

# **JUST CHECKING IN**

*Unknown authorship*

## **A simple prayer method**

**Just, check in  
whenever you happen  
to pass by your Church.**

A minister passing through his church,  
in the middle of the day.  
Decided to pause by the altar  
and see who had come to pray.

Just then the back door opened,  
a man came down the aisle.  
The minister frowned as he saw,  
the man hadn't shaved in a while.

His shirt was kind of shabby  
and his coat was worn and frayed.  
The man knelt, he bowed his head,  
then rose and walked away.

In the days that followed,  
each noontime came this chap.  
Each time he knelt just for a moment,  
a lunch pail in his lap

Well, the minister's suspicions grew,  
with robbery a main fear..  
He decided to stop the man and ask him,  
'What are you doing here?'

The old man said, he worked down the road,  
Lunch was half an hour.  
Lunchtime was his prayer time,  
for finding strength and power.

'I stay only for moments, see,  
Cause the factory's so far away.  
As I kneel here talking to the Lord,  
this is kinda what I say.'

***'I just came again to tell you, Lord,***

*how happy I have been  
since we found each other's friendship  
and you took away my sin.  
I don't know much of how to pray,  
but I think about you every day.  
so, Jesus this is Jim,  
checking in today..'*

The minister, feeling foolish,  
told Jim that it was fine.  
He told the man that he was welcome  
to come and pray just anytime.

'Time to go', Jim smiled, said, 'Thanks.'  
He hurried to the door.  
The minister knelt at the altar,

He'd never done it before.  
His cold heart melted, warmed with love,  
And met with Jesus there.  
And as the tears flowed, in his heart,  
He repeated old Jim's prayer:

*I just came again to tell you, lord,  
how happy I've been,  
since we found each other's friendship  
and you took away my sin.  
I don't know much of how to pray,  
but I think about you every day.  
so, Jesus, this is me checking in today.'*

Past noon one day, the minister noticed  
that old Jim hadn't come.  
As more days passed without Jim,  
he began to worry some.

At the factory, he asked about him,  
learning he was ill.  
The hospital staff was worried,  
But he'd given them a thrill..

The week that Jim was with them,  
Brought changes in the ward.  
His smiles, a joy contagious.  
Changed people, were his reward.

The head nurse couldn't understand  
why Jim was so glad,  
when no flowers, calls or cards came,  
Not a visitor he had.

The minister stayed by his bed,  
He voiced the nurse's concern.  
No friends came to show they cared.  
He had nowhere to turn.

Looking surprised, old Jim spoke up  
and with a winsome smile said,  
'The nurse is wrong, she couldn't know,  
that He's in here all the while.'

'Everyday at noon He's here,  
a dear Friend of mine you see.  
He sits right down, takes my hand,  
Leans over and says to me:'

*\I just came again to tell you,  
Jim, how happy I have been,  
since we found this friendship,  
and I took away your sin.  
Always love to hear you pray,  
i think about you every day  
and so, Jim, this is Jesus,  
checking in today.'*