

The Power to Give

Inspired by **Acts 1:6–8** (receiving power to be witnesses) and **2 Corinthians 8:3–9** (generosity, grace, and giving beyond comfort).

Raymond stood outside the community center, staring at the faded mural on the brick wall. It showed a dove, a globe, and a crowd of people holding hands. The paint was peeling, but the message still pulsed with life.

Emitt jogged up beside him, backpack bouncing. “You look like you’re about to give a TED Talk,” he said, nudging Raymond with a grin.



Raymond exhaled. “I’m just thinking. We’ve been praying for change in this neighborhood for years. But sometimes I wonder if we’re actually supposed to be the change.”

Emitt raised an eyebrow. “That sounds suspiciously like something Jesus would say.”

Raymond laughed, but his eyes stayed serious. “You remember that verse we read last week? ‘You will receive power... and you will be my witnesses.’ I keep thinking about that. Maybe the power isn’t just for preaching. Maybe it’s for doing.”

Emitt leaned against the wall. “And what exactly are we ‘doing’ today?”

Raymond pulled a folded flyer from his pocket. “The center’s food program is short on supplies again. They’re turning families away. I thought maybe we could help.”

Emitt’s face softened. “Ray, you know I’m barely scraping by myself. I’m not sure what I can give.”

Raymond nodded. “I get it. But I also read something else this morning with Paul talking about the Macedonians giving even when they were struggling. Not because they had a lot, but because they had grace.”

Emitt groaned. “You’re hitting me with Scripture before breakfast?”



“Just saying,” Raymond replied, smiling. “Maybe generosity isn’t about what’s in our wallets. Maybe it’s about what’s in our hearts.”

Emitt looked away, chewing on the thought. “You know... when I was a kid, my mom used to say, ‘Give until it feels like love.’ I never understood that. But maybe this is one of those moments.”

Raymond’s eyes lit up. “So you’re in?”

Emitt sighed dramatically. “Yeah, yeah. I’m in. But if I end up eating ramen for a week, I’m blaming Paul.”

Moving **A HEADD** Later That Afternoon

The community center buzzed with noise with kids laughing, volunteers sorting boxes, the hum of hope trying to rebuild itself.

Raymond and Emitt carried in bags of groceries. Not much. But more than nothing.

A woman at the check-in table looked up. “You two donating?”

Raymond nodded. “Just doing what we can.”

Emitt added, “And maybe a little more than we can.”

She smiled warmly. “That’s how miracles start.”

As they walked away, Emitt whispered, “Did she just call us a miracle?”

Raymond shrugged. “Maybe. Or maybe the miracle is what God does with what we give.”

Emitt stopped in the middle of the hallway. “You know what’s wild? I honestly feel... lighter. Like giving didn’t take something from me; it added something.”

Raymond grinned. “That’s the power Jesus was talking about. Not just power to speak, but power to love. Power to act! Power to give!”

Emitt slung an arm around his friend’s shoulder. “Well, if this is what being a witness feels like, I could get used to it.”

Raymond looked around at the bustling center where people were helping people, grace multiplying in real time. “This is just the beginning,” he said.

And for the first time in a long while, he believed it.

