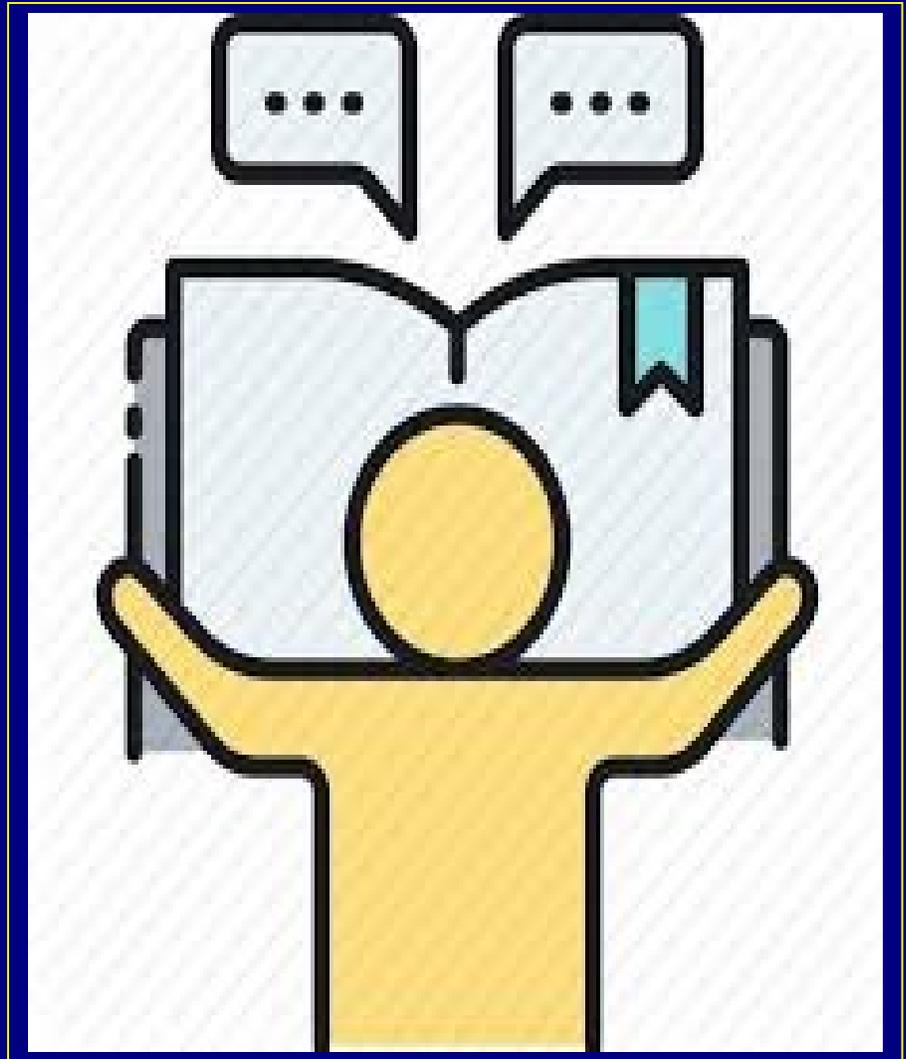


The Storyteller

*The
Little
Beggar
Boy*



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Introduction

This is the story of a “Storyteller” who was accustomed to spinning a yarn now and then when the mood struck him. He loved to tell a tall tale about a far away land or a king that lived in a castle. He could also make up stories about the war, the politics of the day and even animals.

Morality was his virtue and his lifestyle. He never scared the children with spooky tales. His stories were wholesome and ended on a happy-go-lucky note.

His passion for good stories often got him in trouble with the town’s folk because they wanted horror stories that ended in tragedy. However, the Storyteller did not give in to their demands and kept on with making people feel good about life and themselves.

The Making of A Story

One day, in the month of May, when the sky was blue and a gentle breeze refreshed the air, the storyteller decided to spin a yarn. He said to himself, “It’s time for a tall tale.” He knew some folks would shake their heads and walk away. He also knew they’d be curious enough to listen for a while to hear what the storyteller would say.

So the storyteller sat down to think. He had to make up a story that would be just right. Maybe a little intrigue or possible romance would do the trick. How about a mystery? That is always good. He knew that there would be those that simply had no ears to hear and no eyes to see. They just wanted

sad stories so they could wallow in their own sorrow. So he decided to speak to them in riddles so they would not understand the moral of the story.

The Town Square Incident

Upon arrival at the town square, where all the other stories were told, the storyteller fell into the shouting and jeering of several protesters. They even carried signs saying things like, “No more morality”, “We want Spooky”, “Go Back To Happy Town.” They circled the storyteller and chanted, “We Want Spooky!” We Want Spooky!”

Finally, the officials of the town stopped the protest and allowed the storyteller to speak. So the storyteller spoke up loud and clear saying, “Why does sadness rule your day? Why do you crave scary tales? Who has captured your hearts that you should follow such things?”

The Call For Story

“Gather around”, said the storyteller. “I am going to spin a yarn that will bless your soul, tickle your fancy and spark your imagination.” “Come one, come all” cried the storyteller. “It’s time to be encouraged in your faith.”

And they came to the square, the elderly, the children, the mothers and the dads to hear what the storyteller would say. Then hecklers mixed in to the crowd and began their previous chant, “We want spooky!” “We want spooky!” The crowd quickly joined in the chant. Then they began to just shout, “Spooky, Spooky, Spooky”

The Calm Before The Storm

After a while, the crowd slowly quieted down and the Storyteller began to spin his yarn.

“Now I am going to tell you a story about a boy that came straight out of Hell. That’s right, straight out of the flames of sorrow and despair. This is what you asked for...stories of terror, evil and sadness. So hang on to your hat for this is a story you’ll want to hear.

The Little Beggar Boy

See with me a rich man with plenty of money, power and fame. Then see the little beggar boy crying at his gate for even a crumb of bread. Herein are many sorrows that prevail in life.

You all cried for a sad story. How am I doing? Are you feeling sad? Can you identify with the little beggar boy? Does it make you laugh to hear about the rich & powerful as they ignore the plight of the less fortunate?

Well guess what? My little beggar boy needs no pity. He is about to discover the secret of life. Every morning he looks to others to meet his daily needs. The expectation of others drives his train and it's going nowhere fast.

One day while he was sitting at the rich man's gate, he saw a car drive up to the gate and a nice old man stepped out and asked the little beggar boy to help him with a delivery. He was happy to help and climbed into the nice man's car.

The Ride of A Lifetime

The nice old man backed away from the rich man's gate and kicked it into high gear. Suddenly, the car soared into the air and then shot straight up into the clouds. The little beggar boy was amazed and very excited. He could see the world all around him even the rich man's house that looked very small from so high up. Soaring across the heavens was the order of the day.

The little beggar boy was no longer weary and tired of life. He saw the beauty of God's creation and danced with the sparrows that flew by. He realized that life was more than what he would eat and what he would wear. Begging for food and hoping for a rich man's handout seemed to drift far behind him.

His dependence for life shifted from people to his Heavenly Father. He thought to himself, "If God can create all that I can see and take care of the birds that fly by, surely He can take care of me."

Fear and sorrow left the little beggar boys heart. They had no right to stay because the little beggar boy realized that there was a new and living way to

think and live. Now, for the first time ever, the little beggar boy called on God and was thankful for His loving care.

The Nice Old Man & The Delivery

Now the nice old man dressed in all white and sported a salt & pepper beard. He looked over at the little beggar boy and said, “Are you there yet?” “There”? Said the little beggar boy. “Oh yes” Said the nice old man. “I can see it on your face. We have arrived.” “We have” Said the little beggar boy. “Where have we arrived”?

“Well” Said the nice old man. “We are in a whole new perspective. The world is beautiful. The day is brighter and God is our refuge and source of strength. You have arrived, my little friend and that completes our journey. It is well with your soul.”

Then the car came to an abrupt stop near a big city full of opportunity. The little beggar boy was delivered from his negativity and began his walk with God into many tomorrows.

The Crowd’s Response

Now the crowd had no ears to hear. They wanted blood and guts. They began to boo and shout at the storyteller for not telling them a story with sex, killing and hate. Their hearts were darkened and their minds closed to the good things in life. Their perspective was selfish and crass. But the storyteller went on with his story anyway.

The little beggar boy grew up and studied hard and trusted in God to help him along the way. He made it big becoming a teacher of children. Over the years, he taught his students to think positive thoughts, always say their prayers and trust in the Lord. He pointed the way to true success. It was not lots of money, great power or fame. It was allowing Jesus to be Lord and Savior and listening to the voice of His Holy Spirit. This is what brings true success. His motto was, “Happiness IS The Lord.” There was no substitute.

The rich man, that excluded the little beggar boy, lived long and prospered. However, the day came when he died and lifted up his eyes in Hell being in

tormented. The little beggar boy also lived a long life but he to died. He was immediately ushered into the presence of God by two angels.

One gained the entire world and lost his own soul. The other never got rich or became very powerful or famous but found himself in the divine destiny of almighty God.

Who then is wise enough to see life's hidden treasures?

“For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.” Matthew 16:25

