

A Special Gift

by Angie

Mary always made each child a toy that was theirs alone. She knitted or crocheted it, and made each unique to the child.

It was little Jacob's turn. There really was no question about what to do. His parents had been re-united, beyond hope, and he was at an age now to enjoy and appreciate a toy. He was a thoughtful child, very much like his father, and treasured all his belongings.

She smiled as she decided what to make, obvious really, she decided, then rooted through her yarn bag and located some suitable remnants. Yes, she could just knit two tubes and do what was necessary. Very simple.

She worked on the project at a time when no one was likely to interrupt her. She completed the knitting well before Yule, which gave her time to find some accessories and a box.

Looking through a recent donation of a lot of cookie tins and such, she picked one up and gazed at it in amazement. She had no idea what had been in it, but it would thrill the little boy, as it had a clear plexiglass front, so it would act as a display case as well.

Her work completed and nicely packaged, she took a final look at it before wrapping it in some wrapping paper and a ribbon. Yes, they would do nicely.



Jacob's reaction when he opened his gift was everything Mary could desire. He ran to her and gave her a big kiss, and then ran to his parents and proudly displayed his gift. Then he took them out of their box and hugged them to himself, his face a picture of ecstasy.

"Now I'll have you with me any time I wish," he told them.

That brought a small twinge of guilt and sadness to his parents, remembering how he had almost lost both of them, but they both smiled at their son.

"You'll always have us, Jacob," Vincent remarked, hugging his son and his new dolls. Catherine joined the hug and they were, for a time, basking in their unique bond.

Anyone who looked at them smiled. All was right with the world and they knew it.

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