

## Sharing My Lunch

I learned at an early age that it was very important to be ready to share my lunch. My brothers and I were very quiet when our dad moved to the pulpit to preach, otherwise we got “the look” from mom. That was never good. We also learned a lot by just listening, and sharing our lunch became a password among us, like “give me a break.”



Dad had a good sermon for the feeding of the 5,000. The big miracle was God blessing a humble offering, generously offered, and everyone was fed. For the record, I never thought a few pieces of bread and some fish measured up to a good PB & J with a banana.

## Vastly Ghastly

During a Ministry Fair at the Cathedral years ago, I did a presentation on child sex trafficking. The presentation went well. Co-presenters, another priest and a college student, spoke from their experience. I thought we covered a lot of ground. When we had finished, a distinguished older lady stood up, poked me in my chest with her cane and said, “Father, you all have a big problem. This is all vastly ghastly . . . VASTLY GHASTLY.” The college student, a very quick minded young lady, said “though I walk through the valley of the Vastly Ghastly, I shall fear no evil.” I will never forget her confident claim. I had nothing to add. For the record, this distinguished older lady had often shared lunch at the Cathedral. PB & J was never on the menu, but the soup was excellent.

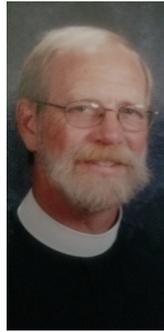
## No Detours with God

The work against child sex trafficking, for the last 55 years of my experience, has always felt overwhelming and often heart breaking. However, there is a consistent saving grace that is nothing less than amazing.

Just over 10 years ago, I was attending a meeting in a very elegant law office downtown. A friend from a restoration group grabbed my arm. She said, “listen to what happened to me this morning. I was late for a meeting, water main broke, road closed, detoured, I’m giving the Almighty an earful, and suddenly a girl runs by me barefoot. I roll down my window yelling get in, she jumps in the window, bloody feet and all, tries to hide under the dashboard. A young man waving a pistol comes up just as a police unit comes down the street the other way. The young man surrenders, her pimp. She gives a statement from the car, and I take her to the shelter to bandage her feet. She’s 13 years old, Chris...13 years old! She caught her breath. “No detours with God, Chris, no detours with God.” No matter where or how much we share our lunch, make our humble offering, give what we can for blessing, our Lord will do amazing things with it.

We have a feast to keep, just share some of your lunch and watch what happens.





The Rev. Christopher Hannum has worked on the local, state, and federal levels to stem the tide of and end human trafficking for decades. While doing this work, Rev. Hannum also served as Diocesan Chaplain to students at Georgia Tech and Georgia State University. Rev. Hannum also served on ECF's board from 2006 - 2015.

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