



## **Stuck in the mud on North Pass**

Berry Beary Fix-it received a sudden call on his “rescue-a-phone” a device that anyone in the town could ring and leave a message stating the need and the place, and the contact number of the person in need.

After he placed his lunch dish in the sink, gave it a quick rinse, swished his teeth with water, he was ready to dive in to the situation.

The message on the “rescue-a-phone” said:

“Stuck in the mud on North Pass, towards the forest. Need a tug out. Engine failure.”

Berry Beary Fix-it knew that place well. He, himself had been stuck in that very location some time back. Of course there was no “Berry Beary Fix-it” for him to call—because he was the one. So instead he hiked to get help.

Thankfully, on that day Berry Beary Fit was taking a group of young people on a stay-over-night hike and camping trip through the forest. So it wasn’t long before Berry Beary Fix-it found someone who could help.

Berry Beary Fit phoned Berry Beary Kind, who came with this own vehicle—along with a snack, of course, to share with Berry Beary Fix-it.

When Berry Beary Kind had showed up to help tug Berry Beary Fix-it out of the mud on that day, it felt good to be helped. Berry Beary Fix-it was usually the one to help get people out of their mechanical troubles and get things moving and working again.

It felt good to have someone there for him when it was his turn to see what it felt like. It made him glad to keep doing his job of being on call to help those in need.

So on this day, Berry Beary Fix-it chose to bring along a picnic for whoever was stuck in the mud. They could relax in the forest with their family, while he, Berry Beary Fix-it worked on getting their vehicle out and the engine working again—or finding out what the trouble was, at least.

“I’ve had a good lunch,” he thought. “But I know they haven’t. If they have little ones with them, they must be hungry about now too.”

With a box of tools, a truck with a good strong winch and hook, and a basket of fresh fruit and seed-nut butter, he was off to the rescue.

When he arrived on the scene, Berry Beary Fix-it saw the father holding one of their youngest children, a little girl too young to walk.

“Look! Here he is! He came!” the father told his daughter. She smiled and clapped her hands. Mother with the other two children were playing a game in the back of their stuck truck. Happy, but they looked like a picnic would be right for then.

“I brought you some lunch!” Berry Beary Fix-it said bringing the basket over to the mother, who looked up in wonderful surprise.

“And I’ll do what I can to get you on the move again!”

“Thank you so much!” the children and parents exclaimed, and off they went to spread out a blanket and enjoy some fresh fruit, topped with scoops of seed-nut butter, under the shade of the fragrant pine trees.

It took about an hour and a half—and by that time Berry Beary Fix-it had actually receive a couple more calls on his “rescue-a-phone” for others in need—but at last the job was done. The family, after a few running and hiding games, were back in their vehicle and on their way again.

They waved and thanked Berry Beary Fix-it for his timely and great help.

“Hmm,” thought Berry Beary Fix-it as he then surveyed the dirt road condition. “I know it’s this time of year that causes this deep mud, but perhaps there is something that can be done about it, so that it doesn’t cause anyone else to get stuck here.”

He put a note in his notebook to talk with some others about it. He was sure that together they could come up with a plan.

It was a week later when the plan was enacted to fix up the North Pass shortcut through the forest.

To celebrate, there was an announcement made, that everyone that had ever gotten stuck in the mud there, or had helped others who were—and their families—were to come drive out there on a certain afternoon to see what had been done. Each one was to bring both a musical instrument, as well as a bowl or pot or basket of food to share around with others.

A little worried that they'd get stuck again, they came anyway, and were pleasantly surprised to see the road work done. Huge amounts of crushed rock from the quarry had been brought and laid in place.

That low-lying, water catching place was now the highest part of the road. It went up and over like a dirt-made bridge, made with plenty of gravel in it.

The children and their parents sat in their trucks, or on the hood of their cars, and had a short forest music festival.

With so many musical instruments, and many good voices to sing out, they had a great time letting their songs be heard. Then food was passed around from vehicle to vehicle, each one taking a bit, and sharing a bit.

It didn't take long, maybe just an hour or two, but it was a fun way to enjoy the latest improvement in Berry Beary Town—plus build friendship. If everyone knew each other, and cared about one another, and found out that they enjoyed being together, then they'd also be ready to help each other when they got stuck—in whatever type of situation they might find themselves in.

One Berry Beary Fix-it and Berry Beary Kind couldn't help everyone, all the time. To get the needed help to each one, when they most needed it would take everyone being willing and ready to sometimes stop whatever they were doing and help someone in need.

Berry Beary Kind Series:  
[www.nurture-inspire-teach.com](http://www.nurture-inspire-teach.com)

