

The Parable "Scorched Earth"

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God Sent an Angel

God sent an angel to Earth to see how people lived and how they rejoiced in the gifts He had given them.

The angel flew with a smile on her face. The clouds caressed her skin, and the warm breeze gently played with her long blonde hair as she enjoyed the sun's rays while descending toward the Earth. But suddenly, she felt something unusual—cold, a chill she had never known in the heavens.

As she stepped onto the ground, she was stunned. Before her stretched a scorched wasteland. There was nothing—rivers had dried up, grass had turned yellow, and trees stood lifeless, like charred skeletons. The air was heavy, as if after a great fire. Birds no longer sang; only the ominous cawing of black ravens searching for food echoed through the desolation.

The angel hid her wings beneath a simple cloak she found on the road and set out on her journey. By the laws of heaven, she was forbidden to use her wings on Earth, but that did not matter—she had to understand what had happened to the world of humans.

Days and nights passed, but all she saw was ruin. She had almost lost hope that any life remained. But then, in the dust, she noticed something shining.

It was a small piece of ice, shimmering like a diamond.

The angel carefully picked it up in her hands and immediately felt life within it. It was not just frozen water—it was the last drop of hope.

She continued walking until she came across a small cave nestled in the roots of a withered tree. Inside, a boy sat curled up from the cold. His eyes were filled with fear and exhaustion, but he clutched a clay vessel tightly in his arms.

"Are you alone?" the angel asked softly.

The boy nodded.

"I am guarding the water," he whispered. "It's the last pure water. If it disappears, so will I."

The angel knelt beside him, opened her palm, and handed him the piece of ice.

"You are not alone," she said. "As long as there is even one drop, there is hope."

The boy carefully took the gift. The moment the piece of ice touched the vessel, the water inside it sparkled, as if catching the light of a thousand stars. In that instant, somewhere in the distance, a sound was heard—a single drop falling to the ground. Then another.

The angel smiled. Water was returning.

She knew—life would come back.

Returning to the heavens, the angel knelt before God.

"I have seen the Earth You created, Lord. People did not cherish it; they destroyed the gifts You gave them. But one boy managed to save the last drop of life."

God pondered for a moment and then said:

"Where there is even one kind heart, hope never dies."

The boy grew up to be a wise man. He taught people to cherish water, nature, and the gifts given from above. He showed them that even a single drop of hope can restore life to the world.

And from that day on, people became more mindful. They remembered that the world is a gift meant to be preserved, not destroyed.

Moral:

Do not destroy what has been given to you. Even when all seems lost, a single drop of hope can bring life back to the world.