

## We Were There: People offering us food

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People hardly ever invited me to lunch when I was fundraising, except for some Christians who gave me pizza so they could try to convert me (so many people thought that one bite of a hamburger would make us quit the church on the spot),

Ralph Oppheimer and I were knocking on doors in a Tennessee apartment building when I was invited in by an Iranian family. The grandmother was interested in who we were and what we were doing and she clapped her hands and smiled when her daughter translated that we were 'working for God'. She immediately asked if we had eaten dinner yet. We explained that we were fasting, and she nodded and said "Rasaan, rasaan!" when her daughter translated. She went to her kitchen and came back with a couple of oranges for us to break our fast with. Five years of fundraising and the only time someone really wants to feed you, you're fasting. That figures. It was a life of indemnity.

Actually, there was a flower stand in a town in Wisconsin that one brother did. It was on a dirt lot next to some apartments. There was a family there, a mother and two young girls, who came out and made friends with the brother. They talked with him, and he gave them his broken carnations. The girls would come out and play and talk, one

dragging her stuffed animal everywhere. They would make lunch and bring him some on a plate.

One weekend I did the stand on Saturday and Sunday. The girls came out, asked my name and had lots of questions. I gave them some short roses. Later one came trotting out with a plate, knife and fork to give me dinner. The next day as I was setting up the older one yelled "Hi Sam!!!" out the window and I was touched at how easily they took in someone they had just met. Our captain thought the family was spaced out but I thought they were very good hearted people.

Did someone ever offer your food when you were out on the front lines? What was it like?