



THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES

A STORY



An old man sat in his rocker day after day.

Fixated in his chair, he promised not to remove himself from this spot until he saw God.

On one fine spring afternoon, the old man rocking in his chair, relentless in his visual quest of God, saw a young girl playing across the street. The little girl's ball rolled into the old man's yard. She ran to pick it up and as she bent down to reach for the ball, she looked at the old man and said, "Mr. Old Man, I see you every day rocking in your chair and staring off into nothing. What is it that you are looking for?"

"Oh, my dear child, you are yet too young to understand," replied the old man.

"Maybe," replied the young girl, "but my momma always told me if I had something in my head I should talk about it. She says to get a better understanding. My momma always says, 'Miss Lizzy share your thoughts.' Share, share, share, my momma always says."

"Oh, well, Miss Lizzy child, I do not think you could help me," grunted the old man.

"Possibly not, Mr. Old Man, sir, but maybe I can help just listening."

"All right, Miss Lizzy child, I am looking for God."

"With all due respect, Mr. Old Man, sir, you rock back and forth in that chair day after day in search of God?" Miss Lizzy responded, puzzled.

"Why, yes. I need to believe before my death that there is a God. I need a sign and I have yet to have seen one," said the old man.

"A sign, sir? A sign?" said Miss Lizzy, now quite confused by the old man's words. "Mr. Old Man, sir, God gives you a sign when you breathe your next breath. When you can smell fresh flowers. When you can hear the birds sing. When all of the babies are born. Sir, God gives you a sign when you laugh and when you cry, when you feel the tears roll from your eyes. It is a sign in your heart to hug and to love. God gives you a sign in the wind and in the rainbows and the change in the seasons. All of the signs are there, but do you not believe in them? Mr. Old Man, sir, God is in you and God is in me. There is no searching because he, she or whatever may be is just here all of the time."



With one hand on her hip and the other hand flailing about the air, Miss Lizzy continued, “Momma says, ‘Miss Lizzy, if you are searching for something monumental, you have closed your eyes because to see God is to see simple things, to see God is to see life in all things.’ That is what Momma says.”

“Miss Lizzy, child, you are quite insightful in your knowledge of God, but this that you speak of is yet not quite enough.”

Lizzy walked up to the old man and placed her young childish hands over his heart and spoke softly into his ear. “Sir, it comes from in here, not out there,” pointing to the sky. “Find it in your heart, in your own mirror. Then, Mr. Old Man, sir, you will see the signs.”

Miss Lizzy, walking back across the street, turned to the old man and smiled. Then, as she bent down to smell the flowers, she shouted, “Momma always says, ‘Miss Lizzy, if you are looking for something monumental, you have closed your eyes.’”¹

🏠 **Dee Dee Robinson**

SONG OF THE BIRD

YOU ARE WHAT YOU THINK!

A man found an eagle’s egg and put it in a nest of a barnyard hen. The eagle hatched with the brood of chicks and grew up with them. All his life, the eagle did what the barnyard chicks did, thinking he was a barnyard chicken. He scratched the earth for worms and insects. He clucked and cackled. And he would thrash his wings and fly a few feet in the air.

Years passed and the eagle grew very old. One day he saw a magnificent bird above him in the cloudless sky. It glided in graceful majesty among powerful wind currents, with scarcely a beat of its strong golden wings. The old eagle looked up in awe. “Who’s that?” he asked. “That’s the eagle, the king of the birds,” said his neighbour. “He belongs to the sky. We belong to the earth - we’re chickens.” So the eagle lived and died a chicken, for that’s what he thought he was.

🏠 **Anthony DeMello**

¹ Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen (1995) *A 2nd Helping of Chicken Soup for the Soul*, Health Communications, Inc., Florida