Jay Jay
THE JET PLANE

I Miss You a Whole Lot
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One sunny morning at Tarrytown Airport, Snuffy and Jay Jay played leap-frog with Big Jake.

Snuffy loved nothing more than playing games with Big Jake. But later that day, Big Jake said he was leaving. He had to travel to see his uncle who lived far, far away.
“But, Big Jake,” Snuffy said sadly, “it’s not the same when you’re away, and I don’t like it then.”
“Snuffy,” said Big Jake, “while I’m gone, I want you to try and remember one thing. The Bible says that friends love each other at all times. Even when we’re apart! I’ll be back soon!”
Snuffy and Jay Jay watched Big Jake taxi down the runway and disappear into the clouds.

“I miss him already,” said Snuffy.

“Me, too,” said Jay Jay. “But when he’s away, I just remind myself that he loves me the same as when we’re together.”
“I know Big Jake loves me, too,” Snuffy sniffled, “but I still feel bad.”

“Well, I’ve got an idea,” said Jay Jay with a smile. “You could pray for him to come home safely.”

“Oh, I can do that!” Snuffy said, closing his eyes and saying a little prayer in his heart for Big Jake. “Good job!” exclaimed Jay Jay.
Later that day, Snuffy asked, "Jay Jay, how long is soon?"

"Big Jake said he'd be back soon."

"Soon is . . ." Jay Jay began. "Soon is . . . soon."

"But how long is soon?"

"Hey," Jay Jay said, "let's call Big Jake on the radio. Then you can ask him when he's coming home."
Jay Jay sent a message for Big Jake to answer Snuffy’s call.
Sometimes calling someone is like praying.
It may take a while to get an answer.
Other times we get an answer right away.

But always when we call someone—just like when we pray—we know we are heard.
“Big Jake, here,” said Big Jake over the airwaves.

“Hi, Big Jake. It’s Snuffy calling,” said Snuffy. “You told me you’d be back soon. How long is soon?”

“This time, it’s one week,” Big Jake answered.

“I’ll be back in a week.”

“A week!” said Snuffy. “That doesn’t sound too long. Bye, Big Jake!”

“I love you, Snuffy,” said Big Jake. “Bye-bye!”
Later that afternoon, the little planes played at the hangar.

“Hey, Jay Jay,” said Snuffy, “how long is a week?”

Jay Jay showed Snuffy a calendar page.

“See, Snuffy,” explained Jay Jay, “each row of blocks on a calendar is one week.”

Snuffy counted, “One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Is a week seven days?” Snuffy asked.

“Yup,” his friend answered. “Now every night, let’s pray for Big Jake to come home safely. We can mark off each day until he comes home!”
After their day flying at Smiling Meadow, they said their prayers and counted . . .
"ONE."
After their day soaring over Tarrytown, they said their prayers and counted...
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After their day winging above Frosty Pines, they said their prayers and counted . . .
After their day zooming through Echo Canyon,
they said their prayers and counted . . .
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“SIX.”
And after their day reading at the library, they said their prayers and counted . . .
At last, the seven days were over, and Snuffy waited with Jay Jay for Big Jake’s return.

“Surprise!” Big Jake hollered.

“Big Jake!” yelled Snuffy. “God kept you safe just like I prayed!”

“He sure did,” said Big Jake with a grin. “But you missed my landing!”

“I missed more than that,” Snuffy said. “I missed you—a whole lot!”