

# MORE THAN A DONKEY



By Rob Robinson  
Illustrated by Daylen Gieg

# MORE THAN A DONKEY

By Rob Robinson  
Illustrated by Daylen Gieg

REDEMPTION   
P R E S S

© 2019 by Horace S. Robinson. All rights reserved.

Published by Redemption Press, PO Box 427, Enumclaw, WA 98022.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any way by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording or otherwise—without the prior permission of the copyright holder, except as provided by USA copyright law.

Unless otherwise noted, all Scriptures are taken from the New King James Version, NKJV. Copyright © 1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

ISBN 13: 978-1-63232-484-9

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 2014945373

**Special thanks to Yolanda Powell, Monica Robinson,  
Daylen Gieg, Karen Ellis, Shirelle Roberts, Peggy  
King Anderson, and my mother, Pearly Mae Robinson,  
for your prayers, inspiration, creativity and support.**





Finally, it is the Sabbath day of rest. My mother and I worked hard the past six days. Today we sit back, relax and enjoy our time off. Aaahhh! The sun shines brightly high in the sky, its golden beams warming everything they touch. Birds are chirping and flying effortlessly through the air. That looks like fun. Butterflies flutter and play tag with each other. That looks like fun too. Bees buzz from flower to flower. They are gathering nectar to make sweet delicious honey. I cannot fly, play tag with the butterflies, or make honey like the bees. I can't do any of those things because...I am a donkey.



I don't want to be a donkey. All we do is work, work and work! We work from morning until night. We work in the hot scorching sun and in the chilly rain. We carry bundles of sticks, rocks and whatever else our owner can place on our backs. It's not fun being a donkey.

Everyone thinks that bees work hard but all they do is buzz around from flower to flower, gathering nectar to make honey. They don't work like donkeys do.



Since I was born my life has been hard, just like the other donkeys I know.

I ask my mother, “Why do we have to work so hard?”

“My son, we are beasts of burden.”

“Does that mean we always have to work hard for our owners?”

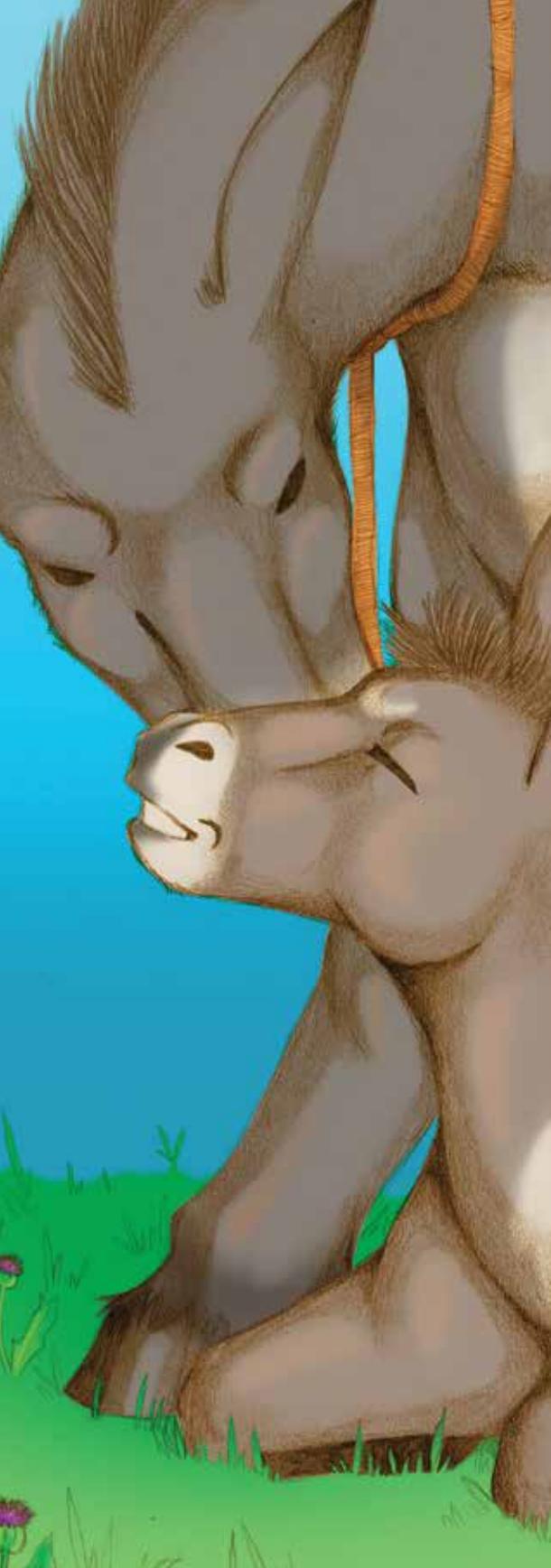
My mother nods.

“Our purpose in life is to help others, just like my parents and grandparents and great-grandparents. Working hard goes along with helping.”

My mother nudges me gently.

“Now, that does not mean you are less important than others or that their job is more important yours. Remember, your job does not define who you are.”

My mother talks that way to me sometimes to make me feel better about myself.



“Now baby, God is no respecter of persons.”

“What does that mean, Mom?”

“It means that God sees and treats everybody the same. There are no big I’s or little u’s in the Kingdom of God. Always remember that you are fearfully and wonderfully made.”

My mother nibbles on my neck for a minute, to groom me.

“Keep praying and believing and one day the Lord will use you for His glory just like He used one of our female ancestors to teach a wicked prophet a big lesson.”



I hear my mother, but I am not listening. I am looking at that stallion in the pasture next to ours. Look at him. Perfect and white as freshly fallen winter snow. Even his hooves are perfectly trimmed. He prances around as if to say, “Look at me!” Look—there is another one! He is midnight black. What a color! His silky and smooth mane dangles down his neck. His tail is arched high and flapping like a flag in the breeze as he gallops. Boy...I wish I was a stallion.

My mother asks, “Are you listening to me?”

Startled, I jump. “Yes, mother!”

“I want your complete, undivided attention as I tell you the story of your ancestor.”