

Accepting the Syrup by Kara Siert, Age 9, July 2005

You may wonder what syrup has to do with Christianity. “This author is certainly a strange one,” you might think.

But surprisingly, syrup has a lot to do with becoming a Christian. And this is why.

When I was nine and a half years old, I was living in England. It was the 14th of July in the year of 2005. There was a playground right outside my house and I was playing there with my friend, Ashlynn, when my mother found a bee.

We had watched a Moody Science Video about bees. It said that bees only take enough honey from the hive to get to a certain place and back. No more, no less. Or *hopefully*, no less. The Moody video said that sometimes the bees don’t take the exact right amount of honey.

The bee on our playground was bright black-and-yellow and was struggling along among the grass, fluttering its wings here or there, trying to fly but only succeeding in reaching two or less inches and falling back down.

“Oh, poor thing!” I cried. Ashlynn agreed.

That year we were in to naming things, even bees. “I want to name him Jackie,” I informed my friend.

“But we already picked out a name for bees,” Ashlynn argued, “It’s Bee-Bee, remember?”

“Yes, but Jackie can be a girl *and* a boy’s name,” I said. Finally, we agreed that the bee’s name could be Bee-Bee Jackie Junior York Siert. “It will just have to have two last names,” I decided. Ashlynn nodded. By then, our bee, Bee-Bee, was still struggling along.

“Mom, can’t we get it some syrup?” I asked, “We have maple syrup, *pure* maple syrup. We gave some kind of corn syrup to that butterfly in New Mexico, remember?”

There was a large black dog that was sniffing around the playground fence. I didn’t take a particular liking to dogs, especially big ones.

“We’re coming with you,” I said as Mom left to open the gate of the playground.

“But you have to watch the bee,” she said. “The dog can’t come in the playground unless you let him in.”

“Was this too big of a price to pay for a bee?” I wondered. I believed that dog could easily jump over the white fence by putting his front two paws on top of the slats, jumping over, and attacking us.

But Mom was already gone. Ashlynn and I sat there, watching the bee and backing up every time he made an attempt to fly.

It seemed like forever for me until Mom came back. Ashlynn had a dog; she wasn’t worried about this black one who was growling at me earlier.

Mom was only in the house about five minutes, maybe less but it seemed like forever. She was busily looking for the corn syrup, when I had advised her to use the maple syrup.

I got real worried. I don’t know about Ashlynn, though. The big black dog came and went, not even bothering to growl at us.

Finally, I heard the creak of the gate opening, and there was my mother. Ashlynn spotted her first.

She was carrying a paper bowl. “I couldn’t find the corn syrup,” she explained,

“So I used the maple syrup. The *real* kind.” She pushed the bowl towards the bee and it tumbled through the grass, avoiding the bowl as much as it could.

“Maybe it doesn’t like maple syrup,” Ashlynn said.

“Maybe it’s afraid of the bowl,” I mused.

But whatever it was, the bee continually struggled to escape the bowl with the syrup that might have made him live.

Mom didn’t want to touch the bee; she didn’t want to get stung!

“If only we knew it was a boy,” I moaned, “Then we could pick him up. Boys don’t sting.”

Mom finally poured a big puddle of maple syrup right by Bee-Bee's side. He shook his body and walked away, looking like he had a limp. He would continually shake himself and I decided he must be looking for honey. But he didn't have any and he wasn't going to accept the syrup any time soon.

"If only he knew..." I faltered. Ashlynn nodded a sad nod.

I walked over and climbed onto the white bouncy horse. I kissed his mane and thought, "If only Jackie knew...accepting that syrup is a matter between life and death."

I believed that Bee-Bee would like the maple syrup just as much as if it were honey. I thought that he must not like the nectar from the white clover flowers or else they didn't have any. "There's lots of clover available and he's not taking it," I thought, "So it must not be the way!"

"Come on, girls, get some exercise!" Mom cried, "You can't just sit there and think about the bee. Run around! PLAY!"

Mom smiled and tried to scoop up the maple syrup she had poured onto the playground for Bee-Bee to drink. "Now I've made a sticky mess," she grumbled, "and accomplished nothing."

Mom couldn't get the rest of the maple syrup off the ground with the edge of the paper bowl so she sighed, threw up her hands and tossed the bowl into the garbage can.

I looked over at Bee-Bee. Ashlynn, who had been spinning around and around on one of the playground "amusements", came over and looked at Bee-Bee, too.

"If only he knew what to do," Ashlynn sighed.

We decided that we would play for a bit, but not forgetting to look at Bee-Bee and the remains of the maple syrup.

We ran through the playground and Ashlynn cried, "Let's make a routine!" That was one of Ashlynn's favorite things to do.

Making a routine wasn't exactly my *favorite*, but I pounded up the steps and tried to cross the rope bridge.

"I'm the troll," Ashlynn said.

"No thanks," I grumbled. I was grumpy about Bee-Bee. Why couldn't he accept the syrup?

"Come on," Ashlynn said, "I'll ask you a question and then you can cross. Just *one* question."

"Okay," I mumbled.

"Who created us?" she asked.

"God," I replied. This was certainly easy! I ran across the bridge and climbed across the metal bars to the platform, or "tower". Then I jumped down and went to the little purple bridge, where I discovered some writing on the playground. "Look, Ashlynn!" I cried, "Remember we were playing *mystery* a little while ago? Here's another clue! It's written with the same green marker, just like the one on the wooden train playground that read *if you read this you are probably dead or beware of death!*"

I couldn't read the words on this one, so I called Mom over.

"These might be bad words," I told Ashlynn as Mom made her way across the small bridge, "Don't try to say them."

Mom told us they weren't bad words, but whoever wrote them sure had bad handwriting.

"Serves them right," I grumbled, "Writing all over the community playground like this."

Just then, a bee buzzed around our heads. "That might have been Bee-Bee!" Mom exclaimed.

We hurried over to the spot where the center of our attention used to be, Bee-Bee looking like he had broken his legs, crawling, making an attempt to fly and running away from the syrup.

"He's gone!" Ashlynn and I exclaimed in unison.

"He must have buzzed by to say *thank you*," Mom laughed.

And after that, I raced over to the white bouncy horse, gave it a kiss and thought, "*Finally*. Accepting that syrup is sort of like Christianity..." And just then, Bee-Bee buzzed by again around my head and flew away. "How many times does a bee have to say thank-you?" I wondered. But really, I didn't mind. Bee-Bee had accepted the syrup.

You see, this story is like our present condition here on earth. Bee-Bee represents us. Ashlynn, Mom and I are kind of like God or his angels, trying to get people on earth to accept the syrup, which is the Good News.

Some of us won't accept it; we run away from it, just like Bee-Bee did. We are struggling along in life, maybe physically *and* spiritually; maybe we're rich, maybe we're poor, but we haven't accepted the syrup. We're trapped, trapped in our sins, just as Bee-Bee was trapped on the ground, unable to fly. We couldn't fly away from our sins; we are too sinful and not yet forgiven.

But Bee-Bee finally accepted the syrup, and he was able to fly away, collect the rest of his honey and return to his hive. I felt glad that I had played a part in Bee-Bee's rescue, and Ashlynn and I had no problem playing after that, in fact, I ran around the playground three times (of course, the *inside* part because I didn't like dogs) and Ashlynn and I talked all about Bee-Bee. The angels will rejoice when one of us becomes a Christian, just as I decided it would be easier, much easier, to run around the playground and have fun *after* Bee-Bee had flown away, not before.

And now, would *you* like to accept the syrup?

Let me give you some more information about the gospel, the Good News of Jesus Christ.

1. God sent his only Son, Jesus, to die a terrible death on a cross for our sins, which is anything we think, say or do that does not please God.
2. Jesus did not stay dead, though. He rose again! And even if you were the only person on the earth, Jesus still would have died for you. Isn't that amazing?
3. But not everyone knows this. That is why you must tell others about accepting the syrup!
4. But, you must become a Christian first. And here's how you do that:

You must be sorry for your sins and believe that Jesus died for you. Then, you can pray a simple prayer like this:

Dear God, I'm sorry for my sins and I believe you died and rose again for me. Please come into my heart and make me part of your family. Amen.

Your prayer doesn't have to be fancy, just make sure you mean it, and mean it with all your heart. After you become a Christian, you're still going to sin. But you can ask Jesus to forgive you and he will forget your sins as if they never happened. The Bible tells you more about Jesus, His life on earth, His miracles and things that happened *before* He died. And also, be on the look out for people *you* can tell about "accepting the syrup".