

don't blame the mud
ONLY JESUS MAKES US CLEAN

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**For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son,
that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.**

JOHN 3:16



My troubles began one spring day as I was walking home from school.
The rain had stopped, and the sun was shining.

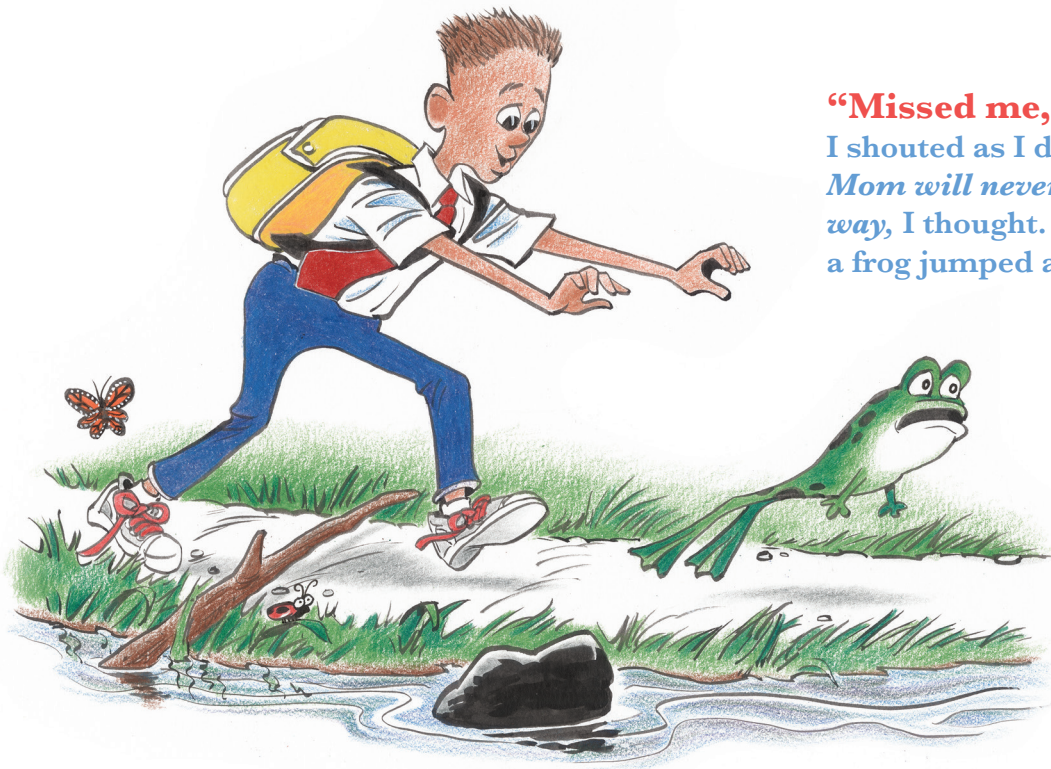
As I jumped over mud puddles, I could hear my
mom's parting words echoing in my head:
**"Max! Don't get those clothes dirty!
Come home and change before you play."**



I looked down at my new school uniform—it was still clean. *Whew!*

I should have kept walking down the sidewalk, but the trail that ran along the creek looked so much more fun. The muddy path seemed to call out to me that day. *I can keep my clothes clean, I thought, and I can catch frogs and skip stones.* Soon I forgot all about Mom's warning.

I walked on logs.
I hopped from rock to rock
over puddles and patches of mud.
I dodged the mud splashes.



“Missed me,”

I shouted as I ducked a huge one.
Mom will never know I came home this way, I thought. Then, all of a sudden,
a frog jumped across the path.