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The Baboon's Umbrella

Arnold Lobel

Advice from others can be like the weather. Some is good; some bad.

The Baboon was taking his daily walk in the jungle. He met his friend, the Gibbon, on the path.

"My good friend," said the Gibbon, "how strange to find you holding an open umbrella over your head on such a sunshiny day as this."

"Yes," said the Baboon. "I am most annoyed. I cannot close this disagreeable umbrella. It is stuck. I would not think of walking without my umbrella in case it should rain. But, as you see, I am not able to enjoy the sunshine underneath this dark shadow. It is a sad predicament."

"There is a simple solution," said the Gibbon. "You need only to cut some holes in your umbrella. Then the sun will shine on you."

"What a good idea!" cried the Baboon. "I do thank you."

The Baboon ran home. With his scissors, he cut large holes in the top of his umbrella. When the Baboon returned to his walk, the warm sunshine came down through the holes.

"How delightful!" said the Baboon.

However, the sun disappeared behind some clouds. There were a few drops of rain. Then it began to pour. The rain fell through all of the holes in the umbrella. In just a short time, the unhappy Baboon was soaked to the skin. †

The Bad Kangaroo

Arnold Lobel

A child's conduct will reflect the ways of his parents.

There was a small Kangaroo who was bad in school. He put thumbtacks on the teacher's chair. He threw spitball across the classroom. He set off firecrackers in the lavatory and spread glue on the doorknobs.

"Your behavior is impossible!" said the school principal. "I am going to see your parents. I will tell them what a problem you are!"

The principal went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Kangaroo. He sat down in a living-room chair. "Ouch! cried the principal. "There is a thumbtack in this chair!"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Kangaroo. "I enjoy putting thumbtacks in chairs."

A spitball hit the principal on his nose. "Forgive me," said Mrs. Kangaroo, "but I can never resist throwing those things."

There was a loud booming sound in the bathroom. "Keep calm," said Mr. Kangaroo to the principal. "The firecrackers that we keep in the medicine chest have just exploded. We love the noise."

The principal rushed for the front door. In an instant he was stuck to the doorknob. "Pull hard," said Mrs. Kangaroo. "There are little globs of glue on all of our doorknobs."

The principal pulled himself free. He dashed out of the house and ran off down the street. "Such a nice person," said Mr. Kangaroo. "I wonder why he left so quickly."

"No doubt he had another appointment," said Mrs. Kangaroo. "Never mind, supper is ready."

Mr. and Mrs. Kangaroo and their son enjoyed their evening meal. After the dessert, they all threw spitballs at each other across the dining-room table. †

Belling the Cat

From A Beka Reading Series

Improving your lot is hard work indeed.

Some little mice, who lived in the walls of a house, met together one night to talk of the wicked cat, and to consider what could be done to get rid of her. The head mice were Brown-back, Grey-ear, and White-whisker.

“There is no comfort in the house,” said Brown-back. “If I but step into the pantry to pick up a few crumbs, down she comes, and I hardly have time to run to my nest again.”

“What can we do?” asked Grey-ear. “Shall we all run at her at once and bite her and frighten her away?”

“No,” said White-whisker. “She is so bold we could not frighten her. I have thought of something better than that. Let us hang a bell around her neck. Then, if she moves, the bell will ring, and we shall hear it and have time to run away.”

“O yes! yes!” cried all the mice. “That is a wonderful idea. We will bell the cat! Hurrah! Hurrah! No more fear of the cat!” And they danced in glee.

When they were quiet again, Brown-back asked, “But who will hang the bell around her neck?”

No one answered. “Will you?” he asked White-whisker.

“I don’t think I can,” replied White-whisker. “I am lame, you know. It needs someone who can move quickly.”

“Will you, Grey-ear?” said Brown-back.

“Excuse me,” answered Grey-ear. “I have not been well since that time when I was almost caught in the trap.”

“Who will bell the cat, then?” said Brown-back. “If it is to be done, someone must do it.”

Not a sound was heard, and one by one the little mice stole away to their holes, no better off than they were before. †

The Boy and the Nuts

Aesop

One good, practical reason for controlling our cravings is that if we grasp for too much, we may end up with nothing at all.

A little boy once found a jar of nuts on the table.

“I would like some of these nuts,” he thought. “I’m sure Mother would give them to me if she were here. I’ll take a handful.” So he reached into the jar and grabbed as many as he could hold.

But when he tried to pull his hand out, he found that the neck of the jar was too small. His hand was held fast, but he did not want to drop any of the nuts.

He tried again and again, but he couldn’t get the whole handful out. At last he began to cry.

Just then his mother came into the room. “What’s the matter?” she asked.

“I can’t take this handful of nuts out of the jar,” sobbed the boy.

“Well, don’t be greedy,” his mother replied. “Just take two or three, and you’ll have no trouble getting your hand out.”

“How easy that was,” said the boy as he left the table. “I should have thought of that myself.” †

A Cradle of Love

from *Exodus 2:1–10*

In an attempt to control the Israelite population in Egypt, the Pharaoh ordered a cruel decree throughout the land: Every newborn Hebrew baby boy must be cast into the Nile River. This terrible decree caused great distress among all the Hebrew people.

At this time a Levite man and his wife were living in Egypt with their son Aaron and daughter Miriam. And the mother gave birth to another son. This family loved the Lord God, and they loved the new baby boy. Secretly, they kept the newborn in their home, hiding him from the Egyptians. But as the child grew and made cries loud enough for others outside the home to hear, the mother knew she must find another way to protect her baby.

The mother made a cradle basket, woven from bulrushes that grew along the river edge. She sealed it with mud and pitch to keep the water out. Then she lined the basket with soft blankets, gently laid the baby inside, and placed the basket at the edge of the river. She instructed Miriam to stay nearby and watch over her baby brother.

Before long the Pharaoh's daughter, accompanied by her maidens, came down to wash in the river. She saw the basket and instructed one of her maids to bring it to her. As the Princess opened the basket, the baby began to cry, and she had compassion for the infant. Just then Miriam approached the Princess and asked, "Shall I go and call a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for you?"

The Pharaoh's daughter instructed her to go find a Hebrew woman, and Miriam quickly brought her mother back to the water's edge. The Princess said, "Take this child away to nurse it for me, and I will pay you wages."

God protected the child by providing safety in the Hebrew home, through orders of the Pharaoh's daughter. When the child grew older, the mother took him to the Princess as she was instructed. The Princess raised him as her own son, naming him Moses because she drew him out of the water.

Because of a mother's love and a faithful God, Moses was kept alive; he later became a servant to God and a great leader of the Hebrew people. †

The Crows Are in the Corn

A Georgia folktale explaining an old saying

retold by S. E. Schlosser

It happened in Georgia not long ago, that a farmer and his wife decided to sleep late, like the rich folk do. It was a beautiful Saturday morning, the kind that brings all God's creatures out to play. But not these farm folk. No, they just slept and slept and slept.

The crows were gathered in a large oak tree, having a big morning meeting. They noticed that there was nobody stirring around the house, and that the corn was ripe in the field. So they adjourned their meeting mighty quick and flew over to the field to eat some corn.

"Caw-n, caw-n," they cackled excitedly.

The old rooster woke up to their activities and started to crow excitedly to the sleeping family. "Wake up, wake up, wake up!"

The farmer and his wife just kept sleeping, and the crows kept eating the corn.

"Caw-n, caw-n," they called.

"The crows are in the corn! The crows are in the corn!" The rooster cock-a-doodle-dooed with all his might.

The farmer kept snoring, and his wife just rolled over and pulled the pillow over her head.

The rooster was frantic. He tried once more: "The crows are in the corn. They're pulling up the corn!"

The farmer and his wife kept right on sleeping. And the crow's kept right on eating.

The rooster quit crowing in disgust. Nothing would wake the farmer and his wife.

The old turkey came strolling into the yard and watched the proceedings. Finally he said to the rooster: "The corns all et up, all et up, all et up."

When the farmer and his wife finally rolled out of bed, they found that the corn was all gone. That is why in Georgia they say "the crows are in the corn" when it is time to GET UP! †

The Ducks and the Fox

A change of routine can be most healthful.

Arnold Lobel

Two Duck sisters were waddling down the road to the pond for their morning swim.

"This is a good road," said the first sister, "but I think, just for a change, we should find another route. There are many other roads that lead to the pond."

"No," said the second sister, "I do not agree. I really do not want to try a new way. This road makes me feel comfortable. I am accustomed to it."

Another morning the Ducks met a Fox sitting on a fence along the road.

"Good morning, ladies," said the Fox. "On your way to the pond, I suppose?"

Oh, yes," said the sisters, "we come along here every day."

"Interesting," said the Fox with a toothy smile.

When the sun came up the next morning, the first sister said, "We are sure to meet that Fox again if we go our usual way. I did not like his looks. Today is the day that we must find another road!"

"You are being just plain silly," said the second sister. "That Fox smiled at us. He seemed most gentlemanly."

The two Ducks waddled down the same road to the pond. There was the Fox, sitting on the fence. This time he carried a sack.

"Lovely ladies," said the Fox, "I was expecting you. I am glad that you have not disappointed me."

Opening his sack, he jumped upon them.

The sisters quacked and screamed. They flapped and flopped their wings. They flew home and bolted their door.

The next morning, the two Ducks did not go out. They rested at home to quiet their nerves. On the following day they carefully searched for a new and different road. They found one, and it took them safely to the pond. †

The Fox and the Crow

Aesop

Vanity is largely a matter of self-control. . . or lack of it. Others may try to feed our ego, but it is up to us to control it.

A coal-black crow once stole a piece of meat. She flew to a tree and held the meat in her beak.

A fox, who saw her, wanted the meat for himself, so he looked up into the tree and said, "How beautiful you are, my friend! Your feathers are fairer than the dove's."

"Is your voice as sweet as your form is beautiful? If so you must be the queen of birds."

The crow was so happy in his praise that she opened her mouth to show how she could sing. Down fell the piece of meat.

The fox seized upon it and ran away. †

The Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs

Aesop

This classic fable is about plenty not being enough; when “having it all” becomes the motto of the day.

A man and his wife had the good fortune to possess a goose that laid a golden egg every day. Lucky though they were, they soon began to think they were not getting rich fast enough. They imagined the bird must be made of gold inside, so they decided to kill it in order to secure the whole store of precious metal at once. But when they cut it open, they found it was just like any other goose. Thus, they neither got rich all at once, as they had hoped, nor continued to enjoy the daily addition to their wealth.

Much wants more and loses all. †

The Hen and the Apple Tree

Arnold Lobel

It is always difficult to pose as something that one is not.

One October day, a Hen looked out her window. She saw an apple tree growing in her backyard.

“Now that is odd,” said the Hen. “I am certain that there was no tree standing in that spot yesterday.”

The tree said, “There are some of us that grow fast.”

The Hen looked at the bottom of the tree.

“I have never seen a tree,” she said, “that has ten furry toes.”

“There are some of us that do,” said the tree. “Hen, come outside and enjoy the cool shade of my leafy branches.”

The Hen looked at the top of the tree.

“I have never seen a tree,” she said, “that has two long, pointed ears.”

“There are some of us that have,” said the tree. “Hen, come outside and eat one of my delicious apples.”

“Come to think of it,” said the Hen, “I have never heard a tree speak from a mouth that is full of sharp teeth.”

“There are some of us that can,” said the tree. “Hen, come outside and rest your back against the bark of my trunk.”

“I have heard,” said the Hen, “that some of you trees lose all of your leaves at this time of the year.”

“Oh, yes,” said the tree, “there are some of us that will.” The tree began to quiver and shake. All of its leaves quickly dropped off.

The Hen was not surprised to see a large Wolf in the place where an apple tree had been standing just a moment before. She locked her shutters and slammed her window closed.

The Wolf knew that he had been outsmarted, and he stormed away in a hungry rage. †

The Hippopotamus at Dinner

Arnold Lobel

Too much of anything often leaves one with a feeling of regret.

The Hippopotamus went into a restaurant and sat at his favorite table.

“Waiter!” called the Hippopotamus. “I will have the bean soup, the Brussels sprouts, and the mashed potatoes. Please hurry, I am enormously hungry tonight!”

In a short while, the waiter returned with the order. The Hippopotamus glared down at his plate.

“Waiter,” he said, “do you call this a meal? These portions are much too small. They would not satisfy a bird. I want a *bathtub* of bean soup, a *bucket* of Brussels sprouts, and a *mountain* of mashed potatoes. I tell you, I have an APPETITE!”

The waiter went back into the kitchen. He returned carrying enough bean soup to fill a bathtub, enough Brussels sprouts to fill a bucket, and a mountain of mashed potatoes. In no time, the Hippopotamus had eaten every last morsel.

“Delicious!” said the Hippopotamus, as he dabbed his mouth with a napkin and prepared to leave. To his surprise, he could not move. His stomach, which had grown considerably larger, was caught between the table and the chair. He pulled and tugged, but it was no use. He could not budge. The hour grew late. The other customers in the restaurant finished their dinners and left. The cooks took off their aprons and put away their pots. The waiters cleared the dishes and turned out the lights. They all went home.

The Hippopotamus remained there, sitting forlornly at the table.

“Perhaps I should not have eaten quite so many Brussels sprouts,” he said, as he gazed into the gloom of the darkened restaurant. Occasionally, he burped. †

How the Deer Got His Antlers

A Cherokee legend

There is no honor in trickery.

Long ago, the deer had no horns. His head was smooth and sleek and he was able to run swiftly through the fields on the Cherokee land.

The rabbit was a great jumper. He could hop through the fields so quickly you sometimes had trouble following him with your eyes.

The animals began to wonder which of the two was the faster. A race was arranged and the prize was to be an elegant pair of antlers.

The sneaky rabbit was found to be cheating before the race had even begun. He was caught trying to clear away bushes and grass in the thicket so that he would have a straight, uncluttered path to the finish line.

The other animals were so disgusted with him they awarded the antlers to the deer without holding the race at all. The deer has worn the antlers proudly ever since.

The rabbit was then told that from that day on, he would have to cut down the bushes for a living. And to this day, he does. †

Jesus Healing the Blind Man

from *Mark 8:22-26*

Retold by Dottie Chiles

Jesus loved people. He went around with his disciples doing so much good. He wanted people to be healed and to know that he was the Son of God. Jesus healed many people during His ministry on earth.

One day Jesus and His disciples came to a little town named Bethsaida. Many there had heard about Jesus and His healing of people. Jesus had healed a man who was deaf and mute in another city. He had also healed a woman's daughter who had an unclean spirit. So it was no surprise to Jesus that when they arrived in Bethsaida, there were some people who brought a blind man to him.

"Please, Jesus" the people cried. "Heal this poor blind man." "Just touch him," the people begged. They knew that Jesus had the power to heal their friend.

Jesus, not wanting to cause too much attention to this situation, led the blind man and his friends outside the village. When it was quiet, he touched the blind man with the tip of His finger and put his hands on the man. "Do you see anything?" Jesus questioned. The blind man looked up and said, "Well, I see what I think are people but they look like trees to me."

Smiling at the man and the people from the village, Jesus then touched the eyes of the blind man once more with his open hands.

All of a sudden, the blind man's eyes were totally opened and he saw everything clearly. He rejoiced loudly as did the others who had brought him to Jesus. The man was so happy as were all of his friends and family. They were so thankful that Jesus restored total eye sight to the blind man.

The healed man wanted to stay with Jesus but Jesus said, "Go home to your family and do not go back into the village."

The man returned to tell everyone the great and wonderful news of how once he was blind but now because of Jesus, he could see. †

The Lion and the Mouse

Aesop

Here is one of the best-loved stories of kindness paid and repaid. From it we learn that the power of compassion has been found within both the mighty and the meek. Kindness is not a feeble virtue.

One day a great lion lay asleep in the sunshine. A little mouse ran across his paw and wakened him. The great lion was just going to eat him up when the little mouse cried, "Oh, please, let me go, sir. Someday I may help you."

The lion laughed at the thought that the little mouse could be of any use to him. But he was a good-natured lion, and he set the mouse free.

Not long after, the lion was caught in a net. He tugged and pulled with all his might, but the ropes were too strong. Then he roared loudly. The little mouse heard him and ran to the spot.

"Be still, dear Lion, and I will set you free. I will gnaw the ropes."

With his sharp little teeth, the mouse cut the ropes, and the lion came out of the net.

"You laughed at me once," said the mouse. "You thought I was too little to do you a good turn. But see, you owe your life to a poor little mouse." †

The Little Plant

The power of kindness cannot be diminished.

From A Beka Reading Series

Away on the edge of the forest stood a little plant, only a few inches tall.

But the ground around it was so cold and hard that the plant could not grow; instead it had feebly stood there for several years and had grown weaker.

“Grow, and be beautiful!” said the forest, sternly; but the plant did not grow.

“Don’t you want to grow?” said the magpie; and then he began to tell the little thing how lazy and useless it was; but the words went in one ear and out the other.

Still the plant did not grow.

“I will teach you to obey!” roared the wind, and he lashed the poor twig with its cold wings, so it came close to dying instead of springing up.

“You will surely grow, poor little thing,” said the sun kindly, and he poured warm spring rain from the sky and warmed up the earth around the plant.

And *then* the little twig shot up and became a beautiful tree, with a leafy crown and fragrant blossoms.

†

Little Sunshine

Retold by Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell

Bestowing compassion is like offering most other gifts: often it's the thought that counts.

Once there was a little girl named Elsa. She had a very old grandmother, with white hair, and wrinkles all over her face.

Elsa's father had a large house that stood on a hill.

Each day the sun peeped in at the south windows. It made everything look bright and beautiful.

The grandmother lived on the north side of the house. The sun never came to her room.

One day Elsa said to her father, "Why doesn't the sun peep into Grandma's room? I know she would like to have him."

"The sun cannot look in at the north windows," said her father.

"Then let us turn the house around, Papa."

"It is much too large for that," laughed her father.

"Will Grandma never have any sunshine in her room?" asked Elsa.

"Of course not, my child, unless you can carry some to her."

After that Elsa tried and tried to think how she could carry the sunshine to her grandmother.

When she played in the fields, she saw the grass and the flowers nodding their heads. The birds sang sweetly as they flew from tree to tree.

Everything seemed to say, "We love the sun. We love the bright, warm sun."

"Grandma would love it, too," thought the child. "I must take some to her."

When she was in the garden one morning she felt the sun's warm rays in her golden hair. Then she sat down and she saw them in her lap.

"I will take them in my dress," she thought, "and carry them to Grandma's room." So she jumped up and ran into the house.

"Look, Grandma, look! I have some sunshine for you," she cried. And she opened her dress, but there was not a ray to be seen.

"It peeps out of your eyes, my child," said her grandmother, "and it shines in your sunny, golden hair. I do not need the sun when I have you with me."

Elsa did not understand how the sun could peep out of her eyes. But she was glad to make her dear grandmother happy.

Every morning she played in the garden. Then she ran to her grandmother's room to carry the sunshine in her eyes and hair. †

Madame Rhinoceros and Her Dress

Arnold Lobel

Flattery is hard to resist.

Madame Rhinoceros saw a dress in a shop window. It was covered with polka dots and flowers. It was adorned with ribbons and lace. She admired it for a moment and then entered the shop.

“That dress in the window,” said Madame Rhinoceros to a salesperson, “I would like to try it on.” Madame Rhinoceros put on the dress. She looked at herself in the mirror. “I do not think this dress is at all attractive on me,” she said.

“But Madame,” said the salesperson, “you are completely wrong. This dress makes you look glamorous and alluring.”

“If only I were sure,” said Madame Rhinoceros.

“Ah, Madame,” said the salesperson, “everyone who sees you wearing this dress will be filled with admiration and envy.”

“Do you really think so?” asked Madame Rhinoceros, turning around and around in front of the mirror. “Absolutely,” said the salesperson. “You have my word.”

“Very well,” said Madame Rhinoceros, “I will buy the dress, and I will wear it now.”

Madame Rhinoceros left the shop. As she walked up the avenue, she saw that people were smiling and laughing at her.

“Admiration,” thought Madame Rhinoceros.

She saw some people who were shaking their heads and frowning.

“Envy,” thought Madame Rhinoceros.

She continued up the avenue. Everyone who saw her stopped and stared. Madame Rhinoceros felt more glamorous and alluring with every step. †

The Milkmaid

From A Beka Reading Series

The pursuit of finery can be a messy thing.

Once upon a time a girl was walking along with a pail of milk. She sang a happy song, for she was thinking of the money she would get when she sold her milk. Then she said to herself—

“I have two gallons of milk, which I shall sell. With the money I shall buy fifty eggs. I shall put these under some of my hens. The hens will keep them warm until little chickens are hatched.”

“I shall give these chickens plenty of good food and clean water. They will grow fat, and by Christmas they will be large enough to sell. I can get enough money for them to buy a fine new dress.”

She was thinking so much about her new dress that she forgot to be careful. Her foot struck a stone. As she tried to keep from falling, the pail flew out of her hands, and, Oh, the milk was spilled! †

The Old Hound

From Beka Reading Series

It is good to remember the righteous.

Once there was a beautiful hound. He had long, silky ears and a smooth, bright coat. He was not only beautiful, but strong and swift, and a faithful servant. Wherever his master went hunting, the hound went with him and chased the deer. After many years, the hound grew old and feeble, but still he followed his master with the other dogs.

One day a stag had been chased till it was almost tired out, and the old hound caught up with it and seized it. His teeth were so old and broken that he could not hold on tightly. The stag gave a sudden bound and got away. Just then the master rode up, and seeing what had happened, was very angry. He took his whip to strike his faithful old hound.

“O, dear Master,” said the hound. “Do not strike me. I meant to do well. It is not my fault that I am old. If you do not like me as I am now, remember what I have been.” †

Someone Sees You

Traditional Folktale

This folktale reminds us that an act of dishonesty is never truly hidden.

Once upon a time a man decided to sneak into his neighbor's fields and steal some wheat. "If I take just a little from each field, no one will notice," he told himself, "but it will all add up to a nice pile of wheat for me." So he waited for the darkest night, when thick clouds lay over the moon, and he crept out of his house. He took his youngest daughter with him.

"Daughter," he whispered, "you must stand guard and call out if anyone sees me."

The man stole into the first field to begin reaping, and before long the child called out, "Father, someone sees you!"

The man looked all around, but he saw no one, so he gathered his stolen wheat and moved to a second field.

"Father, someone sees you!" the child cried again.

The man stopped and looked all around, but once again he saw no one. He gathered more wheat and moved to a third field.

A little while passed, and the daughter cried out, "Father, someone sees you!"

Once more the man stopped his work and looked in every direction, but he saw no one at all, so he bundled his wheat and crept into the last field.

"Father, someone sees you!" the child cried again.

"Why in the world do you keep saying someone sees me?" he angrily asked his daughter. "I've looked everywhere, and I don't see anyone."

"Father," murmured the child. "Someone sees you from above." †

Treasure Hunt!

from *Matthew 13*

The Jesus Storybook Bible

One day Jesus was telling people about God’s kingdom. “God’s kingdom is wherever God is King. It’s wherever God is in charge. It’s where he fills your heart up with his Forever Happiness and you stop running away from him and you love him.”

But sometimes people couldn’t understand things very well. So Jesus helped them by telling them stories called “parables.”

Jesus said, “God’s kingdom is like a hidden treasure!” and then he told them this story ...

Once, there was a man working in a field, digging. But he doesn’t know that in that field there is buried treasure. So Dig, Dig, Dig ... Klink, Klank, Klonk. UH-OH! His shovel bumps into something hard. Hello, what’s this? He bends down, dusts it off – it’s a chest. It’s rusted and locked but – C-R-E-E-A-K – he pries it open. And what he sees inside takes his breath away: beautiful, glittering, gleaming, twinkling, sparkling, precious jewels! It’s a treasure chest!

He wants that treasure. He needs to get that treasure. He must have that treasure, somehow. Even if he has to sell everything he has so he can pay for it. He quickly buries the treasure again, runs home, and sells everything he has. He takes the money from the sale and goes and buys that field. Now he owns the field – and the treasure that is buried in it! He runs back and digs up the treasure again.

Jesus said, “Coming home to God is as wonderful as finding a treasure! You might have to dig before you find it. You might have to look before you see it. You might even have to give up everything you have to get it. But being where God is – being in his kingdom – that’s more important than anything else in all the world. It’s worth anything you have to give up!” Jesus told them. “Because God is the real treasure.”

God had a treasure, too, of course. A treasure that was lost, long, long ago. What was God’s treasure, his most important thing, the thing God loved best in all the world?

God’s treasure was his children.

It was why Jesus had come into the world. To find God’s treasure. And pay the price to win them back.

†

The Young Rooster

Arnold Lobel

Failure can pave the way for later success.

A young Rooster was summoned to his Father's bedside.

"Son, my time has come to an end," said the aged bird. "Now it is your turn to crow up the morning sun each day."

The young Rooster watched sadly as his Father's life slipped away.

Early the next morning, the young Rooster flew up to the roof of the barn. He stood there, facing the east.

"I have never done this before," said the Rooster. "I must try my best." When he lifted his head to crow, a weak and scratchy croak was the only sound he was able to make.

The sun did not come up. Clouds covered the sky, and a damp drizzle fell all day. All of the animals of the farm came to the Rooster.

"This is a disaster!" cried a Pig.

"We need our sunshine!" shouted a Sheep.

"Rooster, you must crow much louder," said a Bull. "The sun is ninety-three million miles away. How do you expect it to hear you?"

Very early the next morning, the young Rooster flew up to the roof of the barn again. He took a deep breath, he threw back his head and CROWED. It was the loudest crow that was ever crowed since the beginning of roosters.

The animals on the farm were awakened from their sleep with a start.

"What a noise!" cried the Pig.

"My ears hurt!" shouted the Sheep.

"My head is splitting!" said the Bull.

"I am sorry," said the Rooster, "but I was only doing my job."

He said this with a great deal of pride, for he saw, far to the east, the tip of the morning sun coming up over the trees. †