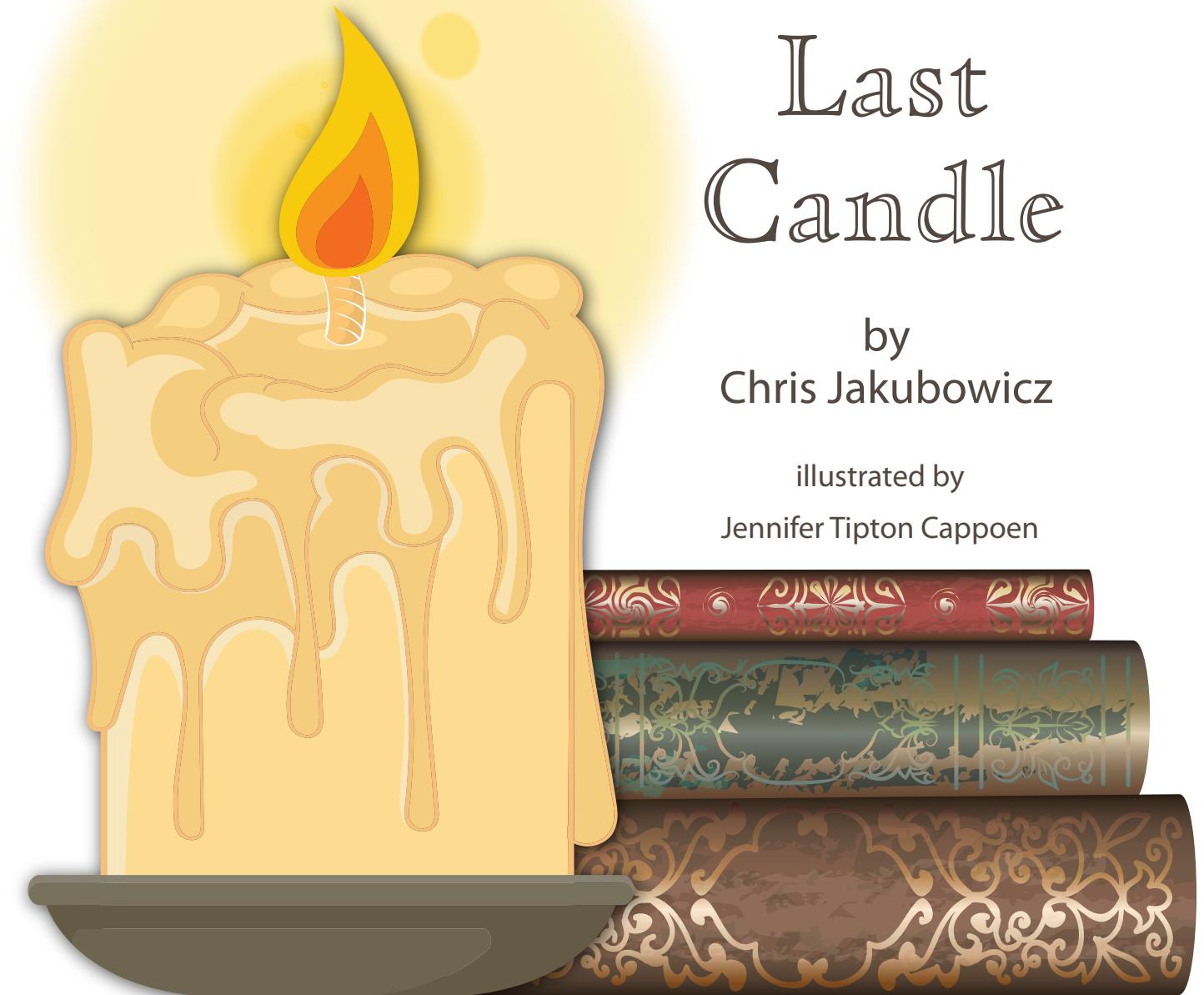


The Last Candle

by
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illustrated by
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Dedication

If you wait long enough and keep your faith in the only God who can get you through, you'll hit your stride. I dedicate this book to my family. We have been through darkness, time and time again. Let us all thank God together that He helps us find our stride.



A Special Thank You

I would like to thank my wife for sticking to this life adventure with me. We live; we learn; we laugh and cry. In the end, I'm blessed to be experiencing this life with you.



Introduction

This story takes us back to a simpler time. A time before technology and the reality of electricity were part of our everyday normal lives.

It is a story of historical significance as well as a lesson to our hearts. Inside each and every one of us, there's a light that wants to shine for the world to see.

Don't ever give up the hope of having the opportunity to shine for someone who needs it.

This could happen at any moment.



Long ago before there was electricity, the world lived in darkness. The only source of light people used to pierce the darkness was from candles. Candles were highly important to everyone, and the candles recognized that. Candles cherished and looked forward to the opportunity to light up a room or a path for their masters wherever they traveled. You see, back then, people would scarcely travel in the dark without a candle to illuminate their paths.

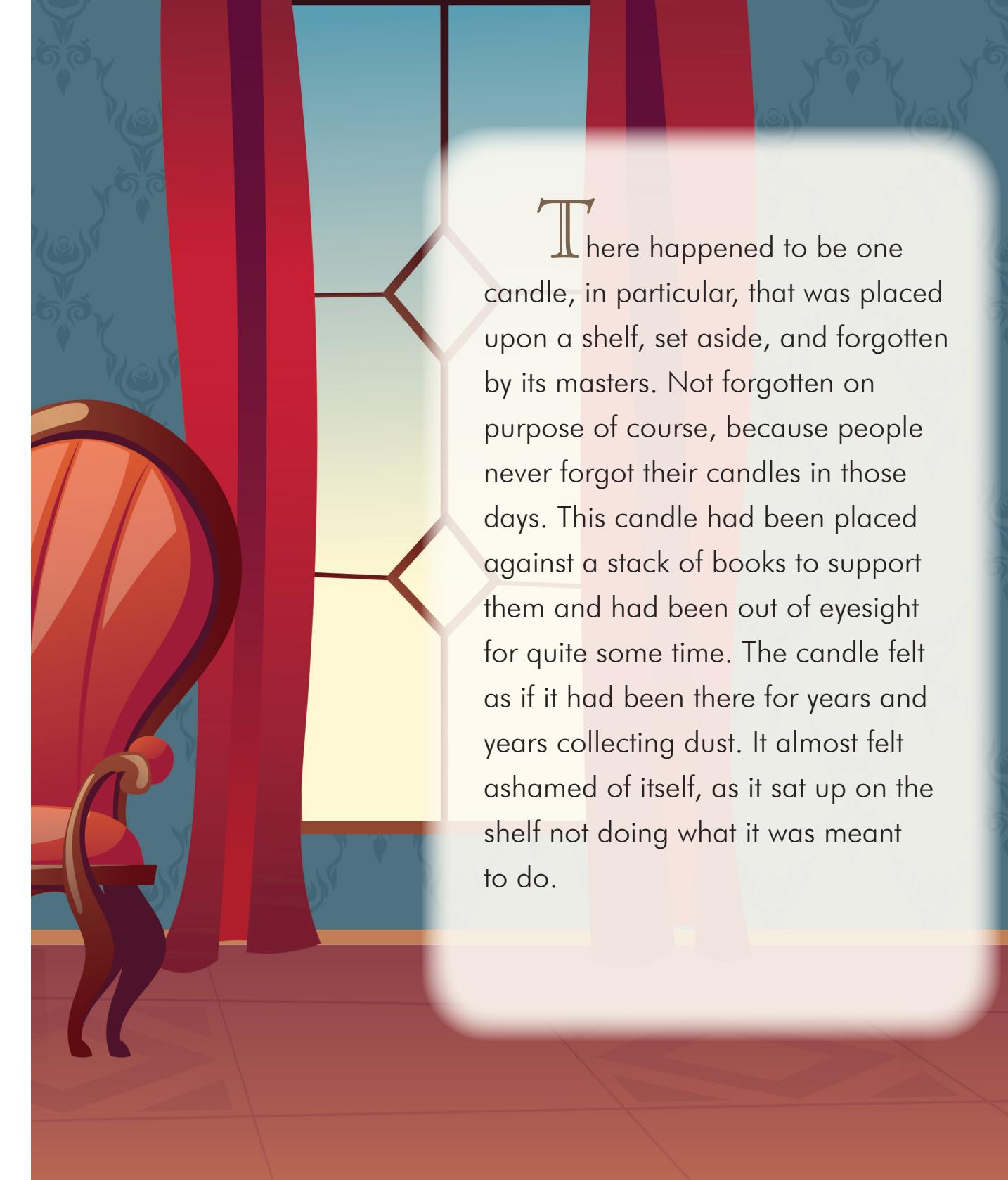
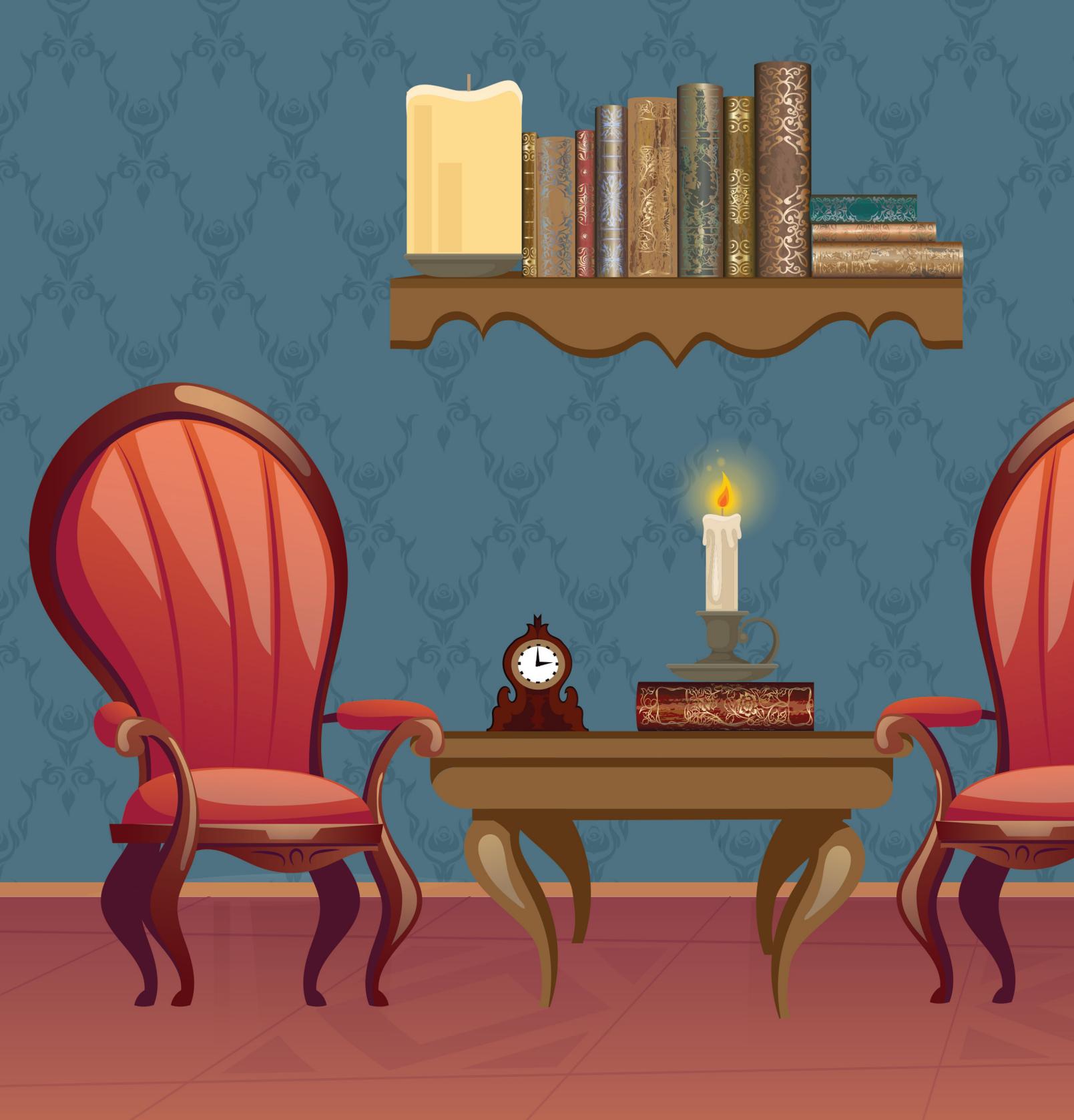
People had candles in the streetlights and for house lights. They had candles in their bedrooms, studies, and kitchens.

Candles for every nook and cranny of their homes.

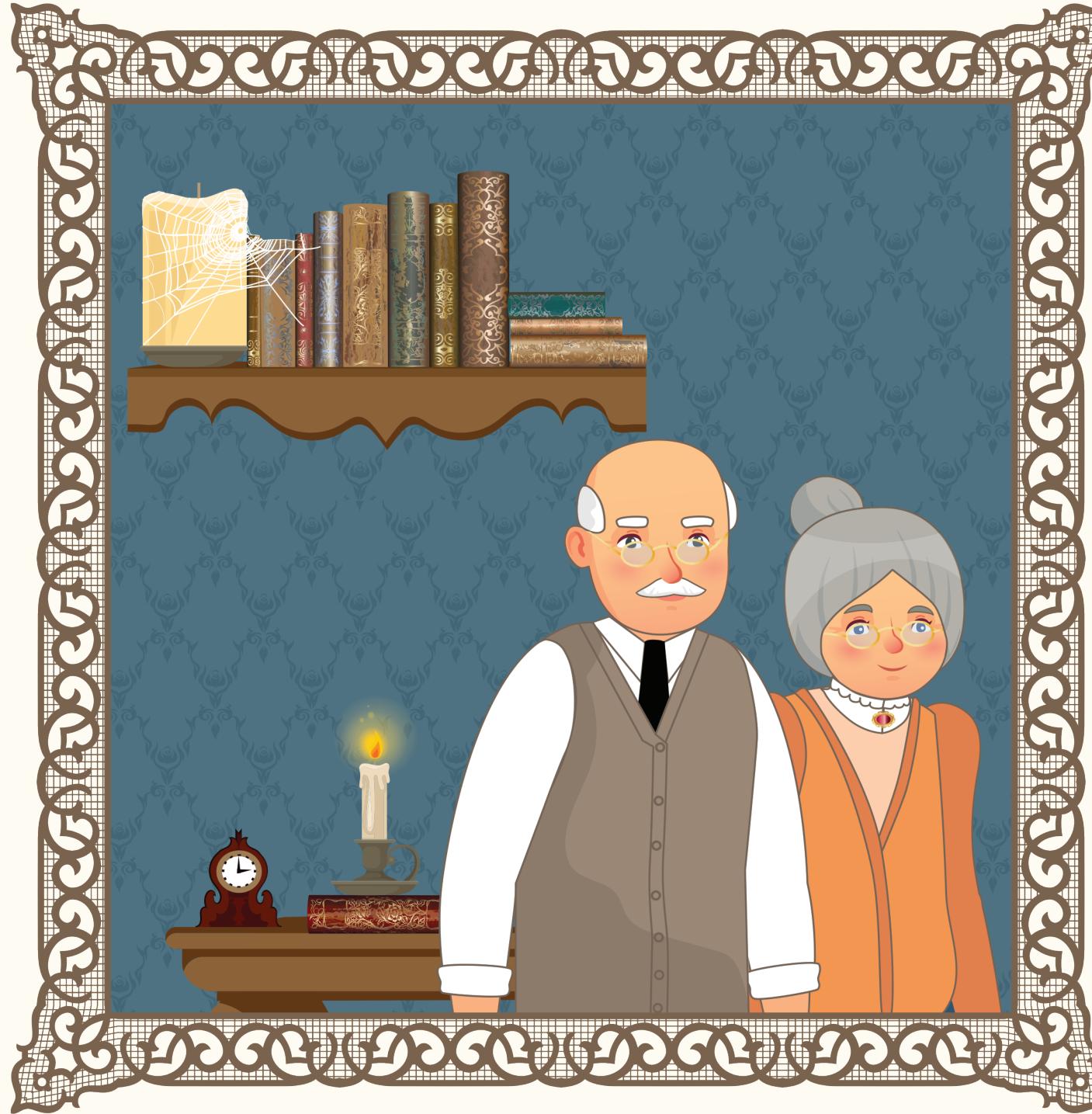
The aura that was emitted from the flame of a simple candle was people's source of light. That's just the way it was, and no one questioned it. Candles had a job to do.

And they did it well and with absolute honor.





There happened to be one candle, in particular, that was placed upon a shelf, set aside, and forgotten by its masters. Not forgotten on purpose of course, because people never forgot their candles in those days. This candle had been placed against a stack of books to support them and had been out of eyesight for quite some time. The candle felt as if it had been there for years and years collecting dust. It almost felt ashamed of itself, as it sat up on the shelf not doing what it was meant to do.



All the candle wanted to do was to show off the light that was within. It anxiously waited to be called upon.

From the day a candle was born, it looked forward to the day when its master decided to use it. The strike of the match, the spark of the fire, and the gentle touch to the wick built into its waxy exterior.

Candles looked forward to serving those in need of light. All the forgotten candle thought about was that it had just as much light to give as all its candle family members had given before.

Yet for some reason, the candle was not being used. Time went by and the candle grew dejected. It sat on the shelf collecting dust.

The candle sat there and sat there until more years had passed. More people walked by the aging candle without even a glance in its direction.

