

# “Day Dreamers” - a word from Chris Hill

## Unexpected Miracles - The Miracle List

He had quotas to fill and deadlines to meet; for him it seemed that tax season never ended. There were visits to make and collections to fill and he had no time for excuses.

He was a man whose life was dominated by numbers. Facts and figures, weights and measure were the four pillars of his existence. He had dedicated himself to building his career, and had been in some ways successful. His career dominated him. His career defined him. The many hours spent hunched over his desk had arched his spine. His eyes had acquired a permanent squint from endless hours spent staring at numbers in light far too dim.

His ink scarred hands served as a permanent monument to the profession he had chosen. Even his heart had grown ice cold – frozen by years of greed, deceit and lies. But to him it was just his business.

He almost had learned to like it, when then people who had once laughed at him, now almost shook in fear at his passing. Because with a letter from him, sealed with his official mark, he could destroy their families easily. He was backed with all the might of the government and had proven time and time again that he had the will to use it.

The school house bullies, that use to push his diminutive form around when he was a too small boy, now bowed low to the ground when he walked through the city hoping against hope, that he would not remember their past abuses.

He had their reverence and their fear and he did not care that they all really hated him. He did not care that they would not invite him into their pious homes. He knew that they talked about him in whispers when he walked away from their doorways carrying their loot. But he had turned his heart to stone. He would let nothing touch his heart, not their words, or their looks, or even there feigned respect. He had decided to climb the corporate ladder and would do anything necessary to reach his quotas.

He had a staff to pay and goals to meet. He had to keep his payments up to the government and he had to continue to keep his own personal income up to his favorite level, which was always more. He always needed more and it did not matter to him what anyone thought, or what he had to say or do to get it.

In his desire for more, he had begun to make it his habit to take on the hard cases himself. His staff collectors had not yet developed his ice-cold heart and would easily melt over the hard cases. The “poor people”, who blatantly withheld their payments, decrying some sad sickness, or freak financial hardship as a reason to withhold payment. But he had no problem collecting from the hardship cases. He had learned how to look blind people in the useless eye and still not blink as he came to collect. He had learned how to demand the very pennies from the cups of beggars, far too crippled to ever work. He had learned how to collect from widowed mothers, whose husbands, had not even been days under the ground. No one was immune and no one would get mercy from him.

This day he was knocking on the door of one of the blind citizens that had fallen way behind in his payments. In just a few weeks he would evict the entire family and claim hold of all of their possessions. He took a deep breathe and knocked on the door, expecting to soon see the tears and hear the cries of the blind man’s family, as he searched their house for silver.

He knocked heavily on the blind man’s door and was almost floored by what he saw. The blind man had come to the door, but he was no longer blind. He could see perfectly and it seemed like his whole face was glowing with an inner light. The once blind man boldly claimed that a man named Jesus of Nazareth had healed him and then he happily paid Zacheus all his taxes. Zacheus was visibly shaken by the experience, but he steeled his nerves and walked down the way to the next house that was on his hardship list.

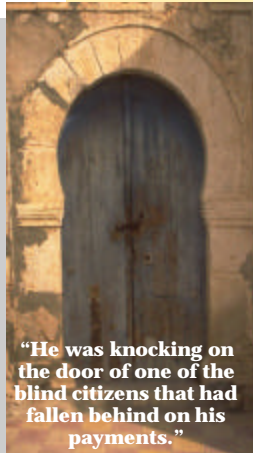


### Inside this issue:

**“He had quotas to fill and deadlines to meet; for him it seemed tax season never ended.”**



## Continued from page 1



**“He was knocking on the door of one of the blind citizens that had fallen behind on his payments.”**

The house of the lame man, a professional beggar, who had talked one of Zacheus workers out of making him pay his tax last month. He was the next person on the list. Zacheus was determined not to be swayed, as his employee had been so swayed. If he had allowed everyone to just not pay their taxes when they were having some trouble, he would have been poor a long time ago. He decided to shake all the thoughts of this Jesus of Nazareth out of his head, and get down to real business. He

consulted his scrolls and saw the hefty figure that was owed and knocked on the worn wooded door with his gem encrusted cane, and demanded entry.

The door opened suddenly, and for the first time Zacheus had to look up at the lame man. The lame man was lean and tall and standing on two perfectly healed legs and he was smiling down at the tax collector. He had a bag full of gold in his hands and was ready to pay. Zacheus did not know what to do when the use

to be lame man began to count out gold coins, and said with a smile as bright as the North Star, “Jesus of Nazareth healed me!”

Zacheus walked away from the house in a daze, not caring whether he was holding gold coins or simple rocks. All he could think was about this Jesus. Who was this Jesus? Who was this healer? If he could heal blind eyes and lame legs could he heal a frozen heart that had not felt anything for years? Could he heal years of lying and cheat-

ing, and reverse the spiritual and emotional erosion that was destroying his life? Could he forgive all the sins he had done and erase the secret pains that he held hidden in his heart. These questions about Jesus ran through his mind like a windstorm.

Zacheus walked down the street looking at the next name on the list, his hardship list that was becoming a miracle list. **His list of dead**

**beats, that was becoming a list of unexpected miracles.** This one was a family that had missed paying their taxes because of the death of the oldest son. The woman was already a widow and she had pleaded with one his employees that they allow her to keep her tax, so that she could pay for a proper burial for her son.

Zacheus did not know what to expect and his blood ran cold

within him as he went to knock on the door. Before he could knock the door flew open and the very same teenage boy, who had been dead the week before, came running out of the door. The once dead boy grabbed him by his robe and said with a smile as bright as the sun, “Jesus is coming to town!”

Mr. Zacheus followed the once dead boy with his eyes, and before he knew it he was run-

**“Could he heal years of lying and cheating, and reverse the spiritual and emotional erosion that was destroying his life?”**

ning on his short legs chasing the boy through the street although he had not run in years. Soon he could see the crowd coming and he could hear the cheers and the shouts as Jesus was turning into the city square.

Zacheus jumped and leaped but could not see Jesus, so he ran with all his might to get in front of the crowd and began to climb a tree. Imagine his utter surprise when the same

man that he had climbed the tree to look down upon was looking up at him at the base of the same tree. Jesus came directly to the tree and yelled up at him by name and commanded him to come down. Perhaps it was the list of unexpected miracles that made this cold hearted tax collector climb a tree just to see Jesus – of this we can not really be sure, until we reach Glory. But we can be sure that it was an unexpected miracle to Zacheus. That Jesus, the one

that he desired so desperately just to see, came straight to him.

Expect Jesus to come directly to you today. No situation is too dire, drastic, or damaged, that He cannot call you into His healing presence.

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