



Emily's Patience

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My name is Emily and I love summertime.

I love it when the air is warm and the grass is growing.

In summertime, I can play with my brother Peter and my sister Anna every day.



I live in a big old house.

I live on a farm.

I live on the prairie.

I live in Canada.



I have a father.

I have a mother.

I have a sister.

I have a brother.

I even have a grandfather!

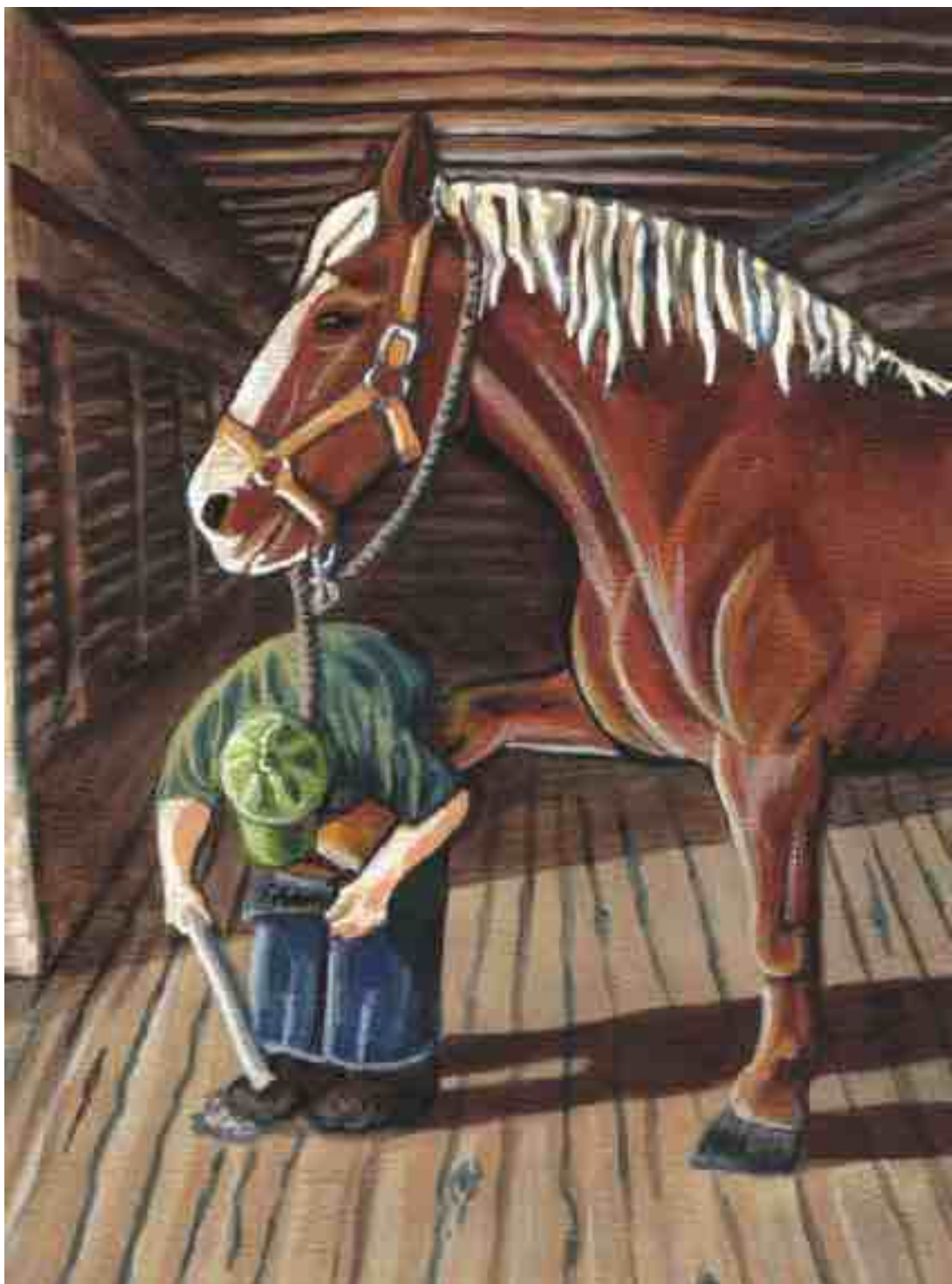


Sometimes, my Dad picks me up and he says, “Emily you are as light as a feather.”





I like to help my Dad feed the chickens. Sometimes I chase the them and Dad gets mad! He says they won't lay eggs if they are upset.



My brother Peter likes to help Dad with the horses.



Grandpa likes the horses too.

Grandpa says, “The horses are happy when we are calm and quiet.”

Sometimes I am not so quiet.

Then Grandpa says, “Simmer down little missy.”

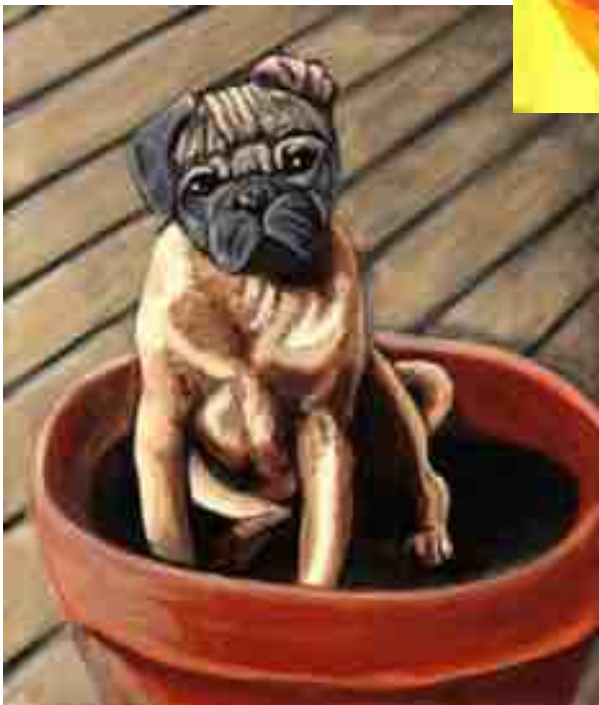


I like to help my big sister Anna take care of the small animals.

This is my
kitten. I
named her
“Mitts.”



This is Anna’s
baby bunny.
She calls him
“Fluffy Tail.”



This is Peter’s
puppy,
“Pugsly.” Silly
Pugsly likes
Mom’s
flowerpots.



My pony has a baby. I think we should call him “Sandy.” What do you think?



I love July because in July it is summertime and my brother and sister do not have to go to school.

We can splash together in the pond and catch frogs.

Sometimes Peter catches fish and we eat them for supper.



I love summertime because we take a vacation. We all go camping and the campground has a pool.

I can float for hours and hours in my rubber ducky.



I love summertime because it is exciting.

Every year there is a parade in our town and I get to be in it.

Sometimes I ride on Dad's big wagon and wave to everybody.



I love August. Mom and Dad take us to the beach and I jump in the water with my life-jacket on.

Sometimes Mom packs a picnic and we stay at the beach all day. Dad and Grandpa nap in the shade while we swim.



I love summertime because we have adventures.

Sometimes we go trail riding and I ride my pony all by myself.

Peter pretends to be a cowboy and

Anna pretends to be a cowgirl.



I love summertime because I can pick flowers.

I think summer should last forever, don't you?



In September, I feel sad. The weather grows colder and Peter and Anna have to go back to school.

Who will play with me?



Pugsly
feels sad
too. He
misses
Peter so I
throw his
ball for
him. Poor
Pugsly.



I play with Mitts. She is a funny fat cat.
She sleeps on my bed and I feel warm
and snugly with her beside me.



Now it is October and Mom has shared some very exciting news. She will have a baby in the springtime.

I am going to have a new brother or sister!

I can **HARDLY WAIT** to be a **BIG SISTER!** I can **HARDLY WAIT** to play with the new baby.

Mom says I have to learn to be patient.



Mom's tummy is growing and the Doctor says she will need to rest more.

I will help
mom with her
work so she
does not get
too tired.

First I think I
will help with
laundry. It
smells so
good.





Then
I think I
will
tidy up
the
pillows.

And
then I
will
wash the
dishes
and
make
bubbles.





It is October now and it is definitely not summertime. I can still have fun and I can patiently wait.

I practice being a fairy snow princess because Halloween is coming soon.



Now it is November and winter will be here soon. I can smell frost in the air. Mitts and I have fun watching the squirrels gather seeds.



Now it is December and the winter storms are blowing.

It is cold every day and the snow is going to be deep soon.

I don't want to stay in the house.

I want to have some fun.

What can I do to be patient? (I really don't feel very patient.)



I can help
Mom with her
Christmas
baking.

I like to
decorate the
Gingerbread
Boys.





I can practice sliding on my saucer
until I am an expert slider.



I can go
for rides
in the
sleigh
with
Dad.



It will soon be Christmas-time.

We have presents under the tree and we will eat a big turkey dinner. We will sing Christmas Carols.

Peter and Anna will be on “Christmas Break” and we can play games every day.

I love Christmas-time.



Now it is January. The winter winds are whistling but I am very patient.

I help Dad with the barn chores.

I feed my pony and brush her hair.

I can make her coat shine until we win a ribbon at the winter fair.



Now it is February and I am still patient.

We have a batch of new baby pigs.

I am learning to give the piglets their bottles.

Mom says I will make a very good baby sitter one day.



Now it is March and I am growing tired
of being patient.

The wind is blowing and

Mom's tummy is still growing.

I am sick and tired of waiting for spring
to come!



It is not springtime yet and
Mom says I have cabin fever.
She says I am cranky.
She says I'd better go outside and get
some fresh air.



I throw the ball for Pugsly and he makes me laugh. When Peter comes home from school we dig down to find frozen grass and I feel better.





Now it is April and I am excited!

Easter is almost here. Springtime is almost here. Mom and I make coloured eggs. I can hide them and we can have an egg hunt.

Soon, Peter and Anna will stay home from school for “Spring Break.”

Maybe the baby will be here too!



Now it is May and it is definitely springtime. I wonder why the baby is not here yet?

Mom's tummy is huge!

She says, "We must be patient." She says "You can't rush babies."

I am tired of being patient. This baby is a nuisance.



Mitts is tired of being patient too.



Now it is June and Mom is massive!



It is finally time! Mom says I have to run to the barn and bring back Dad.

Mom says I do not have to be patient any more. The baby will arrive soon.

I think I could wait a while longer.



Grandpa brings his truck. He will drive Mom and Dad to the hospital and Anna will come home from school early to wait with me.

I think I have changed my mind about this baby. Mom should stay home with me. There is no reason for her to go. I'm sure I can be very patient now.



Mom is at the hospital and I want her to come home. Anna says, “It will be ok Emily. Mom will be fine. Be patient. You can’t rush babies.”



We wait hours for a call from Dad. The phone rings and I run to get it, “It’s a girl! I’ll be home soon and you can visit Mom and your sister tomorrow,” says Dad.





Mom stays in the hospital forever (two whole days). We buy her some flowers and Dad brings her and our sister home.



Now it is July and summertime is here again.



I am finally a BIG SISTER.

Dad named our baby “Patience.” He always says, “Now Emily has Patience!”

Then Grandpa answers, “Don’t count on it.” and everyone laughs.

They all think they are so funny.