

### PLEASE HELP ME UP

There are some events that never completely leave the memory. One of these, most vivid in my mind, took place decades ago and involved an errand requested by one of my first employers. I'd been called to his office where his receptionist informed me that I was to purchase a package of cigarettes for him and bring it back immediately. (Told you this was a long time ago!). She handed me the money and I headed out the door.

To say I was nervous is an understatement: I was still intimidated by my employer's extensive business acumen, unnerved at having to contribute to what even then I considered a pretty unhealthy habit and I was apprehensive about delivering the purchase to Mr. CEO in front of his corporate buddies. Turns out I had every right to feel the way I did. After having the clerk put the tobacco in a brown paper bag, I raced back to the office (hoping to meet armed robbers intent on stealing the goods) and tore up the stairs to the boardroom. "Go right in," said the receptionist. After crossing what now seemed to be a football field-sized office, I deposited the bag by his gavel. Turning, I headed for the door with nary a nod of thanks. "Almost done," I consoled myself just nanoseconds before I tripped and landed face first on his plush rug. Even greater than my embarrassment was the loss of respect for those distinguished traders – not one of them moved a muscle to help me up.

All that was hurt was my dignity but in that moment I ached for someone who cared enough to help.

"Rejoice not against me, O my enemy, when I fall I shall arise" (Micah 7:8)

Next time I fail, please help me up; I'll do the same for you!