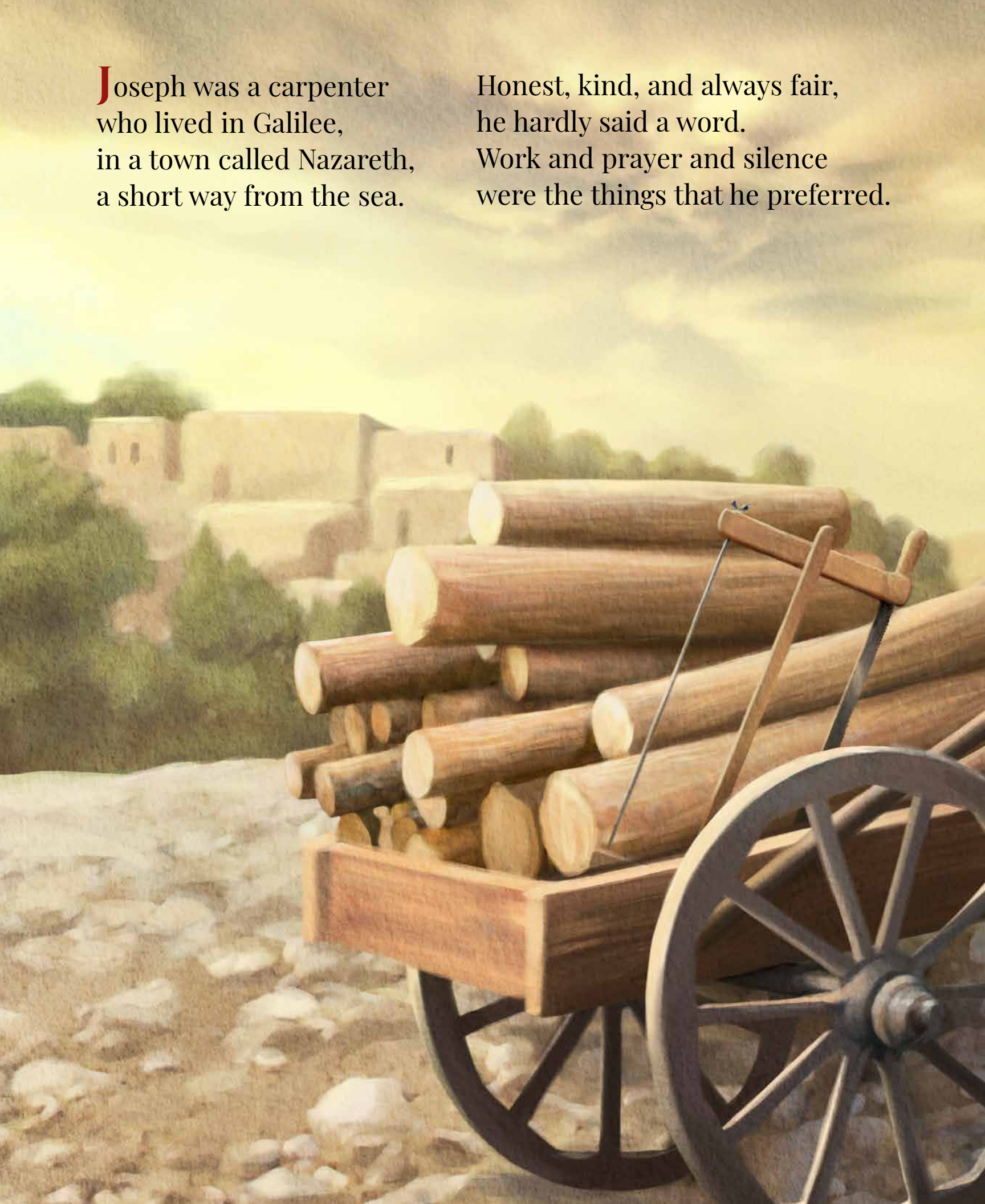
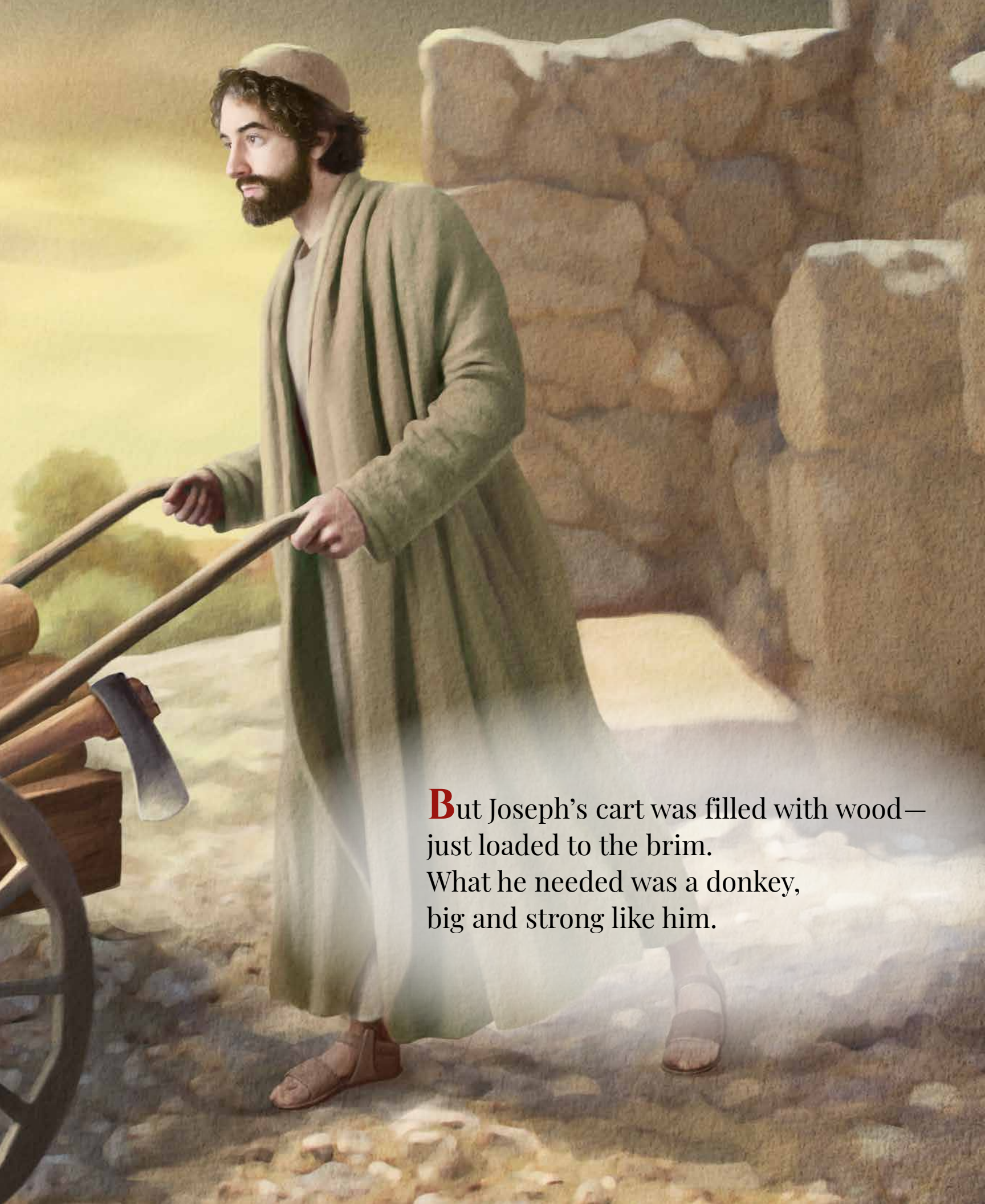


Joseph was a carpenter
who lived in Galilee,
in a town called Nazareth,
a short way from the sea.

Honest, kind, and always fair,
he hardly said a word.
Work and prayer and silence
were the things that he preferred.





But Joseph's cart was filled with wood—
just loaded to the brim.
What he needed was a donkey,
big and strong like him.

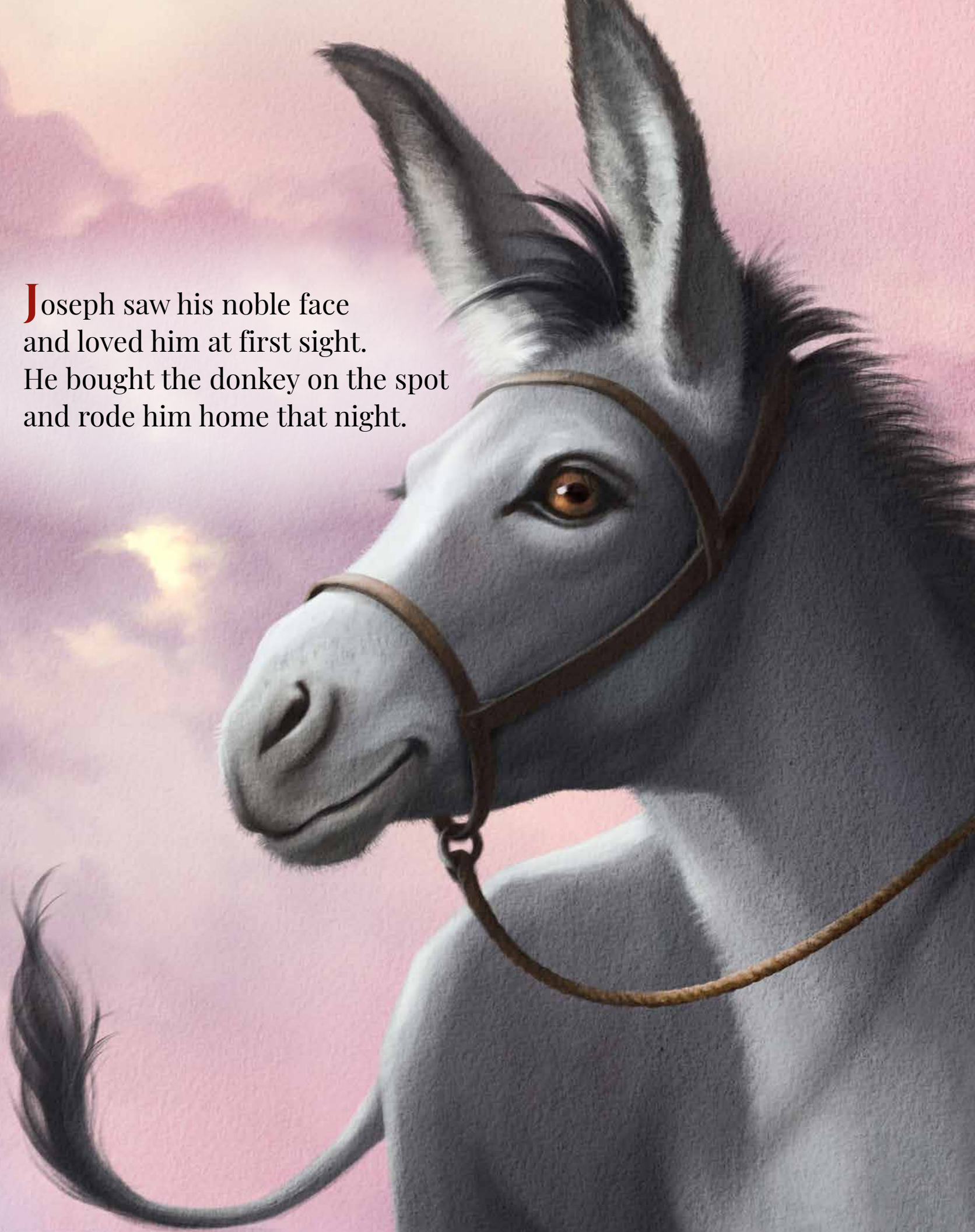
So to the market Joseph went.
He looked around and saw
a dozen noisy donkeys shout:
“Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw!”

But in the corner by himself
a quiet donkey stood,
looking brave and strong and silent,
like a donkey should.





Joseph saw his noble face
and loved him at first sight.
He bought the donkey on the spot
and rode him home that night.



The donkey didn't disappoint;
he did what he was told.
He worked as much as Joseph,
and his heart was good as gold.
He knew that donkeys only live
for thirty years or less.
He didn't want to waste his time
in idle laziness.

