

“A foolish son brings grief to his mother [Prov. 10:1b, NIV].”

In the quaint village of Willowbrook, nestled amidst rolling hills and whispering pines, there lived a woman named Helena. She was known throughout the village for her gentle heart and unwavering kindness, but her greatest joy and sorrow came from her son, Tommy.

From the moment Tommy drew his first breath, Helena showered him with love and affection, dreaming of the wonderful man he would one day become. However, as Tommy grew, it became evident that he possessed a reckless, foolish, and impulsive nature, much to Helena’s dismay.

Despite her tireless efforts to guide him down the right path, Tommy seemed drawn to trouble like a moth to a flame. He would often disappear for days on end, leaving Helena to fret and worry until he stumbled back home, bruised and bloodied, mumbling meaningless apologies once again.

"No matter what I do, he always finds trouble," Helena would lament to her neighbors, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

As the years passed, Tommy's behavior only worsened. He fell in with a band of unruly youths who led him deeper into the shadows of disobedience and mischief. His once bright spirit dimmed, replaced by a darkness that seemed to consume him from within.

Helena's heart ached with each passing day, watching her beloved son spiral further into the fiery abyss of his own making. She pleaded with him and begged him to change his ways, but her words fell upon deaf ears.

Then, one fateful night, tragedy struck Willowbrook. A fire tore through the village, devouring homes and livelihoods in its relentless path. Amidst the chaos, Tommy was nowhere to be found.

Frantic with fear and desperation, Helena searched every corner of the village, calling out his name into the smoke-choking air. Finally, she found him, crouched in a smoke-filled corner room of a half-burnt building, his face twisted in anguish and his hands seriously singed by the flames.

"Mother, I'm sorry," Tommy whispered, tears mingling with the ash on his scorched cheeks. "I thought it was just going to be a little bonfire. But it got out of control." The smoke and burns finally overcame him.

At that moment, Helena's heart shattered into a thousand pieces. She gathered Tommy into her arms, holding him close as the flames swept past them. In that embrace, she felt the weight of her sorrow and the depth of her love for her foolish son.

As the embers of the fire smoldered into ash and the dawn painted the sky with hues of pink and gold, Helena realized that it was Tommy's foolishness that fueled the grief and pain that had now overwhelmed her.

Indeed, "A foolish son brings grief to his mother" [Prov. 10:1b, NIV] Helena whispered to herself, pressing a tender kiss to Tommy's singed brow.