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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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## Eddie's Faith

It was the day before Christmas, and young Eddie Fenton had worked hard running errands for the grocer near his home. Late in the afternoon, he hurried back to tell his mother the good news—he had earned fifty cents, which felt like a fortune to him. He also had a precious orange to give her. His mother had been unwell for some time, and Eddie hoped this small gift would cheer her up.

When Eddie entered their tiny room, he found his mother crying. She quickly wiped her tears and smiled when she saw him. The fire had gone out, and there was no more coal. Eddie guessed this was why she was so upset, along with her sickness. Determined to help, Eddie ran to the store, spent part of his earnings on coal, and soon had a warm fire crackling in the hearth. He peeled the orange for his mother and said softly, "Don't cry anymore, Mother. We have a nice fire now. You always tell me that the Bible says, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise them up.' God will take care of you, just as He promised." His mother shook her head gently. "I'm not crying for myself," she said. "Tomorrow is Christmas, and there will be no Christmas dinner for you... no presents." Tears filled her eyes again, and Eddie's heart ached for her.

"Don't cry, Mother," Eddie said, trying to sound brave. "I'll read to you from the Bible. It always makes you feel better. What shall I read?"

"Whatever you open to first," his mother replied.

Eddie opened the Bible to a chapter in Matthew. As he read aloud, he came to a verse that made him pause:

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

He looked up at his mother with excitement. "Why worry about Christmas, Mother? This verse says we can pray and ask for what we need, and we'll receive it. Let's pray!"

His mother hesitated, then nodded. "Yes, we can pray." Eddie knelt by her bed and prayed aloud:

"Dear Jesus, please look down on my mother and me and help us have a Merry Christmas. Please make my mother well and, if You can, send us a turkey, all cooked. We'd be so thankful. I know You have so many people to care for, so I won't ask for more. Thank You for showing me how to ask. Amen."

When he finished, Eddie smiled at his mother. "Don't worry anymore," he said. "You'll see—it'll be all right." The last rays of sunlight filled their little room, and Eddie's mother felt her faith grow stronger.

The next morning, Eddie woke to sunlight streaming through the window. "Merry Christmas, Mother!" he called as he jumped out of bed. "I'll fix you some breakfast, and then I'll run to the store to see if they need help. By the time I return, we'll have a turkey dinner—I'm sure of it!"

His mother smiled at his confidence, though she worried about his disappointment if nothing came.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. A cheerful voice called out, "Merry Christmas!" Eddie opened the door to see the most beautiful lady he had ever met. Her arms were full of holly and wreaths, and beside her stood a kind-looking man holding a large basket.

"Does Mrs. Fenton live here?" the lady asked.

It was one of the women Eddie's mother had worked for when she was well. She stepped inside, bringing Christmas joy with her. In the basket were stockings, a warm coat and hood for his mother, a cap for Eddie, and best of all—a fully cooked turkey and vegetables for a Christmas feast.

"This turkey is already cooked," the lady said with a smile. "Just warm it in the oven while the vegetables are cooking, and it will be ready to eat. Also, a delivery of coal is on its way." She placed wreaths on the windows and holly over the door, filling their little home with Christmas cheer.

When the visitors left, Eddie turned to his mother with shining eyes. "See, Mother? I told you! Jesus was just waiting for us to ask Him."

His mother's eyes filled with tears, this time of joy.

"You're right, Eddie. And now, we must thank Him."

Eddie knelt by her bed once more and prayed, his heart full of gratitude for a Christmas miracle.



And so, their little home was filled with warmth, love, and faith—gifts more precious than any they could have imagined.