

Blume's Garden Surprise

"Isn't the garden pretty today," Squeaky said, "I love to look at all the bright flowers and green leaves with busy beetles and ants running about among them."

"And the butterflies" said Hoppy. "It's such fun to watch them dipping and gliding between the flowers."



Blume sighed a big, sad sigh. "I wish I could see the garden" he said. "It's nice here in church and I know we have flowers every week, but the garden sounds so much more exciting."

Squeaky and Hoppy were very sorry to have made their friend feel sad. They began to think and think about how they could get Blume into the garden.

"We couldn't drag him through the hole we use to get in and out of the church because he's too big, and anyway he'd get all dirty" said Squeaky.

"And if we tried to carry him out through the door, people would see us" said Hoppy. Suddenly he had a brilliant idea. "We must get Blume down to the floor among the chairs" he cried. They pushed and carried him until soon Blume was leaning against a chair leg, wondering if he would ever see the beautiful church garden.

At that moment, Reverend Andrews came through the door whistling one of his favourite hymns and carrying a small table that had been borrowed from the church. He set it down, then took off his jacket and hung it on a chair because he was feeling very warm and he needed to move some of the chairs into a circle. As he worked, he mumbled to himself "What will I write my sermon about this week? I just can't seem to think of anything I really want to talk about. Well, I'll just have to sit in the garden for a while and hope some ideas come to me."

"Oh" said Squeaky. "Quick, Hoppy, help me get Blume into the minister's jacket pocket".

They pushed Blume away from the chair leg and carefully lifted him up to the pocket that was hanging down near the floor. A good push, and he was inside with only his tail dangling out, but there was no time to push that in too because Reverend Andrews had finished moving chairs and was striding over to get his jacket. He swept it over his arm while the two little mice hid behind the chair legs, and hoped that he wouldn't see Blume's tail. Out of the church he went, whistling again, past the garden and into his study to fetch paper and pens to write his sermon with.

"I wonder", he said to himself, "should I leave my jacket in the office or will I feel cool? There is a bit of a breeze. Perhaps I'll just take it with me in case I need it." He strolled into the garden where he sat on the bench, stretched his legs out in front of him and draped his jacket over the back of the bench. Poor Blume was upside down in the jacket pocket in the dark, with his tail hanging out.

"Goodness, what's this?" said Reverend Andrews, suddenly noticing a bright blue tail hanging from his pocket. He reached inside the pocket and pulled out Blume. What a surprise he got! "However did he get in there?" exclaimed the minister. "Well, now that he's here, he can sit beside me to keep me company while I try to write my sermon."

Reverend Andrews sat Blume beside him on the bench and Blume at last could look out across the garden at the waving flowers and leaves and the busy insects. Oh it was



wonderful and he felt so happy. I think his happiness was so strong that even the minister began to feel it. "Ah," he said, "there's something about sharing a beautiful place with someone else that makes it twice as good. Even the first man, Adam, wanted someone to share the Garden of Eden with, so they say. Well, I can write my sermon about how we need good friends to share our joys and sorrows with, and how we in our church can be such friends to one another. Yes, that is what I'll write about."

Blume just sat and stared happily at the garden all afternoon, and when the minister carried him back into the church at tea time, he was all warm from the sun and

smelled of fresh air and flowers. Hoppy and Squeaky greeted him with delight and from then on they could all talk about the garden together.

When Reverend Andrews gave his sermon on Sunday, he placed Blume in front of him and smiled as he said "I had a little help writing my sermon this week from a friend who dropped by unexpectedly and shared a beautiful afternoon with me in the church garden."