

"You Were Never Out of My Sight"

Matthew 13:24-30, 36-43

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by Rebecca Enney

Polly and Haman went to the playground with their father after supper last night. It was a little cooler then. And there were a lot of other kids playing there too!

Haman loves the sliding board that has all the different ladders and poles to climb. And Polly loves the sand box. And Mr. Potato loves sitting on the bench with some of the other parents there, like Uncle Floyd and Mrs. Mawakasunga. (We can just pretend all the other children are here. The table top is too small for them all!)



And so the evening began. And all was well. Haman was racing around the equipment with the other kids and Polly was making a house outline in the sand. She had the outline of a kitchen and she found some stones and some sticks she used to make a pretend stove and a sink and a table too.

And then a shadow crossed over into the sand box. And then another and then another. And Polly looked up and saw some guys that scare her. It was Kat and Ken (oh Ken) and some other scary looking kid that kind of looked like Barabas, but was not Barabas.

And they stood around Polly, in a kind of threatening way. And Polly wanted to cry. She wanted to run to her daddy, but these big guys seemed to block her way. "What to do! What to do?"



Polly is just a preschooler. So, you might think she is not very smart yet, however, if you thought that, you would be wrong. Because, even though Polly is a crybaby, she is a VERY smart little girl. Her daddy has taught her, when Haman teases her, to just ignore Haman. Ignore means to just pretend that Haman is not there. No need to cry, just go on with what you are doing.

And so, that is exactly what Polly did. She looked at the guys and then she looked at her daddy who was not far away and she thought about Jesus. And then she just continued with her project in the sandbox.

"Look," she said to the guys. "This is the kitchen and this is the stove." And the guy that Polly never saw before, the guy who looks like Barabas, but is not Barabas, stepped into the sand box and mashed her sand house.

And once again, Polly looked at her father and she looked at the guy who looks like Barabas and she did not cry out for her father, but she just said in a calm voice "Hey Daddy, come over here."

She said this hoping her father would come quickly and hoping the guys would leave. And they did and he did!

"Daddy, those boys scared me," said Polly starting to cry.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Potato Head. "There will always be scary things in the world. I watched you and you were very brave. You were never out of my sight. And you never will be."

And so the evening continued until it was time to go home and get their bath. THE END