

## The Raindrop

*By Liz Gibbons*

A sad raindrop sat on a cloud with her head down, feeling very useless.

Mr. Cloud noticed her and asked, "Raindrop, why are you so sad?"

Startled, Raindrop looked up and sighed, "Oh, Mr. Cloud, I want to be a helpful raindrop, but I feel that I am so useless. Last week you sent me down in a rain shower, and I landed on a big old granite rock. What good was that?"

Mr. Cloud sympathetically replied, "Oh, Raindrop, you didn't notice that you gave some much needed moisture to some moss growing on that rock. That moss might have died if you had not come along."

Raindrop said, "That is hard for me to believe. I eventually evaporated and returned to you and in the next shower I landed in a big mud puddle. It was very yucky, and there was a lot of unsettling wave action."

Mr. Cloud chuckled, "That was young Tommy Smith stomping around in the big puddle in his new yellow boots. He had been very sick and was now well. And he had so much fun in that puddle."

"Oh, really!" said Raindrop, brightening a little bit. But what about that next shower where I landed on the head of a dirty, homeless man. He smelled bad."

Mr. Cloud agreed. "Raindrop, you and the other raindrops provided a good soaking rain and that man was able to wash his hair and his whole body. He got a haircut and applied for a job at a warehouse and was hired. Now that was being really helpful."

Raindrop began to perk up. "Mr. Cloud," she said, "I have a question. Why does that raindrop over there always seem to land on beautiful flowers like orchids and sunflowers and big yellow daisies?"

Mr. Cloud replied, "All you raindrops are important. I send you to different places depending on where each of you will be of the most benefit."

"Really?" said Raindrop questioningly. "You mean you aren't playing favorites?"

"No, I am not," Mr. Cloud stated. "You are all needed, just in different ways. I am getting ready to let you raindrops fall again soon in a refreshing, gentle shower."

"Mr. Cloud," Raindrop hesitantly asked, "would you ... uh ... could you let me fall on something pretty that smells good?"

Mr. Cloud thought for a moment and then said, "Okay, if that will make you feel better. I can arrange that."

Mr. Cloud let go with a gentle shower. Raindrop landed on a beautiful red rose that had a sweet fragrance. She realized that it really did not matter where she fell. One place was as important as another. It was her own thoughts that had made her so sad. From then on she began to be a

raindrop who was happy wherever she landed.