

Gloves for a Shepherd

By Sara K., age 12, Utah, USA



Mom whispered, "That little boy doesn't have any gloves."



It was the annual live Nativity. You could walk around and see people dressed up like the Wise Men, shepherds, and Mary with Joseph and the Baby.

We walked over to see the shepherds. The youngest was no more than five, and he was standing by his father. He had his hands clamped tightly together.

My mom came up to me and whispered, "That little boy doesn't have any gloves. Would you like to give him one of yours?" I looked down at my hands that were double gloved. If I took one layer off, my hands would get cold. I swallowed, took off the best pair, and followed Mom back to the fire.

"Here," my mom said to the boy's father. "Some gloves

to keep his hands warm." She slid the gloves onto the boy's hands.

"Thank you," the boy's dad said. "We will get them back to you."

"Oh, you can keep them," Mom said as she took my hand. We walked to a big barn where the woman playing the role of Mary stood.

Mary said, "These feet will walk on water, these hands will heal a blind man and raise a child from the dead, and then these hands and feet will be nailed to a cross to pay for our transgressions."

I looked at the baby representing Jesus in her arms and his tiny hands holding her finger. I looked at my own hands in a worn pair of gloves. I thought of the little boy's hands with my perfect pair of gloves. Then I smiled to myself. I was glad I had given him my gloves, because I didn't know what his hands would do someday. They might not do the same things that Jesus did, but his hands would do something good. The least I could do was help keep them warm. ◆



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