

LITTLE
JOHNNY
GOES TO
THE FAIR



by

SAMUEL E. SANCHEZ

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Dedication



Dedicated to all the first responders throughout the world. We can never repay your sacrifice, that does not mean that we will not try. May the God of Heaven bless you and keep you safe.

Amen!

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CHAPTER ONE



“COCK A DOODLE DOO” CROWED OUT THE ROOSTER. Little Johnny’s eyes instantly popped opened, he sprang out of bed and darted to his parents’ room.

“Mommy, Popa, get up, it’s Maricopa Fair Day and you promised to take us.” Cried Little Johnny.

As his father awakened from a deep sleep, he yawned and stretched.

His mother shook herself into consciousness, and replied, “Little Johnny, did you even sleep last night?”

“Yes Mommy, I slept and dreamed about our trip to the fair.” he replied.

“Come on Popa, you know that your word is your bond, and you already promised. A daddy can’t break his word to a son, it’s against the rules Popa.” he blurted out, as he jumped on the bed.

Seeing how excited little Johnny was, brought a huge smile to Papa’s face.

“Ok, Ok son! You still have to get ready, eat breakfast, finish your chores, and get in the truck, before we can be on our way to the fair.” said Popa.

“Ok Popa.” replied little Johnny as he hopped off the bed.



* * *

Immediately, and without a word, little Johnny ventured out to fulfill Popa’s list. First, he jumped in the shower, washed his hair, brushed his teeth, cleaned his face and body. He then thoroughly rinsed off all the lather, and finally dried himself entirely. Next, he put

on his under garments, jeans, and shirt. Finally, he was sure, that everything had been accomplished, and he ran to the kitchen.

* * *

The sweet smell of pancakes, hot butter, and hot syrup was in the air.

“Oh boy, pancakes, it is my lucky day” thought little Johnny.

“I am going to eat a hundred flap jacks.” He declared.

In the hallway he met his twin.

“Well, it was almost a perfect day” he said to himself.

As his sister Betty Sue heard his comment, she replied to him, “You ain’t my prize pig either Johnny.”.

The two laughed and fought each other to be first at the table. Finally, little Johnny, pushed through with a desperate thrust, and was able to sit down just a split second before Betty Sue.

“You see Betty Sue, boys are faster, stronger, and better than girls.” said Johnny as he nodded his head.

“Does that apply to me too?” inquired his mother.

With a sheepish grin on his face, little Johnny answered, “Oh no Mama, you are a Mother, you were never a girl.”

“Boy, you’re gonna eat those words, and sooner than you think.”
said Popa with a laugh.



Right after the prayer, Mama served everyone a tall glass of milk, of course Papa had coffee too. Mother then placed a stack of flap jacks, the height of Empire State Building, right in the middle of the table. Right next the flap jacks were piping hot bottles of syrup, and the smell filled the room. As everyone took in the aroma, little Johnny’s mouth began to water. While intoxicated by the smell he did not even notice how beautifully arranged the table was laid out. There was a large bowl of scrambled eggs, perfectly browned toast, and flask of Orange Juice. His excitement blinded his senses.

Everyone enjoyed the breakfast, it was usually the best part of the day, and this today did not fail to be exceptional. Of course, the exciting discussion added to the morning's exhilaration. Papa made his usual jokes, poking fun at the animals. Mama spun her yarns about Grandma and Grandpa serving in foreign lands, preaching the gospel, and bringing people to Christ. Little Johnny and Betty Sue just took it all in. The morning meal was always special, and only supper was ever better, or perhaps lunch.

"Ok, second thing on dad's list has been accomplished, two to go." he thought to himself. He then pushed the plate from his presence.

"Sir, may I be excused to do my chores?" asked little Johnny of his father.

"Yes son, and don't forget that the horses' hooves need cleaning, and the goats need fresh water." replied his father.

"Ok Papa," said little Johnny, as he darted out the door.

"That boy is more wound up than that cat, in room full of rocking chairs." said Papa.

"Do you blame him Papa" asked his wife.

"Mama, may I be excused too?" asked Betty Sue.

“Yes, my dear, don’t forget to clean the bathrooms, fix the beds, put the clothes to wash, and pass the vacuum.” instructed Mama.

“I will Momma, you can count on me” said Betty Sue as she kissed her father’s cheek.

“Huh! Daddy’s girl” said Mama.

“You know it Mama” replied Betty Sue.

“That’s my girl!” said a smiling father.

As Mama cleared the table, Popa took a moment to read the daily paper.

“Says here that the price of cotton has gone up, about ten percent per bushel, that may help us pay down the combine honey.” said Popa.

“That’s great dear, it will be wonderful not to have that bill hanging over our heads” replied Mama.

“Look at this, what a great find!” screamed Popa. “What is it Popa?” asked his wife.

“The paper says that today is free entrance for veterans, and their families. I guess that stent in the Navy is finally paying off.” proudly declared Popa.

“You were so dashing in your dress blues dear.” Replied Mama as she finished cleaning the table.

“Well, off to work. I better make sure that boy ain’t overwhelmed.” said Papa as he finished the last of his coffee.

* * *

As Papa jumped into the truck he could see little Johnny working, feeding the chickens. Once Little Johnny finished cleaning the coop, he placed their waste matter into the compost bin. Then, he changed their water. Finally, after refilling the food receptacles, he stepped back and mentally checked his work.

“Is this how dad would have done it?” he questioned himself.

“Yep, off to the goats.” he said aloud.

His father continued to watch from a far. A gleam of pride shined from his face. Little Johnny was becoming a fine young man.

* * *

At the same time, his twin, Betty Sue had just finished cleaning the toilet.

“That ought to do it.” she expressed to herself.

“Now that is a fine job there, Betty Sue. The bathroom is clean enough for preparation day. Our King would be proud!” exclaimed Mama.

“Your work gets better every week my sweet.” Mama said as she embraced her young prodigy.

“Thank you, Mama. I only want to make you proud, and to honor Papa.” stated Betty Sue.

* * *

“Maaa, maaa, maaa” cried the baby goats as little Johnny entered the pen. He reached for favorite the little white kid.

“Ok little girl, you’re my prize goat. Next fall, at the fair, you’re going to win first place. So I better take care of you, otherwise there’s going be heck to pay!” Johnny said as he glanced into the kid’s beautiful grey eyes.

“Man, you are so cute, if you don’t win, the judges have to be blind.” he expressed.

Then, returned the goat back to the ground, and she scrambled to reach her mother’s warm body.

“Maaa” cried the goat from under her mother’s belly. She continued to stare at Johnny until she fell asleep.

Johnny reached for the rake, and made a pile of all the uneaten hay, animal wastes, and other organic debris that was on the floor. Again, he collected the pile, and placed it into the compost bin, this

time he overfilled it. “Man, these little guys make a lot of poo.” He commented.

Next, he changed the goats water, and snuck them some snacks, dried a dried apple-apricots mix. It was no wonder the goats loved Johnny.

“Ok, what’s next?” thought Johnny.

“Oh yeah, I need to take care of the dogs.” he said.

* * *

Inside the house, Betty Sue was just placing the soap into the last batch of clothes.

“Whew, that ought to do it.” she said to herself.

Next, she reached into the closet and removed the vacuum cleaned from its resting place. After plugging the cord into the socket, she turned the vacuum on. Then, she cleaned the living room rug. The rug was not too dirty since they were vacuumed it twice a week. As she finished the floor, she noticed a small tray on the left end table.

On the tray was a single chocolate cookie, with a note which stated, “You’re doing a fine job. I am proud of you. Mom.”.

A smile of accomplishment could be seen on the young girls face, as she brought the cookie to her mouth.

* * *

“Good job boy. Way to stack those bales!” cried out Papa as little Johnny stacked them in the barn.

“Keep up the great work and I’ll be back to check up on you later.” Papa stated.



“Ok Papa, I still have several more to stack, and then I must feed the horses.” he replied to his father.

As dad disappeared, Johnny took a deep breath and said, “here we go again” and he stacked the bales.



* * *

“Hey there sweetheart, could you use some help?” Inquired Mama.

“Yes Mama, thank you for the offer.” replied Betty Sue.

Mother walked on the other side of the bed, reached for the corner of the sheet, and waved the sheets clean. Together they tucked the sheets in place creating perfect hospital corners.

“Should I get a quarter Mama?” asked Betty Sue as she laughed.

“Don’t worry about it, I do not think that dad will do an inspection today my dear.” Replied Mama smiling.

“Well, it looks like were done Mama, I guess girls are faster than boys, and better too.” said Betty Sue.

“You know that’s right.” replied Mama.

“Now the better pair have to wait for the boys.” said Betty Sue as she laughed.

* * *

Just as Johnny had finished the chores, his father walked into the barn.

“Well, it looks like we are finally finished. I left the field with the water on, so remind me to call your Uncle and ask him to turn it off, otherwise you’ll have that pool you keep asking me for.” said Popa joking.

“Yes Sir” replied little Johnny.

The pair walked up to the car. Popa climbed into the driver’s seat, and little Johnny got in behind him.

“Typical, the men have to wait on the ladies.” said Popa.

As Mama and Betty Sue exited the house, they walked up to the old Cadillac. When Popa saw the pair, he exited the vehicle, walked around to the front of the automobile, and held the doors opened for his ladies.

“That is how a gentleman is supposed to act Johnny, and you are no gentleman.” said Betty Sue.

“That’s ok Betty Sue, because you are not even close to being a lady.” replied Johnny.

“Now you two stop that, that is no way for Christian children to act” demanded Mama.

“Yes Mama.” the twins said unison.

As Papa turned the key, the ignition turned over, and a thought of horror crept into Johnny’s mind.

“OH NO!” screamed Johnny!

“Everyone, I am so sorry. I forgot to clean the horses’ hooves. In all the excitement I just plum forgot.” he declared.

“Oh great, Mr. Memory is going to make us late for the Fair” stated Betty Sue.

“I thought boys were both faster and better Johnny?” said his twin.

“Enough Betty Sue, it was just an accident, go on boy and do your duty, we will wait for you here.” said Mama.

“Hold on there boy, and plant yourself back in your seat.” stated Papa.

“While you were feeding the horses, I saw how hard you were working, so I took it upon myself to lend a hand and cleaned up their hooves.” informed Papa.

“So, what do you say we just go down this here road and find that Fair?” asked Papa.

“Thank you, Papa,” declared little Johnny as he gave his father a giant hug.

CHAPTER TWO



After what seemed forever, the family finally made it to the fair, just as the park was about to open. Dad drove the vehicle around the lot until he found a place to park his oversized long car.



“Here we go, we can park right there, next to that, what in tarnation is that?” asked Papa.

“That tiny thing looks like a car, but I am not sure.” said Papa.

“I think I saw something like that in the circus, and ten or twenty clowns got out of it.” said Popa laughing.

Finally, the Cadillac came to a halt, then dad placed the parking brake, and off they went.

As they walked up to the ticket booth, Papa pulled out the piece of paper he had been saving in his shirt pocket. Then, he passed the paper to the man that was sitting behind the booth. Papa had a giant grin across his face.

“Why is dad smiling Mama?” asked Betty Sue.

“He’s got a coupon baby.” replied Mama.

“Oh!” nodded Betty Sue.

She knew how much Papa loved a bargain.

“Well, let me see here. This paper says, free entrance to the Fair, so free it is.” said the man.

“Thank you, sir.” said little Johnny.

“What a polite boy you have there, Mister, and that kind of manners deserves a reward, so here are four bands to ride all the rides. It on me. Welcome to the Maricopa Fair.” stated the kindly man.

Dad was about to jump out of his shoes when he noticed that the Mayor was about to cut the ribbon and start the festival.

“Thank you ever so much sir.” Mama said to the man smiling.

“You are so welcome lovely lady, it makes my heart sing to see a good American family, have a great day.” replied the man.



* * *

“... and in conclusion, I would like to say, Maricopa County and the City of Phoenix would like to welcome you to our Fair. Have a fun filled day.” said the Mayor as he cut the ribbon.

Then the herd of people headed to the entrance gates. **After what seemed forever**, the family finally entered the fair grounds.

“Well family, what should we do first.” asked Papa.

“We can afford to go on any ride you like.” He said.

“Of course, daddy, that is because the nice man gave us these free passes.” added Betty Sue.

“Yep Betty Sue, and that means we have extra money for the games, and carnival food.” replied Papa.

“So, what should we do first?” asked Mama.

“How about the Screamer Mama?” asked Johnny.

“I think I will pass on that one.” answered Mama.

As the three brave souls waited in line, Mama entered into another line in order to purchase everyone a corn dog.

* * *

“Hello Mrs., what can I get for you?” asked the attendant.

“Could I buy four corn dogs, three sodas, and a coffee please?” asked Mama.

“No Mrs., you can’t buy them, but I can get them for you. You see, you have today’s golden passes. That means even the food is included in your visit.” replied the gentleman.

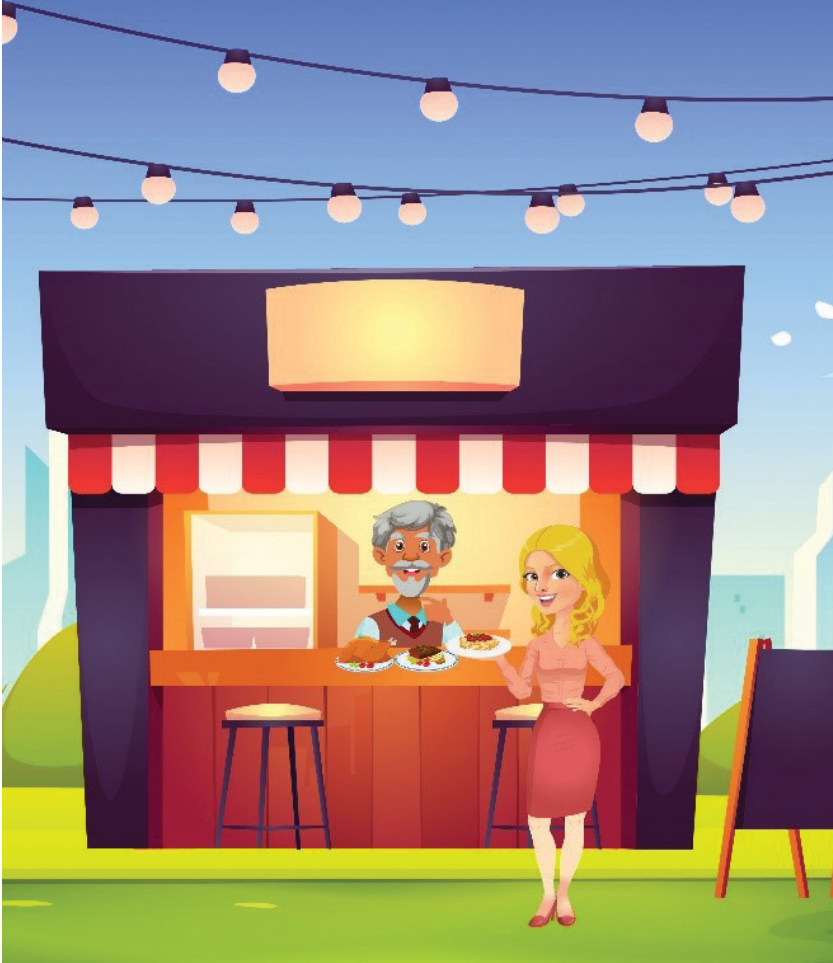
“Really?” inquired Mama.

“Yipper.” stated the man.

“You see, every year Mr. Farnsworth, gives away a fair experience. It is given to a worthy family. A family that is kind, friendly, and expresses good Christian values. I see this year it is your family.” said the man smiling.

“Oh, thank you kind Sir.” said mother crying.

This had been a particularly difficult financial year on the farm, and they really could not afford to be visiting the fair at this time.



“This is a both a blessing and a miracle.” expressed Mama.

“You are very welcome; I now can see that Mr. Farnsworth made the right choice.” said the attendant. “By the way, I am George, George Ybanez.” He replied.

“I am very pleased to meet you Mr. Ybanez, I am Vivian, Vivian Johnstone, please call me Viv.” replied Mama.

“May I help you with this Mrs. Vivian.” inquired Mr. Ybanez.

Then he reached for the boxes that held the sodas and corn dogs.

* * *

As the pair, walked down the line, they met up with Papa, Johnny, and Betty Sue. Papa noticed that Mama was crying, but she was neither sad, nor hurt.

“Why are you crying Mama, did something bad happen?” asked Little Johnny.

“No Baby, something wonderful, I will tell you later.” replied Mama.

“Honey, this is Mr. Ybanez, and he is in charge of the concession stands.” introduced Mama.

“Well, hello there Mr. Ybanez, it is a privilege to make your acquaintance.” stated Papa as he reached out his right hand in a gesture of friendship.

“Well, actually, I am the first assistant to Mr. Farnsworth, the owner of the fair, and he asked me to escort his chosen though out the park.” stated Mr. Ybanez.

Then he shook Papa’s hand.

“Well, this is indeed an honor Sir, please, call me Steve.” said Papa.

“But your name is Papa, Papa.” said little Johnny.

Papa just laughed.

“Why did Mr. Farnsworth choose our family for this honor, Mr. Ybanez?” asked Papa.

Mr. Ybanez sighed, and began to explain.

“You see, Mr. Farnsworth has been in the carnival business for over forty years. He comes from a family tradition of carneys. He loves to entertain families, particularly children. As America’s social mores and values have crumbled, he became a little disillusioned by the people’s attitudes. He stated.

“Yes, most people have some degree of social grace, but it seems that every year, society’s manners have been diminishing.” He continued.

“So, a few years ago, Mr. Farnsworth decided to search for families that would renew his faith in human nature. He searched for those who expressed the social pleasantries, which he learned when he was a boy.” Continued Mr. Ybanez.

“He is a strong proponent of God, family, and Country. It is his creed. As a Christian, he noticed all the struggles that plagued

mankind. He decided, then and there, to make at least one special family his fair guests each year. I can tell that your family is the genuine article, and everything that he looks for.” said Mr. Ybanez.

“Well, I don’t see us anything special about us. I cannot begin to fathom just why he chose us.” stated Papa.

“That is exactly why you are special; it is exactly why he chose you. Today, most families are so self-centered, caring only for their particular interest. Mr. Farnsworth knows that for society to truly flourish, mankind must maintain a mutual interest in one another, just like the Holy Bible teaches.

CHAPTER THREE



“LITTLE BOY, LITTLE GIRL, DO YOU REMEMBER THE STORY OF, THE GOOD SAMARITIN?” asked Mr. Ybanez.

“I think so.” said Johnny.

“No sir.” said Betty Sue.

Papa just smiled “You are our kind of people.” he said.

“Well, the story is found in the Bible’s New Testament, and Christ Himself gives us the tale. It starts, there was a man, who was injured, and most likely robbed. This man was from the tribe of Judah, in the land of Jerusalem. He was a Jew, and in his own country. This injured man, this Jew, was laying in the street’s gutter, bleeding, and groaning in pain. Now this was not a small, isolated street, where no one ever passed, this was main street, where everyone had to go thru.

In this story, four men witnessed the man’s agony, and it is important to see what each man reacted to it.

The first man which passed was a Pharisee. A Pharisee was like the Mayor over there, a strong leader, but he was also the town Pastor. So, people expected this Pharisee to be a man of God, who acted in the

ways of God. So, this Pharisee, on the other side of the street, saw the man, crying in pain. What do you think he did little girl?” Mr. Ybanez asked.

“Of course, he went to help this poor man, he is a man of God, God would help this man, right?” inquired Betty Sue.

“One would think so Miss, but unfortunately, this was not the case. This religious leader pretended not to see the man and kept going, leaving the injured victim in his agony.

* * *

The second man who passed was a Scribe, now these were like your church elders. They were called to be watchmen; they had the responsibility to ensure that the church did not stray from the laws and traditions that God created. So young Master, what do you think this man did?” asked Mr. Ybanez.

“Well, that’s easy, he went and helped the man, called an ambulance and took him to the hospital, right? After all, this is a leader in the church, a watchman.” stated Little Johnny.

“Well, you would think so, again, this is not the case. This Watchman decided that he was not going to help his fellow brother, or in today’s case, fellow Christian. He too pretends not to see the man and walked right over him. At least he did not step on him, but he failed to exhibit any compassion, love, or empathy. He only

expresses a loathing sentiment toward his fellow brother.” says Mr. Ybanez.

“How horrible, at least Christians today would not do this.” said Betty Sue.

“I hate to disagree with you Miss, unfortunately today this is the norm in Christianity, rather than the exception.

* * *

The next passerby was a member of the injured man’s church. He was not a leader, a minister or an elder, but he did hold an office in his church, he might have been a deacon. As a fellow church member, he did have some duty to his fellow brother. So, what do you think happened little Master?” asked Mr. Ybanez.

“I am afraid to answer, it really seems that this church is in real need of reform sir. I just do not know. I guess I am going to say, someone in the church finally helped this man, right?” asked Johnny.

“I am sorry, your faith in this church member was misplaced. This Deacon not only refused to help the injured brother, as he passed over him, he screamed at him, murmured about him, and criticized him for being a spectacle in the community. He called him a bum and said that he should find a job. He then told him stop being a parasite on society. The poor injured man could say nothing to defend himself. He could only lie there, moaning, crying, agonizing in pain, with no hope of relief.” said Mr. Ybanez.

“This story is too sad, I really hope that it is not reflective of human nature, I hope that it is just fiction.” said Betty Sue, with a tear in her eye.

“Miss, please don’t cry. I had no intention of causing you emotional pain. Please forgive an old man’s ignorance” said Mr. Ybanez.

“No sir, it is not you, it is me. If this is the ways of our world, where is the hope.” cried Betty Sue.

“Hold on sweet child, just wait a minute. Let me finish the story.

* * *

“Finally, comes the fourth man.” says Mr. Ybanez.

“Oh no, I don’t think that I can take this anymore sir, but I promised to wait till you are done.” said Betty Sue, tears pouring out of her eyes.

“Finally, comes the fourth man, but this man was different. First, he was not a Jew. He was not a member of the injured man’s church. He was a stranger, from a strange land. Second, he was of a different religion, and maybe even a different race. This man was a Samaritan.

Now the Samaritans were treated very poorly during these times by the Hebrews. They were treated as second class citizens and were

often shunned from Jewish society. So, what do you think happened?” asked Mr. Ybanez.

“Well, that’s easy. If a group of people treated me like that, I would probably hate them, although I would hopefully ask God to remove my hate!” exclaimed Johnny as he noticed his father’s displeased face upon hearing the comment.

“You would think so, but that is not what happened. This man, this Samaritan, was on the opposite side of the street, he then walked across the street to see what had happened. This Samaritan, who owed this injured Jewish man no duty, examined the man, and helped him to his feet. This Samaritan, who was not a member of this man’s congregation, took him, and placed him at a local hotel or hospital for aid. This Samaritan, who was a stranger, had nothing to gain by being kind. He not only paid for the injured man’s medical care and boarding, but he also promised to pay any remaining balance the man acquired while healing, upon his return. Remember, the man was most likely robbed and had no way of paying for his own care.” Stated Mr. Ybanez.

“So, no one, who owed their brother a duty of love, showed any kindness toward him, but rather this stranger, who owed him nothing, gave him what should have been given to him by his own people?” inquired Johnny.

“You got it Master Johnny” replied Mr. Ybanez.

“I do not get it. Why did Jesus tell this story?” asked the puzzled Betty Sue.

* * *

“Well, my dear, the answer is in the words that your brother spoke. You see, the Hebrews, in Christ’s day, believed themselves to be special, and they were, but not for the reasons they perceived. This nation was special, because they were given the oracles of truth by God, along with the responsibility of sharing them with others. Knowledge invokes a responsibility. The ruling caste was filled with bigotry, selfishness, arrogance, and a sense of superiority, and these sentiments trickled down to the laity. For this reason, the religious leaders decided not to fulfill their God given duty and share the truth with the world. Failure to do as God commands is a sin, and their lack of love for others was also a sin.

The Samaritans, who were their distant cousins, family, were shunned from this blessing, by keeping them in ignorance. It was perceived, that since the Samaritans did not possess the entire truth, that God would not show them favor, as He did with the Jewish nation. Therefore, this induced ignorance was a means of suppression, isolation, and corruption. This was obviously not what God had intended when He made the covenant with Abraham.

Jehovah’s people, as you correctly assumed Miss Betty Sue, were supposed to act, just like the one they claimed to follow. The

people of Judah should have been sharing this truth with the world, but they refused, and sinned against God.

Again, Christ command's His followers, those who claim His name, to go and teach all nations, but today, the world leaders, are attempting to make laws, prohibiting Christians from sharing the love of God. They call these laws Hate Speech Statutes. Is it any wonder why we have lost our way as a Nation?" asked Mr. Ybanez.

* * *

At that moment, Mr. Farnsworth walked up to the group.

"Well, I see you are in line to ride the coaster. Do you mind if I join you?" He asked.

"It would be an honor sir." replied Popa.

"Yes sir, please do." said Johnny.

"So, you were talking about the" Mr. Farnsworth's words were interrupted.

"The Good Samaritan!" blurted out Betty Sue.

"I am sorry sir. I did not mean to interrupt you." said the embarrassed little girl.

Mr. Farnsworth could not help but smile.

“What a well-mannered family. What respectful children. They honor you Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, by their actions.” said the impressed carnival owner.

“Please continue George.” said Mr. Farnsworth.

“Christ was trying to teach these Jewish people, that although most of their actions followed the Commandments of God, their intentions for keeping them were not consistent, with His reasons for promoting them. They were keeping the commandments for personal gain, not out of the love and devotion to God and His children. This falsified intention, personal gain, combated God’s reason for giving the Laws. Their purpose went from true selfless love, known as agape, to false self-love, or hedonism.

God’s professed people had become pagan in their intentions. They had changed the meaning, and therefore reasons of the law.” said Mr. Ybanez.

“I thought that we were not supposed to change anything that God has given us, especially not His Word, Laws, or Statutes.” stated Johnny.

“This time Johnny’s got it.” said Mr. Ybanez.

“These two children are well versed in biblical precepts Mr. Farnsworth” stated George.

“I can see that. I guess they truly are the right family to honor, a family who honors God” said Mr. Farnsworth.

“So why are we in line George?” asked Mr. Farnsworth.

“Gold wrist members are God’s children, and they go to the front of the line.” he declared.

“Of course, you are correct sir. We just started talking, eating, and drinking, and the time just passed us by.” George said.

CHAPTER FOUR



As the little band reached the front of the line, the ride attendant asked those a head to please step aside. He opened the gate and greeted the group.



“Hello Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Ybanez, and Johnstone family. Welcome to the Screamer! Please board the first two carts, rows one thru three” said the attendant.

As the remaining cars were filled, everyone raised their arms over their heads, and the safety bars were brought down over them. Clank went the brake release and the coaster propelled into action. Mr. Farnsworth raised his hands over his head, followed by Papa, Johnny, and Betty Sue. Mama just screamed, and Mr. Ybanez laughed.

* * *

After the small company rode every ride, and some twice, Mr. Farnsworth invited everyone to eat dinner. At dinner, they were met by Mrs. Farnsworth, and Mrs. Ybanez. Everyone had a wonderful time. The children were on their absolute best behavior, and Mrs. Farnsworth, and Mrs. Ybanez were extremely impressed with them.

“I want to thank you Mr. Farnsworth, from the bottom of my heart for this special day. We could not have afforded to enjoy such a fun filled time at your fair, and I have no way to repay your kindness. I really don’t know why you chose our family for this honor Sir.” stated Popa.

“I chose you because you are worthy Mr. Johnstone. You are not worthy of yourselves, but rather because of the One you choose to follow. Your Savior, Christ Jesus makes you worthy.” stated Mr. Farnsworth.

“How did you know that we are Christians Sir?” asked Popa.

“That was easy, I knew you by your works, your mannerisms, your love for one another, and your respect of humanity.” replied Mr. Farnsworth.

As this world becomes more corrupt, it becomes easier and easier to spot a child of God. It took about five seconds to see, that your children respect their elders, and honor their parents, one of the Ten Commandments in God’s Holy Law.” stated Mr. Farnsworth.

“But how does that make us worthy over all these other families?” inquired Popa.

“Because Steve, as a Christian, you are a child of God. As a fellow Child of God, I have a duty to love my brother. You, and your family, are not customers, you are family. You are my brother; it is my duty to love you. Once I recognized you, I loved you. It is that simple.” said Mr. Farnsworth.

“Welcome to the family.” said George. As tears rolled down Mrs. Johnstone’s face, a gleam of gratitude beamed from her eyes.

“Thank you, Jesus, I knew you would not let us down. You have removed our worries and fears, just as You promised.” she said.

* * *

As the family drove away, in their long old Cadillac, Momma and Popa waived and said farewell to their new family. Betty Sue fast asleep with her head lodged on her brother's shoulder. Little Johnny caressed her hair and kissed his twin's forehead good night.

Popa, looking in the rearview mirror, realizing the blessings he had just experienced, gave thanks in prayer.

Mr. Farnsworth, waving, cried out, "Don't forget to come back tomorrow!".

The End of Episode one.

Glossary:

1. Flap Jacks – Pancakes
2. Carney – a person who works with a carnival.
3. Honey – a loved one.
4. Sin – a transgression of God's 10 Commandments.
5. Jehovah – a name for God.
6. Samaritan – a native or inhabitant of Samaria.
7. Pastor – a clergy man.
8. Hebrew – a member of or descendant from one of a group of northern Semitic peoples including the Israelites.
9. Pharisee - a member of a Jewish sect of the intertestamental period noted for strict observance of rites and ceremonies of the written law and for insistence on the validity of their own oral traditions concerning the law.
10. Scribe – a member of a learned class in ancient Israel through New Testament times studying the Scriptures and serving as copyists, editors, teachers, and jurists.
11. Jew - a person belonging to a continuation through descent or conversion of the ancient Jewish people.
12. Yipper – a slang term for the word yes.

13. Fair – a competitive exhibition usually with accompanying entertainment and amusements
14. Bum - with no settled residence or means of support.
15. Agape – a self-less form of love.
16. Hedonism – a love of self.

Places mentioned in the story:

Maricopa County – a county in central Arizona.

Phoenix, AZ – a city on the Salt River in Arizona, and Arizona's capital and its most populous city.

Jerusalem - city in southwestern Asia northwest of the Dead Sea, and formerly the capital of the ancient kingdoms of Israel and Judah.

Characters:

17. Little Johnny Johnstone – The main character, about 8 years old.
18. Betty Sue Johnstone – Little Johnny's twin sister.
19. Vivian Johnstone – Wife of Papa, mother to the twins.
20. Steve Johnstone – Husband to Momma, father to the twins.
21. Mr. Farnsworth – Carnival owner, a devoted Christian man.
22. Mr. George Ybanez – President of the Carnival, personal assistant to Mr. Ybanez. Devote follower of Jesus Christ.

Promotional Page:

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5. The Adventures of Little Johnny – **Little Johnny Goes to Montezuma's Castle**
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR(S):



Dr. Samuel E. Sanchez - Samuel E. Sanchez is an American family practice physician, who wrote the Christian children's book, *The Little Moon*: the first book in the series, *The Adventures of Little Moon*. A series about the plight of an adolescent native American girl, growing up in the 1850s.

Over the last eight years, Samuel E. Sanchez has been dabbling in Christian literature. This has been his steppingstone in the realm of children's Christian fiction books. His most recent Series, *Mandi Pandi and Family*, are a sequence of parables to teach young people the mannerisms and importance true of Christianity.

Samuel E. Sanchez is an Alumni from Cal State University of Long Beach where he studied Chemistry. Additionally, he obtained a Doctorate in Osteopathic Medicine from the Kansas City University of Medicine and Biosciences.

As a resident of Arizona, he has grown to appreciate the old west, particularly the native American culture. This has had a profound influence on his writing, especially his books and articles about old western America.

Come one, come all, and experience yesterday, with a cup of coffee, and a good book by Dr. Sanchez.