

TALES OF FARM FRIENDS

# THE DONKEY RIDE

MY MOTHER'S FATHER ALWAYS KEPT A DONKEY STALLION ON HIS FARM. MY MOTHER, AND HER BROTHER AND SISTER, WOULD RIDE THE DONKEY. AS WITH ALL DONKEYS, HE WAS STUBBORN.



SOMETIMES TWO OR EVEN ALL THREE OF THEM WOULD TRY TO RIDE HIM AT THE SAME TIME, WHICH THE DONKEY ESPECIALLY DIDN'T LIKE!



BEHIND THEIR HOUSE WAS A STEEP HILL WITH A WINDMILL ON TOP. THE WINDMILL WAS USED TO DRAW UP WATER FROM A WELL. IT WAS ALSO USED TO CHARGE A STORAGE BATTERY THAT MY GRANDFATHER USED TO PROVIDE ELECTRICITY TO HIS HOUSE.

THE DONKEY DISCOVERED THAT WHEN HE WALKED UP THE STEEP HILL, THE KIDS COULDN'T KEEP THEIR SEATING AND WOULD SLIDE OFF. FIRST ONE, THEN THE OTHER, AND SOON HE HAD NO KIDS ON HIS BACK. SO FROM THEN ON, IF THEY HOPPED ON FOR A RIDE, HE HEADED FOR THE HILL.

It works every time!

HE COULD HAVE RESORTED TO BITING OR KICKING, WHICH DONKEYS ARE KNOWN TO DO. BUT INSTEAD HE OUTWITTED THEM.

"NOW MY HEAD WILL BE LIFTED UP ABOVE THOSE WHO PICK ON ME" (PSALM 27:6, PARAPHRASED).