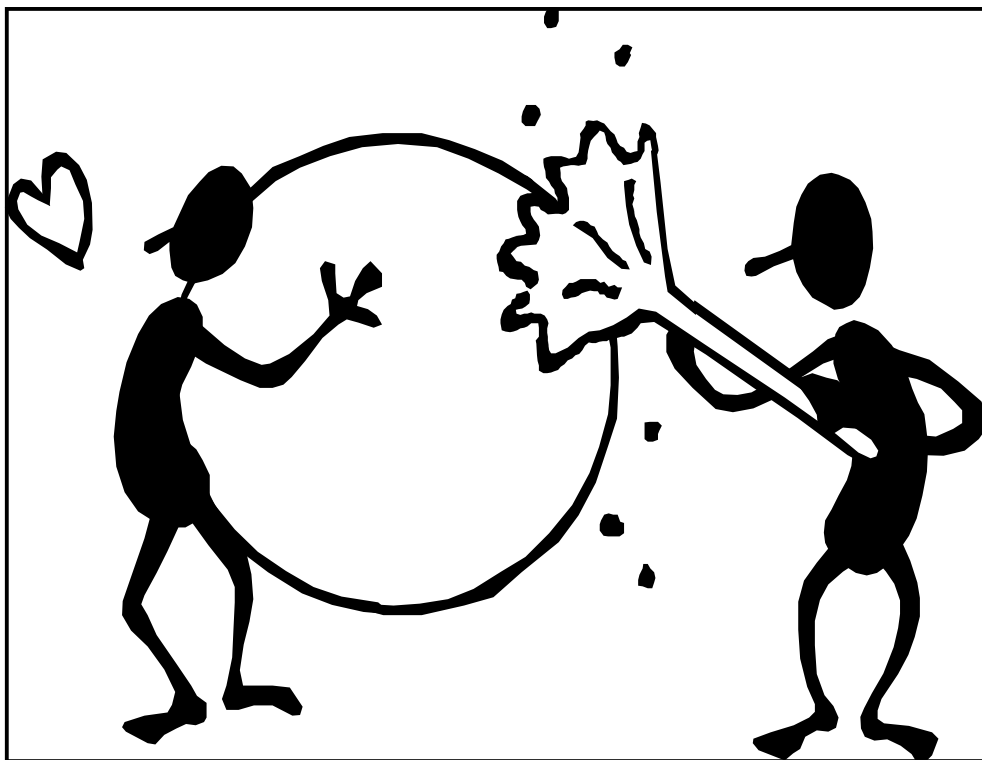


# DAYS PRING



**A Bahá'í Magazine for Children**

**Issue 75**

**Dayspring**  
**Produced under the auspices of the National Spiritual Assembly**  
**of the Bahá'ís of the United Kingdom**

Photographs of children: Under the terms of the Child Protection Act, great care must be taken in the publishing of images of children. Parental permission must be received. Permission cannot be implied by the sending of a photograph but must be given in writing or by email direct from the child's parent or guardian.

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**FREE COPIES** of *Dayspring* are sent to the following children aged five until their thirteenth birthday: Bahá'í registered children in the United Kingdom; children of pioneers from the UK; unregistered children in the UK at the request of a Bahá'í parent or guardian.

Others may subscribe as follows:

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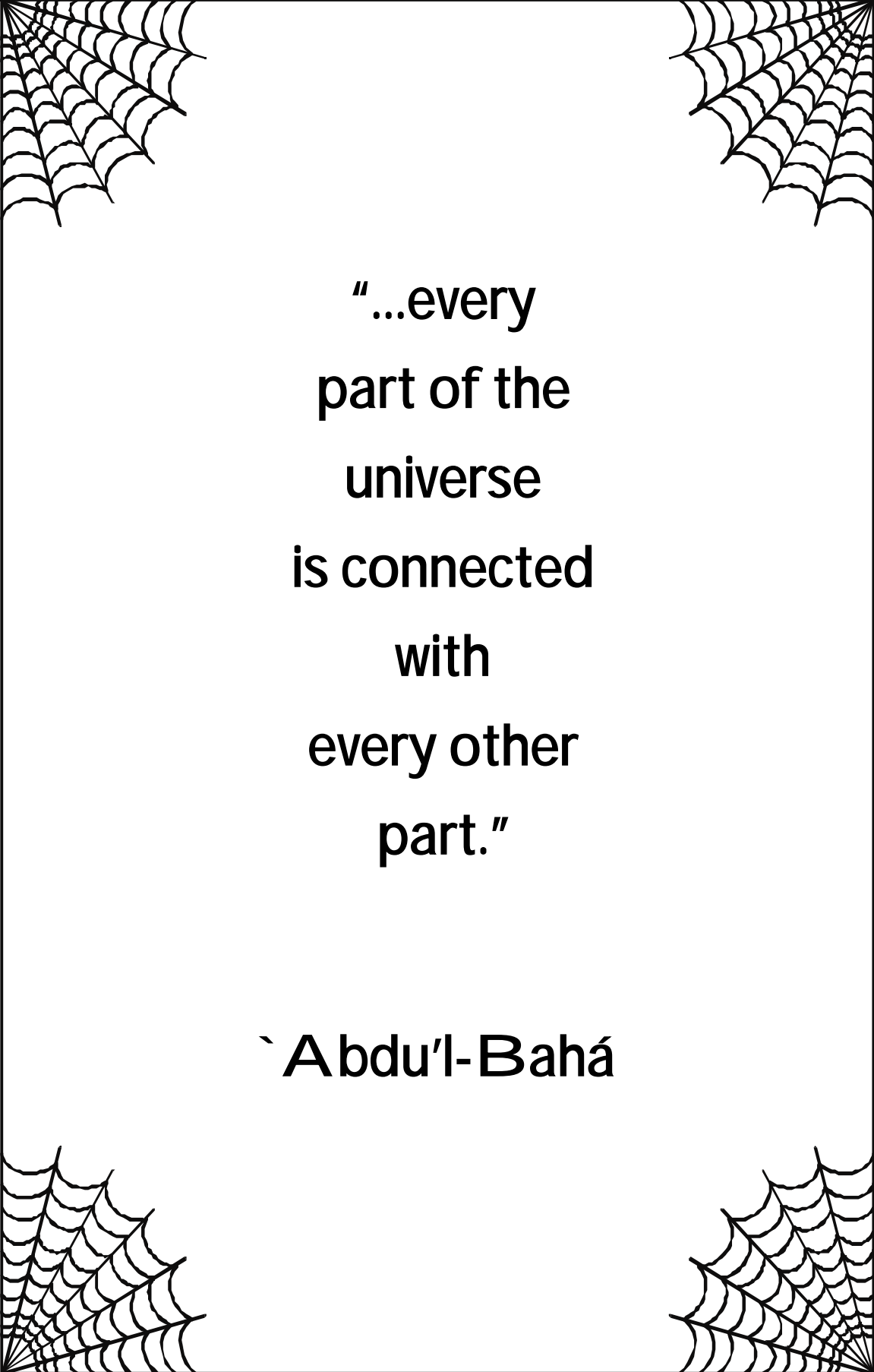
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p.7. "The Tree and Me". From *Stories for Children* (currently out of print).  
pp.9-12 "Picciola". Used here with permission of the Baldwin Online Children's Literature Project at www.mainlesson.com.  
pp..20-21."A Smile in the Universe" by Dawn Edwards. First published in Brilliant Star, 1994.  
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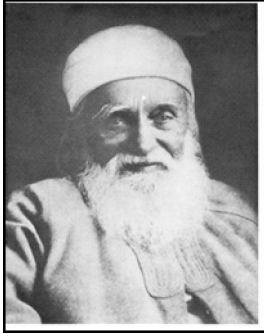
**March – June 2010**  
**Issue 75**





**"...every  
part of the  
universe  
is connected  
with  
every other  
part."**

**`Abdu'l-Bahá**



## Meeting `Abdu'l-Bahá

### "The Stone that was Thrown Away"

(from *Three Gifts of Love*)

It was decided to build a Temple in America. It would be open for followers of all religions to come and worship together.

The Bahá'ís began to save their money to give to a fund so that work could begin. But there was one poor woman who did not have any money to give. Her name was Nettie. She wished with all her heart that she too could give something to help build the Temple.

First of all, a piece of land was bought in a beautiful spot near a river. A meeting was arranged on the land, and the friends were invited to gather there to say prayers. `Abdu'l-Bahá was also going to be present to bless the spot where the Temple was going to be built.

Nettie wanted to go too, but she felt sad that she had nothing to give. Then she remembered seeing a builder's yard near her home. She went to the yard and asked the owner if he would give her a stone.

"Help yourself," said the builder, pointing to a pile of stones. They were all odd shapes and were going to be thrown away because they were not the right shape for building walls.

Nettie chose a large stone, but it was too heavy for her to carry. So she went home and fetched an old pram and put the stone in it. Then, with the help of another Bahá'í, she took it on three bus journeys until she came near to the Temple land. The bus drivers were not too pleased at having a pram with a rock in it on their buses!

When Nettie and her friend got off the last bus and were pushing the pram over a broken bit of pavement, it fell to pieces!

Nettie looked at the broken pram in despair and thought she would

never get to the meeting in time. Then some kind boys came by with a cart and they offered to help.

By the time Nettie eventually arrived at the Temple land it was late and the prayers had already begun. But when `Abdu'l-Bahá saw the stone, He smiled.

When the prayers were finished, He said that that was the stone He wanted to lay as the corner stone for the Temple!

A hole was dug and the stone laid in it. Then `Abdu'l-Bahá put earth round the stone and patted it down so that it was firmly held in the ground.

The builders had not wanted the stone because it was an odd shape, but `Abdu'l-Bahá chose it because Nettie had given it with love.

Later, a beautiful Bahá'í Temple was built on that spot.



# The Tree and Me

(From *Stories for Children* by J.M. ,illustrated by Tony Shearing)

“Once I was small and not very strong,” said the Tree.

“Just like me!” said Jonathan.

“Then I pushed my roots deep in the soft brown earth so the wind would not blow me down,” said the Tree.

“Just like me!” cried Jonathan excitedly. “I learnt to put my feet on the ground and walk without falling down.”

“Then I grew tall and stretched out my arms and a little green leaf appeared on my boughs,” said the Tree.

“Just like me!” shouted Jonathan happily. “My arms grew strong and I used my hands and the work that I did was good, like your little green leaf.”

“Then many leaves grew which made a shelter for the squirrels and a home for the birds,” said the Tree.

“Just like me?” asked Jonathan anxiously. “When I helped a hurt dog and was kind to people?”

“I grew tall and strong and what did I see? I saw the whole world and the world saw me,” said the Tree.

“Just like me,” said Jonathan quietly. “When I’m big I’ll be good, you will see. I’ll love the whole world and the world will love me.”



A grain of wheat,  
when cultivated by the farmer,  
will yield a whole harvest,  
and a seed,  
through the gardener's care,  
will grow into a  
great tree.

`Abdu'l-Bahá





# PICCIOLA



Many years ago there was a poor man shut up in one of the great prisons of France. His name was Charney, and he was very unhappy. He had been put into prison wrongfully, and it seemed to him as though there was no one in the world who cared for him.

There were no books in the prison, so he could not read. He was not allowed to have pens or paper, so he could not write. The time dragged slowly by. There was nothing that he could do to make the days seem shorter. His only pastime was walking back and forth in the paved prison yard. There was no work to be done, no one to talk with.

One fine morning in spring, Charney was taking his walk in the yard. He was counting the paving stones, as he had done a thousand times before. All at once he stopped. What had made that little mound of earth between two of the stones?

He stooped down to see. A seed had fallen between the stones. It had sprouted, and now a tiny green leaf was pushing its way up out of the ground. Charney was about to crush it with his foot, when he saw that there was a kind of soft coating over the leaf.

"Ah!" said he. "This coating is to keep it safe. I must not harm it." And he went on with his walk.

The next day he almost stepped upon the plant before he thought of it. He stooped to look at it. There were two leaves now, and the plant was much stronger and greener than it was the



day before. He stayed by it a long time looking at it.

Every morning after that, Charney went at once to his little plant. He wanted to see how much it had grown.

One day as he was looking from his window, he saw the jailer go across the yard. The man brushed so close to the little plant that it seemed as though he would crush it. Charney trembled from head to foot.

"O my Picciola!" he cried, which meant "O my little one!" for that was the name he had given to the plant.



When the jailer came to bring his food, he begged the grim fellow to spare his little plant. He expected that the man would laugh at him, but the jailer had a kind heart.

"Do you think that I would hurt your little plant?" he said. "No, indeed! I t would have been dead long ago if I had not seen that you thought so much of it."

"That is very good of you, indeed," said Charney. He felt half ashamed at having thought the jailer unkind.

Every day he watched Picciola. Every day it grew larger and more beautiful. But once it was almost broken by the huge feet of the jailer's dog. Charney's heart sank within him.

"Picciola must have a house," he said. "I will see if I can make one." So, though the nights were chilly, he took, day by day, some part of the fire-wood that was allowed him. With this he built the walls of a little house around the plant, leaving the top open so the sun and rain could still reach the flower.

The plant had a thousand pretty ways which he noticed. He saw how it always bent a little toward the sun; he saw how the flower folded its petals before a storm.

He had never thought of such things before, yet he had often seen whole gardens of flowers in bloom.

One day, with soot mixed with water, he made some ink; he spread out his handkerchief for paper; he used a sharpened stick for a pen—and all for what?

He felt that he must write down the doings of his little pet flower.

"See my lord and my lady!" the jailer would say when he saw them – Charney being the lord and Picciola the lady!

As the summer passed by, Picciola grew more lovely every day. There were no fewer than thirty blossoms on its stem.

But one sad morning it began to droop. Charney did not know what to do. He gave it water, but still it drooped. The leaves were withering. The stones of the prison yard did not give enough room for the plant to grow anymore and its roots were being squashed.

Charney knew that there was only one way to save his treasure. The stones must be taken up at once!

But this was a thing which even the jailer dared not do. The rules of the prison were strict and no stone must be moved. Only the highest officers in the land had permission to do such a thing.

Poor Charney could not sleep. He knew Picciola would die. Already the flowers had withered, and the leaves would soon fall from the stem.

Then a new thought came to Charney. He would ask the emperor himself to save his plant.

He wrote his little story on his handkerchief. Then he gave it into the care of a young servant girl who worked in the kitchens, and she promised to take it to the emperor. Ah! if the poor plant would only live a few days longer!

What a long journey that was for the young girl! What a long, dreary wait it was for Charney and Picciola!

But at last news came to the prison. The stones were to be taken up. Picciola was saved!

The emperor's kind wife had heard the story of Charney's care for the plant. She saw the handkerchief on which he had written of its pretty ways.

"Surely," she said, "it can do us no good to keep such a man in prison."

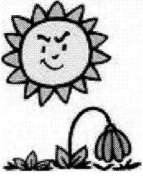
And so, at last, Charney was set free.


He saw how God had cared for him and the little plant, and how kind are the hearts of even rough men. And he cherished Picciola as a dear, loved friend whom he could never forget.





## A Crossword about the story of Charney and Picciola


When you have read the story about Picciola, read the clues below, then choose from the following words the right answers to complete the crossword:  
**flower, house, ink, stick, thirty, squashed, kitchens, dog, petals, free, emperor.**











### Clues

**Across:**

1. What did Charney make a pen from? A —— (5 letters)
2. What did he make by mixing soot and water together? (3 letters)
3. What did he find growing in the prison yard? A —— (6 letters)
4. What did he make out of wood to shelter the flower? A —— (5 letters)
5. What did the flower fold up just before a storm came? Its \_\_\_\_ (6 letters)
6. What animal nearly broke the flower? A —— (3 letters)

**Down:**

7. How many blossoms grew on the flower's stem? (6 letters)
8. Where did the servant girl work? In the —— (8 letters)
9. When the emperor's wife read Charney's letter about the flower, she said he was so kind he should be set —— (4 letters)
10. Because the flower did not have room to grow between the stones in the prison yard, its roots were in danger of being —— (8 letters)
11. Who did Charney write a letter to when he wanted permission for the stones to be taken up? The —— (7 letters)

## A Nature Reserve in the Holy Land

(by J.M)

Drawn to the ground on bended knees  
I see a thousand wide-eyed flowers  
gazing back at me,  
and smallest brown and orange bees  
and patterned bugs of red and black  
and iridescent green;  
and in between the sun-bleached shells,  
sea-lavender and dainty petals  
of the yellowbell.

.....

I learn from every little thing  
the wisdom of the wise,  
and humbly accept the offering of love  
from deep within the wild flowers' eyes.





## See what you can see...



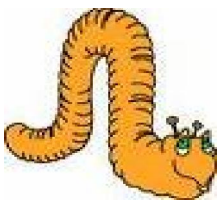
### You will need:

- a) A piece of string as long as you are (or a bit longer!)
- b) A large piece of paper and a pencil.

1. On a *dry* day take your piece of string into the garden.
2. Lay your string on a patch of grass and make the string into a circle.
3. Sit down next to it and look carefully inside the circle. At first you may not see anything except grass, but be patient. Look for at least 5 minutes and possibly 10. You may want to lie on your tummy and look more closely to see what is going on closer to the ground.

As you notice things, write them down or draw them. For example, you may notice the different shapes of the blades of grass—are they pointed or do they have feathery tops? Are they all the same colour of green? What else is there? Flat-leafed clover perhaps? If there is clover count how many leaves it has—three or four? Is there moss? If there is any, what does it feel like—soft and spongy? There may also be daisies, buttercups, dandelions. Is anything moving, like a spider or beetle or ant? What are they doing? You have to sit very quietly otherwise insects will hide. You can shut your eyes for a few seconds then open them again and have another look.

4. Usually we don't look long enough to see things properly, which is why it is important for this exercise to just look in the small area inside your circle, not outside it or anywhere else in the garden. And to be very patient.





“... show forth the utmost kindness to every living creature, for the selfsame feelings are shared by animal and man.”

‘Abdu’l-Bahá



## Hands of the Cause of God

Dr Rahmat Muhajir 1923-1979



Before Rahmat was born, `Abdu'l-Bahá wrote a letter to his relatives calling them "Ay Muhajirán", which means "O Pioneers!" and from that time on that is the name they used as their surname. Muhajir – Pioneer.

Rahmat Muhajir had five sisters and several brothers and when he was born nobody knew what great things he would do for the Faith when he grew up. Not only did he become a pioneer, taking the Faith to remote islands where nobody had heard about Bahá'u'lláh and His teachings before, but he also became a Hand of the Cause of God.



When he left school he studied to become a doctor, and when he heard that a Bahá'í was needed in the remote islands of Mentawai in Indonesia and that only doctors could get visas to go there, he sold everything he owned and left Persia with his wife, Írán.

For the next four years Dr Muhajir and his wife lived in one small room with holes in the ceiling which they covered with sheets of paper to stop wild



animals climbing in. Every time it rained, the room flooded and they had to sweep the water out of the door. At one time, Írán became very ill and nearly died.

The food was very different from the food Dr Muhajir was used to. But he always

ate what the islanders ate, however strange it was — except on one occasion when he was given five large red ants to eat. He said he would have eaten them if they had been cooked, but not raw!

As well as giving the people medicine to make them well, one of the first things Dr Muhajir did was to teach them how to avoid getting malaria and other diseases. And, of course, he told them about Bahá'u'lláh.

The children used to sit at his feet on the damp ground, and by the light of the moon or a small candle, Dr Muhajir would teach them prayers and the alphabet, for there were no schools in the remote areas. He organised the building of many schools in the villages and also encouraged the Bahá'ís on the mainland to build a boarding school so older children could go there to study. Several of the children who went there later became doctors and engineers.



At times he would arrive home covered in blood and mud from walking in the jungle and wading through rivers. The blood was from leeches that had stuck to him as he waded waist-deep through the water. He often had to walk all day through torrential rain to reach a village where someone was ill, and he spent many a night sleeping on a mat on the damp ground. But he never minded. He loved the people who lived in these islands and they loved him too.

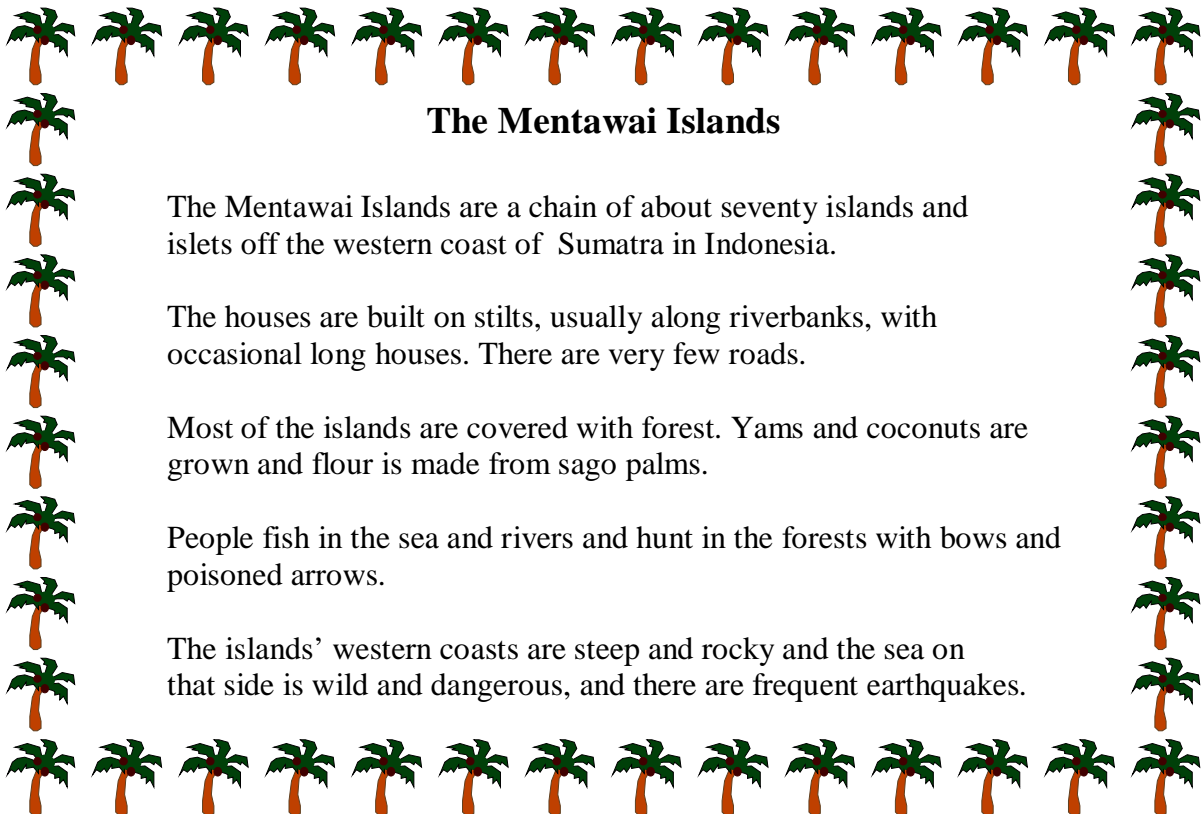
It was then that Shoghi Effendi, the beloved Guardian of the Faith, said that Dr Rahmat Muhajir was a Hand of the Cause of God.

He went to other countries to teach the Faith, including the Philippines, where some of the people were still head-hunters! He also went to India, Africa, South America and other countries, and many thousands of people became Bahá'ís.

Dr Muhajih told people about the Faith in a clear way so they could understand. He told them stories and showed them pictures of other Bahá'ís around the world. He explained that there is only one God, Who loves us all, and that although we live in different countries and speak different languages, we are all part of one world family. He said:

“We are all like fingers of one hand. We are not so different from each other. We are all the same. We all have two eyes and two ears and one nose. There is one God and He has created all of us.”



A decorative border consisting of a row of palm trees at the top, a vertical column of palm trees on the left and right sides, and another row of palm trees at the bottom.

### The Mentawai Islands

The Mentawai Islands are a chain of about seventy islands and islets off the western coast of Sumatra in Indonesia.

The houses are built on stilts, usually along riverbanks, with occasional long houses. There are very few roads.

Most of the islands are covered with forest. Yams and coconuts are grown and flour is made from sago palms.

People fish in the sea and rivers and hunt in the forests with bows and poisoned arrows.

The islands' western coasts are steep and rocky and the sea on that side is wild and dangerous, and there are frequent earthquakes.



# A Smile in the Universe

by Dawn Edwards

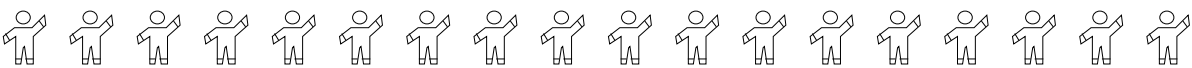
(Dawn Edwards was born in 1905 and has died since she wrote this lovely poem, but imagine how happy her soul is in the next world knowing it is now being read by you!)

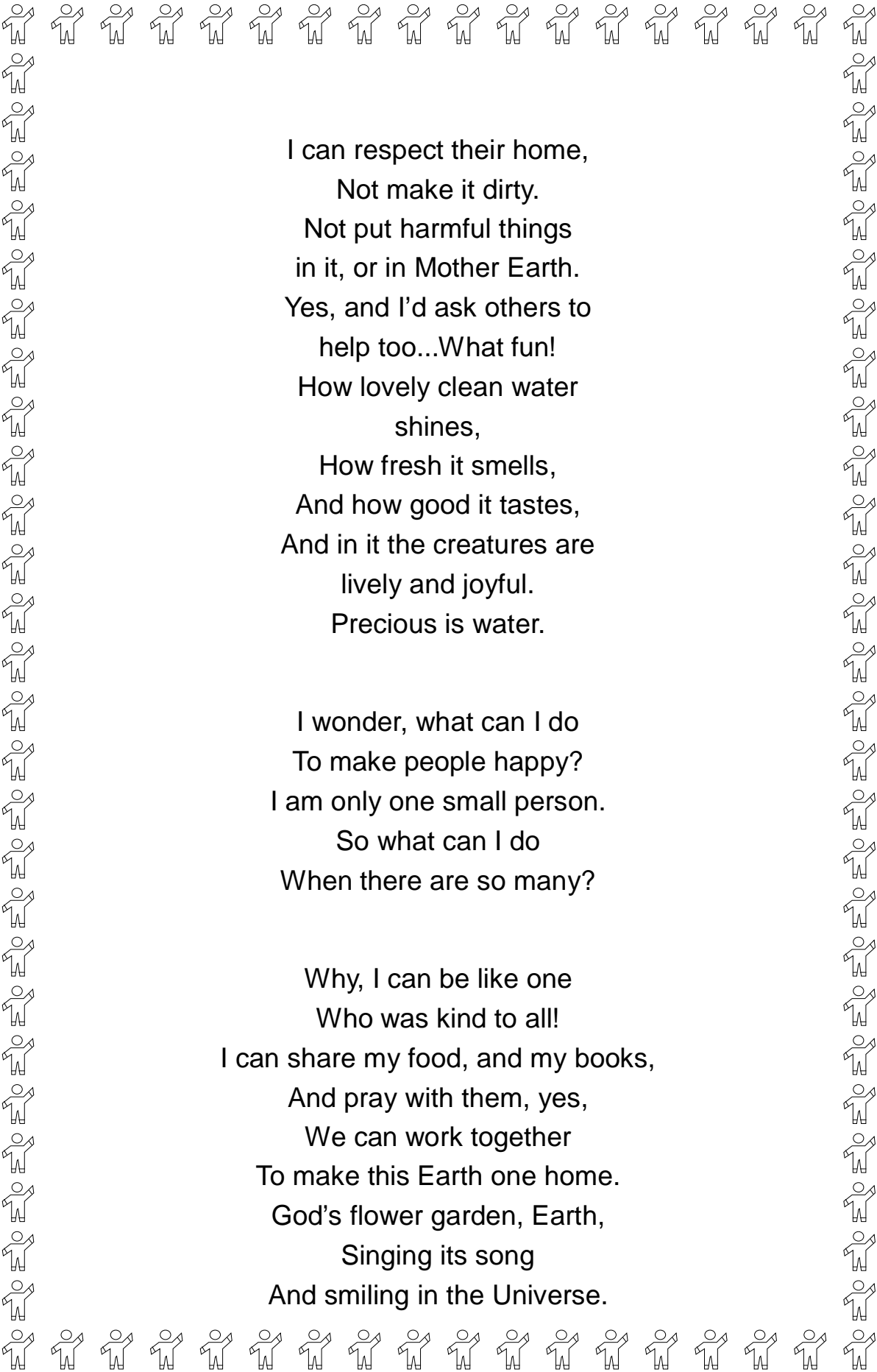


I wonder, what can I do  
To make the Earth well?  
I am only one small person,  
So what could I do  
To make Earth and air  
more clean?

I can plant a tree! Maybe a  
green one, or fruit-  
There are so many kinds.  
And flowers, too, and  
vegetables.  
How lovely they will look,  
How fragrant they will smell,  
How good they will taste!  
And how sweetly the birds  
will sing there.

I wonder, what could I do  
To make the waters more  
clear?  
I am only one person,  
So what could I do  
To make the water creatures  
healthy?





I can respect their home,  
Not make it dirty.  
Not put harmful things  
in it, or in Mother Earth.  
Yes, and I'd ask others to  
help too...What fun!  
How lovely clean water  
shines,  
How fresh it smells,  
And how good it tastes,  
And in it the creatures are  
lively and joyful.  
Precious is water.

I wonder, what can I do  
To make people happy?  
I am only one small person.  
So what can I do  
When there are so many?

Why, I can be like one  
Who was kind to all!  
I can share my food, and my books,  
And pray with them, yes,  
We can work together  
To make this Earth one home.  
God's flower garden, Earth,  
Singing its song  
And smiling in the Universe.

# The Paper Trail

by Arvin Dang

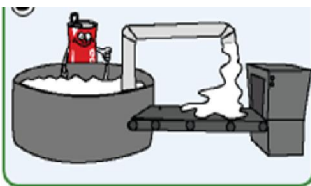


Once upon a time there was a piece of paper. It could do all sorts of cool things. Like bend, flex, fold, lie flat, stand up, even make paper airplanes. The kids loved playing with it! They would draw on it, cut it out, make shapes, make airplanes on it.

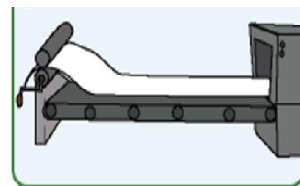
But one day the paper found itself old and wrinkled. Too used up for the kids to keep playing with it. And it was sad. Before it knew what was going on, it found itself stuck at the bottom of the trash can. It got sent out to the big dumpster where the trash men came and picked it up. The little piece of paper was thrown into the truck with all the other papers who were old, wrinkled, and quite grumpy.

The journey was bumpy and windy, too long for such a tired piece of paper. It went from light to dark, from wind to rain. It was grabbed at and squished, and finally thrown onto a conveyer with the rest of the paper. It quickly got sorted and pushed, and moved around. The poor little piece of paper could do very little in its weak condition.

Soon it saw a massive



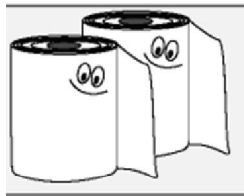
crusher and realized O NO!  
This is the end! There was  
so much I wanted to do! I



wanted to be a pamphlet for Hawaii, or a legal binding document. But alas this is the end. And before it knew it, it was crushed back into a

thin piece of paper. Hm, it thought, that's not so bad. Then it saw the slicer! And the crusher, O NO! The paper tried to run, it tried to fight with the other papers, but it had one corner caught. It started to tear as it was trying to pull away. It barely broke off, just a fragment got stuck. I can make it! But it was too late. The crusher and ripper sucked in the rest of the papers. And the paper closed its eyes.

Slowly it blinked. And realized it was perfectly quiet. Even a bit sunny. Looking around the paper realized it was sitting next to a batch of fresh paper. It looked down at itself. Completely clean, smooth with a fresh coat of bleach! Then bending over to examine the rest of itself,



to see what was going on, it noticed a fine watermark on its back. What is this? it asked. **A RECYCLING LOGO!**



### How it is Done

1. Paper is collected from our kerbside or recycling banks by local authorities and waste management companies.
2. Then it is sorted, graded and delivered to a paper mill.
3. Once at the paper mill it is added to water and then turned into pulp.
4. The paper is then screened, cleaned and de-inked through a number of processes until it is suitable for papermaking.
5. It is then ready to be made into new paper products such as newsprint, cardboard, packaging, tissue and office items.
6. It can take just seven days for a newspaper to go through the recycling process and be transformed into recycled newsprint which is used to make the majority of Britain's national daily newspapers.

*Paper, of course, is made from trees. So the more times a piece of paper can be recycled and used again, the fewer trees need to be cut down. Which is wonderful!*

## **The Purrfect Crime Fighter!**

A new detective is on the beat in central Russia - Rusik the cat, the latest weapon in the battle against fish thieves. A year ago he walked into the police station as a stray kitten, but now he helps police by sniffing out illegal cargoes of fish.

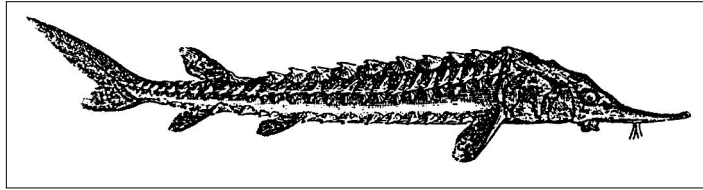
The fish that Rusik sniffs out are sturgeon. Sturgeon are killed by fishermen, who sell their eggs as expensive 'caviar' for people to eat. But sturgeon are facing extinction and it is against the law to catch them, so Rusik is on the case. The police say that no matter how well the smugglers hide the fish, Rusik always finds them!





## ATLANTIC STURGEON

(Biological Notes by Alan Knight)



Sturgeon are found only in the Northern Hemisphere. There are 25 species of sturgeon. Only one species is found in British seas and rivers. It is *Acipenser sturio*, the Atlantic (Baltic) Sturgeon. It is anadromous, a migratory species entering rivers to spawn and then returning to sea.

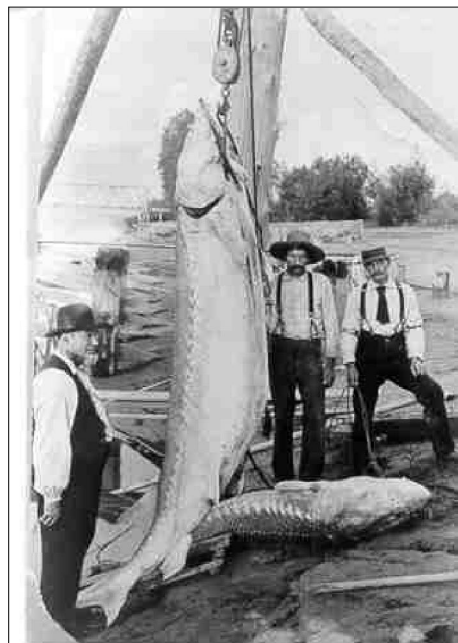
### British Records

Today very few are found in British waters and it is probably unknown in our rivers. It was common two centuries ago in our large rivers including the Severn, Avon, Thames (the remnants have been found in the medieval remains of Westminster Abbey), Ouse and some Scottish rivers. A fully grown sturgeon can weigh up to 318 kg (700 lb) and females can measure 3.4 metres (11 ft) or more. In colour it varies from greenish-brown to bluish-black dorsally, lightening on the sides to white ventrally. The dorsal scutes are light in colour. The colour deepens with age and in the young the scutes are conspicuously light and the fish has a striped appearance.

The head is covered with hard bony plates that meet to form conspicuous sutures (a type of immovable joint between the bones of the skull). The body is long and slender and (together with the head) is protected with usually five rows of flat bony scutes or shields.

### Evolution

The Sturgeon is sometimes described as a prehistoric monster: only parts of the skeleton are ossified (i.e. calcified, bony). The skull is made up of cartilage, as are most of the vertebrae, whereas in most bony fishes the whole skeleton is made up of bones. Ancestral forms include two genera from the Jurassic Period (195 to 136 million years ago). Only fragments exist indicating that they were probably 6-7.5 metres (20-25 ft) long. The sucking mouth and plated armour developed later and fossil remains of today's sturgeon have been found in rocks dating from the Eocene Epoch (54 to 40 million years ago).



## **Cherish My Creatures**

*by Belinda van Rensburg © 2008*

My Heart overflows with the  
purest of love  
For all My creatures on Earth and  
above.  
From the tiniest bugs to the  
mightiest beasts;  
I know everyone and I know all  
their needs.  
Please cherish My creatures; the  
big ones and small,  
For I love them dearly; each one  
and all.



# A Single Starfish

by Loren Eiseley



One day an old man was walking along the beach. It was low tide, and the sand was littered with thousands of stranded starfish that the water had carried in and then left behind.

The man began walking very carefully so as not to step on any of the beautiful creatures. Since the animals still seemed to be alive, he considered picking some of them up and putting them back in the water, where they could resume their lives.

The man knew the starfish would die if left on the beach's dry sand but he reasoned that he could not possibly help them all, so he chose to do nothing and continued walking.

Soon afterward, the man came upon a small child on the beach who was frantically throwing one starfish after another back into the sea. The old man stopped and asked the child, "What are you doing?"

"I'm saving the starfish," the child replied.

"Why waste your time? ... There are so many you can't save them all so what does it matter?" argued the man.

Without hesitation, the child picked up another starfish and tossed it back into the water.

"It matters to this one!" the child explained.



# Did You Know...?

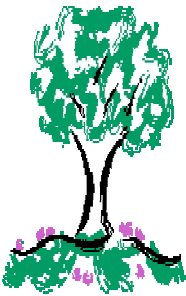


A cat in America once walked over 2,500 miles to find his carers after they moved and left him behind by mistake.

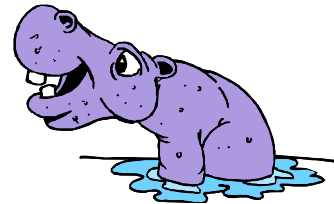
Warthogs live in family groups called sounders.



Squid communicate with one another by changing the colours and patterns on their bodies.



In one year, the average tree gives off enough oxygen to allow four people to breathe for a year. You breathe 6 litres of air per minute.



The word hippopotamus comes from two Greek words meaning river horse. However, hippos are more closely related to pigs than horses.

Tuna can swim 100km in an hour and 1 million miles during their life-times. That's an amazing 40 times around the world!



Research indicates that plants grow healthier when they are stroked.

# Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers

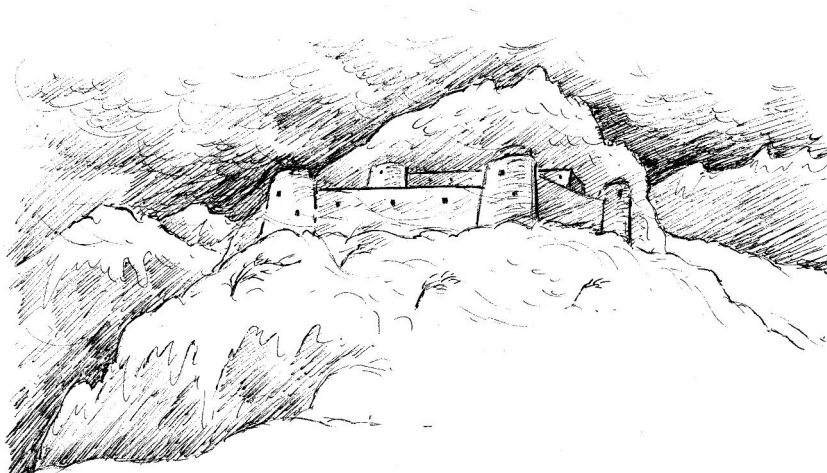
*Stories adapted by Jacqueline Mehrabi and illustrated by Malcolm Lee (published by the BPT of India)*

(The story so far: *The Báb has been sent to Tabriz in the far north of Persia, and from there to a bleak and lonely castle in the town of Mah-Ku. Here, the religious leaders hope that the Báb's followers will forget about Him and the new teachings He had brought from God. But they are wrong!*)

## Part 21

### The Castle of Mah-Ku

A hundred miles or so beyond Tabriz there was a small town built at the foot of a mountain. The huge mountain towered over it, completely blocking the view of the moon at night. The town was called Mäh-Kú, which means "where is the moon?" Near the top of the mountain was a castle, and it was here that the Báb was imprisoned. It was guarded by fierce dogs and no visitor was allowed to enter.



Believers would travel hundreds of miles to see Him, but they were not allowed to see Him and had to stay in the town below. However, the Báb said that this would one day change. And the change came about in a very

strange way.

Early one morning the prison warden was riding on horseback through the countryside outside the town, when he saw the Báb praying by a river. The warden was furious and thought that the guards in the castle prison had allowed the Báb to go out against his orders. He rode angrily towards the castle and knocked on the door, demanding to enter.



The guards unlocked the heavy door and the warden stormed inside, scolding them for letting the Báb escape. But the guards said they had not let the Báb out and that He was still in the castle.

The warden did not believe them because he had just seen the Báb with his own eyes praying by the river. So the guards took him to the Báb, who was, indeed, still in His cell.

The warden began to tremble as he approached the cell. All his pride vanished and he became very humble. He flung himself at the feet of the Báb and told Him how he had just seen Him outside. He thought it was a miracle and was a sign from God and that the Báb must be very holy, for how could someone be in two places at the same time?

After that he never stopped the believers from visiting the Báb in the castle.

*(To be continued)*



# The Kitáb-i-Aqdas ~ The Most Holy Book

## Lesson Thirteen

Bahá'u'lláh says in the Kitáb-i-Aqdas (verse 187):

"Burden not an animal with more  
than it can bear.

We, truly, have prohibited such treatment  
through a most binding interdiction."

A "burden" is a heavy weight, or a cause of great worry or stress.

"Prohibited" means forbidden.

"Binding" means something we have to do.

"Interdiction" is another word for an important law.

Being kind to animals is a law of God we must obey. Some people think animals do not have feelings, but they do. They do not have the intelligence of people (although they are clever in other ways), but they feel pain and tiredness. They can also feel sad or happy.

There is another reason for being kind to animals. They have been created by God. As well as loving people, we should love all of God's creation and take great care of everything in it, whether animals, fish, birds, flowers, trees, earth, sky, sea or mountains.

Wild animals need protection, and so do pets. If they are neglected or badly treated, they cannot speak to someone to complain and get justice:

A donkey cannot tell the authorities when it is given a load that is too heavy to carry.

A dog cannot tell someone if its owner hits it.

A hamster is unable to say it is thirsty when we forget to give it clean water.

A pet mouse cannot tell us it needs clean sawdust for its bed.

We need to be especially thoughtful when we have pets to look after because they are not free to find their own food or water or a clean place to sleep. They rely on us. And God trusts us to look after them.



