

STEP BY STEP

Story: https://oportuno.org/1/Step_by_Step_-_Story.mp3

Song: https://oportuno.org/1/Step_by_Step_-_Song.mp3

This PDF: https://oportuno.org/1/Step_by_Step.pdf



Step by Step

It was spring in the orphanage school in Minnesota when the unthinkable happened. The air was thick with the smell of smoke, and flames tore through the old wooden building after lightning struck, burning it down to charred ruins. The children and staff escaped unharmed, but their home was gone. For now, they took shelter in tents, pitched together in rows across the schoolyard. As the long shadows of summer began to wane, the whispers of winter crept into every adult's mind—how would they survive the brutal Minnesota cold?

The children could sense the worry in their teachers' voices, especially in Mr. Thompson, the headmaster. Even though he tried to smile, the lines on his face had grown deeper with each passing day. But one child, Henry, wasn't as worried as the others. He was new to the orphanage, with a past full of dusty fields and hard

work. Quiet and observant, he spent his days digging and playing in the mud outside the tents, attracting the curious eyes of other children.

Before long, the other children joined him, kneeling in the soft clay and shaping it into muddy clumps. They laughed and squished the cool earth between their fingers, pressing it into little wooden molds Henry had made from scraps he'd found. They didn't know why he was so determined to shape the clay, but they found comfort in his calm focus. Henry knew something they didn't: he had a plan.

One day, Mr. Thompson approached the group, eyebrows furrowed. "Children, I see you're all enjoying yourselves, but we can't have you playing in the mud all day. We've much work to do to prepare for winter."

Henry looked up, his face smeared with clay. He took a deep breath and, with all the courage he could muster, explained, "Mr. Thompson, we're not just playing. We're making bricks."

"Bricks?" Mr. Thompson asked, astonished.

Henry nodded, his gaze steady. "I used to watch my pa make bricks back home. It's simple, really. We dig up the clay, mix it with sand and straw, press it into molds, and let them dry. Then, we stack them up and bake them to make them strong. If we start now, we could make enough bricks to build ourselves a new home before winter."

Mr. Thompson was taken aback. He hadn't imagined a child could think of such a plan. But as he listened, he realized that this was more than just a child's dream. It was hope, woven from hard work and memories of home. And it was exactly the solution he and the teachers had prayed for.

"Henry," Mr. Thompson said, a new spark in his eye, "this is a wonderful idea. Yes, let's try it! Let's work together to build a new orphanage."

The news spread, and soon the entire orphanage was abuzz with purpose. Henry showed the other children how to press the clay into molds, making sure each brick was just right. Some of the older children mixed the mud with straw and sand, while others carefully placed the bricks in the sun to dry. Day by day, row by row, the stacks of bricks grew.

Everyone had a role. One boy, Jacob, proudly shared that his father had been a carpenter, and soon he was leading the frame construction with the teachers' help. Another girl, Lucy, whose uncle had once taught her a thing or two about roofing, organized a team to plan the roof. Even the smallest children carried water and gathered straw, their laughter echoing across the yard as they worked. Step by step, a sense of family began to grow among them, not born of blood, but of shared dreams and efforts.

When the bricks were ready, the community gathered to fire them, building a great kiln around the stacks and keeping a careful fire going for days. With each brick that hardened, the children's confidence grew. They weren't just building walls; they were building hope, security, and a place that could shelter them from the storm.

Neighbors from the nearby village joined in, moved by the children's determination. Some brought tools; others brought food, and a few, like the village blacksmith, offered to help reinforce the doors and windows. Slowly but surely, the new orphanage took shape. It wasn't perfect—there were crooked edges and rough patches where little hands had tried their best—but it was a labor of love and resilience.

By the time the first snowflakes drifted down from the sky, the orphanage was complete. The children moved inside, their new home warm and snug against the cold winds. They slept soundly, feeling for the first time that they had built something lasting, something that truly belonged to them.

Years later, as Henry grew older, he often looked back on that winter with appreciation, for what his Pa taught him, about making bricks, and how that knowledge of how to make bricks helped so many. He had learned that great things didn't happen all at once—they were built, step by step, with hands, laughter, and the courage to start, even when the path was uncertain. And in cold Minnesota winter, nestled against the biting winds, stood a brick orphanage, an example of a child's vision, adults trusting the Child's vision and the power of working together like a family.

The end.

"Step by Step"

(Verse 1)

Each brick you lay, each path you choose,
It's the little moves that break through the blues.
The future may be cloudy, far from clear,
But steady hands make the dream appear.
In every action, in every way,
Keep building forward, come what may.

(Chorus)

Step by step, don't wait for a sign,
The power's in the doing, in the climb.
With each move, with each day,
Life's a journey—don't let it fade away.

(Verse 2)

Life won't change, but you can steer,
In the midst of struggle, purpose grows near.
When shadows rise and paths feel rough,
Find the meaning when things get tough.
For growth isn't in where you start,
It's in the grit, the work, the art.

(Chorus)

Step by step, don't wait for a sign,
The power's in the doing, in the climb.
With each move, with each day,
Life's a journey—don't let it fade away.

(Bridge)

Listen well, don't rush to talk,
For in the silence, wisdom walks.
Every word can build or bind,
So speak with strength and keep it kind.
In all you do, in all you say,
Build a life that lights the way.

(Verse 3)

Hold steady when storms roll in,
Strength grows stronger when you begin.
The world may not clear the way,
But in each step, you make the day.
Focus on what you can create,
The life you build, it's never too late.

(Chorus)

Step by step, don't wait for a sign,
The power's in the doing, in the climb.
With each move, with each day,
Life's a journey—don't let it fade away.

(Verse 4)

Trust the path, let the journey lead,
There's no need to rush, let it meet your need.
With every choice, in calm or storm,
You're changing your life, taking shape and form.
Step by step, build it strong and true,
There is a path—waiting just for you.