but had stopped just off to the right of it now close enough that I can see him more clearly. And so as I sit and watch him struggle I think to myself...how can I help? I am on duty behind this large metal gate that I am paid to keep closed during these hours and only open to authorized personnel, so what can I do?

As I ponder it a few minutes watching his struggles I can no longer just sit there and do nothing. So I get out of my car and walk up to the gate as he is close enough on the other side of it that I could talk to him if I speak up a little.

I ask him if he is ok because it sure looks like he needs help. He looks up and shakes his head and walks over to the gate and says he sure could use some help but he could tell I was working and a bit hesitant as what to do. We continue to talk to one another through this gate although we are on opposite side of it, and I explain to him that I am on duty and not sure how I can help him but sure would like to. So I inquire where he is headed and how far? He explains that he is almost where he needs to go, it is just down the street where the corner camp is and that he has already been pushing this 6 blocks so he is almost there so that is a good thing. He has a type of ease to him and was not even angry or frustrated.

So we start to just talk, and he starts to share a little bit about his life on the street. Why and how he got here and what he was doing here. Ronnie tells me how he chose to be out here. That his kids are now grown and he is no longer married and felt he had nothing else to do so he wanted to be out here to at least be somewhere and do something.

Ronnie is a nice African American man, dressed in what looked like a nice long-sleeve white dress shirt underneath a black vest with a layered type of look to it like one may wear if they belonged to a school or youth club, black pants, black shoes and black cap and had an appearance to be more like a leader of some type, like a youth leader at a local YMCA may appear, minus being a bit more worn around the edges from being on the streets.

He is gentle in appearance and demeanor, stuttered at times and typical street language at times, but to me it felt like talking to an old friend. It was so easy and comfortable as if we had already known each other for a long time even though we had just met.

Side Note: Little did Ronnie know this was an answer to a prayer I have had in my heart this past month. Been sitting here feeling rather useless and isolated now in this new job posting; wondering how I will ever get another chance to meet or help anyone in need, even if just to offer them water. My previous duty posting offered me the ability to do those things in a unique way.

Now here is Ronnie, a chance encounter, well-orchestrated indeed, and one I needed more than Ronnie did.

After Ronnie shared a little about his life and what he was doing living out here I asked Ronnie...what do those out here need the most of? ...Do they need dishes?

Side note: sounds dumb to ask that but I have a car full of “good-will” stuff sitting there behind me loaded still with a box of dishes, bags of random clothes, pillows, pillowcases and sheets, all of it just waiting to make useful for someone in need. And, ironically, just yesterday I had loaded the last of the bags in the car and told my husband that maybe one of these work nights I would just stop at the vagrant camp and just unload it all there and let them have it all directly.

So this very next morning now I meet Ronnie and here he is, the one that has now just briefly shared with me how he chooses to stay at this vagrant camp to try and help as many as he can, to encourage or offer whatever assistance he can, even if just talking with them or sometimes getting them out of there by pointing the way out. Ronnie now continues to share

with me all the different types there and what he will do or not do for each and how he also wishes it was different for them all.

So I had asked Ronnie what do they need the most of?
Dishes? Clothes? Blankets?

He laughs and then sternly says no, they will not care for them but just leave them on the floor in corners. In fact he says they do not "need" anything in that way, they already get handed plenty out there. What they do have already they do not even care for but just use the things to trade or just let them go to waste or leave them around for the city to have to clean up.

He then starts to explain to me the different characters there and why giving more to them like that does not help them and is not what they need. Ronnie starts to explain why and what he feels they actually need...

He says there are many different types out here. There are ***the lost***, those that for some reason run away and come to SF to hang out here to be homeless and just walk the streets. Then there are ***the thieves***, mostly young men or youth that are "hiding-out" there, running from the law while going out at night abusing the law and running drugs, stealing and other things there a like.

Then you have the drugs, ***the addicts*** that choose to stay there and like the life of it and find no desire to want to change. Then you have ***the adulterers***, as some of these older ones that have a wife and a home but just buy a tent and come out here to have other woman this way as they realized it is a cheap and easy way to get all they want, without having to really give up anything.

But then there are those that are ***the victims***, but sadly will stay willfully a victim no matter what you do or try to do to get them help. They keep returning to the same abuser here night after night. He said he hears them scream and cry all night for them to stop beating them but every day they come back for the drugs and the other gains they so desire and then cry again that night about the same thing over and over. He tries to help them but they find no desire to change.

Ronnie now explains that he grew up as the son of a "Pimp". Exposed to the streets in this way and watching it all. He said there is a difference between what his dad would do and what some do out here now. He said he believes we all have freewill. And even if we want to help people out of all this we cannot cross the line and do it for them. We can reach a hand of help out but it is up to them to take it. Too many come out here seeking the wrong hands of help. Many want this lifestyle out here and simply choose it, so the "pimp" just manages those who come and seek it out. Good and evil is what it is, and some things just are what they are. Ronnie was not implying anything about this, simply stating a fact as he witnesses it.

But then Ronnie said there is something different now that has crept in, **the wicked** now that has come as he sees this as different in his eyes. He explains that he will see these beautiful little white girls come around as these lost runaways and they get picked up by forceful abusers that beat them up and place a strong spirit of fear over them. They make a contract over them stating they are now property of these men and if they do not do what they say they will sell them and sign their contract over to another entity much worse.

They trade these young girls this way, of all ethnic types, and keep them so oppressed and victimized like a beaten animal paralyzed in fear and ignorance. He said it makes what his dad used to do look good in comparison and sure starts to reveal what wicked is and the difference between that and just the obvious evil deeds many participate in willfully.

Side note: *Little did Ronnie know I had also just been in study this week about “good and evil” and the obvious that we can see and know, versus the wicked many are still blind to. Many run around resisting evil, pointing it out as if it is not already obvious, all the while they do nothing to help. Now missing many of their own evils in doing these things and therefor find themselves “**straining at a gnat but swallowing a camel**”. Standing in the place of the accuser of the very ones they should be helping.*

Or worse, they think they are helping by doing “good deeds” or doing God a favor, but instead are only feeding the evil to allow the growth of the wicked inside it, blinded from it all, as the god of this world blinds many in many different ways, hidden by its subtleties.

We would all get worn out by this, on both sides of it, either by seeing it or by those nit-picking and back bighting back and forth in it. All the while lacking understanding what real wickedness is because they are distracted by all the garments but blinded to the heart of the matter.

If the majority of Christians were exposed to even the minor wicked out there then they may complain a lot less about pointing out the evil in everyone or everything and start considering maybe there is a lot more going on here, and a lot more they can do to prepare themselves to maybe be of more help than seeking to worry about everything else they think they know or see.

One may then find out how very little they really do know, and that “evil” can also be the one telling you what you want to hear but not caring enough to tell you the real truth.

A peace-maker heals, false peace only covers over. A surgeon seeks to cut away all the infection before it places a covering on it. Real Love in

Truth usually hurts before it is healed. False Love only seeks to pacify while ignoring the infection all together.

As we continued in our conversation Ronnie said he has no problem with immigrants but that he feels strongly that America needs to stop all this, just put a hold on it for a short time and clean itself up first. Do something to help its people in a more **“one on one”** way with each of its citizens and clean up its streets. He said we need cops on every block and corner and do a “clean sweep” as he called it. To care enough to pick each one of these lost up and offer them help individually and stop just enabling them to keep doing what they are doing by giving them clothes and blankets and food. Instead we need to **give them back a life they were never offered in the first place**. He said most of these were abused as children, starved of love, and never had a chance to start with so they end up here. All they know is how to be the victim or the abuser because it’s all they were shown.

And above all he said America needs to get on its knees and ask for forgiveness.and he was very strong on this part.... ask for forgiveness not from God but from all the people of the world, from humanity itself and start there. It needs a reset, and start over.

Side note: *one would need to understand the depth of scriptures regarding this statement and how profound it is. As Jesus said, if you have not forgiven others then your Father in heaven will not forgive you. Also, if you have any issue do not come to the alter but go resolve it first then come. Do we pray to God but have issues in our hearts, our lands, issue that run so deep and so unresolved that no matter how or what we pray does it go a miss? Is our focus and intentions truthful, or just shallow? What do we want God to do? We pray for God to fix it or heal our land but are we doing anything or just asking God to fix it for us? We think everyone else needs to turn from their evil ways but have we considered all of our own ways, are they good or evil, or is the iniquity so hidden that the mystery of it continues to evade us all?*

It is a heavy thing to ponder what Ronnie just said in such a short and simple but profound statement.

He also said there are so many “young adults” everywhere but very little grown men or woman. These people need God, they need Christ. Where are the men and woman?

Side note: *As Ronnie is speaking he is reminding me of a people both **“robbed and spoiled”** as the scriptures ran through my mind again as I was just in study in **Isaiah 42**. Although it speaks of God’s people as being this same way but are we not all God’s people? Most here are even if they reject it, and it may seem not to relate to all of this but for me I see it the same spirit over all the world. Spread abroad now in a deep and more*

profound way; if we have eyes to see both sides of this, the ones stuck in the darkness and the ones who think they are in the light but are still blind.

Ronnie speaking also about forgiveness is no coincidence. Now in this manner of young adults but very little fully grown. If we consider the parable of the sower, what Jesus said and how things are chocked out and how those that continue on good ground we may consider this more as well. As Paul also said, there is a time to put away childish things, as a child I spoke as a child, but now as a man I speak as a man. Is there something that has crept in now keeping the growth stagnant, keeping those asleep while something else seems to be growing all around, hidden and yet a mystery?

The scriptures reveal this to those with eyes and ears to hear. As we understand the mystery of iniquity already is at work, and has been all this time.

After Ronnie and I had talked, as I had more just listened, we shook hands and both agreed how nice it was to meet one another and just be able to talk as we did. I asked Ronnie if he would like a bottled water as I had one left in my car, he said yes so I got that from my car and I had about \$7 cash on me and so I handed it to him and said it's not much but here you go. *(Little does Ronnie know how priceless he was to me and how much he had just given to my heart.)*

And so we parted ways as he walked back to his cart and I went back to my car to sit back at my job duty post; still behind this closed large metal gate that has been in between Ronnie and I this whole time.

As I was walking back to my car I had decided that instead of going back to sit and have to once again watch Ronnie struggling with his cart, I instead decided to go into the building to get another cup of coffee. As I came back with coffee I see that Ronnie had cleverly taken apart the item that was on the cart and walked down the street with a few of its pieces in hand leaving the rest of it behind. As he came back I watched him get the second part of it, again leave the rest behind, and now he was back for the final third part; the larger heavy piece. Ronnie starts struggling again to get this last larger piece up on this shaky cart.

Well by then I had enough watching and hit the button to open the large metal gate and walked out to help Ronnie. Was about time I did, not sure why I hesitated so long.

So now Ronnie and I both work together to get this heavy piece up on the dolly cart, and in the meantime I was able to offer him 2 nice pillows that I had in the back of my car with the "good-will" stuff. Ronnie accepted them as I told them it was for him if he wanted them. He smiled and said he sure did.

We got the cart and heavy piece up and shoved the pillows in it and there walked off Ronnie down the street now and me back through the open gate and back to my post. Considering in amazement all that just transpired as I now sit back in my car and close the large gate. Only about an hour left of my shift now to sit and consider things, be amazed but also ponder the heart-ache of all that Ronnie had just shared with me.

Many people can say none of this that Ronnie shared with me is anything new or surprising, everyone should know this already. Or maybe you see all of this already on TV shows or just think you know it all already. But until you are out there and talk face to face then you really do not fully know, at least I suggest that you do not.

As I had already been in study the day prior about the parable of the 2 bothers I was now led to consider Jacob and Esau, so finishing my shift I went back into reading the story of Jacob again in Genesis; this time now my heart started to ache even more reading through this story again, now with slightly different eyes.

This is not the first encounter with what I consider an angel, strange as that may sound to some people. Although it may not seem like an angel to anyone else, but to me this is how they come across my path. We may not know what type of angel, for what purpose, and we could not discern it by sight in the natural. God works through many ways, and will use whatever is needed to reach us, as unique as it may be or sometimes in many different ways, as there are no limits to God; only what we limit our own heart, mind, eyes and ears.

This particular message I received that morning is one that has now torn my heart in both good and sadness, in a type of 2 fold degree. Messages like these are not usually what you want to hear or what you expect to hear; but they are what you need to hear. Always specific and purposed. Although not all will hear the same, but the Truth will always reveal the hearts of all who hear it, either way, either side of it.

Two people can read or hear this and have opposite opinions of this, agree or disagree, embrace or scorn. Hear one thing one way or hear totally different or opposite. Does that change the message? Or simply reveal the heart?

Walking in the Spirit, we continue in study, in Word, in Spirit and in Truth, in song and communion; and is very literally day by day, moment by moment. If we simply have the eyes to see and ears to hear. Praying we pick up each note, each day, and see the Lord in Spirit and in Truth in all the very mysterious and unique ways HE reveals HIS Hand at work in our life.

“For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” (Romans 8:28)

“For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner: but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God; Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began, But is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel: Whereunto I am appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles. For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us. (2 Timothy 1:7-14)