

“From Rags to Riches”

“I am not commanding you, but I want to test the sincerity of your love by comparing it with the earnestness of others. For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, so that you through his poverty might become rich” (II Corinthians 8:8-9).

“It’s been said, ‘the shortest distance between truth and a human being is a story.’ Stories provide the backbone of our culture and *of our faith*. They teach us, they stir us, they show us a path that we would otherwise missed and, as our opening proverb suggests, stories help us see the truth.”

With those words, Pastor Eggold launched a four week emphasis on Christian stewardship for our congregation last Sunday. The Scriptural basis for our meditation and education came from Paul’s 2nd letter to the Christians in Corinth, the 8th chapter. He based his sermon on the opening seven verses of what is the lengthiest discussion of stewardship in the entire Bible. Paul’s purpose in the opening verses of his letter was to encourage the wealthy Christians in Corinth to provide financial support to their brothers and sisters starving in Jerusalem. To accomplish this goal, he tells them the story of the sacrificial giving of the Macedonian churches. This generous act on the part of these Christians was a gift from God; a gift of grace; a gift of wanting to give for ministry.

Paul’s story continues today as we reflect on his words from verses 8 and 9. Listen carefully as the grace motivation is so clearly provided: *“I am not commanding you, but I want to test the sincerity of your love by comparing it with the earnestness of others. For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, so that you through his poverty might become rich.”*

The Reverend Walter Wangerin, a Lutheran pastor and writer, provides us with a touchingly powerful story to help us better understand the verses I just read from Paul’s letter to the Corinthian Christians. Wangerin’s short story, within Paul’s divinely inspired story, is entitled **“The Ragman.”**¹ It’s a joy to share it with you.

I saw a strange sight. I stumbled upon a story most strange, like nothing my life, my street sense, my sly tongue had ever prepared me for. Hush, child. Hush, now, and I will tell it to you. Even before dawn on Friday morning I noticed a young man, handsome and strong, walking the alleys of our city. He was pulling an old cart filled with clothes both bright and new, and he was calling in a clear, tenor voice: Rags!” Ah, the air was foul and the first light filthy to be crossed by such sweet music. “Rags! New rags for old! I take your tired rags! Rags!”

“Now this is a wonder,” I thought to myself, for man stood six-feet-four, and his arms were like tree limbs, hard and muscular, and his eyes flashed intelligence. Could he find no better job than this, to be a ragman in the inner city? I followed him. My curiosity drove me. And I wasn’t disappointed. Soon the Ragman saw a woman sitting on her back porch. She was sobbing into a handkerchief, sighing, and shedding a thousand tears. Her knees and elbows made a sad X. Her shoulders shook. Her heart was breaking. The Ragman stopped his cart. Quietly he walked to the woman, stepping around tin cans, dead toys, and Pampers. “Give me your rag,” he said so gently, “and I’ll give you another.”

He slipped the handkerchief from her eyes. She looked up, and he laid across her palm a linen cloth so clean and new that it shined. She blinked from the gift to the giver. Then as he began to pull his cart again, the Ragman did a strange thing: he put her stained snotty handkerchief to his own face; and then HE began to weep, to sob as grievously as she had done, his shoulders shaking. Yet she was left without a tear. “This IS a wonder,” I breathed to myself, and I followed the sobbing Ragman like a child who cannot turn away from mystery. “Rags! Rags! New rags for old!”

In a little while, when the sky showed grey behind the rooftops and I could see the shredded curtains hanging our black windows, the Ragman came upon a girl whose head was wrapped in a bandage, whose eyes were empty. Blood soaked her bandage. A single line of blood ran down her cheek.

Now the tall Ragman looked upon this child with pity, and he drew a lovely yellow bonnet from his cart. “Give me your rag,” he said, tracing his own line on her cheek, “and I’ll give you mine.”

The child could only gaze at him while he loosened the bandage, removed it, and tied it to his own head. The bonnet he set on hers. And I gasped at what I saw: for with the bandage went the wound! Against his brow it ran a darker, more substantial blood – his own!

“Rags! Rags! I take old rags!” cried the sobbing bleeding, strong, intelligent Ragman. The sun hurt both the sky, now, and my eyes; the Ragman seemed more and more to hurry. “Are you going to work?” he asked a man who leaned against a telephone pole. The man shook his head. The Ragman pressed him: “Do you have a job?”

“Are you crazy?” sneered the other. He pulled away from the pole, revealing the right sleeve of his jacket – flat, the cuff stuffed into the pocket. He had no arm. “So,” said the Ragman. “Give me your jacket, and I’ll give you mine.” Such quiet authority in his voice! The one-armed man took off his jacket. So did the Ragman – and I trembled at what I saw: for the Ragman’s arm stayed in its sleeve, and when the other put it on he had two good arms, thick as tree limbs; but the Ragman had only one.

“Go to work,” he said. After that he found a drunk, lying unconscious beneath an army blanket, and old man, hunched, wizened, and sick. He took that blanket and wrapped it round himself, but for the drunk he left a new suit of clothes. And now I had to run to keep up with the Ragman. Though he was weeping uncontrollably, and bleeding freely at the forehead, pulling his cart with one arm, stumbling for drunkenness, falling again and again, exhausted, old, old, sick, yet he went with terrible speed. On spider’s legs he skittered through the alleys of the City, this mile and the next, until he came to its limits, and then he rushed beyond.

I wept to see the change in this man. I hurt to see his sorrow. And yet I needed to see where he was going in such haste, perhaps to see what drove him so. The little old Ragman – he came to a landfill. He came to the garbage dump. And then I wanted to help him in what he did, but I hung back, hiding. He climbed a hill. With tormented labor he cleared a little space on that hill. Then he sighed. He lay down. He pillowed his head on a handkerchief and a jacket. He covered his bones with an army blanket. And he died.

Oh, how I cried to witness that death! I slumped in a junked car and wailed and mourned as one who has no hope – because I had come to love the Ragman. Every other face had faded in the wonder of this man, and I cherished him; but he died. I sobbed myself to sleep. I did not know – how could I know? – that I slept through Friday night and Saturday and its night too. But then, on Sunday morning, I was awakened by a violence.

Light – pure, hard, demanding light – slammed against my sour face, and I blinked, and I looked, and I saw the last and the first wonder of all. There was the Ragman, folding the blanket most carefully, a scar on his forehead but alive! And, besides that, healthy! There was no sign of sorrow nor of age, and all the rags he had gathered shined for cleanliness.

Well, I lowered my head and trembling for all that I had seen, I myself walked up to the Ragman. I told him my name with shame, for I was a sorry figure next to him. Then I took off all my clothes in that place, and I said to him with dear yearning in my voice: “Dress me.” He dressed me. My Lord, he put new rags on me, and I am a wonder beside him. The Ragman, the Ragman, the Christ!

Think of it! God’s own Son, Jesus Christ, eternal in His glory with the Father, came down and humbled himself for our sake. He became poor so that we might become rich. “The Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve, and to give His life as a ransom for many.” Jesus did that for you. He did that for me. He did that for the whole world of sinners. We were dead in trespasses and sins. But Jesus Christ did the divine bailout, once and for all. He paid for our sins, all of them, not with gold or silver, but with something far more precious – his own body and blood and his innocent suffering and death. He died on the cross, to pay the price we could never pay; the staggering mountain of debt we owed to God for our sins. Our bill now reads; “Paid in full!” It’s dated on Good Friday and validated on Easter.

That’s the motivating love of God at work. He will bless you as you excel in the “grace of giving.” Amen.

Pastor Art Klausmeier

ⁱ *The Ragman was written by Walter Wangerin, Jr. and published by HarperOne.