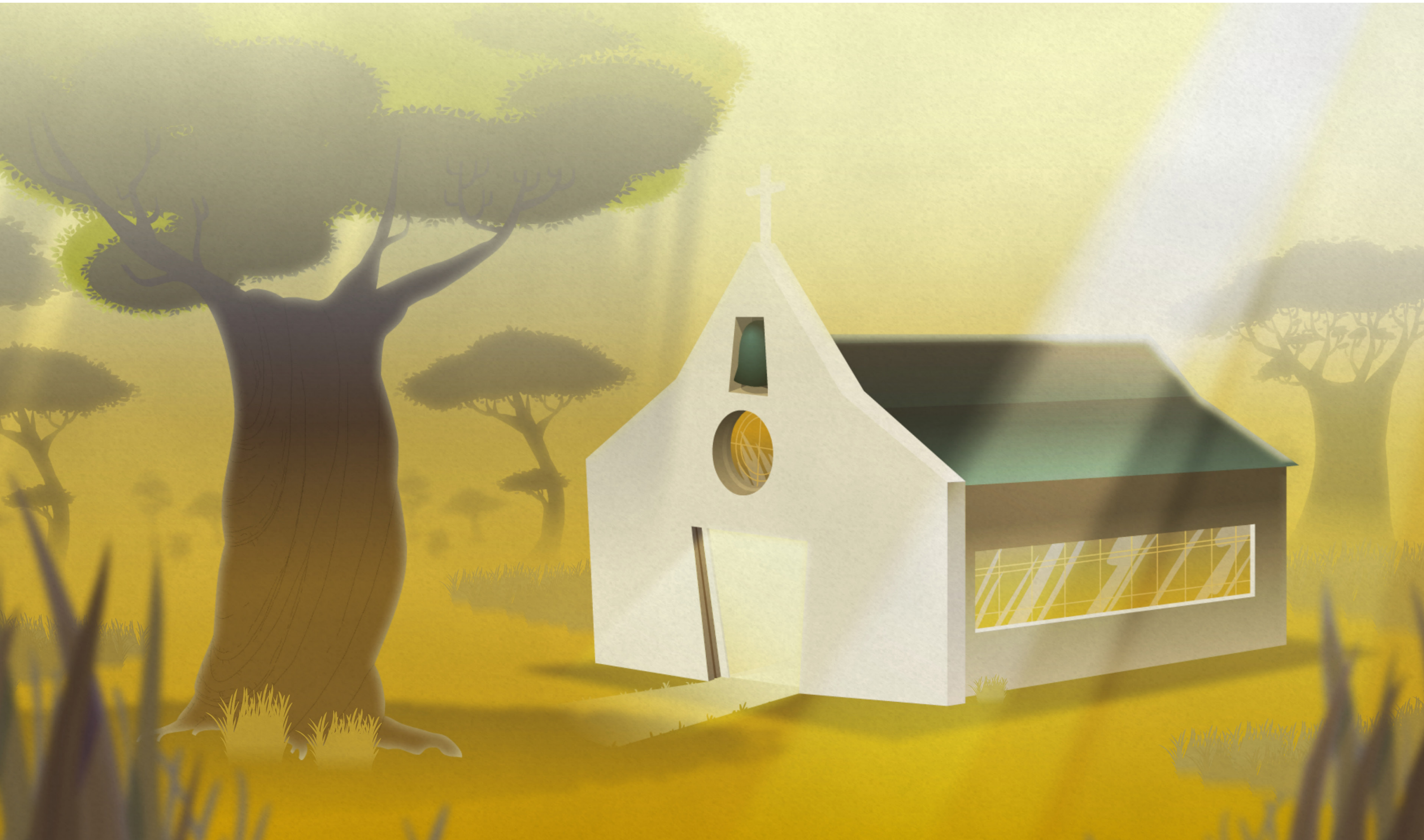


# 365 Stories

## 34. The Consecration





## 34. The Consecration

We are in Central Africa, in a bush village, bathed in light in case of sand and of baobabs. The church is full of children, of healthy moms, and also men sitting in their chairs.



At the back of the church, a small boy about 6 years old is captivated by the spectacle... It is the time for the morning worship service, and more exactly, time for the offering.





The basket was passed row by row. It is an enormous calebasse (gourd from the calebasse tree) cut into two. This fruit from the calebassier is used for many things in Africa. There, the center was emptied to receive coins and notes.





Sitting at the last row of the church, there is a little boy observing thoughtfully. As the basket is being passed row by row. Then, sadness wins him...To think that he had nothing to offer to the Lord. In the meantime, the basket arrives in front of him and there, to the stupor of the faithful : He stands, then sits in the basket saying : "The only thing that I own, I give to the Lord !"





Is not this a wonderful adaptation from Chapter 12, verse 1 of the epistle of Paul in Romans "I urge you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies . A living holy sacrifice, acceptable to God, which is your spiritual service of worship."