

The

Christmas Kite

Thomas was excited. He had remembered to do his chores every day for a week, and now seven shiny stars were on his chore chart. These seven stars meant that his dad would buy the kite Thomas had been wanting for so long!

Father and Thomas put on their jackets and hats, and went to the toy store to purchase the kite. The kite was bright yellow with a picture of a brown and white eagle.





“Dad, can we fly it now?” asked Thomas eagerly.

Father smiled at Thomas. “Absolutely! Let’s go to Fair Garden Park, as there’s a big field there that will be perfect for kite flying.”

It had snowed a little the day before, but today the sky was bright, and a brisk breeze swayed the bare branches of the trees at the far end of the park.

Father held the body of the kite and gave the kite’s string to Thomas. Father told Thomas to stand farther away. “When I let go of the kite, run toward the wind, and don’t stop running until the kite is high up in the air.”

Father let go of the kite. Thomas ran and ran, the kite trailing behind him, and then with a *whoosh* the kite was swept into the sky.

Thomas stopped running. “Look, Dad! It’s flying!”

They watched the kite fly this way and that. Sometimes a stronger breeze would push the kite higher into the sky, and Thomas hung on to the roll of string tightly so that the kite would not fly away.





But then it happened! A strong wind swept the kite up and up! The wind jerked the kite's roll of string out of Thomas' hands! Father jumped to catch the kite's string, but the kite had been pushed very high by the wind—too high for Thomas or Father to grab hold of the string to get it back.

It was a sad boy who returned home with his father that day.

That night, as Thomas was getting ready for bed, he said, “Dad, I hope someone will find my kite.”

“We can pray that someone who has always wanted a kite will find it,” suggested Father.

“Maybe someone who needs an extra Christmas present!” added Thomas.

“Dear Jesus,” Thomas prayed, “I really liked that kite. But now it’s gone. Could You please help someone who needs it as a Christmas present to find it? Someone who has always wanted a kite? Amen.”

Thomas felt better. He knew that Jesus would answer his prayer.





It was Christmas Day, and Thomas thought that so far it had been the best Christmas yet. There had been a delicious Christmas breakfast, followed by opening the presents under the Christmas tree. And now he and his family were going to see the Nativity scene that had been set up at the entrance of Fair Garden Park.

As they arrived at the park, they saw that many other families had also come to look at the Nativity scene. And then Thomas looked up and saw it!

“Dad! Mom! Look! It’s my kite!”

“So it is!” said Father.

“And look, there’s a boy flying my kite.”

Father, Mother, Thomas, and older sister Kate watched as a boy flew Thomas’ kite. The boy looked so happy, and the boy’s father, who was standing next to the boy, looked very happy too.

“Dad, I think Jesus helped the kite fly to someone who really wanted a kite as a Christmas present.”

“I think you’re right,” agreed Father.

“That was very kind of you to pray that prayer,” said Mother.





“Merry Christmas,” said Thomas to the little boy and his father, as Thomas and his family passed them on the way to the Nativity scene.

“Merry Christmas to you, too!” said the little boy and his father to Thomas.

Thomas smiled. It really was the best Christmas yet.

The End

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