

Watching the Clouds



I wonder if you ever get worried?

This is a story about discovering shapes in the clouds.

“What are you doing?” Squirrel shouted, as he bounded out of the tree and over to Rabbit, who was lying in the long waves of grass. “I thought you were busy today?”

“I’m looking at the clouds, Squirrel,” replied Rabbit. “Why don’t you come and join me?”

Squirrel flicked her bushy tail slightly and her eyes darted around for a couple of seconds. Could she stop for just a minute? Taking a deep breath, she slowly slid to the floor and turned to gaze at the sky above.

“I don’t see anything!” Squirrel grumbled.

“Just wait,” replied Rabbit calmly.

Squirrel looked towards the sky again. The clouds never stayed still; they were changing and travelling across the sky.

“Do you see that small, puffy cloud over there?” asked Rabbit, pointing to a spot in the sky just above her long ears. “I noticed it a short time ago. It reminds me of a horse.”

“It looks more like a duck to me!” remarked Squirrel, giving Rabbit a cheeky grin. “But I begin to see what you mean about the shapes. You see that cloud just coming past my tree? I think it looks like a delicious cake!”

It was quite relaxing and Squirrel was just beginning to enjoy herself when suddenly the sky became darker. The clouds overhead were no longer fluffy; they were dark and menacing, threatening to pour down with rain.

“I don’t like that one Rabbit,” Squirrel spoke quietly. “It reminds me of a monster that’s going to eat me...And that one... that looks like...”

Squirrel buried her face in her paws. She didn’t want to think about that. Why had she stopped to watch the clouds?

Rabbit put her arm around her friend. “Squirrel, I know it can be hard to see the dark clouds, but look again now! They’ve already passed over our heads.”

Squirrel peeped out of one eye. Rabbit was right. The sky wasn’t quite so dark anymore. The monster was already far away and didn’t seem to have quite such sharp teeth. Above them now were a mix of different clouds, one of which looked like a balloon. All were there for a few moments and then they were gone.

“Try not to get worried Squirrel,” spoke Rabbit softly. “Just notice the shapes are there and then watch them pass over our heads. The dark clouds never last.”



I wonder, which part of the story do you like best?

I wonder, what shapes might the fluffy clouds be?

I wonder, what shapes might the dark clouds be?

I wonder, why do you think Squirrel didn't want to watch the clouds?

I wonder, have you ever come close to something like this?

It's not always easy to stop and notice what is going on in our lives. For Squirrel, it was scary to notice the dark clouds, but soon they always passed.

On some paper, you might want to draw some clouds. Perhaps you could write some of the worries you have at the moment in the clouds? Notice they are there and then let them pass. Or you might want to sit and think, or to create something different – whatever is right for you today.

If you would like to, you can say this prayer...

Dear God,

Thank you that we are not alone when we face difficult things.

Help us to only notice our worries and let them pass.

Amen