

The Bottom of the Stairs

I have been back to Los Angeles the last three days in order to perform a funeral service for a special family. While here, I have also been able to spend some wonderful time with my daughter Sarah.

Yesterday she had the mind-numbing chore of driving me around to different stores in order to bring back some food and other supplies to the Philippines.

When we returned to the motel room where I am staying, we carted all the groceries and supplies up the stairs. In the process, I dropped some things near the top and had to retrieve several cans of stuff that had rolled down to the landing.

Sarah filled a bag with her shopping, but could not find a can of tomato sauce which she had bought. I told her that I would keep an eye out for it and keep it for her until the next day.

Imagine our surprise when taking the steps down to the car that that lost can of tomato sauce was clear down at the bottom of the steps!

A life of faith waits until the bottom of the stairs. All may seem lost. Our lives may be filled with constant disappointment. But don't give up hope. Take a few more steps. You might be surprised at what you find.