

“The Donation”
November 8, 2009

Sometimes in the pretend world of my stories there are bad things that happen. That was the case this past week. This is Pastor Ed’s family, around the supper trough. Larry was busy asking questions, as usual like “Why does it get cold in the fall?” and “Why does the moon get big and then get small?”



Loretta could see that her mother, The SCS Teacher was quieter than usual. And her father didn’t seem to have any interesting answers to Larry’s questions. In fact, Loretta suspected that there might be some bad news coming.

And then it came. “Children,” said Pastor Ed. “There was a fire at the barn next door last night.”

Now, because you are not a horse, you probably do not know how very frightening a barn fire is. To a horse, it is the one of the two things they fear the most.

It took Larry a moment to start asking questions. “Did anyone die? Is the barn completely gone? Where will they live? Will they come here? Will our barn catch on fire?”

Pastor Ed answered all of Larry’s questions. “No one died Larry, but their father, Wilbur, is at the vet being treated for a broken leg.” There is always a sharp intake of breath when horses talk of a broken leg. Pastor Ed continued “Right now the rest of the family is staying with relatives. But they need lots of help.”

“We will ask for a collection at church tomorrow,” said their mother. “Each of us should think of something we can donate.”

“But I don’t have any money. What can I do?” asked Loretta.

“Maybe you can donate a toy,” her mother said.

“But I LIKE all my toys!” said Loretta.

“By the way, what does donate mean?” asked Larry.

“It means to give something of your own away to others.”

Larry excused himself from the trough and went to his stall. He got out his piggy bank and counted his money. He has \$9.49. And then he looked at his toys.

Loretta reluctantly gave a toy, although it was a small one that she no longer plays with.

“Here is my donation Dad.” Larry gave his favorite toy and he gave \$9 from his piggy bank and kept the \$.49 for himself.

“Thank you, son. That is a very generous donation!” said Pastor Ed.

“Well, you said they really needed help,” said Larry.



Loretta saw what her brother had given . . . and wondered if she should have given more.

THE END