



Every week, Sara went to the hospital for chemotherapy. Today was her appointment, and it was pouring rain. Mommy held an umbrella as she helped Sara into the car. Getting in the car was hard for Sara, even on sunny days. She just didn't have any energy. It was hard to even smile.

Suddenly, a strong wind blew the umbrella out of Mommy's hands. Both got completely wet—all the way to their skin—but Sara finally got settled in her seat. Mommy put the wheelchair in the trunk and fetched the umbrella. Water dripped from her fingers as she started the car. Sara said, "Mommy, I'm cold." Mommy turned the heat on full blast.

On the way, Sara saw a horse standing near a fence.

“Mommy, that horse is getting all wet.”

“Yes. Poor thing.”

“He’s cold and sad. Why doesn’t somebody let him in somewhere?”

“I don’t know.”

The horse looked at Sara as they drove past.

“He’s looking at me, Mommy. Can we help him?”

“Not now.”

“Later?”

“Maybe.”

