

Blake's story – global hospitality in his own backyard

One night when we were sharing our highs and lows, Blake my eight year old son responded as normal by sharing plenty of highs for that day.

When asked if had any lows, to which he normally replies, no, no lows, he suddenly went quiet and tears welled up in his eyes. He said, "I do have a low mum. Today at my cricket holiday programme there was a little Asian boy. When we were having lunch some of the other boys noticed that he had *funny Asian lunch* in his box, not sandwiches like us. They started teasing him and saying he had stupid Asian lunch and he started crying. Then they laughed and called him cry baby".

"That is very sad Blake", I said. "What did you do?"

He replied, "When the boys had gone, I asked him if he wanted to come and sit with me and he did but we couldn't talk cos he doesn't speak English. Can we pray for that boy tonight mum?"

"We can", I said, "But I think we should pray for the boys who teased him too."

"Why should we pray for them?" he asked. "They are mean."

"Because when people are mean it is normally because they aren't happy inside," I said, "and God can see inside and help to heal their hurting heart."

So we prayed for the little Asian boy and the boys who bullied him.

About six weeks later when Blake and I were saying our prayers he said, "Mum can we pray for that little Asian boy that was sad at cricket that day?" So we prayed for him again. We asked God to bless him and give him courage as he learns to live in a new country. We asked God to help him learn English so he can make new friends, and we prayed that no one would bully him again.