

"The Middle of the Story Where Water Is Used to Wash Away What Is Bad, with God's Help"

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When Uncle Floyd and Barabas walked home from church on Sunday, they found Gator on the kitchen floor with his white belly showing and there was blood!

"Gator!" they both cried out. "What happened? Are you okay?" And they gently shook his shoulder. They both wondered why they had not seen him in church! Uncle Floyd had been busy keeping the sidewalks clear from the snow.

Gator opened his eyes and was glad to see them finally home. He got himself flipped over, but he did not look good at all!

"What happened Gator?!" Uncle Floyd asked. Gator stammered and said "Uhh, Jeter and Arod bit me. . ."

"I reckon that surprises me!" said Uncle Floyd. "Well, they were playing around and then they began to fight with each other and I tried to break them apart and they decided to bite me instead. . ."

Uncle Floyd could tell this was a made-up story, that Gator was hiding the truth from him. But it was NOT the time to argue with Gator.

"I reckon we need to clean those wounds," and Uncle Floyd washed his hands and got out a clean cloth and put it in clean water and began to wash the wounds on Gator's white belly. "Ouch!" hollered Gator and Uncle Floyd quickly saw how deep several of the wounds were!

The three of them headed for the Emergency Room where Nurse Fran also washed her hands before she put on clean latex gloves. She used a clean cloth and clean water to wash away the dried blood and any germs on the bloody cuts. She saw that most of the wounds were superficial (that means not too bad) but that at least one of the wounds DID need stitches.

And all this time Uncle Floyd wondered "How did this happen to Gator. Why did he lie to me about what happened? Where was he during church?" But he did not ask these questions out loud to Gator. It was NOT the time to argue with Gator.



Nurse Fran told Gator to drink plenty of water. And the three of them soon went home. Uncle Floyd helped Gator into his pajamas and tucked him into bed. And then he sat quietly beside Gator and waited for Gator to tell him the truth. If only God could use WATER to WASH away Gator's lie . . . or perhaps HE can!

After a brief nap, Gator opened his eyes and looked sadly at Uncle Floyd. "I am sorry for

lying to you," Gator said and then he fell back to sleep.

Next week we will hear the beginning of the story. TO BE CONTINUED