

# FOIBLES ODDITY SHOPPE

A story about the importance of persistence

The sign out front read 'Foibles Oddity Shop' and beneath that in faded letters, 'Buy, Sell or even Swap.'

It was the only second hand store around, but resembled a jam-packed lost and found.

Piercy'd owned the store for a very long time and seemed oblivious to all the dust and grime.

There were broken old clocks, and rusted old tools, there were boxes of books that were growing toadstools.

Hung from the rafters were some rickety chairs and shelves were piled high with antique house wares.

Money was hard for Piercy to come by, as customers couldn't move in this crowded pigsty.

He needed to organize, he needed to clean, how could he sell what couldn't be seen.

Piercy Foibles was gentle and kind, but was too often criticized and too often maligned.

He was known in the Bog as somewhat eccentric, some thinking he'd a few loose bats in his attic.

He seemed to be made from left over pieces, with a friendly face that was full of deep creases.

A large set of antlers straddled his ears, bent at odd angles and grayed by the years.

His long shaggy coat and large flat feet only adding to the notion he was a little offbeat.

In back of the store, where no one was permitted, was a well worn door, oversized and ill fitted.  
It was behind this door Piercy's real work was done, and where he could create, which for him was great fun.  
You see, Piercy was truly an inventor at heart and though he didn't appear it, was incredibly smart.

He rarely let others see what he'd created, as they laughed making him feel sad and frustrated.  
His work room was so crammed with things he'd invented, that regrettably most were scratched, bent or dented.  
But he kept on working, plugging away, hoping his inventions would help others some day.

Meanwhile some customers were browsing through piles, groping their way down the crammed narrow aisles.  
When suddenly a pile started slipping and crumbling, whacking a critter and sending him tumbling.  
**Screech, scumble, swoosh, kaplooy, kabam!**... the entire pile now burying the poor Bog mailman.  
He lay under the mess letting out a huge moan, "*Oh no!*" he wailed "*I 've a broken leg bone!*"

Piercy ran straight to where the customer lay, shocked by the fall and to his total dismay, found it was the mailman who lay in a heap, under a pile over three feet deep.  
Piercy dug and threw, pulled and pried, freeing the mailman who'd been hit broadside.  
*"Oh Mr. Allweather, I hope you're alright, I'll run fetch the doctor, now you just sit tight."*  
Gripping his leg, the mailman winced from the pain, hoping the fall hadn't addled his brain.

Before too long Piercy was back with the doctor, his nurse and a large red rucksack.

They had bandages, swabs, splints and plaster, proving they were prepared for any disaster.

The leg was set and a cast applied but Mr. Allweather's predicament could not be denied.

He groaned...

*"How can I work in this condition, I feel like I've been in a head on collision.*

*I'll have to use crutches, so there's just no way, I can carry my mail pouch around all day."*

Piercy waded through piles of odds and ends, trying to find him some crutches, trying to make amends.

While searching, he apologized all over the place, trying hard to put a smile on Mr. Allweather's face.

*"Look Piercy, all I was simply trying to do was deliver a package and some mail to you.*

*I know you didn't mean for this to take place, but you've let this store become a total disgrace."*

Piercy nodded, knowing it was all true, *"Mr. Allweather, I promise I'll make this up to you."*

With crutches in place, Allweather hobbled away, as Piercy waved dolefully from the store doorway.

The customers still there then left in a huff... *"We'll not be back Piercy, till you clean up this stuff."*

Piercy plopped dismally down on a heap, overwhelmed by the store with it's grime and upkeep.

*I'd better face facts, all I've got is just junk and what happened today proves my dreams have all sunk."*

The next day found Piercy at Mr. Allweather's place, with some flowers, chocolates and a homemade leg brace.

He'd worked on the brace most of the night, in order that it fit Mr. Allweather just right.

While he healed, Piercy said he'd deliver the mail as Mr. Allweather's leg was just too frail.

Now each morning...

Piercy trudged off with a sack full of mail, each evening limped back with an empty lunch pail.

It was dark when he left in the morning, dark when he got home at night, he'd closed his store to deliver the mail for he saw no end in sight.

As the weeks came and went, he grew very depressed, no time and no money leaving him very stressed.

The Bog was now facing the dead heat of summer, which for most mailmen is a total bummer.

This noontime...

Piercy struggled to lift the pouch off of his back...the heat seeming to add more weight to the sack.

He'd found an old tree with a blanket of shade, opened his lunch pail then sat down and prayed.

He asked the good Lord to bless what he'd eat, then asked for a blessing for his tired aching feet.

Looking up he saw Hartlie who was walking his way and he could tell just by looking he was enjoying the day.

*"Hi Hartlie... good to see you, can you come sit with me, I'm on my lunch break and would love company. Here let me tear this sandwich in two, there's plenty enough for both me and you"*

*"No, no Piercy you need that for strength, there's a lot more day left and you'll need it at length.  
But thank you for asking and wanting to share it's so good to know there are still folks who care."  
"Oh I sure care Hartlie, really I do but I think that my caring has me stuck like glue."  
"Stuck like glue, Piercy...what do you mean? it looks to me like you've a brand new routine."  
"Awww...I really don't mean to gripe and grumble but my life fell apart after Mr. Allweather's tumble.  
It was all my fault, so I had to help out, but it put my life in a major timeout."  
"Don't worry Piercy...  
you'll get back to your store and inventions, you just got sidetracked by your good intentions."  
"I'm not so sure Hartlie, as I stay too tired, maybe my time for inventing's expired."  
"Don't lose heart Piercy and don't give up, this is just a small storm in a tiny teacup.  
The Bible says...  
We can do all things through Christ who makes us strong; when we trust He'll right what ever is wrong.  
Do you have a few crumbs from your sandwich to spare, I'd like you to drop some on that ant mound right there."  
Piercy was puzzled as the last thing one needs, is a stampeding army of ants that crumbs breed.  
But he trusted Hartlie, so he tossed down some bread, then they watched and waited as the little ants sped, out of the mound and around their feet, on a mission that would soon let the whole ant mound eat.*

When they got to the crumbs, Hartlie got in their way, leading the little army of ants astray.

But... in a gnats breath they were back on track, climbing and crawling past this minor setback, straining and lifting crumbs ten times their size, as Piercy looked on in total surprise.

There was no hesitation, there was no delay and those ants wouldn't let one thing stand in there way.

"Well," said Hartlie...

*"There's a lesson to be learned from these tough little guys, they'll move those crumbs if it takes ten thousand tries.*

Piercy...

*You know how water feels so soft and smooth, yet it can eat into rock wearing away a huge groove?*

*It just keeps going, keeps plugging away creating a creek, stream or a river someday?"*

Piercy nodded.

*"You mean... never giving up or ever giving in," "That's right," said Hartlie, "those that do never win."*

Piercy smiled, the lesson now learned; the sun shone brighter; the tide now turned.

"Hartlie..."

*I'd best get going and deliver this mail, but thanks for the hope and new wind in my sail!*

*Hmmmm...wind in my sail? Wind in my sail!...WOW, I gotta get goin' and work out each detail!"*

With that he jumped up, grabbing hold the mail sack, "Thanks a bunch Hartlie, you put me back on track!"

Waving Hartlie hollered...

*"Persistence Piercy...that's what it takes, it helps us reach goals and overcome our mistakes."*

Chuckling... Hartlie was so glad to see, Piercy behaving so excitedly.

Piercy raced through the Bog at breakneck speed and in no time at all his mail sack emptied.

Then...

He ran to his shop, flinging open the door, such a warm welcome sight, even though an eyesore.

Making his way to the little workroom, the scent of sawdust drew him in like perfume.

He inhaled deeply, stroking his tools...for him they were friends and much treasured jewels.

*"I'm home"* he whispered and let out a sigh, *"I've missed this place even if a pigsty."*

He bent down and drew a shape in the dust, then reached for his saw now covered in rust.

*"Oh me, I've got to start taking much better care of my tools and this place, all in need of repair.*

*But first I've got plans that have to be laid, parts to assemble and an invention made."*

He hammered and sawed, nailed and screwed, sanded and polished, stitched and glued, working through the night with never a break, and as the sun came up, was still wide awake.

He'd test it today when delivering the mail, making certain it worked and the parts didn't fail.

Beaming he gazed at what he'd created, certain that Bog travel would now be updated.

Piercy called it "The Incredible Wonder Windaway" proclaiming it "Useful at home, work or play."

It was so simple, just a roll with two straps and a pole that extends with a short sail that snaps, up and out like umbrellas do, catching the wind without blocking your view.

Piercy wore roller skates and the Windaway to work, in order to show the Postmaster and clerk.

He rolled past the post office with such speed and ease, while only using the strength of the breeze.

The Postmaster stood completely amazed "*It's marvelous Piercy!*" he gushed and praised.

*"Why we can use this to deliver the mail, this will take us from snail mail to speedy sail mail.*

*I'll take two for the post office, and one for me, you'll sell tons of these things and be rich, you'll see."*

Piercy chuckled delightedly hoisting his sail, scudding along while delivering the mail.

The critters stood shocked when he scooted on past, stunned he'd invented something useful at last.

*"Hey Piercy, can I use that while riding my bike...?" "If it's got wheels you can use it with whatever you like."*

He could hardly believe it got so much attention, and that so many critters wanted an explanation, of how did it work and what was the price and could anyone use his brand new device?

Word flew round the Bog and by the next day, critters lined up and were ready to pay.

Piercy hired help to keep up with the sales, and all of the things  
that big business entails.

The dusty old thrift store was cleaned and transformed, and with  
so much interest stayed totally swarmed.

Now Piercy could stay in his workroom all day, coming up with new  
uses for the Wonder Windaway.

Why...

They'd be sails on skateboards, buggies and bikes, they'd be sails  
on wheelchairs, wheelbarrows and trikes.

Now...

He'd work on intriguing ideas God would grant, and this time  
endure like the persistent ant.

He'd learned that you have to keep your dream from dying, that  
you have to persist and never quit trying.

Because dreams shouldn't live on some dusty old shelves, for God  
always helps those who help themselves.

THE END... or could it be...THE BEGINNING!

# The Beginning

Scriptures from the Holy Bible that teach us the importance of persistence.

**Proverbs 6:6-8** Take a lesson from the ant, you lazybones. Learn from their ways and become wise! Though they have no prince or governor or ruler to make them work. They labor hard all summer gathering food for the winter.

**John 15:5** Those who remain in me, and I in them, will produce much fruit. For apart from me you can do nothing.

**2 Timothy 2:15** Work hard so you can present yourself to God and receive His approval. Be a good worker, one who does not need to be ashamed and who correctly explains the world of truth.

**James 1:12** God blesses those who patiently endure testing and temptation. Afterward they will receive the crown of life that God has promised to those who love Him.

**James 5:7-8** Dear brothers and sisters, be patient as you wait for the Lord's return. Consider the farmers who patiently wait for the rains in the fall and in the spring. They eagerly look for the valuable harvest to ripen. You too, must be patient. Take courage, for the coming of the Lord is near.

**Galatians 6:9** So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up.

**John 3:16** For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believed in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

This series was written in an effort to help children understand that nothing can overcome them if they are staying close to Jesus, trusting in His love and obeying His commandments.