



Thank you for wanting to take part in my monthly short story. I hope you enjoy this moment of magic, imagination, and faith.

Where the light leads...



Lilly stood in the open kitchen doorway, looking out across the small field toward the trees. Inside, her mom and grandmother were busy canning vegetables from the garden. She felt too little to help, too big to sit still, and very much in the way.

With no kids nearby and hardly any neighbors on the mountain, Lilly decided to go for a walk. She wandered behind the house and into the forest.

She loved going deep into the trees, hoping to find animals that might one day become her friends. Sunbeams streamed through the branches, and without realizing it, she followed them as if they were a glowing map laid out just for her.

She climbed over fallen logs and waded through a shallow stream. Before leaving the water, she bent down and touched her fingertips to the surface. Tiny fish swam right up to her, poked her fingers, and darted away. Lilly smiled, stood, and continued following the sunbeams.

Then she slowed. There was a sound. Laughter.

She looked around but saw no one. Moving carefully through the trees, the laughter grew louder. Ahead was the drop-off where the old riverbank had been. Her Nana had told her stories of the river flowing there when she was a little girl. Now it was only rocks and memories.

Lilly loved imagining her Nana as a child, swimming in the mountain river and playing in the same forest she explored now.

She stepped forward. The laughter was close — joyful, bright, impossible to ignore.

At the riverbank, she found an old culvert. And inside it stood a fairy, sprinkling shimmering dust over a baby bear and the fluffiest bunny Lilly had ever seen.

She rose onto her toes. "Can I play too?" she asked, her heart fluttering like butterflies over wildflowers.

The fairy turned, wings sparkling like the sunbeam that guided Lilly there. The baby bear laughed. The bunny waved its big back feet in excitement.

The fairy flipped into the air with a somersault. "We've been waiting for you, Lilly."

"Me?" Lilly whispered.

"Yes," the fairy, the bear, and the bunny said together. "You followed your own path, and it brought you to us."

The baby bear waddled over and nudged her hand with his warm nose. Lilly giggled and hugged him tight. The bunny rolled on the ground, feet in the air, waving at the sunbeams.

The fairy smiled. "Happiness hides in the forest. When you're brave enough to follow the path meant for you, good things will always be waiting."

Lilly took a deep breath. Her heart felt warm and brave. She stepped forward, knowing they were right. She only needed faith — faith that good things were waiting for her.

And they were. Always.

Verse of the Month

Jeremiah 29:11

"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."

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