



The Unexpected Show

Microphones were tested, wires taped down to prevent tripping, and lights and lighting were set up and checked.

The show by the 'rescue team' was ready to roll.

Didn't everyone know there was a show on tonight? Berry Beary Kind wondered. "Where is everyone? Usually there is always the early birds who like to show up early, and lend a hand with set up." He looked around and was surprised to see that only one or two of the townfolks seemed to be walking towards the large tent-like outdoor theatre area.

When they reached Berry Beary Kind they weren't smiling, but said in somber tones, "It seems there's been some sort of an accident in the main town square. A water pipe has burst and there's a miniature flood going on. The show might need to be postponed."

"Or changed..." Berry Beary Kind thought, as he listened. "Sounds like everyone is getting a great view of the rescue team at work, in a real way."

It wasn't the show that was planned for the day, but it did demonstrate how skilled and hardworking those were who helped to keep things in the town working right.

The sound of a helicopter could be heard. It wasn't really necessary to come and lift townfolks out of this watery accident; it wasn't a huge flood. But they were just getting a good aerial view of the scene, just in case.

"I guess I better go there, and see where I can best help," Berry Beary Kind responded to those who had come to tell him the news of the sudden and unexpected event.

So off they went, stopping only to let Berry Beary Kind change into his large boots—the kind used for fishing, that went very high up on his legs. He wanted to be prepared to jump right in to the deepest or most difficult area, to help in any way that was needed.

That was what Berry Beary Kind was like. He didn't wait for others to wait on him, he knew that being a leader was really being a servant.

The words of his Bible often came to him, telling him, "He that is greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

“I’m certainly not the greatest,” he thought, “But I can do the serving part; it’s what is most needed and appreciated.”

He remembered his own dear mother—and all the mothers of the town. It was their care and training of the next generation that would make all the difference in their town.

They give care all day, and “serve” meals and do so much. They were to be admired and truly appreciated. He knew mothers also needed reminders that their job as caretakers of the town’s future adult citizens was very, very important.

Sometimes it was easy for them to forget, as their day was filled with doing the humble things, daily, again and again. But if they smiled, if they talked gently, if they helped the children to learn what was truly important, then their influence would reach much farther than just their one family.

So many more would benefit from what and how they taught their children. As he walked, thoughts were coming to him of a different kind of show that could be put on sometime later— appreciation and encouragement for the mothers of the town.

Berry Beary Kind had now reached the town square. Indeed it was a mess. Fire fighters were now water fighters, it seemed. They were finding the source of the town's new lake, or so it looked like. At last the main pipe was turned off, and quick work was being made to replace the pipe.

Mothers and children were watching the scene from nearby balconies. Fathers with boots on were seeing what they could do to pitch in and help. Some were setting up a large hose and pump to pump out the water, and fill tanker trucks.

They would be driven to the water reserve, and emptied out there. It was a pond of sorts, that was monitored, and filtered, so that it was kept nice. Should the dry weather come, and there not be much rain, this water was kept on hand.

Berry Beary Kind put on his boots and began picking up and rescuing anything that wasn't meant to be floating around in the water. A hat here, a bag there, even a pair of slippers seemed to be taking a dip.

The bark of a puppy dog that was stranded up on the top of a picnic table caught his attention. Next to him was a cat, and it was clear it did not wish to get wet.

“Come on , you two” Berry Beary Kind said, picking them up, one in each arm.

His eyes scanned the scene to see to whom they belonged. Then he heard,

“There they are daddy!” a girl was motioning off a balcony to her father who was looking around for their lost-in-the-flood pets.

Berry Beary Kind handed them to none other than Berry Beary Brave, the fisherman. He seemed at home in the water, but his children’s pets did not seem so.

“Thanks,” he said, then made his way through the now lowering water, to his fish shop. The ground level was wet, but not too deeply covered in water.

He carried these pets kindly up the stairs to the top level where his waiting family was. That puppy and kitty cat were then lavished with care, pats, food, and towel-dried by the happy children.

“Thank you, daddy,” they said, and Berry Beary Brave’s wife handed him a warm mug of soup to drink, before he headed back out again, to see if he could be of further assistance.

It was three hours before things were cleared enough that the rescue team could take a break.

The fathers of the town who had helped, returned to their families for warmth and rest, as it was now getting dark. Berry Beary Kind and the main rescue workers went back to the tent theatre, and enjoyed a few of the snacks laid out, and discussed when the show should be put on.

“I think the show today—the unexpected one—was enough for one day,” Berry Beary Kind said, and the team nodded in agreement. A good sleep is what they all needed now.

“Let’s try for tomorrow, shall we? I can keep these snacks in my fridge for the night, and everything is all set up and ready to go, so no time was lost,” Berry Beary Kind suggested.

“How about we have a mid-day show, rather than in the late afternoon,” Berry Beary Fervent Firefighter offered.

The others thought that would work out better.

“My youngest ones go to sleep early at night, and they might have missed the show anyway,” explained Berry Beary Fast.

“That’s true,” agreed the others.

“Okay, I’ll spread the word around first thing tomorrow morning—as I’m sure the children are all wondering what is to happen.

“Perhaps some are disappointed, but that’s always a good thing to learn. Not everything happens just as you wish, and sometimes you just have to learn to wait and be patient for a desired event. Then when it happens, it can be even more of a treat; you really appreciate that it happened at last.”

“Great then. We’ll be here and ready at noon. Thanks for passing the word,” Berry Beary High said, for all of them.

Berry Beary Kind packed up and collected the rest of the food, to save for the next day, bid the rescue team good night, and off they all went.

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