

# NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE

Story: [https://oportuno.org/1/Nothing\\_Left\\_To\\_Give\\_-\\_Story.mp3](https://oportuno.org/1/Nothing_Left_To_Give_-_Story.mp3)

Song: [https://oportuno.org/1/Nothing\\_Left\\_To\\_Give\\_-\\_Song.mp3](https://oportuno.org/1/Nothing_Left_To_Give_-_Song.mp3)

This PDF: [https://oportuno.org/1/Nothing\\_Left\\_To\\_Give.pdf](https://oportuno.org/1/Nothing_Left_To_Give.pdf)



## Nothing Left To Give

Marcus had always been the pillar of his community. He was a kind man, and a successful businessman. He spent his weekends volunteering at local shelters, donated generously to charities, and was always ready to lend a helping hand or an open ear to anyone in need. His spacious home was always available for both friends and strangers going through tough times, and his wallet seemed bottomless when it came to supporting good causes.

But life has a way of upending even the most stable foundations.

A series of unfortunate events struck Marcus like a perfect storm. A failed business venture drained his savings. A health crisis left him with mounting medical bills. Finally, a devastating fire consumed his home and most of his possessions. In the

span of eighteen months, Marcus found himself homeless, penniless, and utterly alone.

As he huddled under a bridge on a cold autumn night, Marcus felt a despair he had never known before. "I have nothing left to give," he whispered to the uncaring concrete above him. The irony wasn't lost on him – he was now in a worse position than many of those he had once helped.

Days blurred together as Marcus navigated the harsh realities of life on the streets. He felt invisible, avoided eye contact with passersby, and struggled with a deep sense of shame. How could he, who had once been a beacon of hope for others, now be reduced to this?

One particularly gloomy morning, as Marcus sat on a park bench contemplating his situation, an elderly woman slowly made her way towards him. She was hunched over, leaning heavily on a worn cane, her weathered face etched with lines of hardship.

"Excuse me, young man," she said, her voice quavering. "Could you help me? I've dropped my glasses and I can't seem to find them."

Marcus's first instinct was to turn away, to mutter that he couldn't help. But something in her voice, a note of vulnerability that echoed his own, made him pause. He stood up, scanning the ground around them.

"Of course," he said softly. "Let me take a look."

It took a few minutes of careful searching, but Marcus finally spotted the glint of metal beneath a nearby bush. As he handed the glasses back to the grateful woman, he felt a small spark ignite within him – a feeling he hadn't experienced in months.

"Thank you, dear," the woman said, her eyes crinkling with a warm smile. "You know, not many people would take the time to help an old lady like me these days."

Marcus felt a lump form in his throat. "I... I'm glad I could help," he managed to say.

As the woman walked away, Marcus remained rooted to the spot, a realization slowly dawning on him. He may have lost his material possessions, his status, and his financial security, but he hadn't lost his ability to make a difference in someone's life. He still had his time, his attention, and his compassion to give.

This small act of kindness became a turning point for Marcus. He began to look at his situation with new eyes, seeking out opportunities to help others, no matter how small the gesture. He offered to watch over the belongings of other homeless individuals while they sought services or job interviews. He shared information about local resources and shelters with newcomers to the streets. He lent an ear to those who needed to talk, offering words of encouragement and hope – even when he struggled to feel it himself.

As days turned into weeks, Marcus found that these acts of giving were transforming him from the inside out. The deep-seated shame began to lift, replaced by a sense of purpose. He realized that true giving wasn't about material possessions or grand gestures – it was about human connection, empathy, and the willingness to see and acknowledge the dignity in every person.

His new perspective attracted the attention of a local outreach worker, who recognized Marcus's natural ability to connect with others in the homeless community. She offered him a volunteer position at a day center, which eventually led to a part-time job. Slowly but surely, Marcus began to rebuild his life, but this time with a profound understanding of what it truly means to have nothing – and everything – to give.

Years later, when Marcus had regained stability and was once again in a position to offer material help to others, he never forgot the lessons he learned during his darkest days. He often shared his story, reminding people that the most valuable gift we can offer is our humanity – our time, our attention, and our compassion.

"When you think you have nothing left to give," Marcus would say, his eyes shining with hard-won wisdom, "remember that you always have yourself. And sometimes, that's exactly what someone else needs most."

The end.

## Nothing Left to Give

### Verse 1:

Once a giver, helping others find,  
Shelter, Food, and how to be kind.  
Gave away the love and light,  
But the storm came in the night.  
Lost it all, the dreams he built,  
Felt the weight of every guilt,  
On the streets, he found his place,  
In the shadows, he felt disgraced.

### Chorus:

When you think you've got nothing left to give,  
Look around, there's still a way to live.  
In the silence, hear the call,  
Even when you feel so small.  
From the depths of despair's embrace,  
You can still find hope in grace.

### Verse 2:

An old soul with weary eyes,  
Searching for a kind surprise.  
Dropped her glasses on the ground,  
In that moment, love was found.  
A simple act, a gentle hand,  
Brought him back to understand.  
It's not the things that we possess,  
But being wise enough to bless.

### Chorus:

When you think you've got nothing left to give,  
Look around, there's still a way to live.  
In the silence, hear the call,  
Even when you feel so small.  
From the depths of despair's embrace,  
You can still find hope in grace.

### Bridge:

Every tear and every scar,  
Taught him who we really are.  
In connection lies the key,  
To give is to be truly free.

### Verse 3:

Now he walks with open hands,  
Sharing warmth across the lands.  
With each story shared and told,  
He finds a treasure more than gold.  
For in giving what we have inside,  
We find our strength and learn to rise.

### Chorus:

When you think you've got nothing left to give,  
Look around, there's still a way to live.  
In the silence, hear the call,  
Even when you feel so small.  
From the depths of despair's embrace,  
You can still find hope in grace.

### Outro:

So remember when you're feeling low,  
There's a light within that always glows.  
When you think you've got nothing left to give,  
Love is what will teach us how to live.