

The Suitcase

A STORY ABOUT GIVING

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ILLUSTRATED BY
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The Suitcase: A Story About Giving

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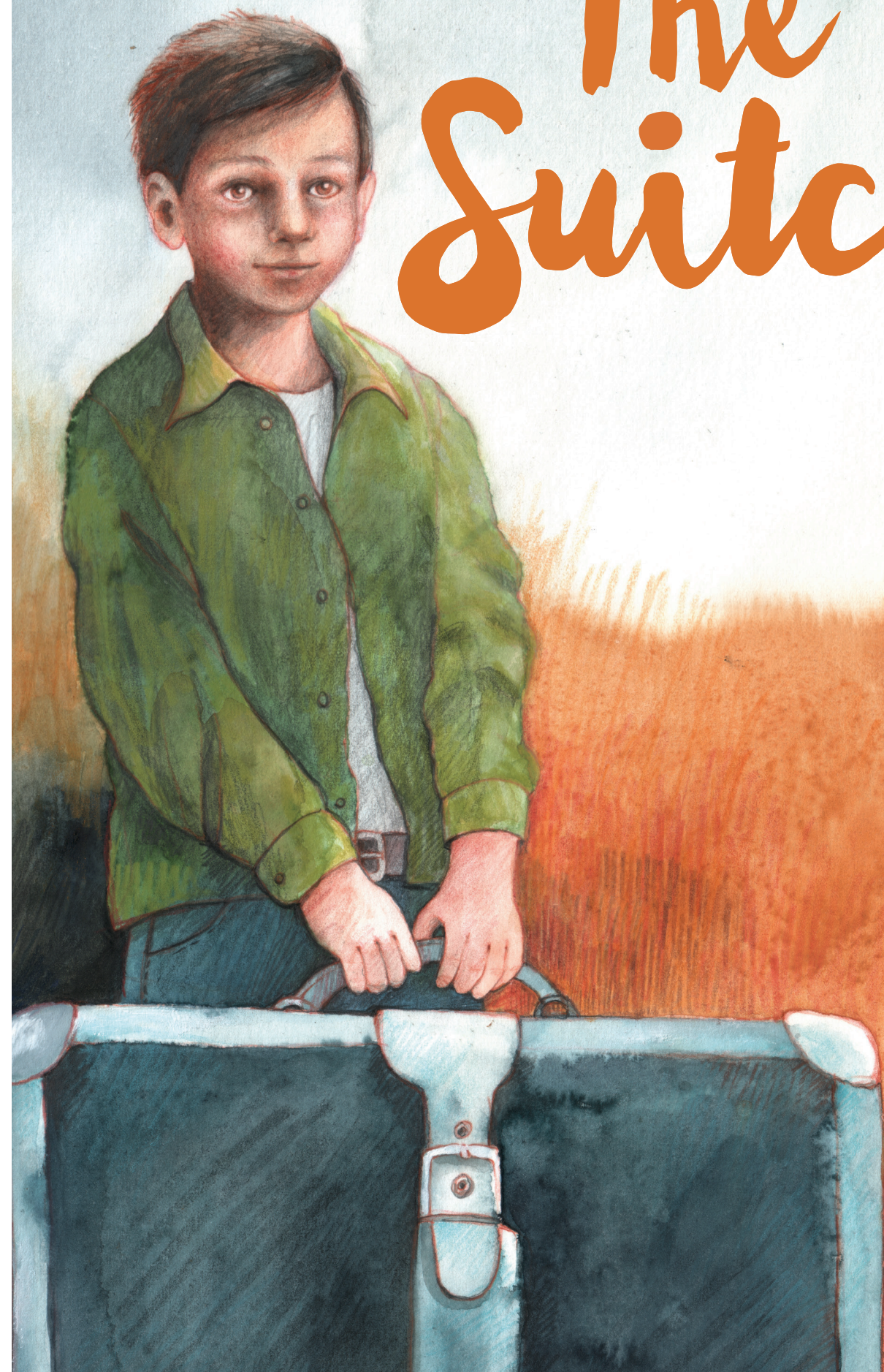
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The Suitcase



He was maybe just a little bit different, this child named Thomas.
He loved to spin in wobbly circles for hours while reciting the
alphabet.



Every morning he would interview his pet goat, Greta, about her diet. Did she eat enough grass and weeds and wildflowers the day before? Did she find the mashed carrots and beets delectable? Might she want another taste of his little sister's socks?



And after lunch he would line up all of his blocks—one after another—along the floor. They would stretch from his room down the hallway, through the family room, out the back door and down the steps, across the patio, and finally they would run out when he reached the garden path that led to his favorite bench in the back.







One Sunday, after returning from church, Thomas was being his typical unusual self, chattering and wandering through the yard, and in and out of the house; he even made a trip to the chicken coop.



But when he showed up for dinner with a suitcase in hand, well, that was new. Up popped little invisible question marks over everyone's heads. Over Ava's head. Over Mama's head. Over Daddy's head. Over Charlotte's head. There was even a question mark right above Sparky's head.

