

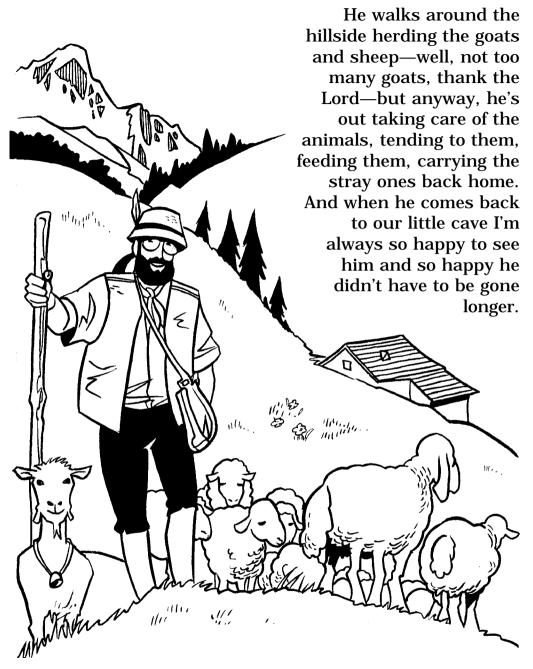
From Mama: Peter is just perfect for me in every way. If I could write a poem or a song to tell him how much I love and appreciate him, I'd make it the best poem or song ever written.

If I could sing, I'd sing it to him with all my heart, just as a little token of my love and appreciation to him.

But since I can't sing very well, and I'm not a good poet, I'll just pray that Jesus shows Peter how much love comes with these simple words from the bottom of my heart.



f I could paint a word picture of Heidi and her big Peter and how she loves and adores him, that would be perfect. I'm tucked away in my cave almost every day, and he's my big Peter who goes out and does all the hard work.



Sometimes he's tired but always so considerate of my desire to talk. It's so sweet of him, it's one of the things I really appreciate about my big Peter. I feel just like Heidi sitting on his lap and being so cared for and comforted in his big strong arms when he asks me, "Have we had enough talk time, Honey?"

Peter is so patient to hear all about my day in the cave sweeping the floor,

gathering up all the peas that have fallen.

I love the times we talk about our precious sheep. I love how he prays for each one, how he loves each one so much and asks Jesus to take care of them, tend to their wounds and help them to grow.



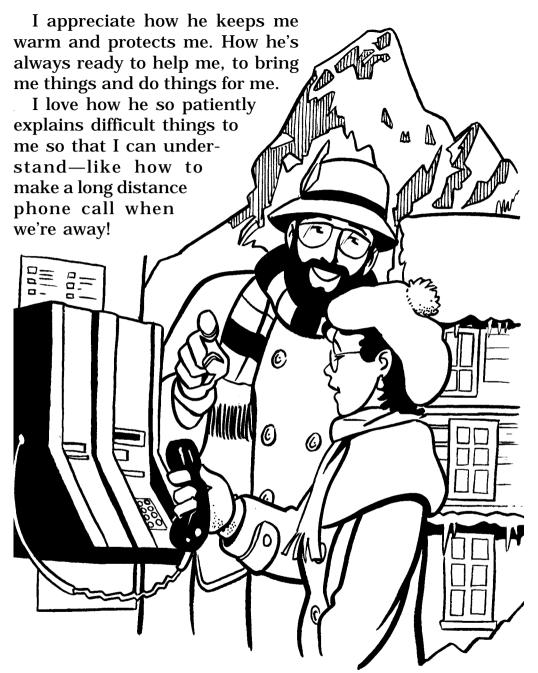
Sometimes when a big storm is brewing and we know we have to do something quick to protect the sheep, I love how he always trusts that Jesus will show us what to do. We get quiet and listen, and Jesus always speaks through Peter and gives us His Words. I love how his voice becomes soft and low when Jesus is speaking through him.

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I love how Peter is so careful in the morning not to wake me when I'm sleeping. He's so careful not to rattle his papers or make any noise. Sometimes I peek and I see him tiptoeing around so he won't wake me.



He also tries so hard to make sure I have lots of time to work on my work, that I'm not interrupted.

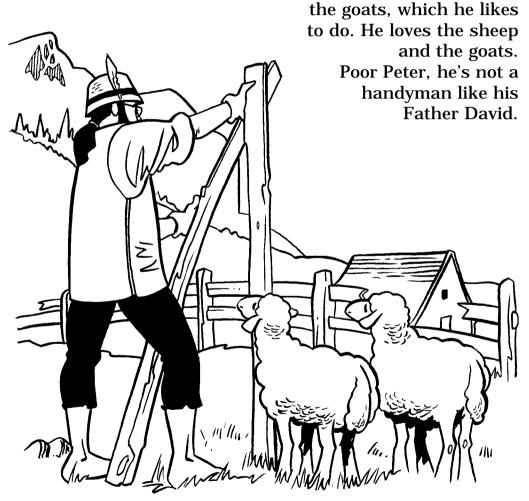


If it weren't for Peter's help, I'd probably never be able to leave my cave! But he takes me under his wing and so patiently teaches me the little things that help me to survive out in the big world. 8

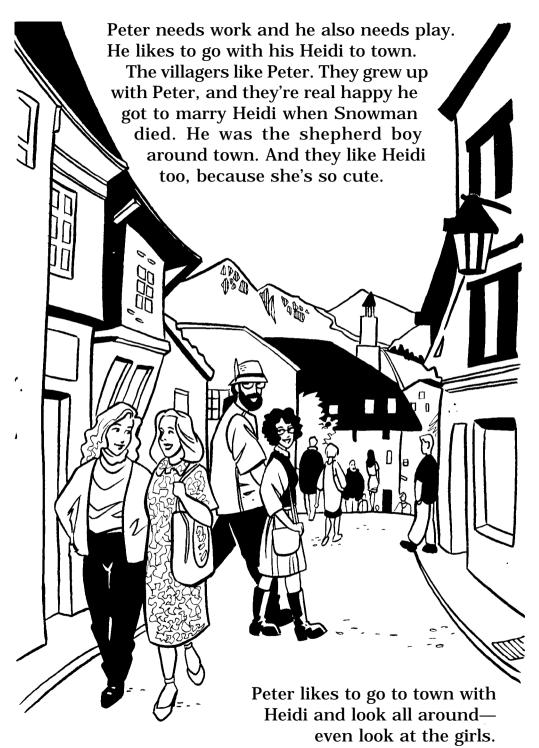
Here's a líttle word pícture from Jesus of one aspect of Peter and Heidi's lífe:

Heidi is content to stay in the cave counting peas, but Peter needs to go out, see the hills, the forest, and be out and about sometimes.

He likes the cave, but he gets tired of it and needs to go out and see some daylight, and to check on the sheep and



Peter doesn't mind looking around the property, fixing the fences and broken hinges and doing maintenance on the cave. He's willing, but he has different needs.



Peter likes looking at different things, going across the country and seeing the sights. These things are all very interesting to him.

But he doesn't like seeing them alone; to see things alone is a little sad. He likes to share his interests and be with someone—but not just anybody. He wants to be with Heidi! It's always special with Heidi.

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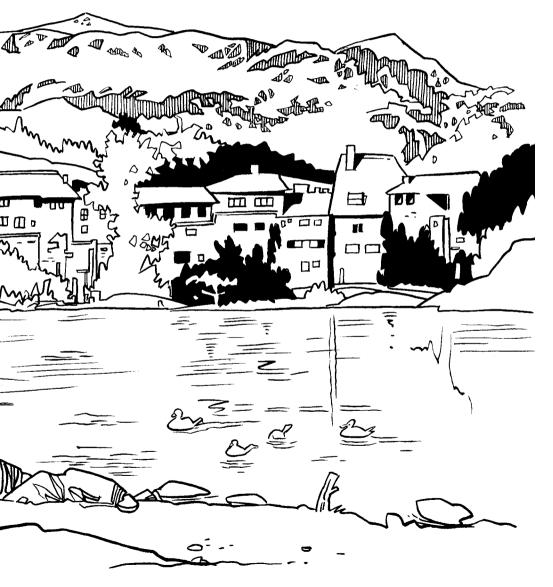
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It's just not the same when Heidi isn't there. It's not as much fun without her. Peter likes to explain things to her and share his adventures and stories with her. He's just a little boy and he gets so enthusiastic when he can share things with Heidi.



Heidi likes to stay snug under her great big furs in the comfort of the cave. In a way, she *does* like to go out of the cave, but it's hard *work* for her. She thinks about the peas and the time she'll lose counting them. But Heidi is sweet. She loves her Peter and she wants him to be happy, so she puts her peas in a can and sometimes brings them with her and counts them when he's not looking.

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Peter can't take too much talking, which Heidi likes to do. She can talk and talk and talk, but Peter likes her to get to the point. But they always make up and kiss and cuddle.

Peter says he's really sorry and feels very bad, and Heidi says, "No, no, no, it's *my* fault."

And they *both* feel bad. They're so cute.



So they come to an agreement: Peter listens to Heidi count peas, and then she goes out to play with Peter, and both are happy. They play on the mountain and kiss in the woods. They go and visit the village and see the country.

But Heidi always takes her can of peas, no matter what. Even if she can only count one or two of them, she'll find a way.

