



I really felt it. Sorry that I had not visited the Office for a while. I had said prayers in other places and in other ways. I was sure he understood. Unlike the irritated friend who says, *'Why keep saying sorry? It's just a habit.'* I wonder if it is? I thought about it with him in his Office. Saying *sorry* is really about respecting other people's feelings - putting those people before ourselves. In the light of Jesus' words about dying to self in order to live for him and for others I do not think it a mistake at all to say *sorry* a million times a day if it is really meant. It suggests the humble attitude which is at the heart of Christian life and which many of us find so hard.

In the picture window he reminded me of a story he once told about prayer in the Temple. I saw him there, watching two men arrive almost together to pray. *Almost together* because by social class they would not often be seen together. One was well-dressed, well-fed and well-versed. A religious leader, he strutted familiarly with an *'everyone watch me'* walk and proceeded to tell God what a wonderful and faithfully religious man he was. The other man, whose bearing and dress indicated his lower status, approached hesitantly and fell on his knees. In few words he reminded himself how wonderful God is and how he himself had failed to reach the standards God required of him. The Lord was reminding me that of the two, this *lesser* man was the one who was more worthy of God's blessing. It was all about saying *sorry* and meaning it.

As I left the Office I glanced into the mirror near the door. His eyes followed me. I am sure he was thinking *'I'm sorry too, but it is one of the most important things I have to share with you. God has been humbled for you. Why not you for him?'*

