

*From the Vicar's Desk*

Part II of II



And I saw a tiny fawn lying on the ground, obviously suffering from dehydration and heat exhaustion, lift its head with great effort to lap up the water cupped in my beautiful boy's hand. When the water was gone, Billy jumped up to run back to the house; I hid behind a tree. I followed him back to the house to a spigot to which we had shut off the water. Billy opened it all the way up and a small trickle began to creep out. He knelt there, letting the drip, drip slowly fill up his makeshift "cup," as the sun beat down on his little back. And it became clear to me: the trouble he had gotten into for playing with the hose last week. The lecture he had received about the importance of not wasting water. The reason he didn't ask me to help him. It took almost 10 minutes for the drops to fill his hands. When he stood up and began the trek back, I was there in front of him. His little eyes just filled with tears. *"I'm not wasting,"* was all he said. As he began his walk, I joined him...with a small pot of water from the kitchen. I let him tend to the fawn. I stayed away. It was his job. I stood on the edge of the woods, watching the most beautiful heart I have ever known working so hard to save another life. As the tears that rolled down my face began to hit the ground, other drops...and more drops...and then more suddenly joined them. I looked up at the sky. It was as if God, Himself, was weeping with pride. Some will probably say that this was all just a huge coincidence. That miracles don't really exist. That it was bound to rain sometime. And I can't argue with that... I'm not going to try. All I can say is that the rain that came that day, saved our farm...just like the actions of one little boy, who saved another.

I wrote this to honor the memory of my beautiful Billy, who was taken from me much, too soon... but not before showing me the true face of God, in a little, sunburned body.

*Sincerely and in Him, --fr.t.*