

THANK
YOU
Mr. FARCO

By Lee Ann Patton

Thank You Mr. Fargo, Paperback

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THANK
M^{YOU}. FARGO

Mr. Fargo was a gentleman who was eighty-seven years old and lived alone on Friendship Lane. He had lost his dear wife fifteen years before and his children lived far away with their own families. He had a weak heart and had to visit his doctor often. Yet his heart was very strong too, as you will see.

Mr. Fargo spent his days taking walks, playing golf and going on occasional bus trips with the Senior Sonshine Club at his church. He had lots of happy memories but even the happiest memories feel lonely when there is no one to share them with.

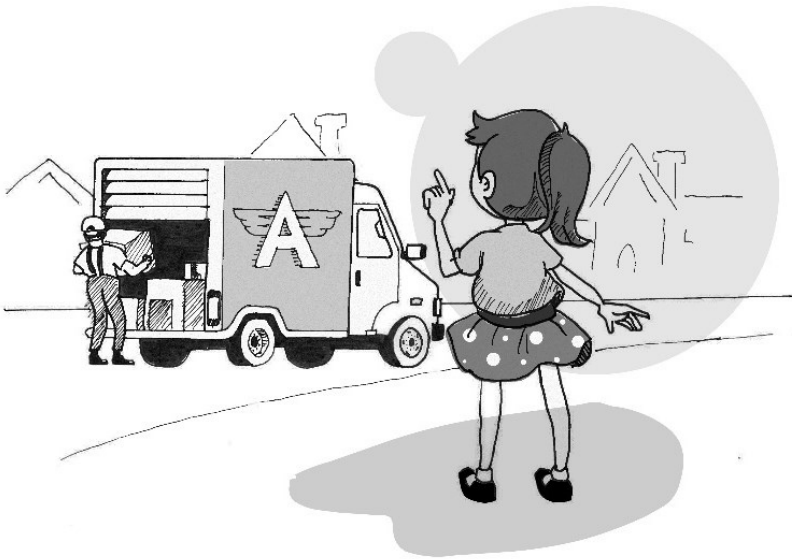


Emily was eight years old and had no brothers, sisters, or pets. One February afternoon, Emily's parents told her they were moving to another town, where her father had taken a new job. They would be moving before the school year ended.

Part of Emily was sad, because she would have to say goodbye to her school friend Lena. But the other part of her popped with excitement because she had no little girl her age to play with in the neighborhood where she lived now. She remembered that her Bible said that she could ask God for anything. So she prayed, "God, give me new friends in my new home, in Jesus' name, Amen." She hoped and prayed and prayed and hoped she would meet new friends in her new home.

Like Mr. Fargo, Emily was lonely. She began marking off days on her Frisky Kittens calendar, just like she'd done before their vacation trip to the beach last year.

On moving day Emily stood in the front yard of her new house on Friendship Lane and watched furniture and boxes being carried in.



Her busy parents had no time for her. She looked up and down the street, in all the yards, but saw no children. It was a warm Saturday in April, and the skies were blue. Where on earth could they be!

She noticed the big green house next door and wondered who lived there. How perfect it would be if it belonged to another little girl like herself, someone she could play with every day. How she longed for a best friend, one that liked the same toys and games and books as she did. One that thought the same little girl thoughts. They could even talk together from each other's bedroom window just like she had seen children in the movies do. Emily would happily share everything with such a friend.

Late that afternoon there was a knock at the door. Emily's heart leapt. *Maybe it's the people next door*, she thought. *Maybe their little girl wants me to come over and play.*

