



A snack waits on the table for a hungry boy. Caleb takes a big bite of cookie. *Mmm.* Soft chocolate chips melt in his mouth. He takes another bigger bite. *Crunch.*

Caleb wrinkles his nose. “Yucky,” he says to no one in particular. “I don’t like nuts in cookies.” He takes a big swallow of milk and a small bite of cookie.

Mama comes into the kitchen. She sees Caleb picking out the nutty bumps in his cookie.

“**C**aleb, did I hear you complaining about the cookies?” Mama asks. “Remember, it isn’t good manners to complain about the food you’ve been given. You may someday learn to like nuts.”

Then Mama smiles. “I won’t put nuts in the next batch of cookies,” she promises.

“Goody,” says Caleb, chewing carefully.





The last drop of milk is gone. Caleb looks through the bottom of his glass. Things look funny through the thick glass. He picks up another glass. Caleb uses his pretend binoculars to look out the window, just like Daddy does when he sees a deer or a strange bird.

Blink, blink, blink.

“Mama!” Caleb calls. “What is blinking red at Mr. and Mrs. Waverly’s house?”



Mama comes to look out the window.

What is wrong?" asks Caleb. "Did Mrs. Waverly fall and hurt herself?

Will Mr. Waverly have to go away?" Caleb is full of questions about his neighbor friends.

"I don't know," Mama answers, "but we can pray for them now."

The ambulance drives away, lights flashing. The siren shrieks. Mama and Caleb pray for Mr. and Mrs. Waverly.

The next day, Mama drives Mrs. Waverly to the hospital to see Mr. Waverly. Caleb tries to keep his little sister Danita quiet in her car seat. He wants to hear Mrs. Waverly telling Mama what happened.

“He fell near the top and tumbled all the way down the stairs,” explains Mrs. Waverly sadly. “Oh, I do hope he hasn’t broken too many bones.”

