

VELVET, THE BUZZING BEE

High in the branches of a large tree was a hive of bees. All the bees were busy at work. They happily buzzed near and far as they searched for nectar, and continued to buzz merrily as they made honey.

Velvet was a little bee whose job was to help look for sweet flowers that she could suck the nectar from. She would then take the nectar back to the hive to use to make honey. One day, as she was flying about, she noticed a group of passing butterflies.

They're gorgeous! she thought. *Look at those beautiful wings, with so many different colors. I wish I were as beautiful as they are.*



Velvet felt envious of the pretty designs on the butterflies' large, colorful wings. She looked at her wings and thought they didn't look nearly as pretty. "Who would want to be a bee, anyway?" she muttered to herself.

Her friend, Leon, noticed that she was looking glum. "Why are you sad, Velvet?" Leon asked.

"It's nothing," she replied, and then flew off. She didn't want to tell Leon why she was feeling sad. *He'll probably just think I'm being silly,* she told herself.

For the rest of the morning, Velvet had a pout on her face. All the other bees wondered what was the matter with Velvet. Leon tried to cheer her up, but Velvet told him that she'd rather be left alone.



When the morning effort to gather nectar was over, the bees flew back to the hive, where they worked hard to store the nectar in the honeycomb. Velvet went about her duties gloomily; she didn't sing when the others sang, nor did she bother to talk with any of her friends.

At midday, they heard the sound of children laughing. Some of the bees went to the entrance of the beehive to see what was happening. At the base of the tree a family had gathered for a picnic. The mother was spreading out the blanket, the father was unloading the picnic basket from the car, and the kids were playing nearby.



Velvet decided to have a closer look, so she flew down from the hive, and sat on a branch. She watched the children play, and when the happy family sat under the shade of the tree to have their picnic, she flew closer to have a better look.

Just then the little boy saw Velvet. "Look, everyone, there's a bee!" he said pointing at Velvet. "I wonder if there's a beehive nearby."

"It's up in the tree, over there," said the father.

"I think bees look like little fairies in a striped costume," one of the little girls said.

"Did you know that the honey we eat on our morning toast comes from bees?" the father asked.

"Uh-huh!" said the little boy. "And the honey a bee gathers from different flowers can have its own unique taste depending on the types of flowers the bee visited."

"That's right," said the father. "God made each creature special and unique in its own way."



"I wish I could make honey," the girl said.

"Well, God gave that job to the bees," explained the father. "He made you just as you are, special in your own way too, with your gifts and talents."

Velvet thought on what the father had said. "I guess that means God loves me just the way I am," she said to herself. "And I'm special to Him. Thank You, dear God, for all the things I can do, and that I can be helpful, and make others happy too."

With her little prayer, Velvet went in search of Leon to apologize for being grumpy. Leon was happy to see his friend buzzing cheerfully again. He had always known she was special in her own way, and he was happy that she now knew that too!

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