

# Year 3 Writing – ‘Max Lucado’ Style

## Raphael’s tree – By Mr. Woolfe

Biblical theme/principle- ‘Just be who God created you to be’.

Key: Orientation      Developing problem      Developing solution      Conclusion

There was once a small sparrow whose name was Raphael. Raphael loved to play and fly around his tree, and flutter around as his mother tended to her nest for spring time.

Raphael’s favourite hobby was to fly to the ground every now and then and look for the biggest, juiciest worm that he could find. “Whoomph!”. The worm went down the hatch and Raphael snapped his beak and squeaked happily. He lived with his mother and his brothers in a enormous oak tree by itself in a field, where the tree spread it’s grand branches well over the field, it’s green leaves spreading beautifully so that all that you could see when you looked up from below it were beautifully grown branches and leaves, spreading as far as the eye could see.



You see, Raphael had a wonderful home and many lovely brothers and sisters. He looked around, and knew that the long branches were places that he could land on, that the green luscious meadows beckoned to him to find worms and that his brothers and sisters were there to always help. Raphael always talked with his brothers and sisters, and they loved each other in a very sparrow-like sort of way. Raphael was a sparrow, and thought that he knew *just how* to be a sparrow.



One day quite late in summer-time, Raphael heard a peculiar sound. “Bzzzzz!!!!”. The creature had a yellow and black coat and seemed to make a blur with its’ wings. The little fellow was also as small as an acorn on his tree! “Pardon me,” Raphael squeaked to the creature, “but what are you doing?” The creature paused in its’ frantic movements, looked at Raphael, then kept darting around. “I’m a bumblebee!” screeched the creature quickly. “And I’m gathering pollen from these flowers!”

Raphael saw the bumblebee and its’ grand way of collecting pollen, darting from this flower and that flower. He clucked softly in admiration of the tiny insect. “What a useful thing to do!” Raphael thought. So, Raphael flew straight down to the ground and with a flick of his tail, decided right then and there to collect pollen for his family. Sitting around a few hops away from him in the grass was a big, juicy daisy, full of pollen! So, the sparrow beat his wings once or twice, leaped straight towards it, and landed beak-first on the flower, ready to collect his precious pollen. “SPLAT!” Raphael looked down, and saw the crumpled remains of the flower underneath him, squashed into the ground.

“I’m too heavy to land on the flowers – I can’t collect any pollen!” Raphael realised with a squawk. So with a shake of his feathers and a click of his beak, the sparrow flew straight back up to his favourite branch, while the tiny bumblebee remained on the ground and gazed sorrowfully at the ruined daisy.

Raphael hung on with one foot on his branch, blinking slowly as tears swam in his little eyes. "Why can't I collect pollen too?" he wondered silently. The sparrow sat on his perch, his feathers drooping sorrowfully, when he felt something land on his branch beside him. "Thump!". He slowly uncurled his wings from around his head, opened one eye and looked up. "Hoot hoot! Too-wit! Too-woo!". A round,



fluffy brown face peered down at him from a body positively covered in feathers of the same colour. "Who are you?" asked Raphael tentatively. "Too-wit! I'm Cornelius, the owl!" hooted the strange looking bird. Raphael watched as the bird moved its' head slowly around in a half-circle, looking at Raphael, at the ruined flower on the ground below him and then to the sweeping branches of the massive oak above them. "Nice to meet you, I guess," squeaked Raphael.

"How can I help you, sir?" wondered Raphael, looking at the large bird. The fluffy, feathered head rotated back to Raphael, and the bird's eyes seemed to peer right past the tears swimming in Raphael's own eyes. "To-wit – too-woo!" tooted the owl. "I think that I can help you! Do you see the oak tree all around us?" The owl gazed at Raphael with his long stare. "And do you see those blades of grass on the ground?" The little sparrow chuckled, and then fixed the owl with his own stare. "Of course! This oak tree is my home! I know everything about it!". Raphael turned his gaze back to the blades of grass on the ground. "And I see the grass every day, too". He flicked his feathers slightly, as if to say to the owl that it was a very silly question!

"Hoot hoot! Well, does the oak tree try to be like the blades of grass?" asked Cornelius. Raphael pondered for a moment, his little head flicking from side to side. "Of course not!" he replied. "Too-woot! And does this worry the oak tree?" the owl chortled. "I wouldn't think so..." suggested Raphael. "Hoot-hoot! And do you think the little blade of grass could do the same thing as the oak tree?" asked the owl. "Probably not!" stated the sparrow, raising his head and spreading his feathers, fixing his stare back to the grass and the oak. "So why do you try to be like the bumblebee?" the owl queried. "Too-wit! You have many wonderful abilities as a sparrow. You are a perfectly lovely sparrow! Just be the sparrow that God made you to be!" And with that, the owl spread his mighty wings and launched himself into the sky, leaving Raphael pondering his words.



That night, as the sparrow family slept, Raphael hopped back to his favourite branch, gazing at the mighty oak stretching above him, and down at the dark field extending below him. He nestled his head into a few leaves and clucked contentedly. "Why would I try to be a bumblebee?" he asked. ***"I think I'll just try to be the sparrow that God wanted me to be."***