

# The Traveling Bear

This story was written to a beautiful young 13 year old foster girl from Montana. How this story came about is very a very interesting story in itself but in the end it is a gift from God through this mans heart to the child in us all.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_

As I waited in the airport to fly home I found myself in the airport store looking for a magazine to read and then I saw all the little nick/knacks and decided that I wanted to send both you and your mom a reminder of my visit. I hope there is you. I would like to say a word or this one. I hope that what I have to through your life to grow into a



another soon. So here is a little keepsake for two about this little bear and why I choose say will encourage, inspire, and help you wonderful adult woman.

This is not just some ordinary bear. have taken her through some some easy and joyous ones also. bear that is just waiting to an-bells. And whenever she would find those bells as hard as she could and the happy smile would return. Just look at how tightly her arms are rapped around the stick that carries those bells. I'll also bet that in that pretty red and yellow sack on her back are all the memories of her journey.

She is a traveling bear. I'll bet that her travels mighty hard and scary places along with She would seem to be a very happy bear, a nounce her joy by shaking those pretty gold herself scared and afraid she would ring and the fear and darkness would melt away

I want to share a little bit of my bearry journey with you. As a young boy just like this little bear I also carried with me a pack for my experiences. I'll bet you have one also! Like this bear, as a young boy traveling on my journey I also experienced both the hard scary places and the easy joyous ones. What I did was to discard most all my easy happy experiences because there were so few of them compared to the scary hard ones. I kept and always remembered the hard scary ones instead. What I have missed for a good part of my adult life are the memories of those good experiences no matter how few they might have been. And believe me they are far far greater then the bad ones. I want to encourage you to be careful not to make the same mistake as I made. When I went through my illness with brain cancer I was blessed by Jesus to sit and write my story of my life as a young boy growing up around cars, but the most powerful part of writing that story for me was to be able to reflect back on my childhood and experience once again most all of the good times that I had as a young boy growing up. These are the ones that I had left out of my sack. I went through many boxes of kleenex during my writing. I want to encourage you to always keep and remember with gratitude your happy times cause those are the times that will carry you though the hard dark times both as a child and as an adult. Stuff those happy memories safely away in your sack no matter how many or how few. And we like this happy bear can ring our bells during those happy times but even better yet we can ring them hard and loud during the hard and scary times and we'll be reminded of the happy times and our smile will return!

I'm happy and I'm proud to have bubble with an energy that I envy. love and consul to you over the



met such a nice person as you, you You have a wonderful mom and her years will be priceless.

I do hope we meet again.

I'm glad you made it!



Your new friend  
Robert