

The Farmer, the Old Horse, and the Heavy Wagon

Lori lived on a farm that was far off of the main highway. The only way you could get to her house was to go down an old dirt road. Many of the farmers that lived on Lori's road still used horses to pull their farm wagons. Lori loved horses and hoped to have one of her own when she got a little bigger.

One day, when Lori was out playing in her yard next to the road, an old farm horse and wagon came down the road past her house. The wagon was very full of heavy boxes of apples that the farmer was taking to sell at the market. The tired old horse was pulling as hard as he could but the farmer kept beating him with a whip to make him go faster.



Now Lori couldn't bear to see anything get hurt. She wished she could do something to help. She went into the house and with tears running down her cheeks, she told her mother about the poor old horse.

Lori's mother knew what wonderful things God, Truth, can do. So she reminded Lori that being sorry for the horse just made it harder for him, but that knowing the truth, Lori could help him.

Lori got a tissue and wiped her tears. She thought about what mother had just said. Of course, she didn't want to make it harder for the horse. And she did want to help him.

Then she remembered the words from the Bible that said, "God is Love." So if God is Love, one of Love's ideas can't hurt another because they are both reflections of Love. Then Lori said out loud, "I know this is true about that horse and I know it is true about the farmer. I am happy that it is true about both of them and I will put them in God's care." Then she went back outside to play.

In a few days the same farmer and his horse and wagon came along. But this time the horse was prancing down the road. His head was no longer hanging low, but he held it up high. A new straw hat was on his head and his ears stuck out of the holes that had been cut for them. There were little bells on his harness that jingled as he walked. The farmer had a big smile on his face and was whistling a happy tune as he rode along. And there was no whip anywhere on the wagon.

Lori was very happy! She ran into the house to share the good news with her mother. She was so glad to have learned that it isn't loving just to be sorry when anyone is in trouble. It doesn't do any good to be sorry and helpless. It hurts! Real sympathy--love--is being glad that only the good is real, because God is in charge of everything. And best of all Lori never saw the farmer beat the horse again.

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

1 John 4:8 "God is Love."