One Boy's Donkey

Narrator: Our story is about a boy who was very fond of horses. He continually begged his father to

buy one for him. He wanted a horse so much, he saved every coin he earned to help pay.

One day, he believed he had saved up enough and went to his father.

Son: Father, I know horses cost a lot of money, but I think I have earned enough to buy one. See, I

have two denari already!

Father: Son, I'm glad you have the money, but I'm afraid that won't be nearly enough.

Son: Alright, I'll keep working then, I particularly like the kind of horse that the Roman soldiers ride

on.

Father: Keep working son, one of these days you will have your own special horse!

Narrator: The boy's father left the room with a mysterious smile on his face. Actually, he went to the

only stable in town that had horses for sale. When he arrived, he saw a nice young horse that

was just the right size for his son.

Stable Owner: No, no, this one is not for sale! I'm sorry. We don't have any more horses for sale. The

Roman governor bought all of them yesterday for his soldiers.

Father: Oh no, my son will be disappointed. I was planning on giving him a horse as a surprise

birthday gift.

Stable Owner: My friend, your son is too young even for a young horse like this. I tell you what. I have a

young donkey here that has never been ridden, but he is gentle and well behaved. My very own son took care of him as if he were a Roman soldier's horse. My son's too busy now working in the stables of the governor, so he can't take care of a donkey anymore. Maybe

your son would like him.

Father: I'm sure he would.

Stable Owner: I'll give it to you free if you're interested, but you must also agree to take the young donkey's

mother and care for her as well.

Father: Wonderful, thank you, I'll take them!

Narrator: The father looked at the young donkey, smiled, and talked to it as if the animal could

understand him.

Father: Hmmm, you're kind of plain looking, but hey, you're free! You'll do for a small boy. I should

save your first ride for my son. Let's go!

Narrator: With that, he walked along side the donkeys and headed towards home. When he arrived, he

proudly presented the young donkey to his son and explained how he once belonged to the

stable owner's son.

Son: (Whining) But it's not a horse father. How can I become a respected rider with a little donkey?

Famous people don't ride on a donkey.

Narrator: The boy walked away, broken-hearted. His father, feeling sad, spoke gently to the donkey.

Father: How can I make my son accept you? You're small and you have no experience. You look

timid, you look too friendly, you look sooh forget it.

Narrator: Then he tied the donkeys to a tree and went inside his house. Moments later he heard a

knock on the door and outside were two men. He let them in and talked to them. When they

left, he had a strange expression on his face.

Hours passed when suddenly his son came running up to the house with his friends. They all

had palm branches in their hands and were singing joyfully.

Son: Father, come with us! The King is here! Everyone is along the roadside waiting for him.

Father: What do you mean the King?

Son: Jesus, the King, remember? He is at the gate and everyone is rejoicing. Let's go and see

Him!

Father: Praise the Lord, He is coming! Let's hurry!

Narrator: Along the road, everyone was singing praises and waving palm branches. The children sang

loudly and everyone shouted...

Everyone: Hosanna! Hosanna! Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!

Son: Father, look! Jesus is almost here!

Father: Son, Look closely. Jesus is riding on a little donkey!

Son: (Sobbing with joy) Yes father, the King is riding on my very own donkey.

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