

“If God meant all the stars to shine exactly the same, then why did he make so many?”

Sarah asked her father, but her father didn't know.

Sarah asked her mother, but she was too busy with Sarah's six younger sisters to think about such big questions.

Sarah asked an easier question.

“Tonight, Father? May I go out into the field with the flock tonight?”



*Sarah's father* did not know the answer to that question either; Sarah was always asking questions he could not answer. He looked at Sarah's mother, and they talked with their eyes.

"No, Sarah," he finally said. "Daughters are meant for weaving and baking flat cakes. Only sons can protect the flock from a hungry wolf. That is just the way of things."

"But, Father," Sarah's voice rose, "you have no sons to bring the sheep to pasture! And why does my nose prefer the smell of sweet clover to that of bread dough?"

"I don't know, Sarah. I don't know."

