

## *Michael and the Kite*

The wind has finally roared, and Michael wants to fly his kites.  
he's never had success before, but this time it just feels right.  
Even though he's small and young, he knows he can compete  
Like David facing Goliath, he refuses to face defeat.

Oh, the 'Corridor'! A beautiful park with trees on both sides.  
Raging winds will take a kite, and with the trees collide  
downdrafts flow through the corridor like the breath of a wicked beast  
while young and old sigh in sorrow as trees have a kite eating feast

although Michael knows that the corridor has rarely lost a fight  
sheer determination and might will make his kites take flight  
never before has such a young boy been so determined to win.  
only those with wisdom and skill have mastered that beastly wind.

then all of sudden, things changed as Mother begins to speak  
"I know you want to go alone, but grandpa hasn't been out for weeks"  
now Michael loves his grandpa, but he's pretty old and can hardly see  
'there must be 1000 other things for him to do other than be with me'

He sits in his chair for hours on end, and it looks as if he's asleep  
Every family member's name is said, "I doubt he's counting sheep!"  
Muttering through his 2-hour nap with a "hallelujah" at the end  
"I think he's been talking to someone who is closer than a friend."

"Go ahead and ruin my day, ruin my week, ruin the rest of my whole life"  
He thought these thoughts, but no words came out. He knew it wouldn't be right  
Then Michael realized the fight inside was never really worth the toll  
"Yes, mam" said Michael quietly knowing mom was always in control.

With kites in hand and grandpa's hand, they head straight out the door  
It's a beautiful park with rows of trees that line both sides of the corridor  
North of the park are the maple trees burning with their red autumn leaves  
Dotting the skyline and swaying back and forth like a kaleidoscope trapeze

To the south of the park stand the majestic old oaks  
Half are 100 years old, according to some of the folks.

and multicolored kite pieces litter the branches above  
The kites that actually flew are the legends they still speak of.

This could be Michael's moment, his test, his chance to be great  
Or it could be the day he fails and succumbs to the corridors fate  
Resting on a park bench, Grandpa gives a warning and says, "Beware!"  
"Easterly winds are tricky, Michael, So Launch your kite with care."

Then Michael reached for one of three kites and launched it without fear  
He was going to do it by himself even though grandpa had to be here  
Easterly winds ARE tricky as he smashes the first kite to the ground  
Maybe Grandpa was right, Michael thought, but he didn't say a sound

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Grandpa moving his head left and right  
Under his breath, Michael muttered, "how can you help when you have no sight!"  
Now Michael grabbed a second kite and launched it once again  
"Tugged left. Now right!" Said, grandpa. "Good! I know you can!"

Annoyed by Grandpa giving commands who can't even see the kite  
"I can do it myself without an old man who doesn't even have sight!"  
"Now pull both strings!" said Grandpa, but Michael ignored him all the more  
Seeing his kite quickly crash, he was suddenly filled with horror.

Only one kite remains, and frustration reached a mighty peak  
Reaching a peak, Michael sees his chances are really quite bleak.  
The winds have changed, and Michael launched his final kite.  
Hoping against hope that this final kite will actually take flight.

"Ease back" muttered grandpa, as it missed a tree just nearly  
Even though he muttered it, Michael heard him quite clearly  
And don't think for a moment that Michael was going to listen  
Right now, he is focused on his own "kite flying" mission.

"Twist your wrists," says grandpa, "and let it slide a little bit."  
Holding his wrists still, Michael refused and kept a tight grip  
"Quick! Let go of the left!" yells Grandpa while still on the bench.  
Upset by Grandpa's commands, Michael keeps his fists clenched.

And now he's in trouble, as the tail has been eaten by a tree  
kites seldom recover after their tails have been cut free  
either grandpa really can see and he's just being lazy  
or he's really quite wise, but it's making Michael crazy

"Right string! Right string!" said grandpa as if he could see.  
"That's all I can take!", Thought Michael. "Just let me be!  
how can it be when he is old and slow and almost entirely blind  
Even though Michael was patient he was tired of being kind

Finally, Michael pulls his right hand as the winds begin to roar  
"I think you've finally got it," said grandpa. "Just a little bit more."  
Right before his eyes, his kite takes flight and begins to soar  
Everyone gasps as it lifted high above the beastly corridor

"It's flying! It's flying!" he yelled. Back and forth, the little kite sea-sawed  
soaring high between the trees, he heard people starting to applaud  
and with some help from Grandpa, he fought the winds as if he was unfazed.  
Winds from the east were not tricky now, and the crowds stood there amazed.

But Michael's walk home that night was confusing at best  
Upset that only one kite flew and that he crashed all the rest  
Though he knew it wasn't his skill, rather that of Grandpas insight  
without even seeing, he knew how to make it take flight.

anxious to find out, Michael decided to ask Grandpa how he knew  
"Since you can't even see very well, how did you know what to do?"  
"I must answer well," thought Grandpa, who sees no question as small  
Next came a long pause, and then he began to explain it all.

"There's a specific sound when the wind is blowing through the maple trees.  
"Hardly noticeable is a different sound when blowing through the oak leaves.  
Every time the sound changes, I know the wind's direction before it even arrives.  
Guessing which way the wind blows, Michael is how many people live their lives."

"Everyone thinks they have what it takes to make it on their own  
never has that been true Michael, no one can make it alone.

That is why for two hours a day, I sit in quiet reflection  
like listening to whisper of the wind and learning its direction!"

every now and then, grandpa's old wisdom truly seems to stand out  
"Whispers in the wind? Quiet reflections?" Michael can't figure it out!  
however, Michael knows it was really grandpa that made that kite fly  
"I have a lot to learn," said Michael as he took another deep sigh

so now, Michael takes Grandpa to the park with great pride  
people love to watch Michael fly with Grandpa by his side  
everyone thinks that it is Michael who has the skill to win  
really though, it is Grandpa, listening to the whisper of the wind

I Kings 19:12