

*From the Vicar's Desk—A Mother's Story*

(Veranda #8, 259 wds.)



It was one of the hottest days of the dry season. We had not seen rain in almost a month. The crops were dying. Cows had stopped giving milk. Creeks and streams were long gone back into the earth. It was a dry season that would bankrupt several farmers before it was through. Daily, my husband and his brothers would go about the arduous process of trying to get water to the fields. Lately, this process had involved taking a truck to the local water rendering plant and filling it up with water. But severe rationing had cut everyone off. If we didn't see some rain soon...we would lose everything. It was on this day that I learned the true lesson of sharing and witnessed the only miracle I have seen with my own eyes.

I was in the kitchen making lunch for my husband & his brothers, when I saw my six-year-old son, Billy, walking toward the woods. He wasn't walking with his usual, carefree abandon, but with a serious purpose. I could only see his back. He was obviously walking with a great effort ... trying to be as still as possible. Minutes after he disappeared into the woods, he came running out again, toward the house. I went back to making sandwiches; thinking that, whatever task he had been doing, was completed. Moments later, however, he was once again walking in that slow, purposeful stride toward the woods. This activity went on for an hour: walking carefully to the woods, running back to the house.

Finally, I couldn't take it any longer and I crept out of the house and followed him on his journey (*being very careful not to be seen...as he was obviously doing important work and didn't need his mommy to check up on him*). He was cupping both hands in front of him as he walked, being very careful not to spill the water he held in them ... maybe two, or three tablespoons were held in his tiny hands. I sneaked close as he went into the woods. Branches and thorns slapped his little face, but he did not try to avoid them. He had a much higher purpose. As I leaned in to spy on him, I saw the most amazing site.

Several large deer loomed in front of him. Billy walked right up to them. I almost screamed for him to get away. A huge buck with elaborate antlers was dangerously close. But the buck did not threaten him...he didn't even move as Billy knelt down.

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*Tune in next week for Part II*

*Sincerely,-- fr.t.*