What if there were no trees?

What if Zacchaeus came out onto the street, stirred by the noise of the crowd and the rumour of Jesus coming, and found no trees to climb, so spent the day hidden at the back of the crowd?

Or what if there were trees, but when Zacchaeus went to climb them someone said "You can't climb that tree – it's too beautiful" or "don't climb this tree – it's my tree, and if it's going to be climbed I will be the one to climb it" or "Do not touch this tree – this tree was planted by my grandmother and I feel sure that she would not want anyone to climb it – ever!"

Or what if there were no low branches on the trees, and no one gave Zacchaeus a leg up?

Or what is Zacchaeus had never dared to climb the tree and no one had said "go on Zacchaeus! – you can do it….."

What if Zacchaeus had never climbed the tree and never been seen by Jesus and never had Jesus round to his house and never heard words of grace and never heard Jesus tell the people that God loved him (and even him) too?

But there was a tree!
And Zacchaeus did dare to climb it
And Jesus did see him
And the good news was shared!

You're welcome – God loves you……..

And Zacchaeus said back – "you're welcome too!"