



A MIRACLE FOR SAMUELITO

Based on a true story told by Kathryn Swartz,
the missionary in the story

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NOTE FOR THE TEACHER

Display each illustration where indicated in text, laying volume aside when the story line continues beyond the picture. The extra activities and review questions on pages 9-12 are correlated with each chapter and encourage student involvement. You may wish to make a copy of the memory verse token on page 12 for each student.

Chapter 1



Show Illustration #1

Samuelito (Little Samuel) sat on his heels on the dirt walk in front of a tiny lunchroom waiting for the bus to come. His dark eyes were bright, and his black hair was hidden under the broad brim of his big Mexican sombrero.

As he sat there he watched the blind man at his side. From time to time his eyes shifted to look up the narrow dusty road; yet he knew the blind man would know first when the bus was approaching. *Truly, the blind man sees with his ears*, thought Samuelito.

Soon Samuelito saw the blind man straighten up in his chair, tighten the strings of his guitar and get ready to sing. Narrowing his eyes against the bright sun, Samuelito watched and waited. In a moment the road was one big cloud of dust. In another moment the bus was in sight.



Show Illustration #2

Quickly Samuelito pushed his big hat to the back of his head, tightened his hold on his shoeshine box and walked to the edge of the road where the bus would be stopping.

The bus screeched to a stop and the blind man reached down to make certain his beggar's box was in place. Then he began to sing his sad songs, strumming

his guitar as he sang.

Samuelito had a bright smile for each passenger who got off the bus. Of each man passenger he asked, "Shine, Meester?"

But it was one of the women passengers who smiled back at Samuelito and said, "Buenos dias" (Good day).

Something in the woman's smile told Samuelito she was a good woman. He noticed that her teeth were as white and as

perfect as his own, and her eyes were as dark as his. Samuelito watched her walk to the side of the bus where the baggage was being unloaded. *Since she is getting her baggage*, he thought, *she is going to stay in our village. I wonder where she will stay?*

Soon all the other passengers came out of the lunchroom and began to board the bus. Samuelito looked with pride as some of them stepped onto the bus with bright and shiny shoes. He had done a good job and he had earned 12 pesos and 65 centavos. *Perhaps I have done better at thees small bus stop than I would have done if I were in a large city*, he reasoned, as the bus pulled away. At least, he did not have to push other boys out of the way and scramble for business. Here, he was the only shoeshine boy.



Show Illustration #3

Happily he counted the money again, then put it carefully in the pocket of his short pants. Pulling his shirt down carefully over his pants, he was getting ready to leave when he noticed the woman standing beside him. "You are not a lazy boy," she said. "Are you saving your money for something special? What is your name?"

"My name is Samuelito, and I hope someday to go to a big city and to school where I shall learn many things."

"That is good," the woman said. "But do you know there is something you can learn right now, if you care to? It is the most important thing in the world for each of us to know. It will cost you no money. May I tell you about it?"

Samuelito was suspicious now. Was this woman after the money he had earned? Did she think she could sell him this little book she held in her hand, or the bigger book under her arm? Well, he would let her talk, *but he would not buy*.

Holding up the bigger book, the woman said, "Do you know about the Bible, Samuelito? It is God's Book and it tells us how to go to Heaven."