

just 1 cup of COFFEE



Echoes of Grace

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just 1 CUP OF COFFEE



On February 25, 1955, a young mother in San Francisco made her doctor swear he would keep her secret. He would never reveal her name to anyone who came asking for the mother of the child he'd just delivered. But about thirty years later he was dying and the secret burned in him. He sat down to write a letter. The doctor finished his letter and then died with it still on his desk.

Steve Jobs, billionaire founder of Apple and mastermind behind the iMac, iPod, iPhone, iPad and so much more, was put up for adoption at birth. His adoptive parents, Paul and Clara Jobs, promised, no matter what the cost, to make sure he got a college education. They loved each other and developed a mutual respect. As Steve said, "I was eager to hang out with my dad." He felt loved and understood. Steve later said, when referring to their understanding of his gifts and needs, "Both my parents got me."

But when Steve reached his thirties, he had a hunger to know more. Where did he come from? What part of his history was he missing? He



spent years hunting for answers, but each clue ended in a dead end. He hired a detective but got nowhere. Finally he was given a clue, the name of a doctor. Steve headed to the doctor's home, but the doctor told him that he knew nothing about Steve's birth or adoption.

Do you know where *you* came from and where *you* are headed? I don't mean genetics or genealogy. Dig deeper than that. **"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them"** (Genesis 1:27). God not only has created us, but He wants to enjoy a loving relationship with us. However, our rebellion against Him has ruptured that relationship. Like one of the first people to ever live, Cain, we've decided we don't want to be around God and His authority. **"Cain went out from the presence of the Lord"** (Genesis 4:16).


Missing Clues

Steve Jobs went home without hope. Weeks later a letter arrived from the executors of the mysterious doctor's estate. They had found it lying on his desk—clearly meant for Steve Jobs. In the letter lay the clues he'd been searching for. Before long he had discreetly contacted his birth mother, Joanne Schieble Simpson, and found out about a sister, Mona Simpson, who'd become a successful novelist. But Steve didn't like what he



heard about his father, Abdullfatah “John” Jandali. Steve had no desire to meet his birth father. According to Steve, “He didn’t treat me well. I don’t hold anything against him—I’m happy to be alive. But what bothers me most is that he didn’t treat Mona well. He abandoned her.”

Mona went to see John Jandali with the express instruction from Steve that she not tell John anything about him. Mona and John sat down for a few hours’ chat at the small restaurant he managed. John’s a good storyteller and the conversation flowed. He casually mentioned he’d had a baby boy that was put up for adoption before Mona’s birth. Mona asked, “What happened to him?” John replied, “We’ll never see that baby again. That baby’s gone.” Later, when talking about a restaurant he managed near San Jose, he said, “All of the successful technology people used to come there. Even Steve Jobs.” Mona sat stunned while John continued: “He was a sweet guy, and a big tipper.” Mona never told John who Steve Jobs really was.



But many years later, through a blogger, Jandali discovered his link to Steve. In 2006 Mona confirmed the truth to him but told him Steve Jobs had no interest in meeting him. The years slipped quickly away and Steve refused to connect. John Jandali sent a few unanswered birthday emails but never tried to call his son. As Steve's pancreatic cancer dragged him into the shadow of death, John told reporters, "Now I just live in hope that, before it is too late, he will reach out to me, because even to have just one coffee with him just once would make me a very happy man."

Waiting for the Phone to Ring

John Jandali did very little to restore his relationship with Steve Jobs. But God, who isn't at fault in our ruptured relationship with Him, has done everything He possibly could to reestablish contact with us. **"The Father sent the Son to be**



the Saviour of the world” (1 John 4:14). The Lord Jesus Christ as a baby entered into the world He had created. He grew up. He was hated for His purity and crucified. But when He died, He died to pay the price to remove the sin barrier that blocked our relationship with Him. He says, **“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin”** (1 John 1:7). If we receive His love and forgiveness, then our relationship to God can be restored. But some people are too proud to admit they need to be forgiven.

As Steve Jobs’ death approached, John Jandali said, “This might sound strange, though, but I am not prepared, even if either of us was on our deathbed, to pick up the phone to call him. ... The Syrian pride in me does not want him ever to think I am after his fortune.” On October 5, 2011, Steve Jobs entered eternity. John Jandali’s iPhone—yes he carried an iPhone—never rang.

Will pride keep you from responding to God? At some point your last chance will have slipped through your fingers. It would be so much better for you to say this: **“As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me”** (Psalm 55:16).

John Jandali will never sit down over coffee with Steve Jobs. Find out about another famous son and father that have a wounded relationship that can still heal in *51-Year-Old Wounds*.



51-Year-Old **WOUNDS**

I'm pretty sure you've bought something from the man whose birth certificate reads Jeffrey Preston Jorgensen. No, really, you probably have. But I doubt you've heard of Ted Jorgensen, the teenager who fathered him.

Ted has a monster laugh that rocks his whole body. The customers at his bike shop love his prices and fabulous service. His current wife of 25 years says he has a deeply compassionate nature. But Ted had a deep secret that he'd never told to his four stepsons. His wife knew it, but they'd never told the kids. As Ted's theory went, he would never hear or see anything about his son again, so what was the point? That was before a reporter walked into his bike shop late in 2012 and delivered the shocking news on where to find his son.

Ted was a senior in high school when he and his sophomore girlfriend Jackie crossed just over the border into Mexico to get married. Not that many months later, on January 12, 1964, their son Jeffrey was born and they brought him home to their apartment in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Jeffrey stayed with his grandma during the day while his mom finished high school.

But by Ted's own admission, he was a pretty lousy dad. He drank away their meager income, stayed out late and did his own thing as a talented, but poorly paid, unicyclist. His new father-in-law tried to help. He paid for college, but Ted merely dabbled at it for a while before dropping out. His father-in-law tried again by lining up a job for him, but Ted wouldn't follow through. That's when Jackie left and went back home. When Jeffrey wasn't quite one and a half, she filed for divorce.

The divorce settlement required Ted to pay \$40 a month in child support. He did ... sometimes. The divorce settlement didn't require him to visit his son. He did ... sometimes. A couple years later Jackie married a kind, hard-working Cuban immigrant named Mike. Ted signed over his parental rights, and Mike became Jeffrey's adoptive father. Still drifting, drinking and aimless, Ted forgot his son's new family name—one you may have heard dozens of times.

Jeffrey's new father worked hard, siblings came along and the family moved to Houston. Their home was warm, competitive and the family bond was strong. For fun, the family, as adults, descended on Amelia Island's Flash Foods for a commando-style raid. Jackie stayed at the wheel of their vehicle with the engine running while timing the attack. With walkie-talkies, the others, with code names such as Ffej Sozeb, stormed the store. One raced for the dairy cooler, another seized the coveted spot at the cash register while yet another

kept the door open for the getaway. Hey, how else do you make an adventure out of buying a quart of milk for your morning cereal? So it's not too hard to understand that Jeffrey said a few years ago that he only thinks of his birth father when he fills out medical forms.

Unforgettable Names

Meanwhile Ted had finally stopped drinking, bought a bike shop and became a loving father to four devoted stepsons. But the face of the young boy he'd fathered remained in his memory and kept surfacing. His wife Linda and he would talk over the subject from time to time. His wound had never healed. Then one day a reporter walked into his bike shop to give him Jeffrey's new name, and his feelings gushed out.

Unlike Ted, God has never forgotten our names, been unaware of where we are or been indifferent to our needs. We're the ones who've walked away from Him. **"Your iniquities have separated between you and your God"** (Isaiah 59:2). His longing to have us reconciled to Him is captured beautifully in this graphic figure: **"How often would I have gathered [My] children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"** (Matthew 23:37). Could His wishes be any more clear? Even if you've never been on a farm, you can feel in the image of the mother hen the tenderness of God's desire to shel-

ter, protect and be close to you. Is it true that you won't let that happen?

Ted's stepson Fala describes the family meeting Ted called to deliver "his news" this way: "My wife calls me unemotional because she has never seen me cry. Ted is the same way. Saturday was the most emotion I've ever seen out of him, as far as sadness and regret. It was overwhelming." Ted asked Fala to help him get in touch with Jackie and Jeffrey. But so far it seems that Jeffrey has no interest. The clock is ticking. Ted Jorgensen has heart problems and emphysema. And the son he fathered... it appears that Jeff Bezos (a.k.a. Ffej Sozeb), founder of Amazon.com and with a net worth of 34.9 billion dollars at this writing, has no interest in meeting Ted. He has a wife, Mackenzie, that he loves, a father, Mike, that he respects, a caring mother and no need for help with a mortgage on the house. The wound hasn't closed yet.

I don't know what will happen between Jeff Bezos and Ted Jorgensen, but I'm more interested in what will happen between you and God. Are you too satisfied with your current life to really care what He has to say? God says that He **"is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance"** (2 Peter 3:9). That's what He wants. Are you willing to be reconciled?

In *The Hawksbill Turtle*, find what happens when asking, pleading and urging are stubbornly ignored. ◀





The Hawksbill Turtle

Out on the sea in a small sailboat, a father and son were on the lookout for turtles, especially hawksbill turtles, since their shells brought in a lot of money. Soon they saw one clearly visible in the beautiful, transparent waters of the Bahamas.

But the turtle eluded them, hiding under sunken rocks, and all their efforts ended in frustration. They went out again the next day, and the next, but they didn't see any more of their wished-for prize. Finally the father gave up.

The young man, however, decided to continue the search alone. He told his father that if he stayed home and the turtle was captured, the father would lose his share of the money it brought, but the father was adamant. The boy pled with his father: "You know, Dad, very often the day you stay home is the day you'd succeed, so you'd better come."

The old man said, "No," and he meant, "No." The boy urged and coaxed, but finally had to go alone.

And as it turned out, that day he caught the turtle! The news of the catch beat him back to shore, and so, when he landed his catch on the wharf, quite a few villagers were there to see the prize. Among them was the old man. If he'd only gone that morning—but it was too late. His share of the prize money was gone.

"Son," he complained, "why didn't you take me with you?"

"You know I asked you, Dad."

"Yes, but you should have urged me to go," replied the disappointed old fisherman.

"I did Dad—you know I did."

"But why didn't you plead with me?" the old man insisted.


"You know I tried as hard as I knew how to get you to go, but you just simply wouldn't."

“But, Son,” wailed the old man, “you should have *made me go!*”

The loss of the prize money hurt the old man—money didn’t come easy for him—but after all, it was only money. Have you ever stopped to think that you are in danger of losing something far more valuable?

You are in danger of losing forever the happiness of really living—of knowing eternally the joy of life, *divine* life, a life of perfect joy and peace. Jesus said about all who trust in Him for salvation from sin, **“I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly”** (John 10:10).

Instead, you are risking eternal death, eternal grief, weeping and wailing. In the day of judgment, you may think of us who are Christians, as you stand before the judgment throne of God, and say, “Why didn’t you ask me to come to Christ? Why didn’t you urge me? Why didn’t you make me go?”

I can’t make you go, but I can plead with you. I urge you to come to Christ. Come just as you are and trust Him as your Saviour. He died for you so that He might bear your sins on the cross in order that you might live forever with Him. Come to Him now; don’t delay. **“Now is the day of salvation”** (2 Corinthians 6:2). 

**THE
FATHER
SENT THE
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TO BE THE
SAVIOUR OF
THE WORLD.
1 JOHN 4:14**

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*"The blood of Jesus Christ His [God's] Son cleanseth us from all
sin" (1 John 1:7).*

