

The Flower's Thanks

On a clear hot day in August a thirsty little flower lay on the ground. The little flower became weak and needed water very much. She opened her mouth for rain, but no rain came.

Suddenly it became dark, because big clouds began to gather and to cover the face of the sun. From the dark clouds a flash of lightning jumped down. It started to thunder. Then it started to rain.

A few clear drops of rain fell at the root of the little flower. Soon the air was full of fresh raindrops.

All the plants started to drink the clear fresh water. The little flower also began to drink.

“Oh, how good this water is!” she cried. “I must thank the raindrops.” And so she lifted her voice and said, “Thank you, dear raindrops. You saved my life.”

But the raindrops replied, “Don't thank us. Thank the clouds. The clouds sent us to you.”

And so the flower lifted her voice again and said, “Dear clouds, I thank you for the raindrops. You saved my life.”

But the clouds answered, “You need not thank us. You must thank the sun and the wind. The sun wanted to help you, and so he gathered us from the sea. Then the wind carried us here in order to save you.”

She lifted her voice once more and said, “Good sun and wind, I thank you for the clouds and the rain. You saved my life.”

“Pretty little flower, you need not thank us. We — the sun, the wind, the clouds, and the rain — are God's gift!”

Therefore, the little flower lifted her heart and voice to God and said, “I thank you for all your good gifts.”