

I found Jesus today. Actually it was more like I saw Jesus today. I'm not sure he was lost enough to be found.

Anyway, I park a couple of blocks away from where I work. It's a lot cheaper to do so there. Five dollars as opposed to nine for a day of parking. So I'm walking down this alley away from the lot and at the intersection ahead of me I see Jesus. He was just standing there in all his glory, flowing robes, beard, bloody nose, and a 1911 in his hand. He truly was the light of the world. We made eye contact for a second. He gave me a head nod as the light changed and he strolled across the alley. Then he was gone.

I hurried to the road ahead of me. It was too late though. He was nowhere to be seen.

That was all right though. I was filled with peace.

Some small amount of faithlessness crept its way into me. Something was a little odd I thought. Something seemed a little strange.

I always thought the Jesus would be right handed, but John Moses Browning's gift to mankind was clearly in his left hand.

I did that little thumb and pointer finger thing, you know, which one forms an "L" is left. Yep, it turns out the son of God is left handed.