

THE YELLOW BALLON

Mother and I were in a 5 and 10 cent store to buy thread to finish her dress. At age four I was at the toy counter standing on tiptoes to see the toys. I asked mother to buy me just one toy. She said there was no money for toys. As we were leaving the store there was a rack of flower seed by the door and I saw the little yellow balloon laying on the top of a pack of seed. It wasn't with the toys so I took it as we left the store. We had walked several blocks toward home when I decided to blow up the little yellow balloon. When mother spotted that balloon she scolded me hot and heavy, spank me and marched me back to the store and I had to tell the lady that I had taken it. The lady wanted to give me the yellow balloon but my mother refused to let me accept it because I had taken it without permission. When my father got home and found out what I had done, he gave me a spanking worse than mother did.

Life is filled with little yellow balloons and if we submit, there is a price to be paid. We must remember that we are always accountable to our heavenly Father in our daily walk.

From the Devotional Note Book of Dr. Doyce H. Nolan