

RAINBOWS AND RADISHES

A story of how God helps us deal with grief and loss.

A nasty wind howled, then took full aim at the Bog with its trees bent low, it was considered normal at this time of year to expect such a powerful blow.

Rain sliced the air with gray dripping blades, cutting through every bough and leaf, forcing critters to seek a dry shelter from a storm that brought cool, wet relief.

Critters expected these storms now and then and most would give them no mind but, every once in a very great while... there'd be a storm of a different kind.

Every wise critter knew right away that you'd have to take every precaution, because of the danger involved with the likes of a storm with such glaring proportion.

Heavy clouds darkened what lightning lit up as critters huddled close for safekeeping, daddy's secured what the wind whipped and tugged as mamas hugged little ones weeping.

At the Biddleford house, the same scene played out, as the family clung onto each other, anxiously waiting their children's return, twin girls and a younger brother.

School had let out and they should have been home, Mama Biddleford started to pace, about that time little Louey rushed in running straight for his mama's embrace.

"Where are your sisters?" Papa Biddleford asked, trying hard to hide his concern, "They're eating radishes at Miss Peevish's

patch! Papa...I'm not sure they'll ever learn."

"How many times must I fuss at those two about staying out of that patch?! They know how angry it makes her, now she may have to grow a new batch!!

I know they love radishes; it's their favorite treat, but they'll have to grow some of their own, taking what others work hard for, is stealing radishes you haven't sown!

Besides...

This storms getting worse and they need to get home, I've warned them of storms and their danger, before this one is done, I'm afraid my dear son, it'll end up a Bog re-arranger!"

Meanwhile...at Miss Peevish's vegetable patch, Lilly and Lolly were dining, stuffing handfuls of radishes into their mouths with manners needing some refining.

All the Bog kids knew to stay well away from Miss Peevish, her things and her place, with rake in hand she'd fuss threateningly, stomp her feet, then be on for the chase.

But...

Between the wind the rain and the radishes, they never heard the tread of her feet, she came up behind them so suddenly, there was simply no chance for retreat.

"GOTCHA!" cried Miss Peevish, grabbing onto the pair, holding tight to their long floppy ears, **"GET OUT YOU ROTTEN LITTLE RODENTS!!"** she yelled, reducing Lilly and Lolly to tears.

"I'M SICK OF YOU WRETCHED RABBITS RUINING MY RUBY-RED RADISH ROWS! I WANT YOU REMOVED FROM MY GARDEN RIGHT NOW, BEFORE MY RAKE AND YOUR RUMP COME TO BLOWS!!"

Wet and all muddy, with tummies packed full, they scampered for home, hearth and shelter, but the storm had reached a furious pitch, turning the Bog to a dangerous Delta. They made it almost half the way home, trying in vain to cross over the creek, but its water rushed higher with every new gust, reaching home and safety looked bleak.

"We'll have to try making it back to the patch!" Lilly yelled to her bedraggled sister, ***"Maybe Miss Peevish will let us inside, the clouds look like their forming a twister!!"***

Forcing their way through the gale and their fears, they got back to Miss Peevish's place, they'd beg for forgiveness and ask for her help, knowing their conduct had been a disgrace. They beat on her door pleading, ***"Please let us in, a twisters about to touch down! It's heading this way and it's dark scary gray!!"*** The door cracked, showing a peevisy frown.

"Come in quick!" snapped the snarley Miss Peevish, unhappy she'd now have to give aid, to the soaking wet pair with their deflated hair and their quivering selves so afraid.

They spent that cold night in the corner, Miss Peevish never saying a word, then sleep kindly overtook them all, the wind and the rain now unheard.

The smell of hot pancakes and syrup, tweaked noses, forcing open their eyes, a beautiful breakfast with a pot of hot tea, sat waiting much to their surprise.

"Surely this isn't for us," they whispered, staying close to the wall and each other, "Wash your hands and face, then sit down and eat," said Miss Peevish sounding more like their mother.

"As soon as you've eaten, I'm marching you home, it's the neighborly thing to do," But...If I ever catch you back in my patch, you'll be turned into rabbit stew!!"

The sun was up but their spirits were down as they made their way home through the mess, trees were uprooted; brush littered the path, the whole Bog in a state of distress.

The landscape had changed from the furious blows and as they rounded some broken pine trees, the enormity of what this storm had done, brought the sisters down to their knees.

Where once had stood the Biddleford house, only twigs and a few limbs remained, gone was their home and the family they loved, they'd been orphaned by a storm untamed.

As they sat in the ruins of their once happy home, anguish swept over each soul, left all alone to fend for themselves with a pain they could not control.

Miss Peevish could bear it no longer, slipping off to get aid and relief, she'd find Hartlie; he'd know what was needed to ease their fear, their pain and their grief.

They slipped quietly back to the poor little pair, hearts breaking with theirs at the sight, now what would God do, with this terrified two and their seeming impossible plight.

They cried, they talked, then cried some more, Hartlie offering the Church till such time, that a loving and suitable family was found who'd care for them for a lifetime.

On the long walk back to the little Bog church, Hartlie told how God blesses the grieving, how He carries their burdens and eases their sorrows, if we trust Him and keep on believing.

When they got to the bridge, Miss Peevish took leave; she wanted to get back to her patch, more seeds must be sown and more vegetables grown as the storm had destroyed the last batch.

This time she'd set out twice the amount of that remarkable, ruby red radish, she'd plow lovely straight rows with her shovels and hoes working into a state quite feverish.

Back at the church, with Hartlie to help, Lilly and Lolly were healing, but their sorrow was deep and for hours they'd weep fearing no family would find them appealing.

The weeks plodded on, one after the other, with nobody claiming the pair. *"I...I guess they don't want to be bothered,"* sobbed Lolly *"We're not wanted I don't think they care."*

But...

That evening at dinner, Hartlie told of a home wanting to adopt the orphaned pair, a small family who'd been through the very same thing, which would be a real answer to prayer.

For the first time in weeks, they ate a good meal and smiles were served with desert, they'd be meeting the new family tomorrow and perhaps then fully heal from their hurt.

The next morning...

Hartlie lead them to the bridge at the creek, where the new family would be greeting the pair, excitement rumbled round their young tummies, as they strode through the warm boggy air.

At the sound of the creek, they began to run, for the bridge, their dreams and their wishes, but, no family was there and they turned in despair for there was only Miss Peevish feeding fishes.

Not sounding at all like her grouchy old self, she warmly greeted the pair, *I ...I came to see if you'd come home with me, I've a heart and a home to share."*

You probably think I'm a nasty old biddy, and your right...that's just what I've been, I've kept everyone far, far away from me as I've lived through your very same scene.

I lost my whole family when I was your age and decided to never again, let anyone else that close to my heart to protect myself from all that pain.

But...it took you two... to open my heart and let me start living once more...why life without love isn't life at all as God put love at life's core."

Lilly and Lolly were shocked and surprised at the change in Miss Peevishes' heart, what she said, if true, they could all start brand new, for love is secure and wont part, with distance or time, with rain or with shine as it seals to itself any soul who forgets about self, seeking God and His truth and His will which becomes the prized goal.

Arm in arm they strode over the brown wooden bridge, to new life and new hope for the pair.

"Ohh...Do you see what I see?" asked Miss Peevish with glee,"
That's a promise of Gods love over there!"

A rainbow fanned gently through a pastel blue sky, as they stood silent in anticipation, then the rainbow passed silently over the three as God smiled on His new creation.

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

THE BEGINNING

Scriptures from the Holy Bible to help us understand life's trials.

Deuteronomy 31:8 The Lord Himself goes before you and will be with you; He will never leave you nor forsake you. Do not be afraid: do not be discouraged.

2 Corinthians 5:1 Now we know that if the earthly tent (body) we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in Heaven, not built by human hands.

Matthew 5:4 Blessed are they that mourn, for they will be comforted.

Hebrews 6:18-19 We who have fled to take hold of the hope offered to us may be greatly encouraged. We have this hope as an anchor for the soul, firm and secure.

Psalms 23:4 even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for you are with me: your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

Psalms 62:8 trust in Him at all times, O people: pour out your hearts to Him, for God is our refuge.

1 Thessalonians 5:10 He (Jesus) died for us so that, whether we are awake or asleep, we may live together with Him.

John 3:16 for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever would believe in Him should have everlasting life.

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.