

The Kings' Decree

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Once upon a time, in a land far from here lived a king, his village folk and a castle so dear. Village life was simple. Not much room for lament. The folks were busy each day as they came and they went. They pushed and they pulled. They planted and plowed. They cleaned and they scrubbed. They hauled water for the cows.

This kingdom was simple. Our character list short. Just guards, the peasants, King Gracious and his court. The guards watched daily from the castle wall. The court dancers made processions for every castle ball. One morning King Gracious was troubled in thought. He went out to his garden to escape for a walk. He pondered in his wisdom how he could better lead, and encourage his people and fill every need. Then came an idea, a new law, and a decree. He'd proclaim it on Sunday at a quarter to three. With a scroll in his hand, he wrote down his new law. Then he checked it all over to see to no flaw. That very next Sunday, the kingdom gathered together. The trumpets were blowing, banners flew in the weather.

"On this day, to this people and throughout the land. I decree a new law. My village folk take a stand. All people must practice a new style of living. Perform acts of kindness. Increase in your giving. For all who will follow the kings' new decree, you surely will prosper and live joyfully."

That night as the village folk settled for bed, they planned and they dreamed about what had been said. Next morning at dawn, the village opened its' eyes. The air had new meaning. Kind acts on the rise. Housecleaning for free! What a celebrative sight. Bouquets of balloons. The village sparkled, delight! Food for the elderly. Gardens were raked. Baskets to shut ins. Cookies were baked. Bright little children, colored boxes in hand were serving and helping everywhere in the land. King Gracious, he watched, his heart pounding with glee. His dear precious villagers had heard the decree. Though in all the commotion, one house was forgotten. The tattered and torn house where the children were rotten. These children were rude. The ill-mannered sort. These mockers ignored the decree and the king and his court. They fought on the steps; hair and clothes were all cruddy. They frowned all the time. Their knees were all muddy. They did not practice kindness. They were mean as could be. They king was so sad. They ignored his decree. Days passed as the village bubbled over with joy Creative acts of kindness from each parent, girl and boy. But the tattered and torn kids would cheat, pout, and lie. Their health and lives suffered as more time went by.

Then one hopeful morning, one kingdom child's' inspiration, was to visit the torn house in kind expectation. A gift basket in hand and good faith in his heart, he knocked on the door of the house torn apart. A grouchy voice screamed, "What is it you need?" "Just bringing some kindness as the king decreed." Ten tattered children peered through broken glass and tile. One by one the dirty faces started to smile. With one little kindness, one brave hearted boy, showed the tattered and torn kids the beginning of joy. The king watched, contented, now glowing with glee. The color, the beauty, all from his decree. He announced for that evening, a splendid celebration and ball. Not one villager left out. He invited them all.

So practice you kindness.

May King Gracious you see.

May you live long and prosper.

May you know the decree!