

The Harvest Festival



It's been good this morning. I like The harvest festival. It looks good and it smells good. All these flowers and the vegetables and the apples, pears and oranges. It's like going in to Tesco! I wonder if they've ever thought of holding the harvest service in Tesco? It would be much easier than bringing all the stuff in here!

It's especially good because Dad's here this morning and my cousin Gill. It's a pity I couldn't sit next to Gill. We did to start, but then we got the giggles about old Mrs. Matthews who sits next to Mum in the choir. Then Dad pushed me up and sat between us. Gill was at the end of the row and I had to sit on the inside. I couldn't see so well. I could just see the end of that whopper of a marrow; Mr. Bennett sent it - though he didn't come himself. I mean Mr. Bennett got Mrs. Bennett to bring it, he didn't push it out through the gate and tell it to come to Church. I'm glad I didn't think of that while I was sitting with Gill. She'd have laughed out loud.

Dad doesn't come to Church very often either. He did come at Christmas and he was supposed to come at Easter, but there was a fishing competition that day. He never likes to miss the Harvest Festival though. I think it's because Mum always brings things from the garden and he likes to come and see them on show. His beans and tomatoes are bigger than Mrs. Curtis' this year - that's what Dad said anyhow.

We've had a long service today. The Choir sang two anthems - that's what they call them on the programme - I thought they had something to do with chrysanthums - there's lots of those in the church. It's quite clever how they get them all wound round the stand thing they read the Bible from. And then all those gladdy things poking out between them.

I daren't look at Gill while the choir was singing. I know she wanted me to, especially when Mum had to hold Mrs. Matthew's sheet of music while she did her hat - it keeps slipping down over her eyes. I couldn't stop giggling myself. It would have been dreadful if I looked at Gill.

With all that singing I thought it would be a short talk this morning. It was a different man giving the talk He went on and on. It was all right to begin, but then it got boring. He told us all about how God cares for us and gives us all these good things to eat. He said we've all got too much and we should share it with all the poor and hungry people in the world. I don't mind sharing some things. They could have all our cabbages and beans for all I care. Most of the poor people have rice anyway. I prefer pasta.

The minister said God loves all the hungry people. He said Jesus told us God cares about every little bird. I like what Jesus says. I can understand it much better than what the minister says. I was thinking about that when I got the feeling Gill was trying to make me look at her. I was sure Dad knew, so I kept looking straight ahead. Then Gill was getting her head right down and looking at me over Dad's knees - almost like looking up into my face. I had to look. Gill was grinning and pointing. Then I noticed Dad was smiling at something. Then some of the people were laughing. I stretched my neck to see where Gill was pointing. The front row of the choir were all bunched up at one end of the pew - Mrs Matthew was almost sitting in Mum's lap. At the other end of the pew, among the books, was a little mouse, looking at them.

Then Mum got up in a panic. Mrs. Matthews fell back into the pew and her books crashed onto the floor. The noise made the mouse run away. He went straight across the front towards the preacher man. He looked frightened and got behind the table, but the mouse disappeared into the organ. The preacher didn't say much more after that. The minister got up to give out the last hymn and said. "Don't worry. We'll set a trap after the service. It will be all right for tonight's service."

The singing wasn't very good for the last hymn. I think everybody had their eyes on the table ! I did. I was thinking, how awful. That poor mouse. The minister's going to kill it. Why ? He hadn't done any harm. He made everybody laugh - which is more than the preacher did. If Jesus said God loves every little bird, surely he loves the mouse as well ? When I asked Dad why the minister wanted to kill the mouse, he just laughed and said, "We can't have mice running about in the Church."

That's why I've come back. Gill was busy chatting up Robert, while they were having drinks in the hall, so I slipped out. I've come in here to talk to Jesus. I can feel he's about. "Jesus, please help the hungry people, and the hungry birds and mice, - and please keep our mouse safe." - "and little mouse - if you can hear me, please eat up everything you want quickly and then go and live somewhere else. You're not safe in Church."