

## **"A CHILD'S FAITH"**

*By Dr. Hoyt W. Allen, Jr.*

The following article came to me recently and I contended that I should pass it on. It has been slightly edited.

She was six years old, beautiful, brown-haired, freckle-faced and the image of innocence. She had been shopping with her Mother at the Mall.

It was pouring outside. The kind of rain that gushes over the tops of rain gutters, so much in a hurry to hit the Earth it had no time to flow down the spout. Drains in the nearby parking lot were filled to capacity and some were blocked so that huge puddles laced around parked cars.

We all stood there under the awning and just inside the door of the Mall. We waited, some patiently, others irritated... because nature messed up their hurried day. I am always captivated by rainfall. I get lost in the sound and sight of the heavens washing away the dirt and dust of the world. Memories of running, splashing so carefree as a child come pouring in as a welcome relief from the worries of my day.

Her voice was so sweet as it broke the hypnotizing trance we were all caught in. "Mom, let's run through the rain," she said. "What?" Mom asked! "Let's run through the rain!" she repeated. "No, honey. We'll wait until it slows down a little bit," Mom replied.

This young child waited about another minute and repeated, "Mom, let's run through the rain." "We'll get soaked if we do," Mom said. "No, we won't, Mom". "That's not what you said this morning," the young girl said as she tugged at her Mom's arm.

"This morning? When did I say we could run through the rain and not get wet?" "Don't you remember? When you were talking to Daddy about his cancer, you said, **If God can get us through this, He can get us through anything!**"

The entire crowd stopped dead silent. I swear you couldn't hear anything but the rain. We all stood silently. No one came or left in the next few minutes. Her Mom paused and thought for a moment about what she would say.

Now some would laugh it off and scold her for being silly. Some might even ignore what was said. But this was a moment of confirmation in a young child's life. A time when innocent trust can be nurtured so that it will bloom into faith.

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