



# The Bell That Knew When to Ring



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High on a wooden tower in a quiet town hung a small bronze bell named Clara. Clara's job was simple: she rang to let people know when something important was happening. But most days were quiet, and Clara often wondered if she would ever ring for something truly special.

"I'm not the biggest bell," Clara thought. "I'm not the loudest either."

One morning, the air felt different. The sky was soft and still, and a gentle breeze brushed against the tower. Clara felt a warm flutter inside her metal heart.

"This is it," she whispered. "This is what I was made for."

Below the tower, a traveler walked through the town. He looked ordinary, but wherever he stepped, the ground seemed lighter. Flowers leaned toward him. Birds grew quiet, as if listening.

Clara knew that she was supposed to look out for someone like this. God had taught her long ago: when true peace comes to stay, and love and truth settle in, it is time to ring.

So, Clara rang!

The sound was loud and clear. People stopped what they were doing. They were at first drawn to the sounds of the bell, and then to the one that the bell rang for. Their hearts felt awake. Some smiled. Some felt brave. Some felt ready to begin again.

Clara felt joy—not because everyone first looked at her, but because she had done what she was created to do by announcing the arrival of one greater than her.

"I wasn't made to be followed," she realized. "I was made to help others notice."

That is how saints live.

They listen closely.

They recognize goodness when it arrives.

And they gladly point others toward God's love.

*Inspired by John 1:29-34.*



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