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The Storyteller

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The Kingdom of Heaven

Four weeks ago we did the parable of the leaven, and upon arriving home, Joel (7) asked me, "Why don't I have any parables in my room?" Later that week I made him his own small version of the parable of the leaven.

When I brought that home for him, Hailey (9) asked, "Can I make a parable?" Thinking she meant one of the guiding parables, I asked which one she wanted me to copy and reduce so she could make one for herself. She said, "No, I mean, can I make a parable about what I think the kingdom of heaven is like?" I thought for a moment, and said, "Well, Jesus isn't the only one who told parables, so, yes, you can make a parable." I thought she'd spend a little time on it, and then move on to something else, as she often does. And she did work on it for about 1/2 an hour.

About a week later, Joel ran upstairs at the start of our family prayer time and brought down his parable, saying he wanted to tell us a story. Afterwards, Hailey said, "Mom, in my parable I can't say 'Once there was someone who did such amazing things . . . ' because this is a parable I'm making up, not one Jesus said. What can I do?" So we talked about other options, like "Once there was a girl."

Another week passed, and Hailey asked if I could PLEASE bring home an envelope box and some wrapping paper for her parable. She said she thought green paper would be good, since it wasn't a parable of Jesus, and

couldn't be gold. Again, I kind of delayed, thinking this would pass (also because I kept forgetting to bring those things home!).

This past Sunday, Hailey met me at the door of the education area, and together we went to the resource room, finding green craft paper, and a small envelope box, as well as some white cardstock. With her permission, I'm copying the text of the parable she wrote.

"Once there was a man who did such amazing things and said such wonderful things that people began to follow him.

One day, a girl who followed him made a parable to show what she thought the kingdom of heaven was like.

She said, "The kingdom of heaven is like a woman, who found a stone with blood on it.

She took a paintbrush and a piece of paper, and began to paint with the blood.

But the painting did not come out all red, as she had expected, but also had streaks of other colors. She hung the painting in her house.

-Cindy Spencer



Life must be lived and curiously kept alive. One must never, for whatever reason, turn his back on life.

-Eleanor Roosevelt