

Little Helping Hands

By Rosalice de Araujo Scherffius

One beautiful spring day, I heard a knock at my front door—then another and another. It sounded like the knocks came from little hands.

Dropping a basket of clean laundry on the couch, I opened the door. There stood Wade, Savannah, Mace, and Zane. At once they began showering me with questions: “Is it OK if we pull the weeds in your garden?” “May Mom and Dad trim your bushes?” “What color are your favorite flowers?”

For a moment I stood there speechless. Then I asked, “Would you like to come in to visit?”

The children smiled up at me. “Oh, no,”

they said. “We’re not here to visit. We’re here to help you!”

The children showed me the tools they had brought. “May we get started?” they asked. “We will be careful of your purple flowers.”

Soon eight little helping hands were busy at work as four happy voices filled the air. All day long they worked, pulling weeds and planting flowers.

What a beautiful example of love and service those children set for me. I will always remember their kindness—and the gorgeous marigolds they planted in my garden with their little helping hands. ♦

