

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

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 streaming with tears of disappointment and sadness.

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 and was 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 pile of soot in an old abandoned barn, his face twisted in anguish and his hands seriously singed from the flames.

"Mother, I'm so sorry," Tommy whispered, with tears mingling amidst the ash on his scorched cheeks. "I thought it was just going to be a little bonfire. But it got out of

control." He cringed with pain as his mother took his burnt hand to lead him out of the smokey barn.

She clutched him close as they stumbled past the flames that were nearly engulfing them. At that moment, 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 charred remains and the dawn revealed a smoke-filled sky with pale plumes of ashen clouds, Helena realized that it was Tommy's foolishness that fueled his blistering pain and the grief that was overwhelming her.

As they sat huddled together on the street corner, the old adage, "A foolish son brings grief to his mother" [Prov. 10:1b] came to Helena's mind as she pressed a tender kiss to Tommy's singed forehead, hoping that this time he had finally learned his lesson.