



Daddy Prays for Mitten



Mitten lay in her bed. It was still dark outside, and everything in the house was quiet. She was cold. Her head hurt, her arms hurt—she hurt all over. Mitten began to cry. Mother and Daddy woke up. They thought they heard something. “I think it is Mitten,” said Mother. “I’ll go see what is wrong.” Mother went into Mitten’s room and turned on the light next to her bed. “Mitten, Mitten! What is wrong?”

“I don’t feel good,” said Mitten. “I am cold and my head hurts.” Mother held Mitten on her lap. “My,” said Mother, “you are as hot as a pancake. That is why your head hurts.” Mother asked Daddy to get Mitten’s fever medicine from the bathroom cabinet. Then he went to the kitchen to get Mitten a glass of water.

“Here,” said Mother. “Chew these up and drink some water.” Mitten obeyed.

Daddy looked at Mother, “You get some sleep. I’ll stay here and look after Mitten.” Daddy sat down on the bed and Mitten snuggled on his lap.

“I’m cold,” said Mitten.

Daddy reached down and pulled Mitten’s blanket over her. “Is that better?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Mitten as she laid her head against Daddy. Mitten felt very safe and loved when her daddy held her.

“Let’s pray and ask God to help you feel better in the morning.” Daddy closed his eyes and asked God to take

care of Mitten and to help her feel better soon. Daddy held Mitten for a

long time. When Mitten fell asleep, Daddy gently laid her down on her bed and covered her up.

“Daddy,” said Mitten.

“I’m still here,” Daddy said as he pulled a chair up beside her bed. He took her hand and told her he would stay with her for awhile to make sure she was all right.

Soon morning came. Mother went into Mitten’s room. Daddy was sound asleep in the chair and Mitten was wide awake. Mother put her finger up to her mouth to tell Mitten to whisper. “Do you feel better?” Mother whispered. Mitten smiled and nodded her head, then rolled over. Mother let them sleep awhile before she woke Daddy. “Mitten is doing better. Her fever must be down,” she told Daddy.

Daddy and Mother went out to the kitchen for some coffee. It wasn’t long before Mitten walked into the room. “Feeling better?” Daddy asked.

“Yes,” said Mitten, “God took care of me. I’m glad He answered your prayer.”

Ask these questions:

1. Who was sick? *Mitten*
2. Did Mother and Daddy take care of Mitten? *yes*
3. Who else takes care of us when we are sick? *God*