

# KINDNESS

Showing others they are valuable by how you treat them

## Kindness Principle

Titus 3:4-7

**MEMORY VERSE | Luke 6:31**

**R**afe Williams worked in the Tanglewood mayor's office. He was assistant to the assistant to the Mayor. Or, as he liked to put it, the Assistant Assistant Mayor.

Rafe prided himself on serving the town and its people by going above and beyond the call of duty. Every morning, he arrived in the office early, where he cleaned the coffee maker and brewed a fresh pot. Then, he polished the smudges off the office door until he could see his reflection gleaming in the glass.

But one fine morning, as Rafe adjusted his bowtie in the glass, the door opened and he had to jump aside. Wendy, the new office intern, had also arrived early.

She peered at Rafe and his polishing cloth through her large, cat-eye glasses. "I could do that," she offered. "Aren't interns supposed to work overtime and clean stuff and make coffee?"

"Just doing my good deeds for the day!" Rafe said crisply. He pulled up an app on his phone and clicked three check boxes.

"You actually check off the good things you do?" Wendy wondered.

"Well, sure," Rafe told her. "Just to keep track."

Wendy raised her eyebrows, but didn't say anything. Rafe unlocked the doors of town hall and took his seat behind the front desk. He smoothed his hair and prepared to meet the citizens of Tanglewood as Wendy filed property deeds nearby.

"Watch and learn!" he instructed.

A line of visitors began to form. The first, Mrs. Magoo, shuffled up. Gray wispy curls bounced over her furrowed brow.

"It's Peaches!" she wailed.

"We only issue fruit orchard permits on Wednesdays," Rafe informed her.

"No, Peaches. My cat!" Mrs. Magoo sniffled. "She's been stuck at the tippy top of the poplar tree since last night."

Rafe shook his head and tried to wave her aside. "Put out a can of tuna. Next!"

"But you've got all those long ladders you use to put up Christmas decorations . . ." Mrs. Magoo protested.

"You're thinking of the fire department," said Rafe. "And they only rescue cats in children's books. Next!"

Wendy had watched the whole exchange in fascination. She tried to catch Rafe's eye, but he was focused on Mrs. Magoo, who was still trying to hold her ground. "But my Peaches—"

**Mrs. Magoo  
wilted under  
Rafe's glare.**

"Is apparently as foolish as her owner!" snapped Rafe. "NEXT."

Mrs. Magoo wilted under Rafe's glare. She tottered off as the next person, Lars Van Clever, moved up.

"Just need a permit to hold a block party Saturday night," said Lars.

"Will there be music?" Rafe demanded.

"Well . . . sure," Lars told him.

"A movie?"

"Maybe . . ."

“Fireworks?”

“Definitely!” exclaimed Lars. “Roman candles, black cats, spinners—”

Wendy grinned at Lars. “That sounds like fun!” she said.

Rafe grimaced. “That sounds like three violations of noise ordinance 157b.862.”

“But it’s going to be a great time for people to get to know each other,” pointed out Lars.

Rafe shook his head. “*Denied. Next!*”

Lars tried to protest, but Rafe hurried him out and turned to the next person in line, a teenage boy named Jude.

“We’re starting an astronomy club at school,” Jude explained. “And Black Top Hill is the perfect spot for star-gazing.”

“That’s part of Black Top Park,” Rafe pointed out. “It closes at dusk.”

“Right,” Jude nodded. “So we need the city to let us go up there after dark.”

“What’s the point of a rule if I let you break it?” demanded Rafe.

“We just need one exception,” Jude began. “It’s not like—”

“Get your head out of the stars, silly boy!” Rafe barked. “*Next.*”

Rafe continued to address the citizens of Tanglewood with ruthless efficiency. At lunch, he offered Wendy a seat at his table in the break room. “Productive morning!” he announced. “What have you learned so far?”

Wendy raised her eyebrows. “Um . . . there are a lot of rules.”

“For the good of all,” Rafe pointed out.

“But, well . . . do you really have to say ‘no’ to everyone?” Wendy asked.

Rafe swallowed a bite of sandwich and sat up straighter in his seat. “The Assistant Assistant Mayor can’t let ordinal violations creep in!”

Wendy considered as she crunched a carrot. “But couldn’t you . . . be nicer about it?”

“Not a single one of them has earned special treatment,” huffed Rafe.

“I don’t think any of us have really earned anything,” Wendy said.

Rafe whipped out his phone and scrolled through his checklist. “Ha! I’m on a 178-day run doing three good deeds a day. Top that!”

Wendy gave him a small smile. “I can’t. I guess I live by a different rule,” she said.

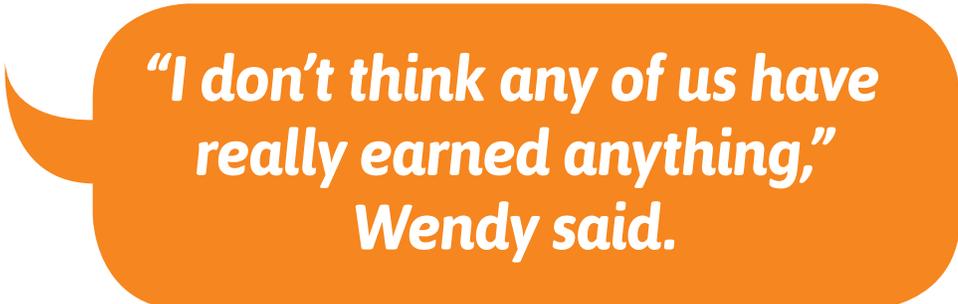
“What’s the ordinance number?” Rafe demanded.

“Ordinance number?”

“I’d like to look it up,” Rafe said. “Your rule.”

“Oh,” said Wendy. “Well, here’s where you can find it.” She scribbled something on a napkin and slid it over.

Rafe read it carefully. “‘Titus 3, 4 to 7: There’s no Titus in the by-laws,” he began, but quickly realized. “Aha. That’s the Bible, isn’t it? I’ve got one of those at home.”



***“I don’t think any of us have really earned anything,” Wendy said.***

“That’s great,” Wendy said as she started cleaning up her trash.

Rafe tapped his fingers on the table top. “Oh, just show me the verse,” he asked.

Wendy tugged a tiny New Testament from her bag and riffled pages. “Right there,” she said, pointing.

*“But the kindness and love of God our Savior appeared,” Rafe read. “He saved us. It wasn’t because of the good things we had done. It was because of his mercy . . .”*

He thought for a moment and then said, “That’s an unusual policy.”

“God doesn’t make me earn anything,” explained Wendy. “So it doesn’t seem like anyone else should have to earn my kindness.”

Rafe drummed his fingers on the tabletop again. “When you put it that way . . .” he murmured, voice trailing off.

Wendy tossed her trash in the bin. “Want me to make a fresh pot of coffee for the afternoon?”

“That would be nice, thank you,” Rafe said. “Oh, and could you please make a few phone calls for me?”

“Sure thing,” said Wendy. “What about?”

Rafe considered for a moment. “Tell Mr. Van Clever his block party is approved. And the astronomy club can meet on Black Top. And, um . . . offer my apologies.”

“Don’t you want to call yourself?” suggested Wendy.

“I would,” Rafe agreed. “But I’ve got a cat to get out of a tree.”

Rafe downed the last bite of his sandwich and loosened his bow tie as he pushed back his chair. He’d need to be able to breathe if he was going to climb the extension ladder at Mrs. Magoo’s house.



Let's  
Talk!

***Was anyone kind to you today, or this week?***

**Take a moment to share what they said or did. When someone does something kind, it sticks with you, even if it’s just a smile or giving a spot in line. Kindness makes you feel valued—and you can do the same for others when you take time to be kind. Truth is, though, you can get so busy with your day and wrapped up in your own thoughts that it’s easy to forget to be kind. That’s when we can ask God for His help! See, God chose to be kind by giving us life and forgiving us of the wrong we’ve done, even though we’ve done nothing to deserve His goodness. And since God has been so kind to us, we can pass His kindness on to the people we see each day . . . even if it’s just a smile. Together, ask God to remind you to be kind this week and to help you find creative ways to do it.**