

# The Little Signpost

John the Baptist – we should all be signposts to Jesus.

The little signpost was very pleased. He had just been made by the Carpenter to the King.

"Oooo," he said, "the carpenter to the King made me, I must be very important." He was painted a splendid bright red and some letters were painted on his sign in Gold. This made the signpost even more excited: "Ooo," he said, "red and gold. I must be very important. I think I must be a royal signpost!"

When his paint was dry the carpenter to the King took him for a walk and, on a corner in the middle of the town, he planted the little signpost's feet very firmly in the ground.

This made the little signpost even more excited.

"Ooo," he said, "I'm very firmly fixed, I must have a very important job to do!"

It was a very busy corner of the town; lots of people came by.

"Ooo," said the little signpost, "look at all those people, they have all come to see me. I must be very important indeed."

But to the little signpost's surprise nobody stopped to admire his smart red paint or his beautiful gold lettering. In fact everyone just walked straight past him. They all saw him, he knew that because he could see that everyone looked at him. Excited children looked up at him and then just grabbed their Mum's and Dad's hands and pulled them on up the road saying: "Its this way Mum!!"

The little signpost began to wonder what was wrong.

"Maybe my paint is peeling," he thought to himself. But when he looked down he could see that his red paint was as splendid as ever.

The little signpost tried shouting out: "Look at me! Aren't I splendid!!!" but his voice was so quiet that no one could hear him.

Still all the people streamed past him and nobody stopped to admire him. The little signpost had lost all the excitement he felt at the beginning; he began to feel very sad, very sad indeed.

This went on for a long time. The little signpost began to wish he had never been made. he tried to pull himself out of the ground but he was too firmly planted.

"What's wrong with me?" the little signpost sobbed. "What's wrong with me?"

One evening, when all the crowds had gone and the town was quiet, he heard some people walking towards him.

"Oooo, That's strange," he thought. "Who could this be? Everyone is in bed by now."

As he looked down the street he could see the Royal carpenter coming towards him with another man who was dressed in very fine clothes. He heard the carpenter say: "Yes your majesty, its just here."

"Your majesty!" squealed the little signpost to himself. "that must be the King!"

The Little signpost got ready to watch the King as he walked past, but to his surprise he didn't. Instead the King stopped right in front of him and looked straight at him. The little signpost felt very nervous.

"umm," said the King. "He's splendid! A first class job." And then he said: "You're doing a good job little signpost. Everyone is much happier now that they can find my royal palace more easily. You're pointing everyone in the right direction, Thank you."

Suddenly the little signpost felt all excited again.

"Oooo, Oooo," he exclaimed, "so I am important. I'm pointing people toward the King!!"

And from then on the little signpost has done his job with a great big smile every day.

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