

Kaleidoscope Leaves

The trees were ablaze with red, yellow, and orange leaves. Against blue skies and white clouds, the trees were an eye's taste of Heaven. The squirrels, chipmunks, and birds scampered and hopped for joy on the branches, and the beautiful leaves danced along with them.

However, a sudden Northerly wind came up, and all the animals and birds scuttled and flew for cover. The leaves though, had nowhere to go, so they just clung to the trees. They held on as long as they could, but one by one they lost hold and broke off the branches to fall to the ground. As they fell, they called for their friends they had budded and grown to full leaf-hood with. But the wind whirled them wildly in all directions for a long time.

Finally, it stopped, and they finished falling and colliding, and settled down on the ground in piles. Then the friends started calling to each other again.

"Lief, where are you?"

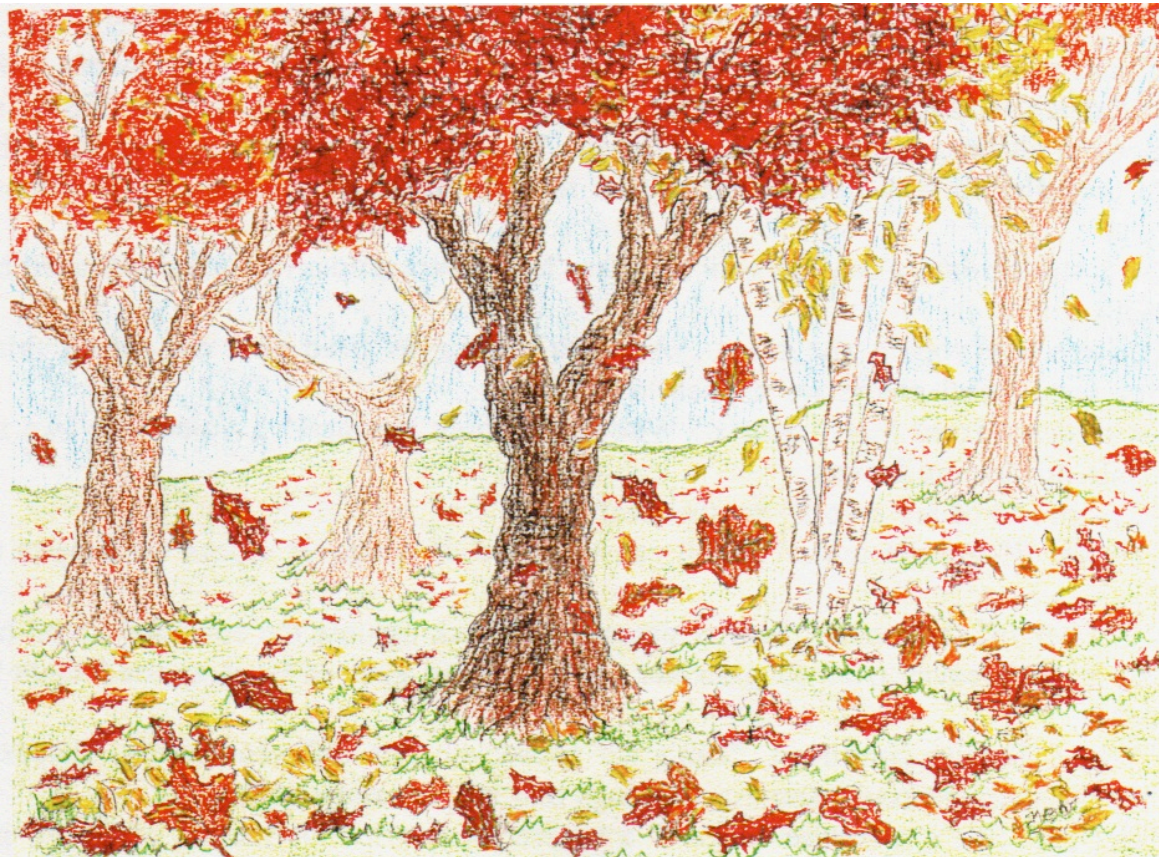
"Scarlet, Scarlet, please answer me!"

"Maple! Are you there?"

"Oakey, Oakey, if you can hear me, answer back!"

But it was useless. They couldn't find each other. Even if they had been able to, they couldn't have moved where they wanted to, without legs. So they had to stay where they had landed, unless the wind decided to whisk them up again and relocate them.

"Ooo, you're *orange*, little leaf. Move over! *I'm* a yellow leaf," said a birch leaf.



"Well get away from *me*, yellow leaf! *I'm* red. I belong with other red leaves," insisted an oak leaf.

"*You* get away from *us*. *We* belong with yellow leaves!" retorted an elm leaf.

"And *I* belong with other orange leaves," concluded a little orange maple leaf.

As much as footless leaves are able, they inched away from each other. Similar scenes took place in all the scrambled piles of leaves. They quarreled and fought because they all thought they should stay like they had been in their trees. This squabbling continued for days.

At last, one day, a red and gold sassafras leaf climbed up on a rock and braced herself against it.

"Listen everyone!" she cried. "Are you getting as tired as I am, of all this silly quibbling about what colors we happen to be?"

"Get down from there, Scarlet! Who do ya think you are!" a voice rose like smoke from a pile of burning leaves.

"*I'm* proud of *my* color!" another leaf said.

"So am I!" Scarlet said. "We all can be proud of whatever colors we happen to be. But . . ."

"Get her off that rock!" Scarlet pressed her back against the rock and stood tall. A bunch of matted leaves tried to grab her, but a strong gust of wind spurted them in all directions.

"Why," Scarlet continued, "can't we appreciate our different colors, shapes, and sizes? Maybe then we could appreciate things that are the *same* about us."

"Get her! She's a trouble-maker!" a tattered leaf cried. A mound of damp, moldy leaves tried to creep up the rock and capture her.

But the wind snatched Scarlet and carried her to a cloud of leaves, who laughed and danced in the swirling kaleidoscope of their colors.

"God saw all that He had made and it was very good." Genesis 1:31 NIV

"For everything God created is good." I Timothy 4:4 NIV

