

# Royal Blue with Stripes of Red

A Sew Powerful Parable by Dana Buck

In a humble sewing room  
Among the pins and thread  
Lay a little piece of fabric  
Royal blue with stripes of red

It was a piece left over  
From a project done in May  
It fell outside the pattern  
So was neatly cut away

Set aside now and forgotten  
It lay while pants and skirts  
Were made in great profusion  
Along with shorts and shirts

So the dust began to settle  
As the weeks went by and by  
And this little piece of fabric  
Could not catch the seamstress' eye

Then one day the room was filled  
With laughter and with light  
The seamstress seemed so happy  
Yes her mood was sheer delight

And as she settled down to work  
Her machine was quickly humming  
And soon a strap and bag with flap  
Was quickly up and coming

When her project seemed completed  
One detail seemed to block it  
She raised her head, "I know" she said  
"It needs a little pocket"

She searched among her fabrics  
Through the muted and the bright  
Although she'd many options  
Nothing struck her as just right

Was then that something caught her eye  
And as she turned her head  
She spied the perfect piece of cloth  
Royal blue with stripes of red

She set herself to sewing  
And her needle swiftly played  
Soon she stopped and smiled upon  
The purse that she had made

And in the special pocket  
She gently tucked a note  
She'd prayed softly as she'd penned it  
And here is what she wrote

"This little purse is special"  
"It's for a friend I'll never meet"  
"Made with love and filled with joy"  
"For a girl who's young and sweet"

"So I give it as an offering"  
"As God would have me do"  
"I close my eyes and see your face"  
"For my dear, that friend is you"

Her purse was wrapped and readied  
And then dropped into the mail  
To begin a magic journey  
And to start a brand new tale

For after epic travel  
And when finally it arrived  
Caring hands prepared it  
And placed special things inside

Its then this gift is ready  
Coming halfway round the world  
To be placed into the waiting hands  
Of a bright and lovely girl

She loved it from the very start  
To her it's like a jewel  
The contents help to keep her clean  
And also stay in school

The thing she loves above all else  
That makes her spirit float  
Words from a friend she'll never meet  
Written in a note

After reading for the hundredth time  
The note and what it said  
She tucks it in the pocket  
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