




I wonder...

- What God's house looks like.
- How big God's house really is.
- What it means that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life.

A Room of My Own

Clara sat down hard on a big box. She looked around her room—what a mess! *Well, I've only been working on it for a day, I guess, she thought. And it's not like I can unpack until all the painting is done.*

Clara's family had ridden in a moving van and their family van for three whole days. They'd moved all the way across the country. Her dad called it an "adventure." Clara thought it was just a lot of work. But it was exciting, because for the first time since she was a baby (and that didn't really count) she was going to have her own room. Audrey would have her own room, too; but the little boys would still have to share.



Mom said Clara was in charge of designing and decorating her room. It wasn't big, but that was okay. It was hers! And she could paint it any color she wanted! She chose green, a bright lime-ish sort of green, and she and her mom already had two walls done. It was crazy bright! Mom said she was a good enough painter to finish the rest on her own. Dad would help with the trim later.

Once the walls were dry, hopefully tomorrow afternoon, she could start unpacking and putting out all of her books and her stuffed animals and the stuff that made it seem like home.

Mom had promised that once all the boxes were unpacked, they'd go pick out a new comforter and curtains or shades. Clara was thinking bright orange might be nice. Or maybe a crazy purple. It would be fun to decide.

