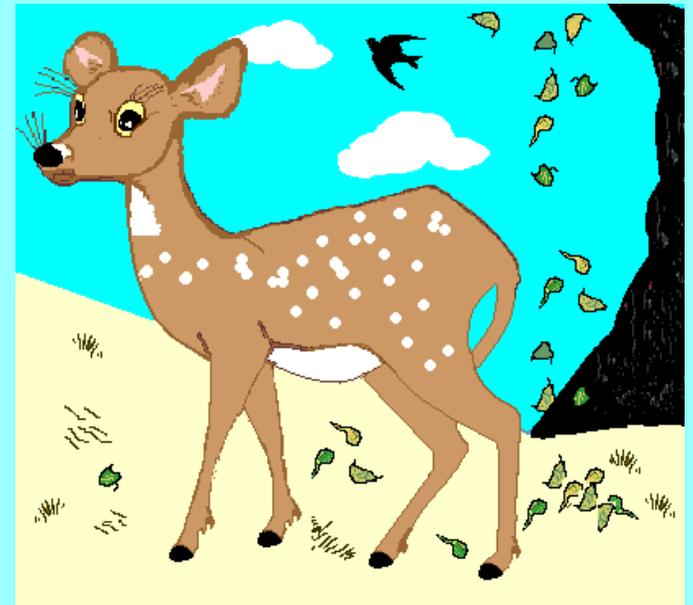


Candy's Oeey Gooeys
Story 2

The Doe and
The Landowner



The Doe and the Landowner



Learn this word:
computer (kəm-pyü-tər)

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One bright autumn day, a small, spotted doe named Kadia ambled onto the edge of one of the large dense forests in the great State of Michigan.

As Kadia strolled among the crunchy, fallen leaves, she listened intently to the sweet singing of birds as they lingered in the treetops singing their final autumn tunes while fluttering above the babbling brooks that wound around the towering

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cliffs of the north lands. Kadia knew that these sweet singing birds were the very last of her feathered friends making their way ready to fly to the south lands. It was that time of year just before the humans celebrated Thanksgiving and just after they began to hunt the deer.

Today, little Kadia seemed satisfied. She had no cause for fear, for she had not yet seen the enemy. Looking far up into the

blue morning sky, her eyes rested on the quiet clouds that floated, their white, fluffy folds turning ever so slowly to catch the bright rays of the sun.

Whenever little Kadia darted through the forest, there was one human who was always charmed. He was charmed not only by Kadia's sharp eyes, her keen ears, and her strong sense of smell, but

also by her gentleness, her graceful character, and her contented spirit.

This humble man was known simply as

The Landowner, for he owned all the tall



cliffs, all the babbling brooks, all the dense forests, and all the wild animals that roamed therein.

The Landowner was just the opposite from the hunting men, those men with guns and bows and barking dogs, those men set on carrying home a prize doe. The Landowner was kind and merciful and loving. He did not carry a gun or a

bow, and Kadia often wondered why he didn't.

The Landowner always chopped his timber from his own land. The wood that burned best for him on the coldest of his winter nights always seemed to come from the trees that grew by the babbling brooks, those brooks that trickled in and out of the towering cliffs on his property.

Little Kadia loved to frolic at the base of one of those tall cliffs, and that's *what she was doing on this autumn day.*

Suddenly Kadia heard a sharp crack interrupt the sweet singing of the birds. After catching a whiff of something strange, her keen ears heard the barking of distant dogs that had scented the doe's trail. Soon, three brutal dogs, followed closely by their masters, rushed

into a nearby clearing. Little Kadia was fiercely afraid, for she had heard from her mother that her worst enemies were the hunters and their dogs. Off she started, at full speed.

It was good that Kadia ran away so swiftly because the hunters and their dogs were relentless in their chase. Little Kadia's heart beat fast with fear as she galloped on. She could hear the

panting and the shrill barks of the dogs behind her. Kadia sprinted into a grove where the trees grew high and thick above the babbling brooks, but the dogs followed close on her trail, and she soon saw that they were gaining on her.

Now it happened that The Landowner was at work cutting his timber near one of the babbling brooks that flowed on the

edge of the grove where the dog and deer chase had progressed. He heard the high-pitched yipping of the dogs. Looking up, The Landowner saw the beautiful doe rushing toward him. Moments later, he spotted the dogs and the hunters, their bows, and their guns.



Kadia was terrified!

She knew that her only hope was in whatever protection The Landowner could provide for her, but she also knew that The Landowner had no weapons. Her anxious heart made her legs feel heavier and heavier as they drew her closer and closer to The Landowner's side.

At last, Kadia was able to take a stand in some brush just behind The Landowner. Catching her breath, she saw The Landowner plant himself directly in the path between the dogs and herself.

What was he thinking?

Quite surprisingly, The Landowner faced the fast-approaching hunters, raised both his arms, and with the palms of his hands facing toward the doe's enemies

he shouted, “Stop! This doe belongs to me, and you are trespassing on my land!”

Kadia watched and listened as the hunters spoke to The Landowner with bribes, cash in hand, but with no success. The hunters soon realized that when The Landowner spoke, it was the end of a matter.

The deer hunters lowered their weapons and left. The hunting dogs stopped barking and followed their masters. Kadia rested in awe.

Afterwards, Kadia let The Landowner come up to her, stretch out his hands, and feed her small bits of carrots.

In the days that followed, little Kadia stayed close by the Landowner.

Kadia no longer wondered why The Landowner did not have weapons like those of the hunters, for she realized that The Landowner did not need human weapons to show his power. Rather, he protected everything around him simply by “who” he was.

Many of us are similar to Kadia; we respond to the enemies in our lives. We can look to God in the same way that Kadia looked to The Landowner, for we have the following Bible promise:

**Proverbs 18:10: “The name of the LORD
is a strong tower:
the righteous
runneth into it,
and is safe.”**



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