

Meeting Favor and Humility

March 7-8, 2008

I'm back in the Spirit. I'm alone in the second-floor hallway, when the bellhop reappears and walks up to me. For the first time, I notice and read the golden name plate on the front of his left shoulder, in capital letters it spells out: "FAVOR."

Favor looks me in the eye says, "Please follow me." and I do. We step back into the elevator for what feels like a nano second. The next thing I know, we're now on the third floor.

Favor exits the elevator, turns left, and begins to walk quickly down the third-floor hallway. I'm standing outside the elevator stunned by how quickly he moves. I'm just standing with my mouth open observing in stunned amazement when Favor turns to me and say: "I asked you to please follow me." So I scamper to catch up with him.

As we walk quickly down the hall, doors on both sides automatically open when Favor approaches and close as he passes. Seeming to know my thoughts Favor says to me, "That's why you need to follow me." Ah, the arrival of Favor opens doors and as Favor passes, doors close.

These doors look very much like the doors on the second floor, old 1940-ish style wood office doors with frosted glass and gold leaf lettering.

The "company" names on the doors are the gifts of the Spirit as listed in 1 Corinthians 12:7-11 (NIV)

"⁷ Now to each one the manifestation of the Spirit is given for the common good. ⁸ To one there is given through the Spirit the message of wisdom, to another the message of knowledge by means of the same Spirit, ⁹ to another faith by the same Spirit, to another gifts of healing by that one Spirit, ¹⁰ to another miraculous powers, to another prophecy, to another distinguishing between spirits, to another speaking in different kinds of tongues, and to still another the

interpretation of tongues. ¹¹ All these are the work of one and the same Spirit, and he gives them to each one, just as he determines.”

As we walk by these offices, secretaries pop their heads out of the open office doors and pile outgoing mail and packages for delivery into my arms. I'm doing the best I can to hold it all, but it's accumulating quickly. Favor turns around and says, without slowing his pace or skipping a step, "Put those in your pockets, you'll need them later." So even as more and more mail (and packages) are given to me, I stuff my pockets as quickly as I can and try to keep up with Favor.

Juggling this multitask walking, receiving and putting away for later, I call out to Favor and ask, "Excuse me, where are we going?" He cocks his head, squints his brow, and says, "To deliver the mail, of course."

And with that this vision ends...

In the spirit I'm following Favor to the end of the third-floor hallway. Looking past his left shoulder, I can see that he is headed straight for the door at the end of hall – it's marked "Humility".

As Favor burst through the door, without altering his stride, I can see a staircase and it leads both up and down. To the left the stairs go up and to the right they go down. But the down staircase is labeled up with an arrow and the up staircase is labeled down, also with an arrow. Favor heads down the staircase labeled up without hesitation – so I try to keep up.

I'm really struggling to keep pace with Favor, navigate these stairs while carrying all this mail. I miss the first step, twisting my right ankle, I drop some the mail and packages that were still in my arms. I'm about to tumble head first down this entire flight of stairs when a hand reaches out and grabs my left forearm, rescuing me. Much to my surprise I turn and see a little old lady, with a cane in her left hand and me in her right. She says to me, "It's OK, I've got you." Instinctively, and without introduction, I know that this is Humility.

“Here” she says, “let me help you.” She gathers the mail I’ve dropped on the floor, helps me put it all in my pockets, smooths out my ruffled clothes, and gently examines my right ankle.

She says, “That ankle is going to be sore for a while and will slow you down some but, it’s good for you. It will keep you from falling completely.” I’m bothered by her words, but only because they ring so true.

Though I’m grateful for Humility’s help, I’m growing concerned that I have lost favor and will never find him again. Knowing my thoughts, Humility responds, “Don’t worry, Favor always waits for me. Look.” I look down the up-stair case and there he is, standing still, for the very first time, patiently waiting.

“Take my hand and I’ll help you get where you need to go.” Humility says. With cane in her left hand and me in her right, we slowly navigate our way down the up staircase getting closer and closer to Favor with each careful step.

Favor waits for us on the landing between the third and second floors. He takes Humility’s cane and she takes his arm. Together side by side our pace quickens and we reach the second-floor landing without delay. As we pass by, I notice that the door leading to the second floor has been sealed shut.

Humility, again reading my thoughts says, “Oh, yes dear, Grace did that for you, she knew it would distract you.” I glance at the sealed door, knowing that Humility is right as we turn to make our way down the next flight of stairs.

Once past the second floor, we quickly make our way to the first-floor lobby. Favor opens the door and we enter. There are many people in the Lobby today and I’m beginning to recognize those I’ve met before. I notice again the doors around the perimeter of the Lobby. Each one is labeled and for the first time I can read what they say! It’s the continents, all of them, Asia, Africa, North America, South America, Antarctica, Europe and Australia!

I'm standing here wondering where we will go next as this vision fades...