

LITTLE FLOWER STORY WAGON



“The Day When the Wagon Wouldn’t Move”



The Little Flower Story Wagon stood very still at the edge of the meadow.

It *wasn’t* broken.
It *wasn’t* lost.
It just... wouldn’t move.

Pip the Brown Rabbit pushed with both paws. Nothing.

“Maybe we’re not strong enough,” Pip whispered.

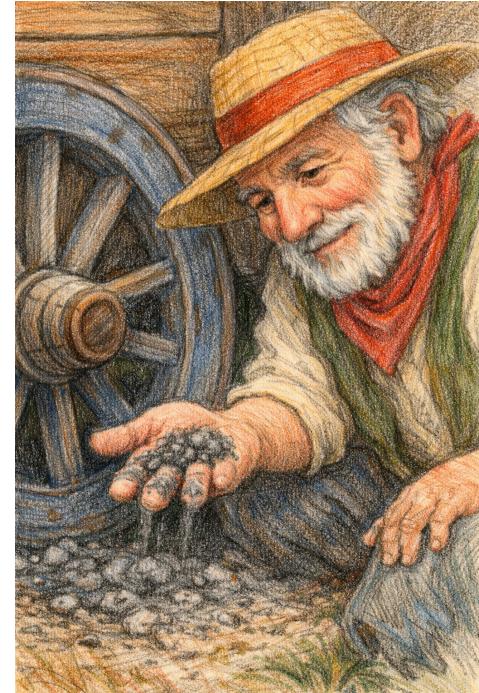
Giuseppe the Wise Pepper Farmer knelt beside the wheel. He brushed away the dirt and his fingers came back gray. “These are ashes,” he said gently. “They’re very small. But they can stop the wheels of the wagon from turning.”

Pip sniffed. “Do ashes mean that we failed?” Giuseppe smiled, the way he always did when the answer was quiet. “No,” he said. “They mean something was given completely.”

Luma the Firefly flickered—just once. Not bright. Not bold. Just enough to be seen. Pip looked at her. “You’re not shining very much.”

Luma hovered closer. “I don’t need to,” she said softly. “Small light is still light.”

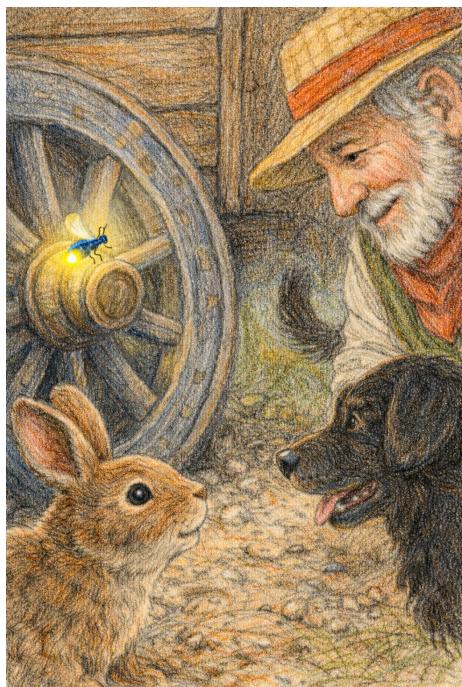
Pastor the Black Dog lay down beside the wheel and rested his head there.



“Maybe,” Pastor said, “the wagon isn’t waiting for a big push.” Everyone grew quiet.

Giuseppe reached into his pocket and pulled out a tiny seed. It was so small Pip almost missed it.

“There was once a little saint,” Giuseppe said, “who learned that God doesn’t ask us to be big. Only to love where we are.” He placed the seed into the ash-covered soil. “She trusted that if she stayed small,” he continued, “God would carry her where she couldn’t go by herself.”



Pip the Brown Rabbit’s ears perked up. “So... we don’t have to move the wagon?” Giuseppe the wise pepper farmer shook his head. “No,” he said kindly. “This season, we walk *the Little Way*.” Luma the Firefly glowed a bit warmer. Pastor the Black Dog wagged his tail once. And then—very gently—the wheel turned *a little*. Not because it was pushed hard, but because it was finally ready.

Inside the wagon, a spark stirred.
And, then, the story began.

The END.