

Story Time with the Master—Book 1

And some Parables

2018-2021 or so (given to CQ) (Unedited and unproofread)

1. Stories with the Master
2. The Friendly Little Bird
3. A Carpenter's Hands
4. Near the Water's Edge
5. Colourful Shiny Pebbles
6. We Still Have Each Other
7. He Helps the Hurts to Heal
8. The Disguised Prince
9. Allan's Song
10. Ella's Perfume
11. A Bit of Both
12. Our Majestic King

Stories with the Master

Thinking you are seldom liked helps you to stay very close to Me. I dwell with the humble.

Like going into a crowd and wanting to feel appreciated, you scan it to see who is feeling the most dejected and despised and you go to befriend them. They are grateful for your companionship. This is how it is with Me too. I find those of low degree—or rather who actually realise that they are, and then I comfort them. These make Me feel the happiest. They laugh at My jokes, they play the games I suggest, and I like to let them win. I share my toys with them—My heavenly joys, and they light up when they see I am back.

What if I had whispered to them that I was actually a prince and would be back to get them and take them in My golden and crystal carriage to the castle on yonder hill? If I told them to tell the others about Me and that whoever wanted to come could—they just needed to be willing to leave the party, and trust what I said was true. If the beggarly, humble and despised girl in the corner started to tell the other proud and fancy, into themselves girls, they might have had various reactions.

“Who? That ragged boy who was talking to you? Boy! do you have a grand imagination.”

“Even he couldn’t manage being around you—that’s why he actually left.”

“Why would he want to be around you? There’s not a thread of beauty in your appearance.”

She would be mocked and laughed at, pushed away from their groups of shallow chatter and such. But there might be some, someone who was tired of all the fake cover ups for the way they were really feeling inside, and wished for something real—and to get it she was willing to believe in a supposed fantasy. Perhaps this other girl or two went then to sit with the low-class, ragged girl, who now had diamonds for eyes it seems, as they were glowing with a light of hope and a light of love for the ‘Prince’ that she called him. Instead of mingling with those who rejected the message that was passed on, and having no one else to tell, they looked out the window for any signs of His coming. They didn’t want to miss it.

Sure enough, he showed up, and the humble ones who believed, ran to the door—and were transformed as they walked through, to now be wearing gorgeous clothing, and they were shining all around, clean and looking like ethereal princesses. Those in the party were laughing in their fake display of merriment, and were too drunk to make the move,

anyway, to get to the carriage. Even if they tried, walking through the door way wouldn't have transformed them.—And only transformed persons would be allowed entrance into the carriage that took them to the castle. Their laughing stopped instantly as a look of terror hit them. They had missed the truth and now the trip. Everything they'd actually wanted was missed because they believed they were good enough, and didn't need anyone humble telling them anything new.

As the believing and humbles ones ran out to meet the prince, he stood there now looking radiant and very royal, with his arms out ready to receive them. He embraced them and ushered them quickly in. He looked upward and saw the clouds of storms about to fall. The wave of the ocean was swelling to wash over the land, and a rumble of an earthquake was felt under their feet, beginning to escalate. Inside the carriage the lovely believers went, and off they were whisked away through the air, until they went farther and farther, hardly able to be seen as it went towards the castle in the clouds.

Meanwhile back in the party room, drinks and cups were flying, people were losing their footing as the earthquake hit full force. Chandeliers were falling, and pictures were tilting and then falling off the wall. Broken glass was on the floor, and people were trying to crawl out. But when they got to the door they screamed, as coming towards them was a title wave; a flood. Lighting was flashing and deep darkness was falling. If they only had listened. If they had only forsaken their pride, even for an instant, to hear what the humble lady had to say, and believed they needed something or someone more than themselves to make all their best dreams possible.

I dwell with the humble and believing ones.

I would have loved to tell you stories—like the one above—to ease the pain of things you experienced in your childhood. I still can you know? There are things that you remember, that bother you. Maybe you need

to have some “Story time with Jesus” and cuddle up with Me. I’ll tell you things that will make you feel better—and will teach you things too. Would you like that? And then you can share them with others, when appropriate. Okay?

Call it “Story time with the Master”. Whenever you have a hurt from your past, see if I have a story that will take your feelings away from the hurt, and into the joy of the glories that I have for you.

These are special stories with special meanings, stories that heal and help. They aren’t true stories, but are for the purpose of feeling good. There is much healing that is needed in the world. Start with your own heart, and “Be Healed” I say. For My Word heals.

A Carpenter’s Hands

There once was a carpenter who admired his tools. They could make things that his own hands couldn’t fashion on their own. These tools were hard and strong, or small, or long, or rough, or sharp, or whatever they needed to be. “Why can’t I be more like them? Why do I have to have hands that get hurt, that bleed, that get blisters, that get calluses while trying to do tough jobs? Couldn’t I do more if I was made of tougher stuff?” the carpenter wondered.

A little girl then burst into the workshop. She came and wrapped her arms around the carpenter’s leg—he was too tall for her to hug him all the way.

“Daddy, daddy,” she called out. He then leaned over and picked up his little girl and gave her a big hug. She was glad to see up so high. She was pointing out this and that in his tool shed, and pointing out the window.

Then she squirmed to be put down. She thought she wanted the freedom to run over and touch all the things she was looking at. Before

the daddy could stop her, she had touched something sharp, and cried out. She had gotten cut. “Come back over to daddy,” he said gently to the girl.

The carpenter helped wash the cut on her finger and wrapped a little clean piece of cloth on it, and gave it a kiss. “Those things are dangerous to play with,” he said.

Daddy wiped the tears that were running down her cheeks with his soft thumbs, and then placed her hands in his. He placed one of his hands underneath both of hers, and the other like a soft blanket over her small hands, making them feel snug and warm.

“Daddy’s hands soft. Not hurt me,” she said.

The carpenter thought about that, then replied, “Yes, Daddy’s hands are soft. I’m glad they are. Sometimes the hard tools hurt me too.” He showed the girl a cut that was also healing on his finger, then continued, “But I’m glad my hands are not like the tools—hard and tough and rough. Then I can comfort others that get hurt. I can use the tough tools to make nice things, but I can have soft hands and help you feel all better.”

The little girl smiled and curled up onto His shoulder while he sang a song and they walked out of the shed. He placed her on the wooden seat swing that he had built for her, and gave her a push on it. They laughed and sang together. They were made just right to be able to help each other in the best ways.

The Friendly Little Bird

A little bird sat on a window sill, waiting for the daily crumbs that were put out. But on this day the window remained shut. The little hungry bird, after waiting for what seemed a very long time, at last hopped to the ground to begin looking for food. Perhaps something had dropped down from the day before, and he could eat it today.

Ah, there was a little tiny crumb, but beside it was something far better! A bug to eat, and oh! Over there was a bush with berries that were just starting to come out. Umm! So much goodness was discovered, even more than the bird would have gotten if it had just been fed at the window with a few crumbs that had been collected off the table.

Sometimes something we are hoping for, and even depending on, doesn't work out in the way we want it to. This makes us have to look around and find something else. Through doing some looking-and-finding, we discover more and better possibilities that would have been missed if our focus was only on that one thing we thought we needed to be happy and make it through our day.

Now the little bird had more options. The next day when the window was open, and the crumbs were there, the friendly bird saw the little girl sitting up in her bed. She tweeted to the bird, glad to see that it still came back again. And glad also that just because there were more berries and bugs around, it didn't stop coming to eat the few humble crumbs that were put out. It cheered her up to see this friendly little bird, and to hear the happy melody it sang.

At first the bird had needed the girl to provide for it, and now the little bird realised the girl needed its song of cheer and daily visits. So even though there were more luscious places to feed, the friendly bird made sure to return each day to give back, in gratitude, a song of cheer and nibble the humble gift that the girl could share.

One day the friendly little bird even brought a small twig with a ripe berry on it and placed it on the window sill. It sang a song and then flew off. The girl knew it was a gift from the friendly bird to her. The next day she placed on the window a few seeds she had saved from her meal the night before, as a little thank you to the little bird for his friendship and gifts. There is a time to give, and a time to receive. A time to love, and a time to be loved. A time to leave, and a time to return. A time to share, and a time to be shared with.

Near the Water's Edge

A little boy sat at the water's edge and tossed in a few rocks. He was thinking about some things lately. This seemed to help him pass the time while his mind was troubled. Just like the pebbles that he tossed in that vanished from sight, so were some other things in his life now gone. Or at least he couldn't see them anymore.

He tossed in another rock and then got up to walk away. It was time to go. Just then a bird in the tree began to sing a new little song. He stopped to listen. There was something special about this song. As he listened it seemed new thoughts were forming in his mind. It was a song that began waking up something that had been slumbering deep inside him—joy. Joy was awakened, as a child awakes in the morning. The bird's joy flittered on the air of that song and made its way into the boy's heart.

Then something else followed too, as he started walking down the path with his family—peace. He no longer wished to figure out all the questions that were bothering him, but just wanted to relax in the knowledge that the God who made the sparrow, would also bring a new song to his own heart. This bird's own little ones had grown and flown away from their nest to start new lives. It was probable that this bird

rarely saw those young ones again, but still it sang as it did every day, for each new day could bring new joys if it looked.

So the boy with now more of a hint of a smile on his face started to sing a song of cheer, and by the time the song was through, new hope had stirred his soul. Though lost things might remain out of sight, still there was much he could enjoy, and didn't want to miss it. Each time he again started to miss what was no longer part of his life, he remembered the cheerful bird, singing near the water's edge, and he too stirred himself to sing again until joy, peace and hope sprang up and kissed him.

Colourful Shiny Pebbles

A girl was looking through some colourful and varied types of pebbles on a rocky shore. She was selecting the ones she most liked. They were shiny and very attractive. But when she placed them in her pocket they eventually became dry. They looked different, and rather dull now.

A look of dismay came to her face when she later pulled the pebbles out to gaze at them and admire these special treasures. "They used to be wet, and that made their appearance all the more lovely," someone told her. So, wanting them to look as lovely again as they did when she first held them, she placed them in a little bowl and covered them with water. When she would pull them out to look at them, they indeed still had that special, lovely shine. She made sure keep them wet if she wanted them to look their best.

Later on that day the girl was found crying, for someone had said something unkind and had hurt her tender heart. Holding her in her motherly arms, the mother assured her that all was not lost, and that good could come even from the harshest situation. She explained that just like the rocks were smoothed into round soft pebbles, and were

shiniest when wet, so can hard times and tears bring out the best in our lives too.

Perhaps she once used to be unkind in speech to others, but through the tears of hurt feelings, she too—like the stones—had become rounder and smoother, and could shine with kindness on others; for she now understood the feelings. If she smiled, though wet with tears, she would shine like a rainbow—or a colourful pebble in the sunlight in a stream.

The girl felt much encouraged and went to look again at her special stones. She then went out to the garden where some other little rocks were found in the dirt. These ones were all brown, and rough in shape. She compared these ones to her clean, colourful and shiny stones. One type had been in much water, rubbed on and rubbed on, and were changed; the other stones had been left just as they were.

“I think I like the shiny, pretty stones best. And I want to be like them too—even if it takes times of tears and rubbing experiences to make me smooth and kind, and more pleasant.”

She gave her mother a hug, and went off to play—with the one who had caused her tears. She wouldn't act roughly back, but encouraged them to also let the water of love wash away their own dirt of hurt, and smooth them out. And it worked! For the rest of the day gentle speech was heard.

We Still Have Each Other

A boy was having a picnic on the grass in the setting sun, while his mother was in the house nearby. He suddenly saw a bunny hop nearby, but then hopped quickly away.

“Why does the bunny always move so fast?” he wondered. It didn't seem so friendly that way. The boy wouldn't have minded if the bunny

would have hopped right on over and up into his lap. He would have gladly shared a piece of lettuce with it.

He didn't mind the thought of having a new friend—even a furry one that would be there only for a short while. He was feeling lonesome and missing someone especially.

The boy looked at the fading light in the sky and knew he'd have to face, once again, the empty bed opposite of his in his room; the bed that his dear brother used to sleep in. But he was gone, for how long he didn't know. His father and brother had to travel to take care of legal business in another country and things were taking so very long to work out.

Then a funny thought came to mind. "Why don't I just pretend that he is in his bed! Then I won't feel so lonely. Perhaps I can even talk to the lump that represents him, while I go to sleep."

With that humorous, somewhat crazy idea, he went into the house when his mother called him to come in.

Mother wondered why he was pulling some big jackets out of the closet, and rolling up some towels, but said nothing. When she came to say good night to her boy, she let out a little gasp! She thought for a moment that her other boy was there, just like he always had been before.

"Is that your brother, here for a little visit?" she asked. The boy, tucked in his bed nodded. He had a bit of a smile on his face. For some odd reason he didn't feel as alone.

This made his mother realise how alone he felt, and how much he did miss his brother. It was mostly the uncertainty that was hard. The boy didn't know when—or sometimes if—his brother and father would be back.

Mother played along—for she also missed her other son, as well as her husband, too. After giving a goodnight kiss to her boy, she went over and patted the “lump in the bed” and said, “I hope you too, have a good sleep. I miss you.” Though it looked like she was talking to the jacket-and-towel boy, in her heart she really was wishing her other boy, far away, would know that she did love and miss him.

Mother remembered that she had some recordings of the boys when they were younger. So she brought in the audio player and let her boy listen to it while he went to sleep. It brought them some smiles and laughs. She decided to sit on the chair beside her boy, until he was asleep. She knew he needed company, and she needed time to think.

In the morning, the mother gave her son a big hug and said, “I’m glad I have you still! Whatever would I do if you weren’t here!” Then she told him about an idea that came to her the night before.

They planned to do some extra special things together that day—and each day—just to enjoy the one they were with then: each other! Even if they still missed others that they loved. When they had a special dinner by candle light that night, listening to beautiful music and eating some of the boy’s favourite foods, they both felt happier. It wasn’t because of the food, nor because their loved ones were back that day, but because they chose to focus instead on appreciating each other, and enjoying the companionship of who they still had.

He Helps the Hurts to Heal

Miow was a boy who often had to help plant the rice in his family’s rice paddies. He always did like a bowl of steaming hot rice, so his work would gain him personal benefits. But there was something wrong, and it troubled Miow. His aching feet. Would they ever feel normal?

It wasn't something his mama could fix, nor his papa, nor anything he could do about it. However, one day as he sat under a tree for shade, eating a picnic lunch he realised something. Something came to mind that he never thought of before.

"Why don't I ask Grandma what she used to do?" His great-grandmother was, in her younger years, a good rice farmer. She was much too old for that type of work now, but she might have some good advice. So Miow went to the little room where she lay most of the day, doing what, he didn't quite know. He was too active to imagine what could be done in bed for so long. However, he found that she enjoyed his company and liked talking with him, and he with her.

Great grandmother smiled to see her great-grandson. A rare treat it was, and welcome. On his way to see her he had thought to pick a few wild flowers to give to her. She smiled at him and thanked him for the little gift.

When Miow got to talking, he found it hard to speak, as it made him cry a bit to tell of his pains and the troubles he faced in life. Hurting feet wasn't the only thing that was hard. Great-grandma listened and asked a few questions. She had him place his feet up beside her on the bed while she helped to rub some of the painful muscles. It seemed as he talked about the things that were troubling not only his body, but his mind and heart, that he began to feel better.

What he didn't know was that as his great-grandmother was touching his feet she was doing more than trying to rub away the strain and aches. She was praying for the God who made little boys, rice, and life, would heal whatever wasn't right. She also prayed not only that his feet would feel well, but that he would follow in the good way of life, and lead people to doing the right things.

When they were done talking, Miow felt so much better. He decided to come back every day to talk. Grandma was glad for this. It gave her something to look forward to, and it was making a child happier and healthier.

Through their times of talking, Miow learned many things he didn't know about; things that weren't taught him in school or by those in the village. He learned the way to live a happy life, and how to find the way to God's house in Heaven. He learned to pray and to wait to listen to what God's Son Jesus had to say.

He was all well now, after these times with his Grandma. She had taught him so many things, and he had learned to pray, and most of all learned to speak with God's Son who also knew what it was like to be hurting and sad.

Miow learned that one day all the troubles of the poor and sick will be gone, when Jesus returns to the Earth to be the King over it all. He will take away all sickness and let everyone have all the food that they need. He will teach the proud and selfish ones how to share and be humble by having to do some of the hard tasks that they never wanted to help with before.

The children would be able to run and play freely then, and could help their parents too, but they wouldn't have to work so hard then, like they did now, just to get enough food to eat. He learned that it was good sometimes to have troubles, because it makes us search for better things. And when we find the best answers and solutions, then we are wiser than before, and we can help others. Just like Great-grandma was doing to help him. She was wise now, and could be a help to him who could be a help to others by sharing what he learned.

He learned that some problems can only be fixed when God is talked to about them.

So if you are having pain that no one is able to cure, talk to Jesus, God's Son, and let Him bring the cure for whatever is ailing you. Be brave, because some things take time to learn, and sometimes going through hard times makes you stronger. And you need to be strong to do many things in life. Be happy that you have life, even if it's difficult. You only have a short time to live on Earth, so learn all you can while you have the chance. When the time is right, Jesus will change everything and make it all right again.

I love you.

The Disguised Prince

A kind prince over a vast land, decided to go out in secret to survey the condition of the land and its people. He was to dress like the humblest peasant, and travel from one end to the other. If the country was a good one, then a poor man should be able to have all that he needed on such a journey.

It wasn't that all the land was poor, as most had all that they needed, and many had a bit too much. However, not all citizens behaved as they should, nor shared what they had.

The night his mission started he sat on a cushion by the fire, while his father the king sat on a large and soft chair. As he looked into the fire, he knew it was the last time that he would enjoy this kind of luxury for some time: being warm and comfortable, enduring no hunger, and having the one that cared the most about his well-being, nearby.

"Thank you, my son, for doing this task. It will help you greatly when you one day get full charge of this land. It will give you compassion, as you will know what it feels like. Also, it will give you insight into who needs to learn better how to live. And I will give you my full permission to later

punish any and all who don't act in the way that a citizen of our nation should behave, and to reward richly those who deserve it. We have made many declarations and proclamations, announcements and speeches, and sent out messengers repeatedly to tell and post up lists of guidelines explaining how proper citizens should behave; the way that makes us pleased; the way we will reward.

“Go now and see the state of our land, and prod those you can, telling them the ways of their king. I will miss you, but it will make things so much better later on. You won't regret doing this difficult task. It might even be fun at times, as people will respond to you in just the normal way that they do to other fellow citizens. You'll feel just what it's like to be one of the common folk. And when you get back, we'll have a great celebration, and you can tell us all about it. I'm sure it will be hard for me to hear of some of the things you encounter, but it will only help us to help these people learn things better. I don't want you to have to suffer, as I know you most likely will. But I know you are brave, and you are the best one for this job.”

The prince got up and embraced his father the king, ate his last delicious snack, and then changed his attire into something completely different. Only a father could recognise him now. With a final farewell, he was then taken by loyal and trustworthy servants to a distant part of the land. The servants bid him well, and loathing to leave him, the royal prince, in such a place, they knew they needed to, or else their presence would give him away. So in the dark they quickly and quietly left, while the prince-turned-pauper curled up to sleep on a pile of hay under an oak on the edge of the forest.

In the morning, his journey began.

For three and a half months he made his way along the roads, visited towns, slept out in the open, or at times in some kind person's house. He told people he was going to meet his father who lived in the north.

Some helped him, others wanted him to stay and work on their farm to help themselves earn a better living. Others mocked his father saying he mustn't be a very good one to leave him in this state. The children loved the stories he would tell, as he had a way of attracting the eager little ones who liked what this man said. He was kind to animals, and didn't ever let anyone hurt someone else while he was around.

There were a few people who thought they recognised him as being of the royalty, but they couldn't be sure.

Those months were hard times, and gave him a very clear picture of what the condition of the land was like. He had some long talks with different men and women, and encouraged them to communicate with those in the royal house about their needs. He said he was sure that the king loved them all and would like to hear from them.

At last the time came that his journey of discovery was over. It was a time of joy and a time of sorrow too. He would miss the friends he made, but he had missed his beloved father even more. He could see his friends again, and would treat them with the best rewards for caring for him when they thought he was a poor and beggarly man. And for those that pushed him, hurt him, mocked him, well, he would give them the best they needed too—a bit of correction. He didn't just want them to be sorry that they treated the royal prince in this way, but hoped they would learn from it that it hurts the king when they treat anyone in the land in this way. They were all like his children and family.

Yes, that's exactly how the king wished the country would be—like a family that cares for each other.

After a hearty hug and warm welcome, and tears of rejoicing, father and son sat down once again, beside the warming fire to talk about his expedition. It had seemed so long at the time, yet now, oddly it seemed it had only been a short while. Now they were again together.

“So, tell me about our citizens... Do they have love, do they really care about each other? Do they know what I really am like? Or do they have misconceptions about us, the royal ruling family?”

On and on they talked, discussed, and made future plans. They talked all night and didn't feel the least bit tired.

In the morning the prince saw that all the palace had been decorated in extra splendour, and a feast that would last all day was spread. It would be a joyous time.

Towards the end of the last meal of the day, the prince sat pensively.

His father, the king, knew what he was thinking.

Even in all this splendour, with luxuries all around, and everything this heart could desire made available for him, there was something else he now longed for. It was something even the king himself wished for. It was part of the reason for sending the prince on that mission—something that would change things forever.

Now that he had grown close to his friends in the land, and they loved him for the person he was—not in a show of respect just because it was the prince—but for him just as they knew him, there was the need in the heart of the prince to get to see his friends again. Perhaps those who had treated him the best—like the kind and humble people, and the children—would get to come to the palace.

The next big feast that would be planned, the prince and king wanted those special ones to be invited to.

Even the fact that some of the unkind and hurtful people were not invited, would be a lesson to them. It would be a shock to them to know that it was the prince himself that they had mistreated. It would be a hard lesson to miss out on all this joy and fun. But perhaps it would

make them wish to change, and later they could get a new chance to be reward in some way.--Both the king and prince hoped it would be so.

As the servants, who also ate at the feast table, stood at the end of the meal to clear away the dishes, the king and prince talked about this coming festival where they would invite certain chosen of the land to attend. They decided that this time the prince would go out again, but this time in royal apparel and with his servants, and call each one of the selected guests to come. He knew the whole country would be excited and stirred by this event. And best of all, he knew that things in the land would get so much better from that time on.

With a well-made plan, the two left the table, to carry on with their responsibilities.

Meanwhile, something else had been stirring in the countryside. Though not everyone of the land had met this pauper-prince, those who had met him decided they needed to do something about what he taught them, as poor as he looked. In their heart grew a desire to help others, and to tell others about the poor man that taught how it was best to show love and help each other. The kind folks, who were also the friends of the disguised prince, began in new ways to help any others who were in need, and began to teach others what they had heard this visiting pauper-prince tell them. They also made sure to listen extra carefully to whatever announcements and proclamations were made in the country, sent by the King. They realised things would be better for everyone if they listened and obeyed.

Not everyone was in favour of the King's efforts to improve things. They had other ideas of how things should be run. They didn't like the King's approach to problems, mostly because they didn't listen to all the things he had said before. They thought they knew better, anyway, on their own. They already knew they didn't like the king's way of doing things,

so they didn't bother to read any of the messages posted around—or if they did, it was simply to mock the message and speak against it.

Little did they know, but their names and every detail of their lives were being written down by those the king had asked to secretly keep track of all that was going on. He wanted to be very fair to each one in his land, and no one to ever be unjustly punished, or to ever miss out on a reward they earned and deserved. That is why a record was kept about all that was said and done. These reports would be collected sometime in the future when big changes would come in the land, and rewards and punishments were to be given out. The king's very loyal, secret messengers were doing this job.

At long last the grand day came, and the prince donned his most royal attire. He sat in a golden carriage, with a music band playing instruments including trumpets, walked alongside. It was the day of summoning.

Before this time, announcements had been made that the prince was coming to get some selected special guests for a marvellous festival and delicious feast. It had been made clear just who was going to be eligible to attend the finest banquet ever. Now the time had come.

Some had donned on their best robes and were gathering the children to be ready. They knew the time was very near. Others, who never read any of the announcements anyway, were still sitting in filth, drinking things that made them even less aware of what was going on. Others saw those getting ready and asked about it. They couldn't read, and so had to be told and taught what the king had said. Some that were taught, just laughed and carried on in their foolishness, while others tried to poke fun at those preparing and telling others—they said it was just a joke; the prince would never come.

However, some really listened and believed. "Is it too late for me to be a part of it?" It almost was, but thankfully many heard about it before it

was too late to make the needed changes and preparations. So, just in time some of the kind hearted citizens began to change their ways and believe the news that was spreading about the pauper-prince, and how they were to treat others well. And if they did as the king asked, and did their best to make the country filled with love and kindness, they too would be invited by the prince when he visited real soon.

It all seemed to happen so quickly. Like a flash, from one moment to the next, the prince was there. And before they could blink an eye, so fast were the chosen people taken away to a feast so grand they could never have imagined how great it was.

“I love you!” one little girl said as she wrapped her arms around the prince as soon as she was helped up into the carriage. This made the prince so happy. She wasn’t looking at the gold and shiny things, or even just looking forward to the festival and delicious feast. She was the happiest girl in the world, she thought, because she got to see the prince and sit by him. To her, he was the best person she ever met.

And all the way to the palace he told her and the other children around in the carriage, the best stories of all. He told how they too would be princes and princesses one day, and would sit on thrones. Their little eyes widened in awe. They would have to learn from the prince himself just how to be. They would listen well, and watch his every move. This would make them be the best rulers the land ever had. The prince knew things would get better then, especially with all this help from those young ones that loved him and the king, and wanted to do things their way, the right way, the love way.

Allan's Song

Once there was a boy, his name was Allan. He loved to bike out to the hills with his big brother and enjoy God's beautiful creation. He loved to listen to the song birds whistle their merry tunes. He enjoyed watching the beautiful trees raise their leafy arms up and sway in the breeze. Allan felt like all the animals in the wood, and each plant, tree and flower, loved their Creator, and loved to praise Him all day long. – That's why he liked to be out in nature, because He loved to be surrounded by praises to Jesus.

When Allan took time to stop and listen, he'd hear many interesting noises, some of them were pecking noises of birds looking for bugs in the trees. He heard the squeaky noises that the squirrels made when scampering in the trees. He'd sometimes hear the leaves crumpling as little wild creatures looked for food or nuts on the ground. Allan loved most of all to hear the sound of the wind as it rustled through the leaves of the trees. It sounded like music to him.

One day as he was walking along the path, Allan was thinking, "It's so beautiful here, I know Jesus must really like it here too. I wonder what Jesus would say if He were walking beside us now. I wonder what His voice would sound like."

Well, Allan didn't hear a voice out loud, like the normal kind you hear, but suddenly, as he was thinking this, He knew Jesus was really there, and wanted to talk to him. He told his brother he wanted to stop for a few minutes under a tree to listen to Jesus. Allan sat down and looked up at all the pretty shades of green that the sunlight made as it shone through the leaves above him.

"Hi Allan!" He heard Jesus say, deep in his heart. "I do like these beautiful trees, because they remind Me of how you are when you lift your arms up to praise Me. When I look at a beautiful flower, that faces towards the sun, with its bright, gorgeous colours, I think of how happy

you make Me when you choose to think happy thoughts and praise Me, instead of sulking or being sad. You are like these beautiful things to Me, and that's why I like it here too."

Allan smiled, he liked being thought of as a fine lovely tree that reached way up high. He wondered how he could be more praiseful, so Jesus would think of him as one of the tallest, most beautiful pines of the woods.

As he walked along he remembered some of the times he had been rather grumpy--like when his brother had taken his bike, when he wanted to ride it. Allan thought of a way to stay cheerful the next time something didn't work out just the way he wanted it. He wanted his arms of praise to reach up high, even when things didn't always go so well.

The next morning at the breakfast table Allan was enjoying his toast with eggs. "Mommy, would I be able to have some honey on my toast, please?" He asked.

"I'm sorry, Allan, but we don't have any more today. We used it all up. Would you like some peanut butter instead?" Mommy offered.

Allan's face started to display a frown. He really liked honey on his toast, but today he'd have to miss it. Just then Allan remembered what he had decided to do when something didn't work out right. Even though he was a bit disappointed, he wanted to show Jesus his love and appreciation anyway. He stopped thinking about the honey, and instead chose to count out 5 other things that he was glad for.

In his heart Allan said, "Thank You Jesus that I have a sweet mommy who loves me and prepares my breakfast every morning. Thank You also that we have food to eat—and good healthy food too. Thank you Jesus that I can come and eat here with my family, and we can be together, and that I'm not sick. And thank you most of all that I can live

for You today. Please bless all those children in the world who don't have good food, or friends or a loving place to live. Help them to find You and come to know Your love."

When he finished this praise prayer, he felt much happier in side, and he knew that Jesus was smiling too.

The next day a kind man phoned Allan's Home, and said that because he wanted to make the children happy he wanted to give them some honey. Allan was so happy when he heard this that he jumped all around the room, thanking the Lord with a special song he just made up then.

"Oh, Jesus is so good to me,
He gives me such sweet honey.
I love to praise Him all the time,
At home, and in the mountains I climb."

He learned something special: that Jesus really loves praise! Allan knew Jesus gave that fun reward to let him know how happy it makes Him when we praise Him—always!

Ella's Perfume

Ella was a sweet girl, who had pretty, long hair, that looked the colour of daffodils, when the sun shone on it. She was a happy girl. Her favorite thing to do after dinner each night was curl up in her cozy place with her little Bible story book. She loved reading the stories about the boys and girls who had done special jobs for the Lord, and the miracles that Jesus did.

There were so many stories that were her favorite ones, but the best one to her was when Mary visited when Jesus having dinner with Simon, and she wanted to show so much love and thankfulness to Him that she poured sweet smelling oil, special perfume, on Jesus' feet, and kissed them, washing them with her tears and drying them with her hair.

Mary only wanted to make Jesus happy, and Ella could see how very much Jesus loved Mary.

"I wish I could have been Mary," Ella thought, while looking at the picture of how happy Jesus was, with Mary there. "I'd sure like to make Jesus glad like that. I wonder what I can do. I can't even see Jesus now, but I'd like Him to know how I love him so, so much."

"Time for bed," Ella's Mommy called out. "I'll read you one last story, while you tuck yourself under your covers." When Ella was all ready and snuggled with her little white teddy, Mommy read to her. After the story, Mommy prayed for her and kissed her goodnight. Ella was tired and started to fall asleep quickly. That night Ella had a special dream.

"Oh, Jesus, I can see you! Can I sit on Your lap?" she said. In her dream she was in Heaven, and Jesus was talking to a small group of children that were huddling around Him. Ella wanted to be the closest that she could be. If Jesus told any stories she wanted to be sure to hear them very well. She loved His stories.

"Of course," Jesus said, as He lifted her up to sit on His knee. Jesus' story began.

"I once was a little boy, you know?" Jesus said with a smile. "Just like you," He said as He pointed to a little boy sitting on a rock listening carefully. "I liked to run, and play around, and I also did many little jobs for My mommy and daddy, and helped to care for my younger brothers and sisters as well. When My mommy had the first baby, after me, I

learned to go and get things for her, while she was resting. I'd do little jobs, cause I was still a very little boy. But I liked to do these things, because it made me feel like I was growing up, and that mommy and daddy needed me to help them.

“One day, when I was a bit bigger I really wanted to do something—something that was a bit too hard for Me, because I wasn't big enough yet. Has that ever happened to you? It takes time to grow up, doesn't it? --Even here in Heaven. There's just so much to learn and do.

“Well, that one day I started to cry a bit, because I felt I wasn't as big as the others, and I so much wanted to grow up big and tall and to be just like My daddy, and the other big boys. Then I heard My Heavenly Father speak to Me. His gentle and loving voice whispered in My heart.

“‘Jesus,’ He said, ‘One day, when you are a grown young man you'll have lots and lots of jobs to do. Sometimes you'll be very tired and it will even be hard for you to work, but I will give you the strength to do it. So enjoy this time when you are still very young and are growing up. Don't let yourself get too impatient, because you'll miss some very special things. You'll miss having the fun times I want you to have if you are always wishing you were a different size or shape, or that you could do different things than you are able to right now. Be happy for the way you are, and you'll have more fun that way.’ My Heavenly Father said.

“That helped Me to want to be happy for just the way I was, and to have fun even if I didn't get to do all the things I wanted to do, right then. As I got older I understood this better, and saw the wisdom of My Father. He only gave Me what was best, and what He knew I could do.”

Then Jesus looked at Ella, and with a twinkle in His eyes said, “And I have something special for you!—For each of you children.”

“Ooh, what is it?!” Ella said with excitement.

Then Jesus pulled out a small package, with a gold coloured wrapping.

“In here is something for each of you to put on.”

“Is it clothes?” Ella thought. But the package was too small for clothes to fit in it for all the children sitting there.

“It’s a special bottle of sweet smelling ointment,” Jesus said. “It’s like the kind that Mary anointed My feet with when I was eating dinner with Simon.”

Ella’s eyes lit up. “Could I smell some?” she asked.

“Yes,” Jesus said, as He unwrapped the beautiful bottle of sweet perfume.

“Hold out your hands,” He told the children. When they did, Jesus poured a few drops into each one’s hands.

The children smelt it and rubbed it on their neck and faces.

“Oooh, this is just lovely!” Ella exclaimed. “I really like it! May I have a few more drops please? I’d like to smell good like this all over, and put some all over my body.”

“Sure, there’s plenty to go around,” Jesus said as He gave a bit more to each one who held out their hands again.

“Jesus, I really wanted to be the one to pour sweet perfume on You, just like Mary did. But I wasn’t there, because I wasn’t living on earth yet. I really want to make You happy just like she did,” Ella told Jesus, with tears in her eyes.

“My dear Ella, just like I put this perfume on you, and you smelt how nice it was, you can make Me happy with the sweet smells of your praise words to Me. You don’t have to see Me in order to lift up your

arms, and tell Me that you're happy for something I did for you. You can praise Me any time—and that will make Me so happy! It will be like pouring sweet perfume all over Me. It will smell so good. When you take the time to stop and give Me a few words of praise, and tell Me that you love Me that makes Me smile--just as big as I did when Mary showed Me her great love and thankfulness.

“When you wake up from this dream, dear Ella, you can remember how close I am to you. And don't forget how lovely your praises are to Me—just like beautiful smelling oil. I love to hear them! Thank you for being My little girl, and loving Me so much.”

When Ella woke up from that wonderful dream, she did just that—she took a few minutes before she even sat up to speak to her dear sweet Jesus, and tell Him, “Thank you, dear Jesus for that wonderful sleep. And thank You for being so close to Me. I know now that when I talk to You, You hear Me. And I'm so glad that I can make you happy, just like Mary did. I want to praise You all day long for all the wonderful things You do for me. I love you so, so much!”

And Jesus did smile when He heard Ella's prayer of praise—a very big smile was on His face—and Ella had a very happy day. She made Jesus happy with her praise words, and Jesus helped everything to go so well, and even provided some special little treats for her that day.

Ella put on the perfume of praise, with the words she said, and poured it up into Jesus' hands, and He smelt it. Umm, it made Him so happy, because his dear little Ella praised Him and loved Him so, so, much.

Do you wear the sweet perfume of praise every day too? It will make both you and Jesus so very happy! Try it!

A Bit of Both

“Hush little baby, now, it’s going to be okay. Mama’s right here,” said the tired woman to her sick little child.

She had gone out of the room for but a moment to get a glass of water, and the baby had woken again, just moments after being put to sleep.

Sickness was always a challenging time—both for parents, and children.

Patiently she picked up her little tender one and rocked gently back and forth. Soon the little one was asleep again. She slowly lowered herself into the rocking chair. This time she would hold him, and hold him, for as long as it took for the little one to have a nice long sleep.

Because of the nature of his illness, when he was lying down it obstructed his breathing passage somewhat, and that is what woke him. But some how being held snugly and gently rocked, he could sleep so much longer.

It was worth the time it took to treat this young one with extra care. The more loving care, and the greater the effort put forth, the sooner the little one would be better.

She gave her own strength and time to this one, remembering that someone had done the same for her one day long ago. It was the time for her to pass on that love. There is a time to receive and a time to give. And we are happier when our life has a bit of both.

Soon the happy smiles of the healed little one would cheer her and be a reward for her time of giving. No one gives without getting back in return, eventually. And each time we receive, we can look for a chance to give again to another. That is the happy way.

Our Majestic King

Our majestic King, who has everything,
The universe, the silver and gold too,
But there was one thing, one very special thing
The King Jesus wished for—it was me and you
He set aside His royal palace above
Left all the glories and everything grand
And came to Earth to show His love
To reach out His rescuing hand
He taught with authority what was right
He led like a shepherd, each hungering one
To the deaf He gave hearing, and the blind He gave sight
He gave His all, until His task was done

Now up and away
We'll fly one day
Free in the new morning rays
To live with forever, and be with always
The King who loves us all so
To Heaven, we who love Him, will go.