



The Bear that lived on Frosty Mountain

Berry Beary Cold lived on Frosty Mountain. He wasn't afraid of the cold; he rather enjoyed it. It gave him plenty of undisturbed time to sleep and read by his cosy fireplace.

The only time he minded the cold much was when he had to chop the wood. But he knew that doing that tough task out in the cold would be the reason he was able to stay warm later on. So with a whistle and smoky looking breath he'd heave and ho and chop a good batch of fire logs.

He liked to treat himself with a nice cup of warm veggie soup when he was done. Then when he felt warmed up again he'd pick up his guitar and sing some of his favourite songs.

It seemed even the animals in the forest that surrounded his wooden log cabin enjoyed it when Berry Beary Cold would begin to sing. They could tell that his heart was warm and filled with love and joy. The cold day or night would be made more cheery whenever he started to sing.

One especially frosty night, when it seemed there wasn't a blade of grass, twig, or leaf on a tree that wasn't covered in icy white crystals, Berry Beary Cold settled down for a time of rejoicing.

What was there to rejoice about? He didn't have much company, food was sparse, his old holey socks could no longer be mended they were so worn. But he did know of something that neither cold nor hunger, poverty nor loneliness could ever take away from him.

There, like a ray of bright heart-warming sunshine, placed on the wall was the reason his heart could sing. The painting was passed down to him from his great-great-great grandfather. It had been a part of his family as far back as he'd known.

The picture was of the One who left His throne up high and all the wealth to come down to Earth to heal, help, and understand Earthly folks. He knew cold and hunger too, and yes even sorrow and loss.

But Berry Beary Cold told himself, "If he could make it through the long cold nights, and pray while out on the mountain, so can I."

Berry Beary Cold thought of all those who had things much more difficult than he did, and decided to take this time to rejoice for all that he did get to enjoy.

As he plucked his old guitar a melody came to him along with the words his heart wished to express.

I may not be the wisest bear
I may not have the softest hair
I may not have the finest lair
But there's one thing I have, you know
A place where I will one day go
A land where all will be at peace
A place where I can find release

From anything that troubles me
From burdens I will be set free
One day there will be wiped away
Each and every tear
Because, just because I have
The Love of Jesus here.

After this Berry Beary Cold followed it with several more of his favourite songs, then read from the book of Job and the book of Psalms. Those were sure to pick him up from anything that tried to get him down.

One day while he was looking out the window he saw a light that seemed to dance around the garden. What was that?

He wasn't quite sure, but it made him laugh. Soon after that a bird landed on a nearby branch, carrying a little bit of straw in his mouth.

“You go and make yourself the finest nest you can!” Berry Beary Cold told that bird with a smile. Then said heartily, “Yes! Spring is here! Spring has sprung and I will rejoice at this glorious time of year. No matter what the season I can be glad.”

Then he thought, “But that light, was that an angel? Who knows! But I have this feeling that crops just might grow a wee bit better this year, and things will all work out.”

And indeed it was so. A warmth spread over the mountain that year and his garden—and the berries and plants for all the animals that lived around him too—enjoyed plenty to eat, and pleasant days.

One day he heard the sound of rustling in the bushes.

“Hello, who is there?” he called out.

A dog came wagging his tail and barking cheerily up to him. His master soon caught up.

“Why! Berry Beary Fit and Berry Beary Kind! What brings you this far on this fine day?” Berry Beary Cold asked. “And what is that you are carrying in that sack?”

With big smiles followed by big bear hugs Berry Beary Kind and Berry Beary Fit greeted this lonesome and cold but happy bear who watched over this part of the mountain.

“We have brought you some fresh supplies, clothing, and a few other gifts that some of the townsfolk wanted us to bring to you,” the visiting bears said joyfully.

Berry Beary Cold was nearly speechless, but since he rarely had the chance to speak with others of his kind he made sure to find the words to show proper gratitude.

“I hardly know what to say! Surely it is what I least expected! But I am most grateful! Please come in and make yourselves comfortable, and there we can exchange news from each of our areas of living,” Berry Beary Cold said as he let the two special visitors into his small cabin.

Berry Bear Fit sat on the small foot stool while Berry Beary Kind politely took the armchair that Berry Beary Cold insisted that he sit on. Berry Beary Cold poured each of them some fresh rain water that he had stored in a big clay jar.

The bears then took turns exchanging stories of what was happening in each one’s area of living. Berry Beary Kind and Berry Beary Fit shared news about the town life, and Berry Beary Cold gave them the update of the happenings on the mountain there and what he’d helped to do while there.

He told of the lost hikers he directed to the right paths, the start of brush fires he put out, the bird life he helped to feed through the tough winter with saved seeds and dry crumbs.

He let them know what new animals had moved in to this part of the forest, and travellers he'd put up for the night in his own bed while he slept on his chair, who otherwise would have had to sleep in the cold forest; and many more happenings he shared.

Then at last the bag was opened and each thing in it was very appreciated and would be well used—socks, a scarf, a new sharp axe for chopping wood, boots, jars of preserved fruits and veggies, potatoes and onions, veggie garden seeds, a new quilt cover, some spare guitar strings, and a few brand new books just published at the printshop by Berry Beary Printer.

Berry Beary Cold was delighted. It felt like his birthday and Christmas all at the same time! Tears then filled his eyes. It felt good know he was loved, and to be reminded that he had not been forgotten by those living in more comfortable places.

He liked his place here on Frosty mountain, though sometimes it was a bit of a rouged life. And with friends like those who lived down in Berry Beary Town, he would be able to carry on and make the best of the year ahead.

Berry Beary Kind Series:
www.nurture-inspire-teach.com