



2

Story Time

With the Master

—For You, Dear Sister—

Story Time with the Master

—To help you feel happier and heal faster.

Curl up and enjoy these special stories!

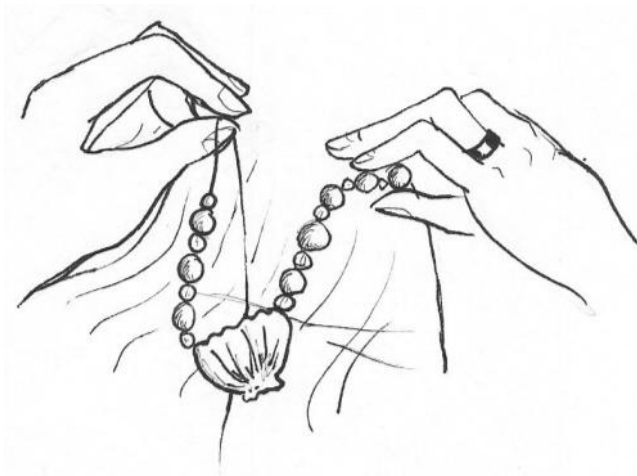
—Imaginary Stories—

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"One, two, three..." the girl was counting the beads on each side of the handmade necklace she was working on. She wanted to make sure the pattern was symmetrical and identical on either side of the pendant that hung in the middle.



The middle pendant was a white shell that she had found at the beach.

"Oh, this side has less than the other side. I'll have to remove some of the white beads to get down to the pink ones and add the missing ones. This is tedious work. Each bead matters, no matter how small they are."

Patiently she undid some work so the necklace could be made just right. It took time and focus and care.

"At last! There, it's done!" she exclaimed, and looked at the clock.

Hours had gone by since she started to plan and then make this special gift.

It was going to her sister in a faraway land. She hadn't seen her in a long time. A handmade gift would have to do for now, as if it was a part of her being sent to cheer up her sister—her time and love.

She remembered

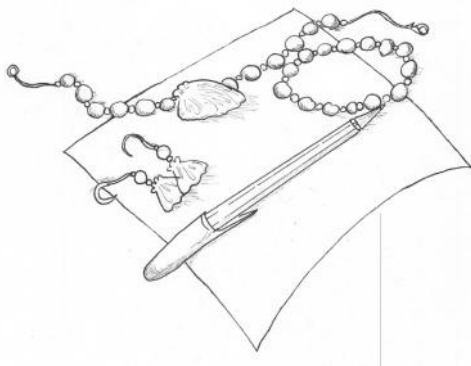
what her older sister had sent last month—a hand sewn cardigan, with lovely embroidered flowers. It would find good use soon when the weather changed and a chill came to the weather. For now it was hanging in a special

place as a reminder of the sister who loved her also.

Into the package went the necklace, the bracelet and the matching earrings that were all part of the handmade gift.

Then it was time to write the note.

"Dear Sister. I hope you like these—at least as much as I like what you have sent me. Even though we can't see each other yet, or have the opportunity to talk about all the things that are important to each of us—things that only you and I would fully understand, please know that I do love you and hope you have the best year yet. I'll always remember the nice things you have done for me in years gone by. Your kindness will never be forgotten."





The letter was placed in an envelope, sealed, and put into the small package along with the gift she'd made.

When her sister received the package, her heart was touched indeed. Not even she had remembered all the deeds of kindness and care she had given to her younger sister. Time had passed, and life had gotten busy. But to hear that all was still kept in the heart of the one she loved and missed, cheered her.

"Leaving a kindness in someone's heart, and a good memory, is like leaving a bit of me with them. When they remember it, it's like I have done that for them again. I'm glad now that I did those things," she mused. "And that she chooses to remember the good."



The weather got chilly, and it was time at last for the young sister to wear the beautiful cardigan.

She chose to wear it on her older sister's birthday, for the first time. It made her feel as if the very arms of her sister were wrapped around her.

"I know what I'm going to do," she decided. "Every time I put this on, I'm going to think of something nice that I wish I could do for my sister, and then plan to do it for or with someone else—perhaps someone who also has family members that they miss.

"I'll be a kind sister to someone else. I'll write those ideas down. Then when I do them, I'll tell my sister what I did, as if it was for her—a gift for her. I'm sure her kind heart would be glad I'm doing it for someone else in her place, while we are apart."



This became a new tradition—for both sisters.

When they missed being with each other, or used the gifts that they had given to each other, they would write down something they wished they could be doing to show their love to one another. Then they thought of who else would really appreciate that bit of friendship and caring.

"Today I took the neighbour's dog for a walk, while she was getting healed from a leg injury. Sister, if you were here, I would do it for you.

I told the lady, 'For the love of my sister, I'm doing it for you, in her place.'

She was very grateful for the help, and that it was done with love made her glad too. She said she liked that idea, and wanted to start doing things for others too," wrote the younger sister.



A letter came back, from the older sister saying,
"And today I picked some flowers and took them to a child in the hospital who was recovering, because I love you. They have had to take refuge in our country and very much missed the rest of their extended family in their far away land. I told them that I understand what it feels like. I said I would visit them every day until they are well. They were so glad."

And so the sisters found a new way to express their love for each other, when they couldn't be with one another for so long. The feelings of missing turned to new feelings of gladness as they reached out to share that love and friendship with others.