

A. STORY

MAKE ME A RAINBOW

“Tell me about the rainbow again, Mommy,” Annie pleaded, as she sat drawing with her crayons at the kitchen table. Carefully she worked on the long neck of a giraffe while her mother cut up carrots and added them to the soup she was making.

A rainbow of colors danced on the kitchen wall—colors that came to visit when the sunlight touched the crystal in the china cabinet. And every time the rainbows came, Annie thought about Noah.

“Can you tell me the story again?” she asked as her mother stirred the soup.

Annie’s mother turned to look at her and smiled. “You know that story well enough to tell it to me,” she teased.

“I know, but I like it when you tell it,” she said, her eyes pleading. “Look at the rainbows dance, Mama.” Annie tipped her head from side to side, examining the many colors that flickered in the sunlight.

“Well, one day,” Annie’s mother began, “God told Noah that he was not happy with what he saw on the earth, and he said, ‘I’m going to cause a big flood to cover the whole earth. And I am going to ask you to build a very special boat called an ark.’”

The story was underway and Annie beamed, for she loved to hear about the rainbow.

“You are a good man, Noah,” her mother continued, “and I am going to keep you safe from the flood. I will keep your family safe, too, because they will go on the ark with you. The ark will be very, very big, and I will tell you exactly how to make it. Then, when the ark is finished, you will gather two of every kind of living creature. And you will load all of the animals onto the ark.”

“I made the animals, Mommy,” Annie added with pride. She held up the crayon animals she had been drawing. A zebra, a giraffe and a big elephant all played