

*A story about how a young boy's little donkey that went from ordinary to extraordinary because of our Lord Jesus.*

**A** long time ago, there was a young boy who loved horses. He begged his father to buy him one all the time. He even saved up some of his own money to buy his very own horse.



"Pappa," he said one day. "Look, I have money now to buy my horse."

His father looked at the boy, then at the money, and said, "Son, you did a good job saving your money, but I'm afraid that won't be nearly enough to buy a real horse."

"Okay," the boy said, "I'll keep on saving. Someday I'll have enough. I want to buy a horse like the Roman soldiers ride."

What the young boy did not know was that his father was planning to buy him a horse this very day for his birthday. Later that morning, his father went to the only stable in town to find the perfect horse for his son.

When he arrived, he found a young colt, just the right size. "How much for this young colt?" he asked the owner.

"Oh no," the owner replied. "That colt is already sold and we don't have any more horses for sale. The Roman soldiers came yesterday and bought all I had. Well, except for that little donkey sleeping over there in the corner."

"My son will be so disappointed," said the boy's father. "I was planning to give him a horse for a birthday gift. How much do you want for the donkey?"

"The donkey belongs to my son," the owner replied. "He has never been ridden but he is very gentle and well behaved. My son is away working for the Roman governor and can't take care of him anymore, so you can have him if you promise to give him a good home."

"Oh that would be wonderful!" said the boy's father. "I'm sure my son will love to have his very own little donkey."

The donkey was indeed very small, so the boy's father decided to walk him back home. Besides, he wanted his son to have the first ride. When he arrived, he proudly presented the little donkey to his son and explained how he once belonged to the stable owner's son.

The young boy upon seeing the donkey started crying. "It's not a horse father. How can I become a respected rider with a little donkey? Famous people all ride horses." Then he walked away, looking very sad.

The boy's father went up to the donkey, and spoke gently to him. "You may be small and have no experience, but you seem gentle, and friendly, and . . . oh well, maybe someday my son will accept you." Then he tied the little donkey to a tree. Moments later, two men came up to him. They pointed to the little donkey and asked the boy's father for a special favor. They wanted to borrow the donkey.

A few hours passed when suddenly his son came running up to the house with his friends. "Father, come with us!" the boy shouted. "The King is here! Everyone is along the roadside waiting for Him."

"What do you mean, 'The King'?"

"Jesus, 'The King,' remember? He is at the city gate and everyone is rejoicing. Let's go and see Him!"

They all ran together down to the roadside. When they got there, they found everyone singing praises and waving palm branches. They could hear the people shouting, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!"

The young boy grabbed his father's hand and said, "Father, look! Jesus is almost here!"

"My son, look closely!" said his father with excitement. "Jesus is riding on a little donkey!"