



## HIS NAME IS ORLANDO



Some time ago I was traveling by car some 3,000 kilometers from Havana, Cuba to the Southern province of Sierra Maestra. I was traveling with our GCI Vice-President, Cameron Syke and our Senior Advisor Moises Isla from Cienfuegos. On the way we stopped for Cuban coffee in the city of Camaguey. Looking out from where we were having coffee I spotted a young lad about 12 or 13 who was washing our Van. He had a bucket of water and a rag and was washing our Van. When he finished washing the van, he took off his t-shirt and dried the van with it and laid it out in the sun to dry. I was so moved by this; I went down to give him some money and remembered I had some baseball caps in my luggage. Every kid in Cuba wants a baseball cap. When I gave him

the cap he took off running around the entire coffee shop showing his friends his new possession. He told me his name was Orlando.

While he was showing off his new possession I found out that both of his parents had died. He was living with his grandmother and supported her by washing cars. I decided to give him a gospel of John in Spanish and asked him if he would read it when he got home. Orlando told me he could not read. So I suggested he ask his grandmother to read it to him. I gave him \$5.00 (This is a lot of money in Cuba) and told him it was for food for him and his grandmother. He hugged me and cried. I truly wanted to take him home in with me.

Three days later we stopped at the same coffee shop and out runs Orlando with his bucket and rag. He was wearing the same t-shirt. It had been raining and our van was more than dirty. As we were leaving I asked Orlando if his grandmother had read him the little book. He said, "Yes and I heard about Jesus for the first time. When I grow up I want to be just like Jesus."

Wow! You talk about tears. This time, they were flowing from my eyes.

It's a reminder that nearly half of the world has yet to hear the story of Jesus.