

A little girl and love

After several oppressive hot days the writer of this story welcomed a cool evening. Each day we all read about or witness happenings that can either shake our faith in human nature or possibly do just the opposite. What I saw at twilight of that recent evening affected me even more than the welcome cool breeze. I sat on the porch step of an Amish house with my friend who lived there. We were watching a two year old girl and her red haired brother play with a toy wagon that had no box and only three complete wheels. I could not help but see the happy look on their faces and think of the fortune that many spend on all kinds of contrivances in an effort to produce the same effect. Little brother, who I'm sure Mary looked on as big brother even though he was only two years older than she, was pulling the wagon when Mary tumbled on the stones of the driveway. The pacifier which she was gradually learning to do without fell into the dirt. Mary started to cry. Little brother then helped her up, dusted her off and calmed her. He picked the pacifier up, wiped it off and placed it back in Mary's mouth.

Mary stopped crying and both went back to playing with their rickety toy wagon as if nothing ever happened. However something had happened. An old man had just seen a remarkable occurrence. I told Emanuel, the father, what a simple act of love we had just witnessed. Love that I do not believe can be taught but lies somewhere buried in mankind. How fortunate the world would be if all of mankind could bring forth even a small portion of the love shown by those two small children.

Skip Barshied, Stone Arabia, July 21, 2013