

THE WIGGLESTEENS

A story about the importance of not being lazy

Rain bounced like diamonds splashing critters down below,
Delighting every one of them, making thirsty gardens grow.
The critters all had worked so hard in their gardens neat and
growing,
Tending to their little plants, busy sowing seeds then hoeing.
They felt it so rewarding to watch a garden grow,
Seeing fruits and veggies pop out of each earthy little row.

Every critter family had a pretty garden patch
Which kept them busy weeding and then harvesting each batch
Of yummy foods and goodies which with tender care they stored,
In holes they'd lined with cabbage leaves then covered with a
board.

The Wigglesteens, a loving clan, raised the most excellent crops
around,
This wasn't very hard for them as they had the most fertile
ground.
You see... they owned the local mulch pile that they tended
vigorously,
Turning, raking, shoveling every day most strenuously.
There's nothing very glamorous about the mulch pile business,
Mounding rotting food, leaves and grass that causes fuming,
gaseous fizziness.
It made them all smell very strange working in this mulchy mound,
As it was full of worms and wiggly things that lived inside the
ground.
These funny little creatures helped create the earthy mix,

That grew the bounteous food that the critters loved to fix.

The entire Wigglesteen family worked in this great mulch heap,
Except for Ernie Wigglesteen who much preferred to sleep.
"Why is heat so hot!?" Ernie constantly complained,
As he shoveled mounds of mulch that made him dirty and all
stained.

"Oh I do dislike intensely, this smelly, dirty job!
I shovel dirt and worms all day and feel like a brown Bog slob!"

His papa grew exasperated at Ernie's poor work ethic,
He begged, he pleaded, he fussed, he fumed at Ernie's attempts
most pathetic.

"Have you forgotten that what we do is vital to bog life?
We enrich the soil that grows our food without which there'd be
strife!"

But, Ernie wasn't interested in such as work and dirt,
Instead he'd rather play and sleep and his work completely shirk.
He refused to think himself as lazy, rather... bored and
uninspired,
The mere thought of shoveling all that mulch, made him irritable
and tired.

Well...

A special contest was held each year and a pumpkin patch was
sown,
By all the critters in the Bog for the largest pumpkin grown.
A king or queen of pumpkins would reign throughout the year,
Receiving lots of splendid prizes, including all new gardening gear.

So...

They watered and they weeded, they fed and then they hoed,
Watching, tending, praying over the pumpkin seeds they'd sowed.

It created such excitement as the pumpkins grew and grew,
Each hoping theirs would win the prize and not just end up in some
stew.

But, Ernie couldn't care less and simply tossed his seeds aside,
They rolled right down the mulch pile, lay in the sun and fried.
Except for one of the tiniest seeds that fell in the best of
places.

In a crack on Ernie's mulch mound, so this seed left unseen
traces.

The little seedling sent out roots, then settled down to grow,
Ignored by Ernie and covered by leaves so how could the critters
know,
That below the leaves a pumpkin grew fed by the rich mulch pile,
The months flew by and fall set in, the pumpkin growing all the
while.

But at summers end Papa Wigglesteen had finally had enough,
"You've lost your mulch pile my son!" he said, "I'm tired of all this
guff!
You'll have to make it on your own; we've done all that we can do,
Good luck...God bless, we'll pray for you"...Ernie didn't run, he flew!

Ernie wasn't sorry that his pile had been confiscated,
This simply meant no work to do, life would be less complicated!
"Tra-la-la, higgie-de-piggie, life has been too good to me!"
Ernie sang and whistled, jumped and ran, feeling like he'd been set
free.

He slept late every morning, went to bed late every night,

He ate whatever pleased him...yet life was not quite right.
It seems he spent a lot of time all by himself...alone,
As the rest were working or in school a fact he did bemoan.
But even when they had the time, they seemed to stay away,
You see, they'd lost respect for Ernie who refused to work, just
play.

Now...

Ernie had no money, for without work he had no pay,
He ran out of food, his shoes wore out; he had no place to stay.
He awoke one morning all wet and cold as he'd slept beneath a
tree,
Wishing he had some money to buy a good hot cup of tea.

Hungry and confused, so tired and alone,
Ernie felt his only chance at life, he had completely blown.
Walking down the winding road, kicking rocks along the way,
He happened upon Hartlie's house, a place he'd love to stay.
He knocked tearfully on Hartlie's door and in minutes was inside,
Eating steaming soup and crusty bread mixed with great big gulps
of pride.

"If you don't like where you are in life," Hartlie inquired and then
prodded,
"Why not change your ways and go back home?" Ernie kept on
eating but he nodded.

Later on...

As Ernie strode towards his home, he saw Papa in the piles,
Catching sight of one another, they ran to hug through tears and
smiles.
The family was so very glad that Ernie had come home,

They threw down their tools and quit their work and a joyous party was thrown.

Papa willingly gave Ernie, back his old mulch pile,
And Ernie proved to Papa that he'd go the extra mile.
He'd read in the Bible, Proverbs six, about an industrious ant,
Of how wise she was in working hard, knowing when to harvest
and to plant.

Proving that he'd learned his lesson, the one about being lazy,
He worked all day, he worked all night, indeed he worked like
crazy.

Well... one day while working in his pile, Ernie spied a pumpkin
growing,
It was the one fallen in the crack, it's orange rind now showing.
Ernie was beside himself, deciding to enter in the contest,
He thought his pumpkin couldn't win, but he would tend it and do
his best.

With love and care he nourished it and the little pumpkin grew,
Not enough to win a special prize but enough to feed a few.

The frost dropped down as did the leaves and the pumpkins all
matured, but Ernie's little pumpkin seemed to barely have
endured.

It looked so tiny midst the leaves but Ernie never quit,
He worked his pile and pumpkin too, taking the very best care of
it.

October launched the Pumpkin Fest with parade, food and games,
But the highlight of the festivities was when Hartlie announced
the names

Of the winners in the pumpkin contest, as he was the judge of all,

The excitement grew to a fevered pitch; Hartlie would shortly make the call.

They toured each little pumpkin patch, Hartlie measuring each one,

"O.K. Ernie, let's check your pumpkin out and see if perhaps you've won."

"Not mine Hartlie, it's itty bitty, it got off to a pretty rough start,

I hadn't learned my lesson on work; I was lazy and not too smart. But now I know what the Bible says about how we all should work, Doing everything as if for Jesus, instead of behaving like some jerk!"

They started raking the mulch away, now the pumpkin looked much bigger,

"My goodness...we'll need help to get this out, this calls for a professional digger!!

We'll have to get a crane in here to pull it out and see, How big this pumpkin really is and who the winner will be!"

So...

The Bog's largest crane flew to the patch, stuck his bill deep in the ground,

Flapped his large wings furiously and made the most awful sound. He heaved and wheezed, he shoved and puffed, he snuffled and he snorted,

The pumpkin never budged an inch, but his bill got all distorted. With wobbly legs and bill all bent, looking like he'd just been plucked,

"This one got the best of me! It's too big to budge!" he clucked.

Said Hartlie, "I think this only goes to show Ernie's pumpkin wins
hands down,
So Ernie gets the prizes and of course he gets the crown!"

Then...

They feasted on pumpkin bread and pudding and pumpkin tarts
with tea,
They fried it, baked it, boiled it as Ernie gave it all for free.

Wow...how things could change so fast, Ernie marveled with
thanksgiving,
He'd learned his lesson, won the crown and a life now worth the
living.

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

THE BEGINNING

Scriptures from the Holy Bible that help us with gossip

Proverbs 14:23 All hard work brings a profit, but mere talk leads only to poverty.

Ephesians 5:15-16 Be very careful then how you live, not as unwise but as wise, making the most of every opportunity.

Proverbs 10:4 Lazy people are soon poor; hard workers get rich.

2 Thessalonians 3:12 Such people we command and urge in the Lord Jesus Christ to settle down and earn the bread they eat.

Proverbs 6:6-8 Take a lesson from the ants, 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.

1 Thessalonians 4:11-12 Make it your ambition to lead a quiet life, to mind your own business and to work with your hands, just as we told you, so that your daily life may win the respect of outsiders and so that you will not be dependent on anybody.

Exodus 31:3 I have filled him with the Spirit of God, with skill, ability and knowledge in all kinds of crafts.

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.