

## Writing Stories Can be Easy

Kindergarten had been so much fun for Sarah. But when she started first grade and began to learn words and sentences, Sarah seemed to have trouble. One day, when she came home after school, she didn't want to eat her usual after-school snack. She said that she just couldn't swallow. She didn't cry, but her mother could see that she wanted to. Her mother put her arm around her and asked: "Do you want to tell Mother about it? Is error telling you that you are unhappy?"

"It's nothing," said Sarah in a weak voice. Mother told her that her sad face showed that there must be something bothering her. Then Sarah began to cry. "I know all my words," she said. "You know I do, Mommy. But when our teacher gives us cards with words on them and asks us to make little stories, I can't do it. I can't think of a story. But then, when I do think of one, I hurry to get it written and it never comes out right."

Mother knew that Sarah did know her words. She had written them on her chalkboard in her room as she had learned them. There must be something else that was causing this problem.

Mother asked Sarah if she wanted her to help with the problem. Sarah said that she definitely needed help. Sarah told Mother that she wanted her to write some stories for her that she could take to school. She could hide them in her pocket and peek at them when she needed to write a story. Mother was not very happy about this idea because they would be her stories and not Sarah's. She told Sarah that if the teacher believed that they were Sarah's stories, it would be breaking a commandment. It is the commandment that says, "Thou shalt not steal." "You are right Mommy," said Sarah, "using someone else's ideas is stealing."

"I know that it is wrong to do that and I won't do it, but what can I do?" asked Sarah in a very frustrated voice. Mother knew that it was time to apply the truths to the problem so that it could be solved in the right way. The truths were that Sarah, as God's reflection, had all the intelligence that she needed to write the stories. Nothing could prevent her from reflecting intelligence from God because He gives every one of his children all that is needed.

The next day, Sarah came skipping up the sidewalk to her house. As she opened the door, she yelled as loud as she could, "Mommy, it worked! It worked! When I remembered that God knows everything and I reflect that, I thought of the nicest little stories!"

Mother was so happy that Sarah had proved that all the intelligence she ever needed was hers by reflection. What she needed to do was to accept this truth about herself.



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*James 1:5 "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."*

*S&H 494:10 "Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need."*