

ONE MAD MOLE NAMED MYRTLE

A story about pride and humility

On the outskirts of the Bog, where the hills lay down to rest,
The creek meanders slowly into a pond by beauty blessed.
The water trickles slowly in, tracing swirls of dancing light,
Lifting lilies above the liquid glass a perfumed and glorious sight.
Dragonflies with gossamer wings, perch on lily pads of green
While little fish of every hue, swim betwixt and in-between.

It was a picture perfect place, where all the critters came,
To picnic, swim or exercise then play some lively game.
This quite annoyed the Herons though, who felt they owned the
place,
Always feeling better than the rest, you could see it on their
face.
They walked with quiet dignity, their beaks high in the air,
Critters barely spoke to them, they didn't even dare.

The Herons moved like royalty, with a lofty air of grace,
The breeze flowing gently through their wings, looking like the
finest lace.
With shoulders back and heads held high, they lifted feet so
pointed,
They truly had convinced themselves that they had been
anointed,
To be a special kind of being, one which was quite holy...
Set apart, not mixing in with Bog critters far to lowly.

Critters stopped their playing when the Herons came around,
Not feeling worthy in their presence, they'd simply stare down at
the ground.

But...

To the pond came Myrtle Mole, leading her bedraggled brood,
They didn't have much money but she saw that they had food.
They were a simple, gentle bunch, who loved each other dearly,
Even though their clothes were full of holes that all could see
quite clearly.

But, Mama taught them all to laugh at their lot in life quite lowly,
Instead she had them all convinced they were the original "Holey
Moley!"

So, they laughed as they darned their socks and shirts, and they
laughed as they hemmed their pants,
They laughed as they gathered for potluck suppers with their
cousins, uncles and aunts.

Myrtle did make certain they obeyed the Golden Rule,
Making sure they always loved and shared, never being mean or
cruel.

So it came as quite a shock, when little Roley kicked his ball,
Which smacked a heron square in the head causing him to take a
fall.

The Bog went silent...as the regal bird regained his royal
composure,

The critters swallowed giggles at his muddy, wet exposure.
"Who did this!?" the heron seethed, "I'll have his scrawny hide,
I'll not be made a fool of, we herons have our holy pride!"

Roley gasped, then scampered back on legs that were now shaking,
"Oh Mama, help me please!" he cried, "It's my hide he'll be taking!"

"Now, now honey...settle down," she soothed, "just what is all this fuss?"

No one's going to have your hide, or they'll answer to all of us!"

Well...

Roley told her just what happened and how angry the heron became,

So Mama Mole marched round the pond, determined two could play that game.

Roley saw how incensed she was at how badly he'd been treated, Her button nose always shimmered red when her emotions overheated.

That little nose twitched in the wind as she stomped the waters edge,

"I'll bring back stuffing for our featherbed!" she hollered back her pledge.

She'd make it halfway round the pond when Hartlie came in sight, He could tell by looking at her face that she was ready for a fight.

"Myrtle! What's the problem? I can see you're quite upset, You've always been so kind to me, could I please repay the debt?"

"Hartlie...it's those herons with their pompous attitudes, We've all had quite enough of them and their entire multitude! I don't know what their problem is nor at this point do I care, I just want them to understand it's downright mean and so unfair, To push and shove your way around thinking you are far superior, To any other critter here, treating them like they're inferior!"

"I'll go with you," Hartlie offered, "maybe I can help them see, Just how it is that God would want all of us to be."

So...off they marched with Myrtle splashing water as she
stomped,
Round the pond and over little critters as they romped.
They came upon the herons, who were posed amongst the reeds,
Dining on the finest fruit topped with honey and some seeds.

It annoyed them all to no end that their luncheon was disturbed,
By lowly little Myrtle who was intent on being heard!

"What does that silly mole mean by coming over here,
She needs to mind her business...if she asks, we'll make it clear!
Her ragged clothes all-full of holes are really quite repulsive,
How could she humiliate us so by being this impulsive?!"

They turned their backs with great disdain for the red nosed,
rundown mole,
Hoping if they ignored her, she'd return to her rundown hole.

But...
Myrtle strode up to the bird, knocking on his knobby knee,
"Are you the one who frightened Roley?!" she inquired somewhat
threateningly.

"What if I am?"...he mumbled, as his beak began to shake,
"That wretched little creature has no business at our lake!"

Well...
This was more than little Myrtle could take right then and so,
She leaned right down and bit him on his thin but dainty toe.
"EEEEK, OUCH !!!!!" He cried, jumping in the air, "your behavior's
quite suspect,
but with someone of your standing...well...what else can one
expect!?"

"EEEEEEWW"...

Myrtles eyes crossed with rage as she dove for his other limb,
Forcing him to lunge for the reeds, petrified as he couldn't swim.
Hartlie ran to the waters edge, trying to calm the calamitous
affair,
Hoping to bring them back to their senses and clear this troubled
air.

Groping through the cattails in the water now turned murky,
He grabbed hold of the just dunked heron who now looked like a
freshly plucked turkey.

"Well"...sniffed Myrtle, looking down her nose,
"Guess there's no further need in you boasting,
Looks to me like your mean, muddy self's not even fit for
roasting!"

Cattails fanned out from round his tail and hung from beneath his
chin,
The once elegant, haughty heron, now shunned by his arrogant kin.

"You know," said Hartlie, helping him up, "pride goes before a
fall...
That's true enough for herons and it's true enough for us all.
None of us should judge a person by what he has to wear,
Or where he lives or what he owns, that's totally unfair.
Sometimes the sweetest fruit's concealed in a rough and prickly
skin,
But you'll know a tree by the fruit it bears and if it's pure within.
Simply put, we're all just sinners who are sometimes led astray,
But Jesus paid the price for our sin, a debt we can never repay.
When we get our eyes off Jesus and the fact we've all been
bought,

We start to think more highly of ourselves than what we ought."

Myrtle waddled to the bird who was now filled with shame,
Realizing how their feelings caused them both to be the blame
"I'm so sorry, Myrtle cried, my temper got the best of me..."
"Oh forgive me too," the heron cried, "I think I finally see,
That pride means putting self where only God's supposed to be,
A dangerous sin that places all life's emphasis on me.
I thought so highly of myself...never cared on whom I trod,
I never stopped to think how that might hurt and anger God."

Myrtle smiled,
"Perhaps it's time to celebrate the lessons we've both learned,
Your welcome to come on back with me, there's a picnic we've both
earned!"
"Why Myrtle...that's so kind of you to offer such delight,
But I'm such a muddy, mucky mess, I look a frightful sight!"

"Phooey!" said Myrtle; "we've tons of food and loads of fun to
share,
It's what's in your heart that concerns us most, not what's
tangled in your hair!"

They started back to the picnic, each with a great broad grin,
With Myrtle plucking cattails from beneath the herons chin.
Hartlie was so grateful God had taught the repentant pair,
How pride destroys relationships that only love can then repair.
A humble heart will never place itself upon God's throne,
That's a place reserved for only God and only God alone.

The end... or could it be...? THE BEGINNING!

THE BEGINNING

Scriptures from the Holy Bible that help us understand the danger of pride and the blessings of humility.

1 Peter 5:5 You younger men must accept the authority of the elders. And all of you, serve each other in humility. "God opposes the proud but favors the humble."

Colossians 3:12 Since God chose you to be the holy people he loves, you must clothe yourselves with tenderhearted mercy, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience.

Matthew 23:12 For whoever exalts (praises) himself will be humbled and whoever humbles himself will be exalted (praised).

Proverbs 29:23 A man's pride brings him low, but a man of lowly spirit (humble) gains honor.

Proverbs 16:18 Pride goes before destruction, and haughtiness before a fall.

1 Peter 3:8-9 All of you, live in harmony with one another, be sympathetic, love as brothers, be compassionate and humble. Do not repay evil with evil or insult with insult, but with blessing, because to this you were called so that you may inherit a blessing.

Proverbs 16:19 Better to live humbly with the poor than to share plunder with the proud.

John 3:16 For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whoever would believe in Him should not perish but have life everlasting.

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