



Bare Tree and Little Wind

A STORY FOR HOLY WEEK

written by MITALI PERKINS
illustrated by KHOA LE

**SNEAK
PEEK**



**SAMPLE
ONLY**

**UNCORRECTED
PROOF**



date seed

date seed oil

date

date honey

flowers

frond

lulav



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WATERBROOK



For Quiet Man

BARE TREE AND LITTLE WIND

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He makes the winds His messengers.

—PSALM 104:4

The trees of the field will clap their hands.

—ISAIAH 55:12





Little Wind skipped through Jerusalem's palm trees.
His visit made their green fronds clap.
Little Wind took a bow.
"One day we will clap on our own," Tall Tree said.
"When?" asked Little Wind.
"When Real King comes," Tall Tree answered.



Little Wind tried to move her.
He puffed. "Where are your dates?"
She didn't stir. "Sold for honey."
He gusted. "Where are your seeds?"
She didn't budge. "Crushed for oil."
"And your fronds?" He was running out of breath.
"Used for a roof," she said.

Little Wind's next stop was Dead Garden.
Nothing grew there. Bare Tree stood
scarred with cuts and scrapes.
No fronds. No fruit. No flowers.

Panting, Little Wind whirled around her one last time.

A few leftover shreds fell off her trunk.

“Thank you,” Bare Tree said. “Those were itchy.”

She’ll never clap, Little Wind thought.

Not even if Real King comes.





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