

God's Kids

You might begin by saying something like, "Stewardship is taking care of God's stuff God's way, and the one thing that's more important to God than any other thing in the whole universe is His children. When we serve God by giving faithful service to our fellow human beings, everybody is blessed. Today's story is about a girl who wants to take care of God's kids (even grown-ups!) God's way.

This story is suitable for children of any age.

"Mom, is it true that you're God's kid, even if you are old?" asked Lisa.

Mom laughed. "Well, I might seem old to you, but you know, God lives forever! To Him I'm practically a baby! And yes, I'm His kid. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Miss Gina was saying that one way to be a good steward—wait, do you know what a steward is, Mom?"

"I think so, but why don't you tell me, just in case I've forgotten?"

"Stewardship is taking care of God's stuff God's way. And Miss Gina was saying that one way to do that is to take care of God's other kids—which means everybody. Like, she said that even if you just smile at the lady who checks us out at the store, that's being kind, and it might help that lady. Maybe she's having a bad day, or she's tired, and you don't even know it, but your smile makes her happier."

"I think Miss Gina is exactly right," said Mom.

"Well, I want to take care of God's kids God's way," said Lisa. "And I think I have an idea, but I want to keep it a secret right now. May I go outside of our yard if I only go to the corner?"

"Yes, you may," said Mom. "Are you going to tell me your secret later?"

"Yep! I'll tell you and Daddy both at supper."

Lisa skipped out the door, smiling. She was pretty sure her idea was a really good one.

She walked to the house next door, where Mr. Barney lived. He was a funny old man, and sometimes grouchy, but Lisa thought maybe he was tired or had a bad day, like Miss Gina said. She rang Mr. Barney's doorbell.

The door opened. Mr. Barney looked like he hadn't combed his hair that day. "Yeah, what do you want?" he asked grumpily.

"Hi, Mr. Barney, did you know you're one of God's kids? Even though you're old, to God you're practically a baby!" said Lisa.

Mr. Barney's bushy eyebrows went almost up to his hairline. "Huh?"

"I want to take care of God's kids God's way," Lisa explained. "Is there something I can do for you?"

Mr. Barney scratched his head. It took him a minute to understand what Lisa meant, but finally he said she could take the broom on his porch and sweep the leaves off his walkway. While she was at it, Lisa took two newspapers that Mr. Barney hadn't yet picked up and put them on the porch.

When she left, she could see him looking through his curtains at her. Lisa waved.

The next house was Mrs. Waverly's house. She was really nice and had two cats that Lisa sometimes played with. "Hi, Mrs. Waverly, did you know you're one of God's kids?" Lisa asked.

Mrs. Waverly smiled. "I certainly am! And so are you!"

"Well, I want to help take care of God's kids God's way. Is there anything I can do for you today?"

"Well, how sweet, dear! As a matter of fact, I was just wishing I had someone to help me get these garbage bags into the big trash can, and wheel the can down to the curb. Do you think you could help me do that?"

Of course Lisa could help with that, and she did. The Carters weren't home at the next house, but Lisa saw that the little kids' toys were all over the yard, so she picked them all up and took them to the porch. She smiled to herself when she imagined their surprise. Doing things secretly was even more fun!

There was only one more house before the corner, and Lisa had promised not to go farther than that. She knocked on the door of the house and waited for Aunt Louise to answer. Aunt Louise wasn't really anybody's aunt, but that's what everybody in the whole neighborhood called her.

The door opened slowly, and Aunt Louise looked out. She smiled at Lisa, but Lisa thought her eyes looked kind of red. "Are you sick, Aunt Louise?" she asked.

"No, honey, I'm not sick. I'm kind of busy, though, so what do you need?"

"Maybe I can help, if you're busy," said Lisa. "I'm going around finding ways to help take care of God's kids God's way. Did you know you're one of God's kids?"

To Lisa's surprise, Aunt Louise started to cry! She put a wadded up tissue to her face.

"What's the matter, Aunt Louise? Do you want me to get my mom?"

Aunt Louise sniffed and wiped her eyes. "No, I don't need your mom, but thank you. Tell you what—why don't you sit down here on the porch swing with me for a while. Do you have time to do that?"

"Of course," said Lisa.

She and Aunt Louise sat on the bench seat of the porch swing and Lisa rocked them slowly back and forth with her feet.

"Now, then, dear, tell me why you think I'm one of God's kids," said Aunt Louise, crumpling her tissue the way Lisa did sometimes, when she was upset.

"Oh, I know you are! Everybody is!" Lisa said eagerly. "Even when we're really old, God lives forever, so we seem like little babies to Him. He loves us all, and He wants us to take care of each other! That's what I'm doing today. Mom said I could go to the corner, so you're my last house. If you're really busy, I could help you." She looked up at Aunt Louise's sad face.

"Well," said Aunt Louise slowly, "I'm not really busy. I just didn't want to tell you I felt so sad and lonely today. Did you know that there are some days when grown-ups don't feel like they are God's kids?"

Lisa shook her head. "No, I didn't know that. Why?"

"Well, you know, sometimes we do things we wish we hadn't done, or say things we wish we hadn't said."

"Oh, you mean bad things?" Lisa asked. "I do bad things sometimes, but my mommy and daddy still love me. I'm still their kid. You just have to say you're sorry, that's all."

Aunt Louise was crying again, but she was smiling, too. "What do your mommy and daddy do when you say you're sorry?"

"They hug me real tight and tell me they love me!" said Lisa. "And I promise not to do it again."

Aunt Louise gave a big sigh. Then she turned toward Lisa. "Well, in that case, I know just how you can help me. You know, since Jesus went back to heaven, the only way He can hug us is through other people. Do you think you could give me a big hug?"

Lisa gave her a really tight hug. Then she said, "Just tell God and the other person you're sorry. And promise not to do it again."

"I will," promised Aunt Louise. "And thank you so much, Lisa. You've done a wonderful job of taking care of God's kids today!"

"Are you sure there's nothing else I can do for you?"

"No, nothing right now. It's getting close to supper time. You'd better go home now. Tell your mother I'll call her, okay?"

"Okay!" Lisa skipped toward home. She would have lots of good stories to tell Mom and Dad tonight!

Thought Question: How can you help take care of God's kids God's way? Remember not to do what Lisa did unless you know all the people you go to, as she did.

Taking Care of God's Stuff God's Way by Debbonnaire Kovacs pp. 65-68