

Timothy's Story

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Timothy was a boy who lived on the platform of a railway station.

On good days, strangers took pity on him and gave him small morsels of food.

On bad days, he searched through trash — or ate nothing at all.

He wore tattered and dirty clothes. But worse than that, there was a look in his eyes — a look of hopelessness. He had little reason to believe life would ever change.

One day, a pastor stood on that same platform, waiting for a train. As he waited, he glanced around the station — and he noticed something that broke his heart.

There stood a boy.

Hungry.

Dirty.

And very much alone.

In many ways, Timothy was like a lost sheep — unseen by most, surviving on the margins.

The pastor felt a deep compassion and approached him.

He said gently, “I know of a place where children receive good food, clean clothes, and a good education.

A place where children live with a mother and a father who love them.

Would you like to live there?” To Timothy, it sounded like a dream. In fact, it sounded too good to be true.

Although the stranger had a kind face, Timothy hesitated. He had heard promises before.

And so, he refused.

The pastor, unsure of what else to do, slowly walked away.

He offered a silent prayer for the homeless child.

Just then, the train began to approach. As the pastor bent down to pick up his briefcase, he

realized it was no longer on the ground.

It was in the arms of Timothy.

The boy looked up and said, “Sir, that is our train. Let us go.” That night, a train pulled away from the platform. And a boy who had lived on the margins stepped into an unknown future all because... someone noticed.

Someone stopped.

Someone allowed compassion to move them.

And Scripture tells us this about God: “A Father to the fatherless...” God has always seen children like Timothy.

And He still does.

That night, Timothy traveled with the pastor to his home. It was late when they arrived.

The pastor’s wife welcomed the boy. She asked him to take a bath. She gave him clean clothes. Then she served him a hot meal.

As Timothy sat at the table, he hesitated. Finally, he said quietly, “Sir, I have never eaten fresh food on a clean plate.” The pastor’s wife gently encouraged him to eat — and to eat until he was full.

The next morning, they took Timothy to ICC’s Sweet Home Children’s Village.

As he was asked asked questions, it became clear how lost he truly was.

“What is your family name?” “I don’t know.” “Names of your parents?” “Name of your village?” Timothy had lived on the railway platform ever since the death of his parents.

He could not remember anything else.

Timothy grew up in the children’s village. He became part of a family.

He learned what it meant to belong.

He received an education — elementary school, then high school.

He attended church with his brothers and sisters. He learned about Jesus.

As a senior in high school, Timothy was elected president of his class.

The graduation platform he stood on was very different from the railway platform where his journey had begun.

Timothy went on to university. He chose to study theology and prepare for ministry. He completed his bachelor's degree, then his master's degree.

Later, he joined the college near the children's village as a staff member in the theology department.

But the story doesn't end there. Timothy was ordained to gospel ministry.

And more recently, Timothy had the privilege of baptizing some of his younger brothers and sisters from the very village that had once welcomed him in.

What a contrast.

From a railway platform — to lifting others into the waters of baptism.

Scripture says that God “raises the poor from the dust and lifts the needy from the ash heap.” *1 Samuel 2:8*. And this story — like thousands of others — was made possible because of love.

Love that noticed.

Love that stopped.

Love that acted.

This is what it looks like to bring the fatherless to the Heavenly Father.