

Sons and Daughters of the King

Buddy was visiting his grandpa and grandma while his parents were away for the day. Buddy loved to visit Grandpa because he liked the stories he would tell him. When Buddy saw Grandpa sitting in his favorite chair, he went over and crawled up into his lap. "Grandpa," he said, "could you please tell me a story?" "Well," said Grandpa, "I think I know one that I have never told you before. It is about a little boy who was your age when the story begins." And the story goes like this:



Once upon a time in a far away land lived a little boy who was a prince, the son of a king. One day, when he was playing, he ran out through the castle gate and around to the side where none of the guards could see him. A band of gypsies was coming along the road near the castle. Now, Gypsies are people that don't stay in one place very long. Their small houses are built on top of wagons that horses pull from town to town. The little prince liked the gypsy's bright clothes and the songs they were singing as they went along. He decided to go with them. When the king searched everywhere in the kingdom for his son, he could not find him.

Soon, the little prince talked like a gypsy, ate like a gypsy, and dressed like a gypsy; in fact, he thought that he was a gypsy. He forgot that he used to be a prince. For many years he traveled with the gypsies over the hills, camping by streams and living everyday in the outdoors. Then one day his band of gypsies came wandering back onto the castle road. As they passed the castle gate, a guard recognized the boy.

"You are the son of the king," he called; "you are the prince!" "Oh no!" said the boy. "I am a gypsy." "That is not true," said the guard. "You are the prince that ran away many years ago."

The boy did not understand how this could be and he wanted to hear more. He learned that he had gone off with the gypsies and had lived with them for so long that he had come to believe that he was a gypsy. The guard took him to see the king. The king didn't recognize him at first, but as he continued to talk to him he knew that this boy was his long lost son. The boy was happy to be back where he belonged and to be the prince he was all along, even though he didn't know it. And that is the end of the story.

"Now," said Grandpa, "that was just a story, but sometimes we are just like the boy in the story. We forget that we are the sons and daughters of God and we believe error when it tells us that we are very sick and can't go to school. Or when error tells us that our friends don't like us. Or when it tells us that we aren't smart enough to do our lessons at school. Mrs. Eddy tells us in *Science and Health* that we are the children of God. So, as children of God, we are really sons and daughters of the one King. And that gives us the right to have every good thing in God's kingdom that he made for us.

"Thanks Grandpa," said Buddy, "that was a really neat story. I will always try to remember who I am, who my Father is. That way I can never believe that I am not God's perfect child." Then off he ran to see what Grandma was baking in the kitchen.

Romans 8:14 "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."