

BUILDING A DOLL HOUSE

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Have you ever built a doll house? Yes, I have, by gluing together all the numbered wooden pieces from a doll house kit. It took me a whole week to finish the 5 room house. Gradually I obtained miniature furniture from mail orders to furnish the living room, dining room, bed room and the nursery. Finally I bought a family of dolls to live in this house. I really like the house and will not give it to my granddaughter.

However, my granddaughter Elizabeth also likes doll houses. Someone gave her a small doll house kit as a Christmas present. I put it together for her. She was not happy with the house because it was too small for furniture and her doll family.

On my recent birthday my young friends from the Bible Study gave me a 7 room doll house kit. I decided to give it to Elizabeth as her birthday present. She came to visit me for a week in July. We planned to build the house together. How little did I know that it was going to be such a difficult task. It was really building and not gluing together pieces. We both read the instructions and started with the base. The first mistake I made was that I glued the wrong side of the base. It was so hard to separate the dry glue. I thank God that I did not break the wooden base. The second mistake that I made was that I did not remove the brick marked paper while the red clay was still wet. It took me hours to remove the paper and scrape off the excess dry red clay. Eliza-

beth was willing to let it go even though some areas lost the appearance of bricks, but I labored persistently until they looked like bricks.

Then the worst thing happened. Elizabeth wanted to paint the walls first before we put them up. It was a great idea. We took our instruction book and went to the nearest paint store to buy paint and wall paper. After dinner we planned to work on the house. Both of us could not find the instruction book. If we lost the instruction book, our whole project would be gone without considering the cost. My heart sank. I prayed with Elizabeth but she did not pray out loud with me. In the middle of that night I woke up and prayed again that God would give Elizabeth and experience of faith. The next morning I called the paint store. Praise the Lord that they kept our instruction book and remembered us. God answered our prayers.

During the week Elizabeth and I both have learned lessons. When we disagreed with each other we screamed. I felt so ashamed and asked God for forgiveness. I did not give up, on matter how hared it was. Elizabeth also told me that she prayed to God for help. Suddenly a thought came to me. I asked Elizabeth one question. "What is our instruction book for life?" My 11 year old granddaughter gave me a puzzling look. I answered her that our instuction book for life is the Bible. Without it we cannot build our life. 