

## The Medallion

By Uncle Jorge

JUAN was the youngest of four boys in a family. He was a sensitive child and he wanted very much to be loved by his parents. But even though he was the youngest, his parents did not pay him much attention. He felt unhappy in his own home. He loved his mother very much, but his mother had many other things to think about, so he did not know how to please her.

Only one person in the world loved little Juan, and this was his grandmother, a rich old lady who visited them three times a week. She was always ready to listen to Juan's childish troubles. She even shared his secrets.

One Sunday morning, Juan went with his family to attend mass at the Quiapo church. After the mass, Juan remained behind. He did not see his parents go, so he stayed in the front pew where he was able to find a seat. The priest noticed that he was alone. He beckoned to him.

"You are a good boy, Juan," the priest said. "I shall give you a medallion which has the face of our Lord engraved on it. Keep it, and it will help you be a good and God-loving boy."

"Thank you, Father," Juan said, and putting the medallion in his pocket, he went home. Once at home, Juan wanted to show the medallion to his mother. He went to her and said:

"Mother, please wear this medallion. I shall be

happy to see you wearing something I gave you."

She thanked Juan, but she did not wear the medallion. She went to her husband who was stroking a rooster which he was taking to the cock pit.

"Here is something which might bring you luck," she said, and handed him the medallion. Without looking at it, Juan's father placed it in his pocket.

The next day, he asked his son, Pepe, to buy some cigarettes for him. When Pepe returned with the cigarettes, he emptied his pockets and found the medallion. He gave it to Pepe.

Pepe went away with the medallion. At the foot of

the stairs, he met his brother Ben. Ben was spinning a top.

"I shall give you this medallion if you will give me that top," Pepe offered.

Ben got the medallion. He thought of the new sling shot which Pedro, his younger brother, owned. He looked for Pedro. Pedro was aiming at a chicken. He let loose his sling shot, and the chicken ran. Both boys laughed.

"Pedro," Ben said, "would you like something for your sling shot?"

"What will you give me?" Pedro asked, interested.

"This," said Ben, and he showed Pedro the gleaming medallion.

In a few moments, Pedro walked away with the medallion.

Two days afterwards, the Grandmother arrived.

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