

“The Gardener”

Mini Saga

Emily Van Eaton

Humble First Assembly of God

I was weeping so intensely, I could barely hear the gardener ask me why I was crying. Head bowed in despair, I explained what had occurred.

“Mary,” the man called gently.

I stopped. His voice – so familiar! I looked up. Through the tears, I exclaimed in shock and joy, “Teacher!”