

THE DONKEY'S EASTER TALE

The old donkey
was in his small stable.
The weather was very stormy
and such time always reminded



by Adele Colvin
illustrated by Peyton Carmichael



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In this inspired retelling of Biblical stories from Jesus' adult life, death, and resurrection, a humble donkey shares with his grandchildren his experiences as a servant of Christ.

After carrying Jesus into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, the frightened and faithful donkey stays by Jesus' side during the Last Supper, the evening in the garden of Gethsemane, and his crucifixion. A witness to the glorious miracle when Christ rose from the dead on Easter Sunday, the donkey spreads the love of God and his faith to his grandchildren, urging them and all Christian children to bring the good news of Jesus' love for all living things to anyone who will listen.



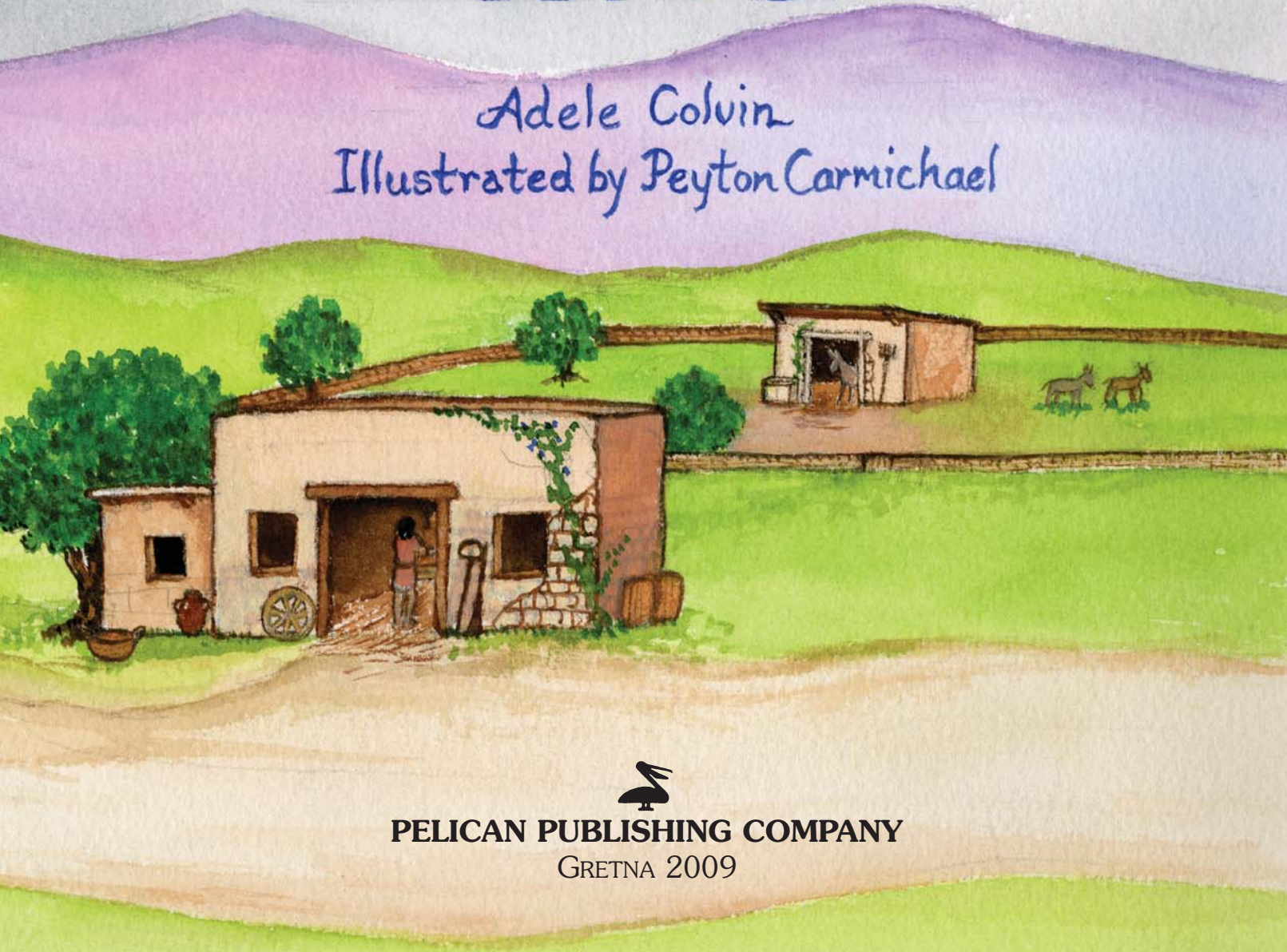
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*For Clay, Tyler, Sarah, Sam, Will, Leigh, and John
who show me the wonders of God's love everyday*
—Adele Colvin

For the five parts of my heart, Ansel, Winnie, John, Will, and Andy
—Peytie Carmichael

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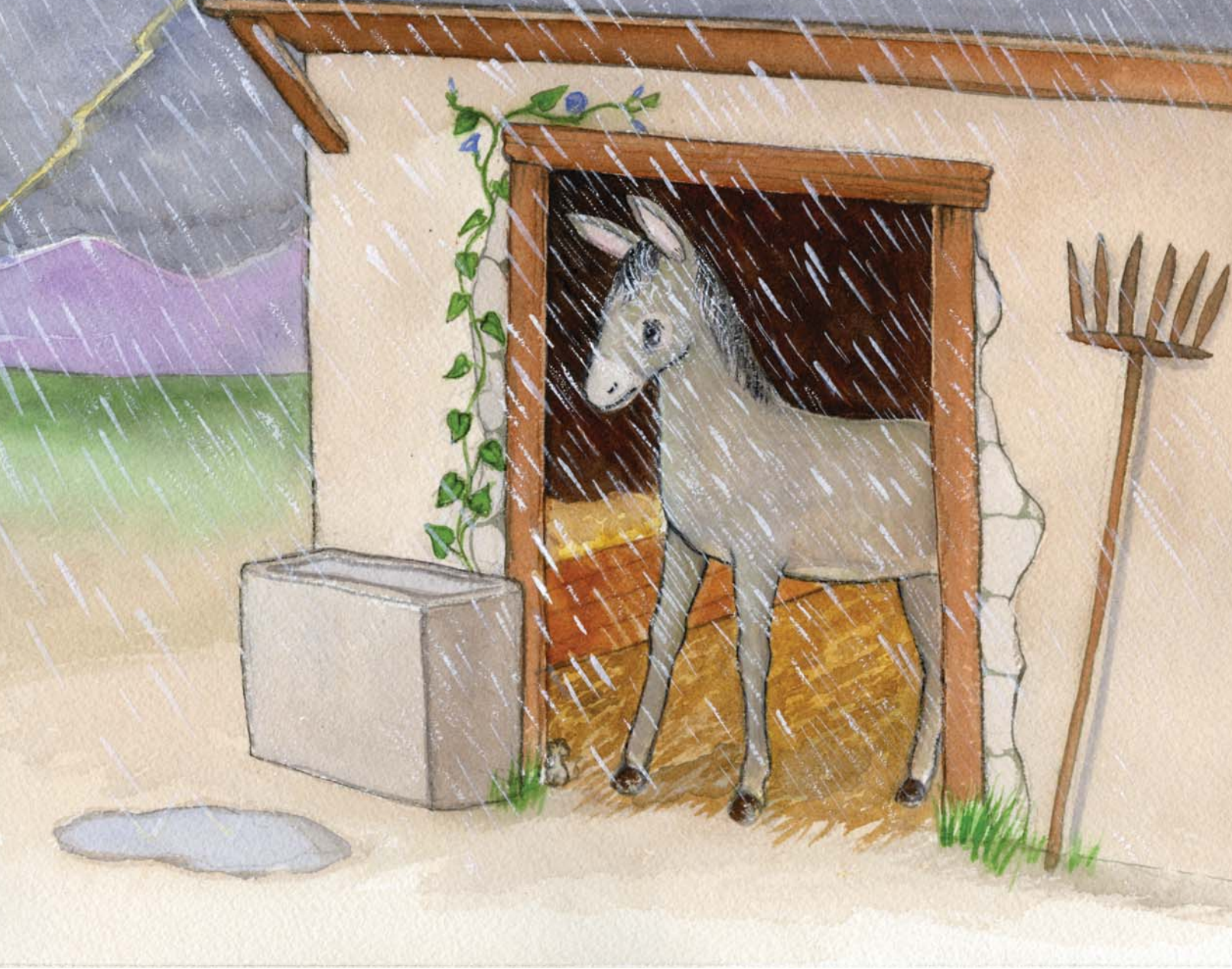
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The old donkey was in his small stable.
The weather was very stormy, and such
times always reminded him of a Friday
long ago.

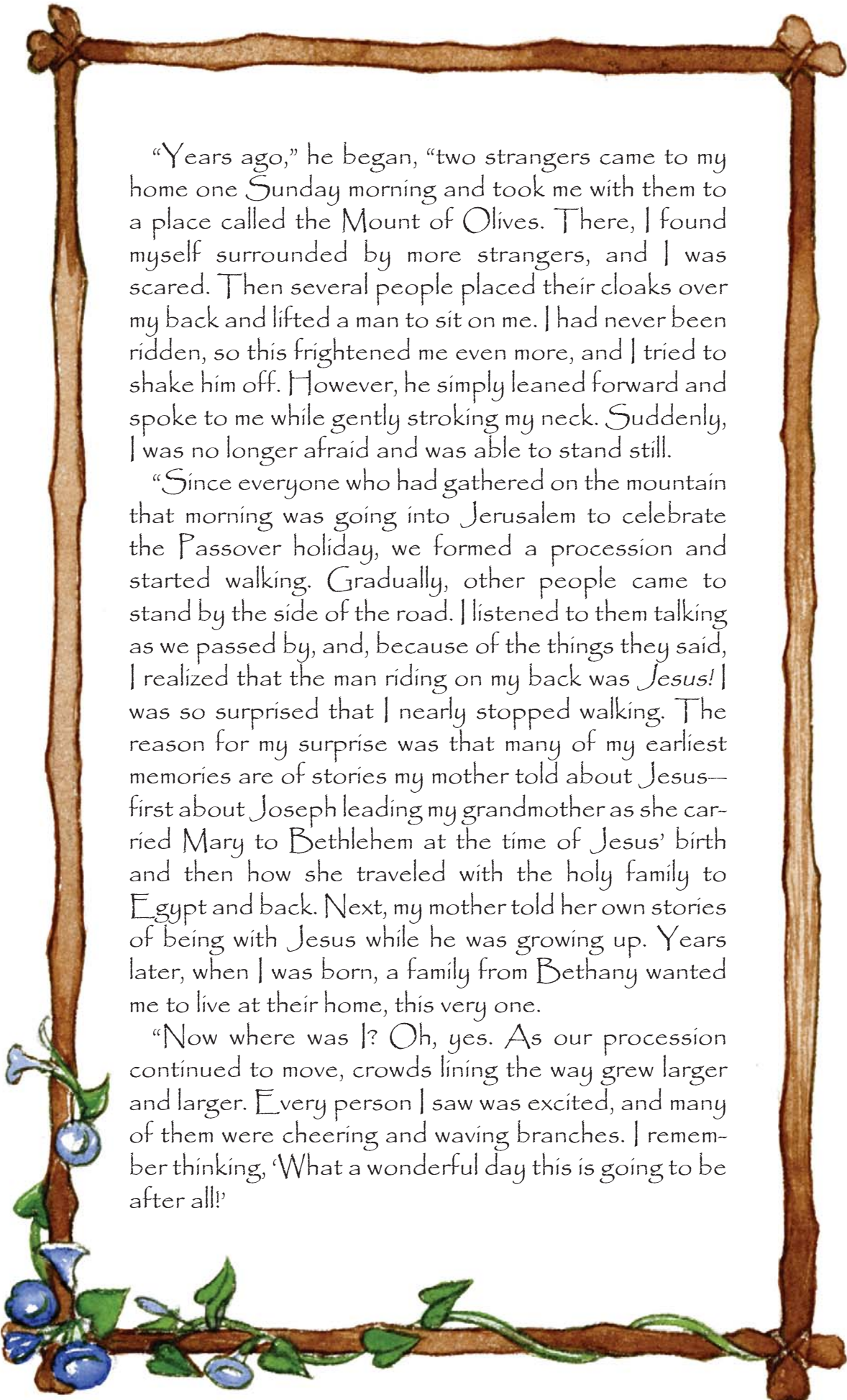




In the stable with him were his two grandchildren. The little donkeys hardly ever stayed in one place long enough to talk much with their grandfather. But today, he slowly went over to them and said, "Children, while the storm is keeping us inside, I want to tell you a story, one that you have never heard."

All three lay down on some straw, and with heavy rain hammering steadily on the roof, it might have been very easy for the young ones to fall asleep. However, the minute their grandfather started speaking, they knew they would listen to his every word.





"Years ago," he began, "two strangers came to my home one Sunday morning and took me with them to a place called the Mount of Olives. There, I found myself surrounded by more strangers, and I was scared. Then several people placed their cloaks over my back and lifted a man to sit on me. I had never been ridden, so this frightened me even more, and I tried to shake him off. However, he simply leaned forward and spoke to me while gently stroking my neck. Suddenly, I was no longer afraid and was able to stand still.

"Since everyone who had gathered on the mountain that morning was going into Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover holiday, we formed a procession and started walking. Gradually, other people came to stand by the side of the road. I listened to them talking as we passed by, and, because of the things they said, I realized that the man riding on my back was *Jesus!* I was so surprised that I nearly stopped walking. The reason for my surprise was that many of my earliest memories are of stories my mother told about Jesus—first about Joseph leading my grandmother as she carried Mary to Bethlehem at the time of Jesus' birth and then how she traveled with the holy family to Egypt and back. Next, my mother told her own stories of being with Jesus while he was growing up. Years later, when I was born, a family from Bethany wanted me to live at their home, this very one.

"Now where was I? Oh, yes. As our procession continued to move, crowds lining the way grew larger and larger. Every person I saw was excited, and many of them were cheering and waving branches. I remember thinking, 'What a wonderful day this is going to be after all!'



“Before too long, we arrived in Jerusalem and went straight to the temple. Well, you are *not* going to believe what happened next! Jesus got down off my back and began turning over money tables. Then, he sent the moneychangers and tax collectors away. There were angry people everywhere I looked, and I don’t mind admitting that they made me nervous.

“Jesus, however, wasn’t nervous at all. He kept on until he finished clearing those men out of the temple. You should have seen the shocked expressions on some of the priests’ faces when Jesus claimed they had turned his ‘Father’s house’ into a ‘den of thieves’!