

Story by
Carol Lee Brunk

Fire



Flies

Touch of God

On

Nature and

Children

“Fire Flies Touch of God On Nature and
Children” Story, Design, and Illustrations by
Carol Lee Brunk Educational Portfolio

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Question Contact:
Golisano Children's at University of Kentucky
Attn: Abby Stover, Child Life Organization
800 Rose Street, Pav H Room 444
Lexington, KY 40536
Office: 859-323-6551

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***Children at play,
As though they have the hand of God
gently holding their hand,
Of clear thought always in the state of
“Aw!”
Touch of God – Nature and Children
They come to them unknowingly
harmless, curiosity- no kill to the cat,
Peeking interest
Closeness shared like no other.***



The warmth of the sun just at dusk and the small yellow tiny illuminated lights began to float up from the cool green grass. Children run around bare foot feeling the coolness of green under their feet. Smiles all around when the mason jars were handed out – each had a lid with tiny holes punched in. Looking for the guided hand to grasp without a Squish! The goal accomplishment was to get more than one to a jar to create a Nature's lantern for the evening



So, they ran and grasped filled their mason jars with a helping hand from God to get them in the jar without flying out. No squishing that time for a bunch of them- but sometimes it happened. She wondered around with the rest in the yard. Just took her time grabbing at the air missing the small illuminated lights ever once in a while.



She was the last one that sat down on the porch swing with Mason jar in hand. It glowed brighter than the rest and her smile was illuminated when she held the jar to her face. She had the most that evening. He looked across and took notice of her for the first time. She had the nicest smile.



“How many you got in there?” he asked as he crossed over the porch to be near her.



“Don’t really know?” “A lot,” she said almost nervous with a little awkward smile.



“You’re how old?” he asked.



“Just turned seven the other day,”
smiling she said.



"Ten," he said, "I'm ten."



Nature's lanterns continued to illuminate the porch until the adults asked they let the lantern go that evening. She had emptied her mason jar with his. The gentleness of a breeze of a porch swing that evening had a touch with the hand of God. A quiet attraction had taken place for the first time in a gentle summer's breeze of a supervised evening.



***Finest white threads woven
Silken
A touch of refined lace delicately placed.***



Slowly, from the waist up white marbleized cream pearls were carefully placed together as in a hook and eye fashion. The music of the March would soon begin with blossoming spring flowers in an array of color delicately placed by the hand of God brought the engagement in the park band stand to life. She held her arms straight out from her sides. Keeping herself still as possible until all were fastened together. Her Mother's hands trembled on the very last button.



“Just breathe,” she told herself.
“Just breathe.” Nervous was not even the word that placed that moment. Panic was closer but, that did not fit well, either.



*“Just a little light headed,” she
thought, “so, just breathe.”*



"Please don't faint," she told herself.
Then she waited.

Fire Flies



The night before an unforgettable conversation took place between two that were very important to the young bride.



Y*ou often hear of the fish that got away,”* the man said to the other man.



"I'm not fishing," the other man said.



“You’re fishing,” the man said.



“Not really...Not even got a pole in hand,” the other man said.



“Ok..metaphorically, then speaking-”
the man said.



“You need to get me a little more information,” the other man said.



“What is she to you anyway?” the man said.



"I grew up with her," the other man
said.



“And so did I,” the man said.

Fire Flies



There, she waited in the park.



“*M*om,” she said hesitantly, her nervousness took over for a brief moment
“*Umm...never mind.*”



The March ballad came to life and the guests and passer byers rose from benches, waiting. They had turned to look back at her entrance. Beautifully, delicately, lightly placed a thin fabric covered her face. Was she crying? Excited or just scared of a new beginning? The March ballad grew louder and it was her queue to move forward with arm looped in her fathers'. They began to move forward.

Fire Flies



The conversation continued from the night before so important the two young men to the young bride.



S*o, what's she to you anyway?"*
the man said.



“Just say I grew up with her,” the other man said.



“So, *did I*,” the man said.

Fire Flies



***The young bride's view down the aisle,
the next day.***



Preacher had placed himself in the middle of the band stand with orchestra behind. Flowers lined the benches as she strolled by. His tux, so dapper, fit perfectly. He stood with ring in hand.



With a veil lifted, a kiss to the cheek, her father, pleased, placed her at the band stand alter. “He’ll be good to you,” he said and stepped away. Her smile quivered and as did his.



The Vows were placed. The kiss took place. The announcement made- the cheers and the claps of their audience pursued.



***At mid-night the newly wedded
couple took the limo to the train.***



“**H**e stood up for you,” the bride
said.



“He did?” the groom said surprised.



“We’re married now- do I want to know what happened?” the bride said.



"It was only me at the alter today,"
the groom said.



"I saw that," the bride said.



“We’re married now.” “Just a small misunderstanding,” the groom said smiling, “that you chose me and not him.”



God's hand had touched them while they searched for an illumination as children in a summer's evening of mason jars with a goal of making a Nature's lantern many years ago. Now, they gazed upon each other knowingly they were purposely brought together by a first attraction that never went away- so many years ago, most likely by the hand of God.

Fire Flies



