

## Looking for the way up?

“Oh just turn left, you will see the elevator, you can take it to the fourth floor.”

“Okay, thanks a lot, ma’am” she replied.

She walked down the hallway to the elevator and pressed the button. It made a sound as if to open, but nothing happened. She pressed the button again, nothing still.

“Great. A pleasant chase.” she muttered.

“Are you looking for the way up?” She turned to the voice to find a young kid with the brightest eyes she had ever seen.

“Hey, do you happen to know where I can find the staircase?” She asked.  
He smiled and started walking.

‘Well, it seems he don’t talk much’. She shrugged and followed him anyway. He led her straight to the stairs and waved a goodbye.

“Thank you!” She called after him. Now, the third challenge was here. She’d have to climb up those flights of stairs.

“All is well” and she smiled at the thought while passing through the first flight. However she can, she must get there on time. Time is money. Money is more money!

It was not as tedious as she feared, now at the first floor. No sweating, no panting. She continued on to the next one to the second floor, barely breaking into a sweat, but she was starting to breathe heavily. She needed to slow down to catch her breath, and check in on her friend who was waiting for her. Her schedule was so tight she could not afford any ruffle.

She reached into her bag for her phone but came up with nothing. She calmly checked everything she had on but it just wasn’t there. She thought perhaps she had been mugged.

But, by who? No, it couldn’t be the kid. It was impossible that those eyes would be associated with thievery. She ran frantically down the stairs and towards the direction he’d gone.

“I can’t believe that such is happening in this day and age!”

She mumbled on down the hallway, searching for him in every corner. Some voice within told her he was gone. She had no hope. She must just get on with her life. How true that sounded when she came out of the building to find no kid at the car park or anywhere in sight! She could feel the tears clouding her vision. Now what?

“Hello ma’am”

She turned again to that familiar voice, with relief and perhaps, curiosity. What would make a child do that? This time, those eyes didn’t look bright, they seemed.... sad.  
Oh great, yet another mask. She wasn’t buying this one.

“Where is my phone?” She asked. Struggling not to notice his countenance.

He thrust his arm out to hand it to her, and she noticed it was shaking.

“I...I’m...ssssorry.” He said, his lips quivering.

Oh, this kid is good at this and she was not in the mood for games. She bent down to look into his eyes.

“Look, what you did was very bad, and I could stay and scold you, but I am late for my meeting. You did a good thing giving it back.” She smiled at him with all self-restraint. He smiled back at her but still stood there. Now what? She thought.

She had only noticed his eyes before, but now, she really looked at him. His clothes were rumpled and dirty. The tears running down his face had left a clean streak to reveal a lighter complexion. That voice told her to flee from responsibility! The kid is not hers anyway. She shoved it off. His lips were dry and cracked and his hair was a nicely-put mess. She had no experience with kids but somehow, she knew she could not leave this kid by himself, not after what she’d seen. She thought about what to do and then realized,

“Okay, if it’s okay with you, I will like to take you out for lunch?” She asked and waited.

He put his hand into hers and beamed at her.

Well, that worked, and she was quite glad. She got up, called her friend to update him, and hand in hand, they walked down to the cafe.

Despite her tough schedule and ambitious drive, she knew this was what she would want someone to do for her if she were in his shoes. Someone who was not too busy to stop and listen, or to help. She shuddered just thinking about being out in the cold, dirty and hungry, with no one to lean onto.

Somehow, she was thankful to God that she was the one he stole from. She was thankful to have the opportunity to be a blessing, even without knowing much about his situation. She had no idea the task she had taken on, but the peace of God dwelt in her heart. She turned to see what he was pointing at excitedly...

With God, it’s not about material possessions, achievements and the like. It’s about Love. We toil tediously each day for that which does not satisfy, but Jesus calls us to walk closely with Him. Perhaps, you would ask, ‘how do I do that when I cannot see him?’ Oh, but He is everywhere around us. In the broken, the oppressed, the poor, the unsaved. He is calling out, to see if there is anyone who is not too busy trying to get to the top, but will spare Him some of their time. He may be crippled, too low for you. Perhaps an irritation. Jesus is waiting for that one person who will take His hand, and give what they have been given. For some, He is waiting to hear you speak life-giving words, or to lift hearts with your songs, or to feed the hungry, or to nurture His flock, His wounds, His heart, to use your strength to help those who are weak and weary. It may mess up your perfectly crafted plans, but Jesus was messed up for your sake. As our grand Master says to us, “the greatest shall be the servant of all”. Don’t forget to love every day.

***“Is not this the fast that I choose: to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the straps of the yoke, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke? Is it not to share your bread with the hungry and bring the homeless poor into your house; when you see the naked, to cover him, and not to hide yourself from your own flesh? Then shall your light break forth like the dawn, and your healing shall spring up speedily; your righteousness shall go before you; the glory of the Lord shall be your rear guard. Then you shall call, and the Lord will answer; you shall cry, and he will say, ‘Here I am.’ If you take away the yoke from your midst, the pointing of the finger, and speaking wickedness,”***

***Isaiah 58:6-9 ESV***