




A CAMEL  
FIT FOR A





  
KING




BY PASTOR DALE EVRIST



Once, there was a camel,  
young and big and strong;  
he was built for action,  
for distance short or long.



This camel's name was Eli,  
and he stood very tall,  
and everyone who saw him  
agreed he had it all.





But Eli had a problem:  
his heart was filled with pride;  
he thought he knew more than he did,  
a trait he couldn't hide.



No, Eli wouldn't listen;  
he fought at every turn.  
This young, rebellious camel  
had very much to learn.

Hi, I'M ELI!







One day, a special word went out  
and spread throughout the land:  
some camels would be chosen  
to form a caravan.






A gathering of wise men  
would carry special things,  
gifts of worth and value  
to give a newborn King.





These wise men called the Magi  
had read an ancient story  
about a star to guide them  
to find the King of Glory.



A King sent down from heaven  
to save the world from sin,  
born as a Jewish baby  
but sent to save all men.  
But only special camels,  
the best in all the land,  
could take this special journey  
and join this caravan.



They called a Camel Boot Camp,  
a place to teach and train,  
to take them through their paces  
over and again.



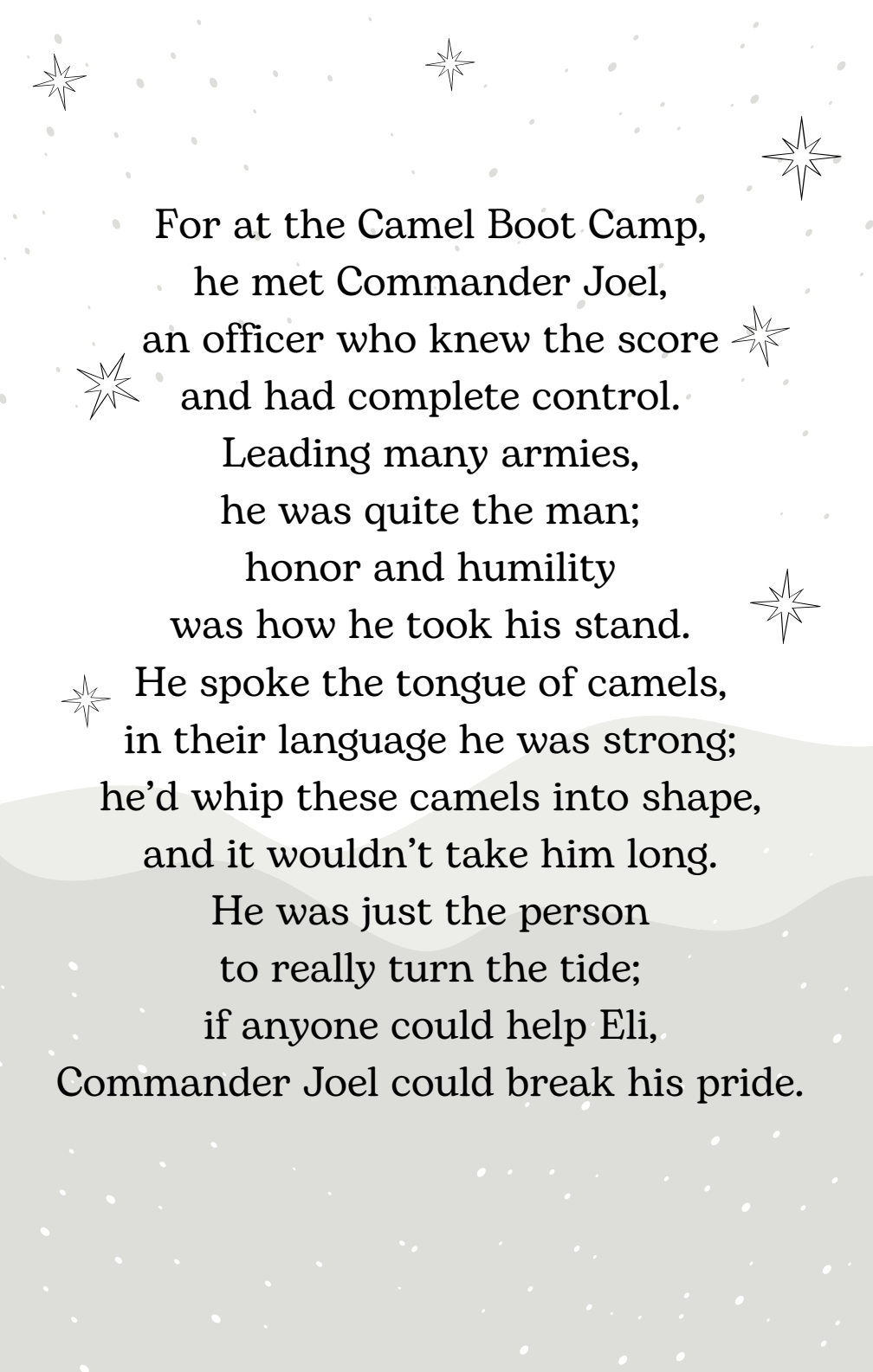
The officers were looking  
for just the very best,  
for only they'd be chosen;  
they had to pass the test.  
Eli signed up right away;  
he'd surely be the one.



He loved a good adventure;  
he thought it would be fun.  
The one to lead the others,  
wise in his own eyes,  
but Eli was about to be in  
for a big surprise.

Hi, I'M  
COMMANDER JOEL!



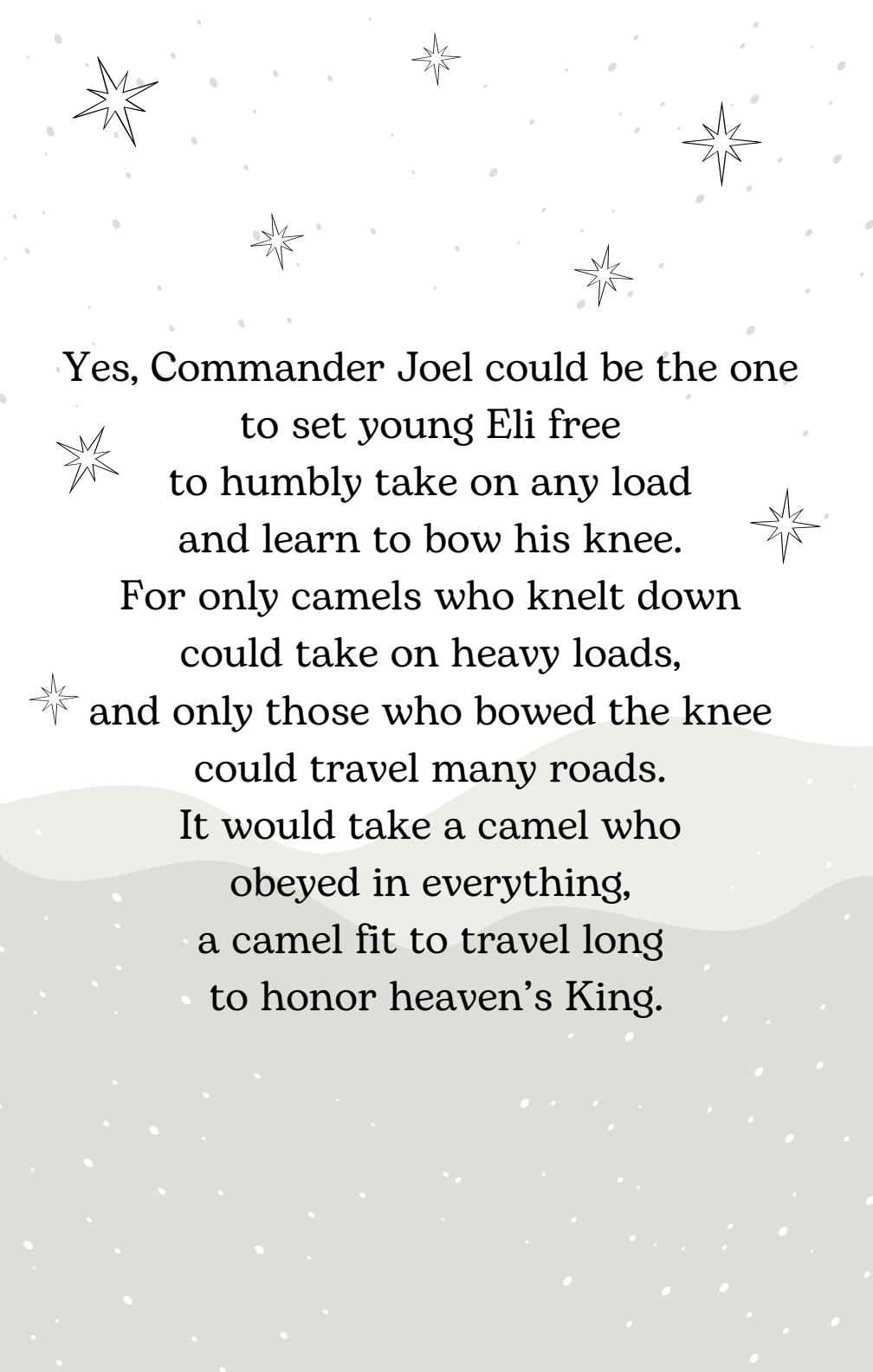


For at the Camel Boot Camp,  
he met Commander Joel,  
an officer who knew the score  
and had complete control.

Leading many armies,  
he was quite the man;  
honor and humility  
was how he took his stand.

He spoke the tongue of camels,  
in their language he was strong;  
he'd whip these camels into shape,  
and it wouldn't take him long.

He was just the person  
to really turn the tide;  
if anyone could help Eli,  
Commander Joel could break his pride.



Yes, Commander Joel could be the one  
to set young Eli free  
to humbly take on any load  
and learn to bow his knee.

For only camels who knelt down  
could take on heavy loads,  
and only those who bowed the knee  
could travel many roads.  
It would take a camel who  
obeyed in everything,  
a camel fit to travel long  
to honor heaven's King.





On the first day of the Boot Camp, Commander Joel said loud and true, “You camels must submit to those who know much more than you.”



But Eli didn’t listen;  
his speaking rose and grew;  
he said, “I know a lot of things;  
I know as much as you.”

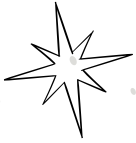


Commander Joel said, “Eli, have you ever been to war?”

He said, “No, I haven’t, but I still think I know more.”



CAMEL  
BOOT CAMP



You see, I've led my camel friends



in lots of games to play,  
so I don't really think I need  
the things you have to say."



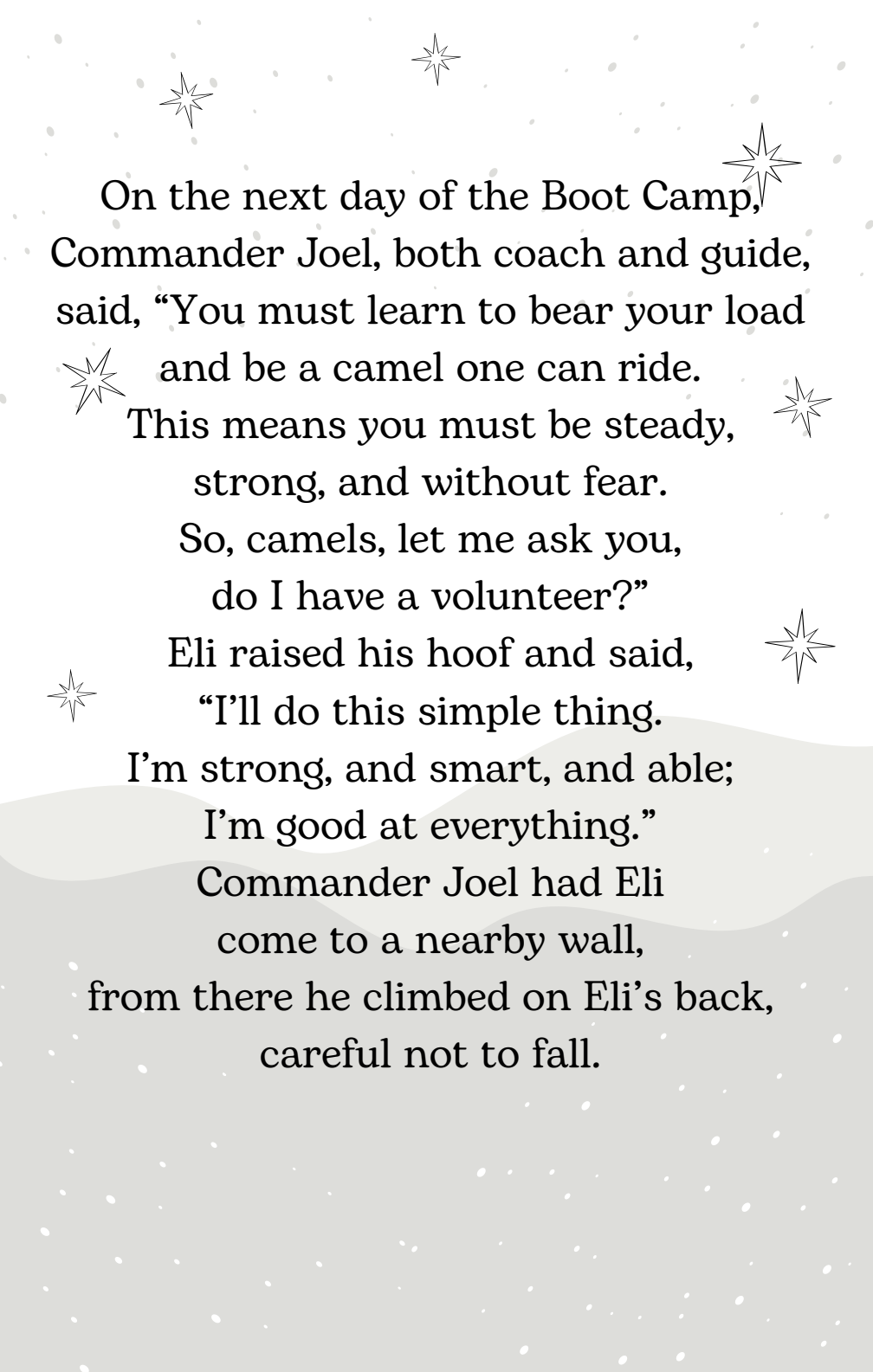
Commander Joel said, "Leading games  
is not what's happening here.



So, I suggest you close your mouth  
and open up your ears."



Yes, Eli was found talking  
and having lots of fun  
when he should have really listened;  
this was failure number one.



On the next day of the Boot Camp,  
Commander Joel, both coach and guide,  
said, “You must learn to bear your load  
and be a camel one can ride.




This means you must be steady,  
strong, and without fear.

So, camels, let me ask you,  
do I have a volunteer?”



Eli raised his hoof and said,  
“I’ll do this simple thing.

I’m strong, and smart, and able;  
I’m good at everything.”

Commander Joel had Eli  
come to a nearby wall,  
from there he climbed on Eli’s back,  
careful not to fall.





But as soon as he was on his back,  
Eli got afraid.



He'd never held a rider,  
and what a scene he made.

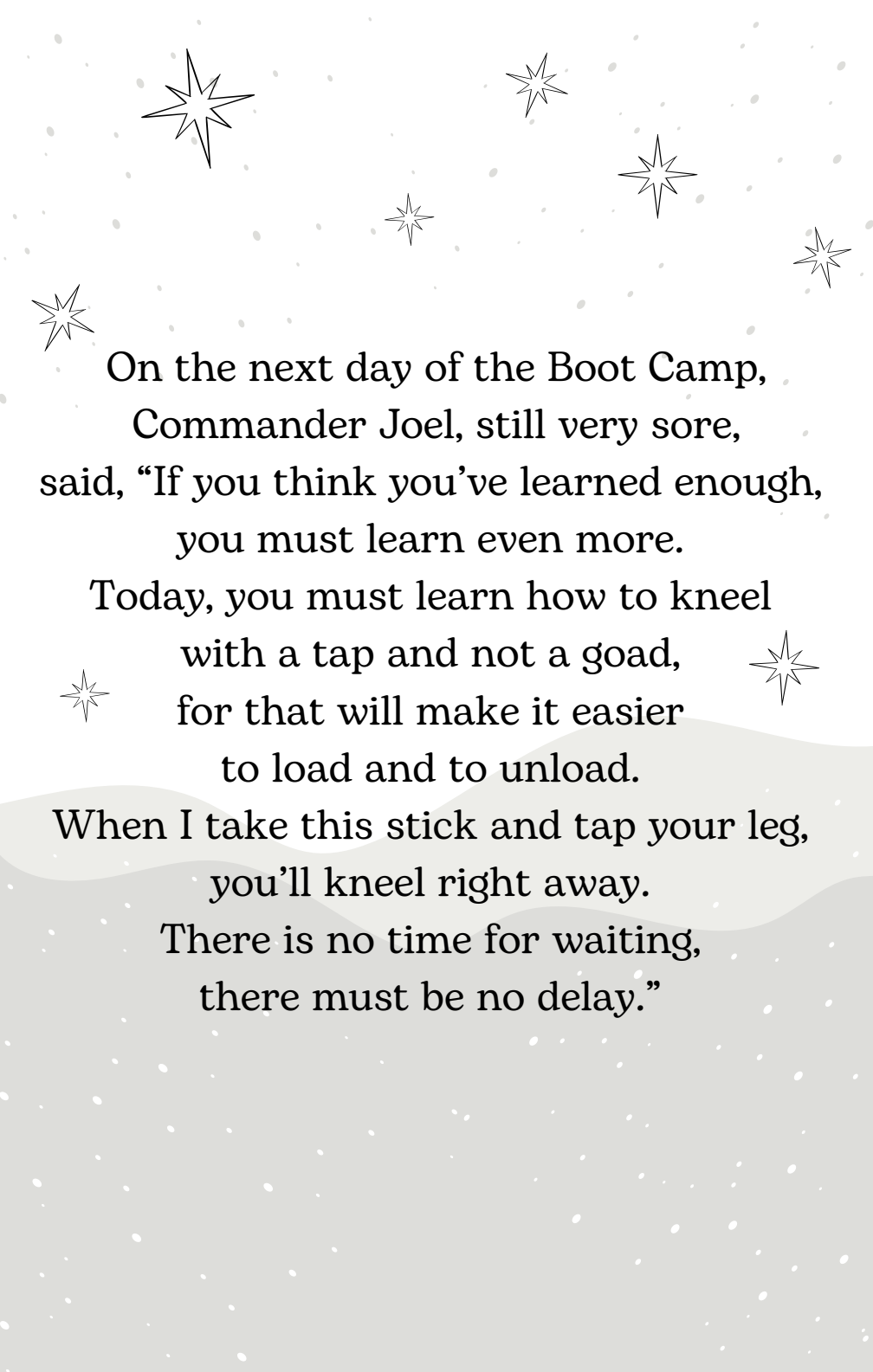
He began to run like crazy,  
he bucked and bucked and screamed.  
“This feels so strange, get off of me!”

It was harder than it seemed.



“Whoa, whoa!” said Commander Joel  
as he tumbled to the ground,  
and when he landed on his back,  
it made an awful sound.

So, yet again, young Eli thought  
he knew more than he knew;  
for this rebellious camel,  
this was failure number two.



On the next day of the Boot Camp,  
Commander Joel, still very sore,  
said, “If you think you’ve learned enough,  
you must learn even more.

Today, you must learn how to kneel  
with a tap and not a goad,  
for that will make it easier  
to load and to unload.

When I take this stick and tap your leg,  
you’ll kneel right away.

There is no time for waiting,  
there must be no delay.”





As all the camels felt the tap,  
they did what they were told,  
except for stubborn Eli,  
whose heart was hard and cold.



He said, "This is so stupid;  
why should I have to kneel?"



I'll do the things I want to  
and do the things I feel."



Again, the pride of Eli  
kept him bound instead of free.  
He had wasted all his chances;  
this was failure number three.





That night, Commander Joel went in  
where the camels were all kept.

He woke and led Eli aside  
while the other camels slept.

Commander Joel said, “Eli,  
you have failed every test.

Your pride made you the very worst  
when you thought you were the best.

If something doesn’t change tonight,  
you will not graduate.

The pride that you have loved so much  
will be the thing you hate.

You’ll miss the joy and pleasure  
of seeing Heaven’s King  
and miss out on delivering  
the gifts that we will bring.”



Eli hung his head in shame;  
he'd walked in so much pride.



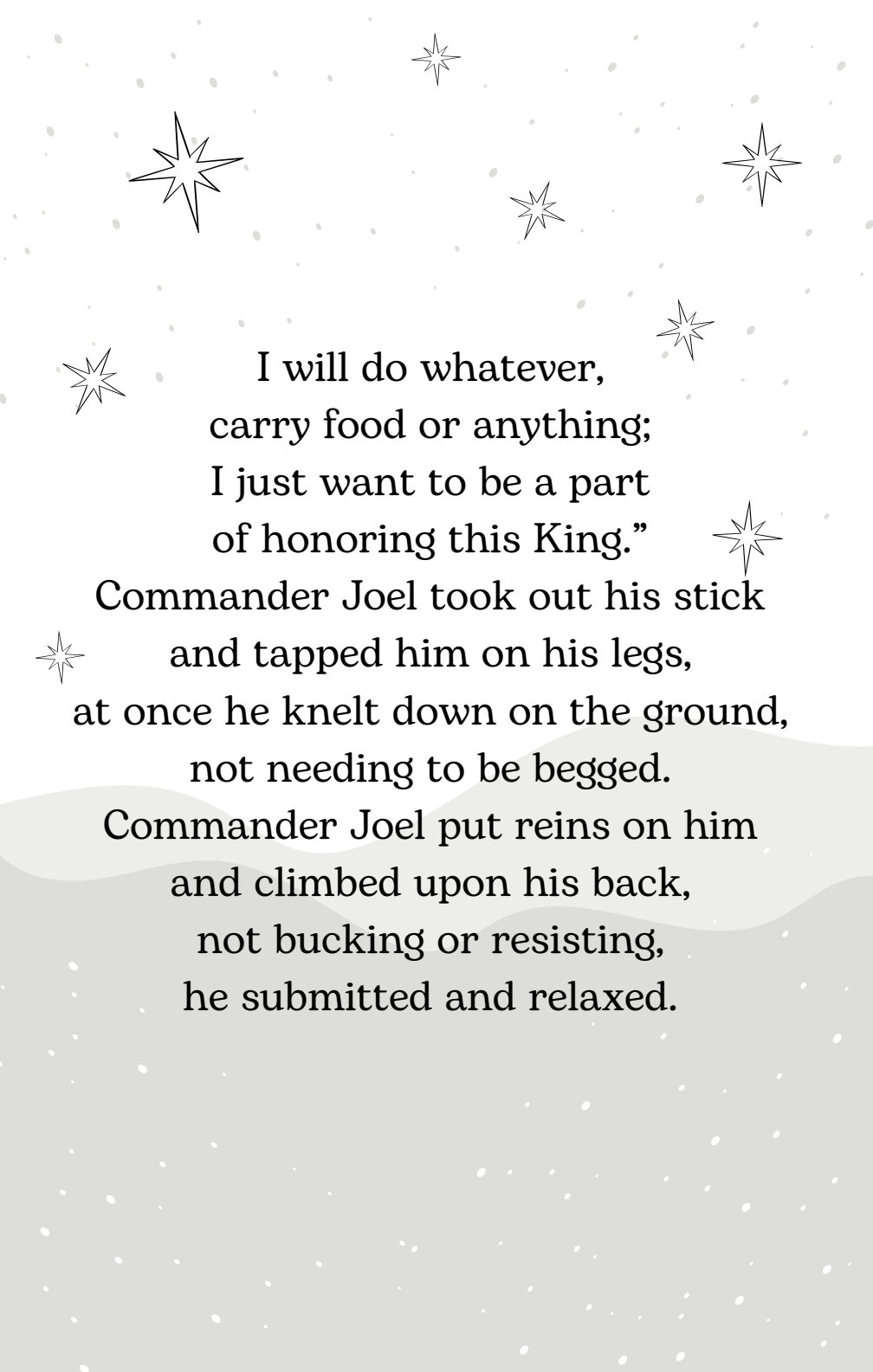
He resisted all his leaders,  
no matter how they tried.

He turned and said, "Commander Joel,  
I'm ready to repent.

I'm ready to obey commands  
and have my knees be bent.



Please, sir, is there some way,  
could there be a plan  
where I could still be a part  
of this royal caravan?







I will do whatever,  
carry food or anything;  
I just want to be a part  
of honoring this King.”

Commander Joel took out his stick  
and tapped him on his legs,  
at once he knelt down on the ground,  
not needing to be begged.


Commander Joel put reins on him  
and climbed upon his back,  
not bucking or resisting,  
he submitted and relaxed.






And as they rode throughout the night,  
each lesson was reviewed.

And by the time the morning came,  
his heart had been renewed.



Eli now could take his place  
in the story to be told;  
he carried Wiseman Melchior,  
who bore the gift of gold.



And when they came to Bethlehem,  
he acted sure and swift;  
he knelt before the Holy Child  
to share this priceless gift.  
Yes, Eli learned humility  
was the key to everything.  
He now could truly bear the name  
**A Camel Fit for a King.**



THE  
END





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