



HOW TO FLOAT ON AIR

By Ian Menzies

On the footpath outside the supermarket door lay a white cloth bag with wooden handles. I first noticed it when a mother with a pusher stepped out from in front of it. Several other people walked past, both entering and leaving the store. I picked it up and called to the mother, by this time at her car, but it wasn't hers. I stood for a while with the bag prominently in view, but no-one paused. Peering inside, I observed more fabric bags, a mobile phone and some car keys.

The owner was obviously still somewhere in the crowded aisles, oblivious. I handed it in with explanations at the front counter and left. Glancing back from across the road, I was just in time to see the cashier hand it to a hugely relieved woman, then point at me. Waves were exchanged, and I floated away on her smile of relief.

Reflection:

When she has found it, she calls together her friends and neighbours, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the coin which I had lost!'

Luke 15:9