

About “Elisa’s Song”

I met Elisa one morning while walking through the mall in Seattle. She couldn’t have been more than fifteen. She hurried to catch up with me, and when I turned, I saw a mix of innocence, fear, and hope that stopped me right where I stood.

“Sir... could you buy me a Mochinut corn dog?”
She didn’t ask for money. She didn’t run a story.
She asked for food. Simply, directly, honestly.

She told me she was there with friends, but they’d been unkind. They had money for lunch; she didn’t. They ordered; she went without. And they wouldn’t share.

Living in Seattle, I’m approached for money every day. I’ve learned to say no—not because I don’t care, but because sometimes giving cash doesn’t help the person who’s asking. But this wasn’t that. This was a child telling me she was hungry.

And I’ll be honest: a part of me hesitated.
A part of me feared that by giving her what she asked for, I might somehow “cripple her for life,” as the old saying goes—teach her to rely on others instead of herself.

I even thought of Jesus and the old teaching:
“Give a man a fish and he’ll eat for a day.
Teach a man to fish and he’ll eat for a lifetime.”
But the truth is... I’m no Jesus.
And she was no man.
She was a hungry fifteen-year-old girl standing in front of me with a quiet prayer in her eyes.

So I looked at her and said, “Well darling, I’m not sure where Mochinut is, but if you lead the way, I’m buying. What’s your name?”
“Elisa,” she said.

We walked to the food court together. I told the girl behind the counter, “Give this young lady whatever she wants.” She ordered two corn dogs. I slid the drink menu toward her and said, “Don’t you need something to drink?” She picked one carefully, like it was a gift.

Watching her receive those simple things... you would've thought Christmas had come early.

I don't know what her life looked like before that moment, and I don't know what it looked like afterward. I only know that for one small window in time, I saw a prayer in a child's eyes—and I was given the chance to answer it, even if imperfectly.

That moment stayed with me. It broke something open in me. When I sat down to write "Elisa's Song," I cried the whole way through. And even now—after hearing it maybe sixty times while making different Suno versions—I still can't listen to it without dropping to my knees.

Because this song isn't just about Elisa.
It's about every "Elisa" in this world—
boys, girls, every color, every corner of life—
quietly carrying hunger, loneliness, or fear, hoping someone will see them.
I don't know where she is today.
But I hope she felt loved that morning.
And I hope this song helps someone else feel seen, too.