

The Case of the Missing Portraits:

*A Shurkey Holmes
Whodunnit?*

MYSTERY



Blessed Are Who?

Episode Two: By Jehovah You've Got It!

The kids had been gathered by their leaders in the portrait gallery of the mystery museum for the second day of their adventure there.

The curator was ready to greet them all, "Welcome back to the mystery museum. Remember that I am the curator of this museum, in charge of all its amazing exhibits."

Shurkey Holmes also stepped forward, "And I am world-renowned detective Sherkey Holmes, here to help you solve the case of the missing portrait. Yesterday we learned about Queen Esther and her courage. She had to save her people because others treated them poorly just because they were different. With God's help, her courage was enough to save the people. She certainly deserves to have her portrait found! But I was only able to find one clue, an accessibility plan pamphlet with the words 'Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy' written in pen."

"Shurkey," the curator interrupted, "Isn't this just like *The Case of the Elephant's Underpants* that you solved in Mumbai last year?"

"The elephant's underpants?" Shurkey pondered for a moment, "Oh yes, that was a great case but this one is a bit different."

Suddenly Shurkey noticed a hand sticking up that belonged to one of the kids in the last row.

Shurkey addressed the kid, "I think one of our young detectives has something to add."

The kid stood up and said, "Mrs. Detective, I think there's another clue."

"Another clue," Shurkey exclaimed, "Well... let's hear it!"

"Actually, we need to get to Miss Purple's performance," the curator reminded Shurkey.

"Nonsense. There's always time for another clue," Shurkey continued, "Go ahead young detective."

The kid piped up, "Yesterday my friends and I discovered a painting that we think has to do with Esther." The kid and a couple of her friends led Shurkey to the other side of the gallery to the special new wheelchair entrance to the museum.

She continued, "We saw this painting here when we were leaving the museum yesterday. I think you might have missed it because you never left the museum last night."

"By Jehovah, you've got it," Shurkey exclaimed, "The not leaving the museum last night part at least. This painting, on the other hand, seems pretty normal to me."

Shurkey gestured at the painting which featured what looked like a royally dressed woman with a lumberjack's hat and an axe. The plaque of the painting read, "Treester." Shurkey continued to stare at the painting, as if she was just about to realize something.



Suddenly, the curator grabbed her arm and pulled her back toward the portraits and the great curtain while saying, "We are overdue for today's reenactment."

The curtain was thrown aside and Miss Purple appeared in front of the four portraits and the open spot where Esther's had been.

Miss Purple introduced herself as the curtain fell back in front of the wall of portraits, "Hello! I am named Mary but I come from a place called Magdala so my friends call me Mary Magdalene. And I am one of the greatest queens in history with many treasures and servants—"

"No, no, no!" The curator had to interrupt, "Mary Magdalene wasn't a queen. Queen Esther was yesterday. Today you are Mary, one of the closest followers of Jesus."

"Yes, of course," Miss Purple continued, "I Mary Magdalene, closely followed Jesus wherever he would go. If Jesus went up the stairs, I went up the stairs. If Jesus went through a door, I went through the door. If he climbed a tree, I climbed that tree. If he jumped into a river—"

"No, no, no!" The curator was forced to interrupt again, "I didn't mean that she literally followed Jesus everywhere he ever went. Being a follower of Jesus means loving Jesus and sharing that love, just like he asked us to do."

"Oh yes," said Miss Purple, "Let me see here." She pulled a notecard out of her pocket and continued, "Of course that's what I did. I, Mary Magdalene, loved Jesus so much because he loved me so much. He saved my life when I was in a very very bad place and then he taught me so many amazing things along with the disciples. When Jesus died on the cross, I was terrified but I refused to leave his side because I knew that Jesus always did everything for a reason. I would visit his tomb and three days after he had died I saw him. Jesus came back to life! And he spoke to me... to me! Jesus sent me out to tell the whole world what had happened."

"That's right!" The curator offered, "Mary's heart was so full of love that it was bursting and she couldn't wait to spread the news of Jesus' resurrection."

"And now I must say goodbye for today. I'm off to my dressing room," and with these words Miss Purple threw the curtain aside and

rushed off into the museum. The curtain swung wide enough to reveal another blank spot on the portrait wall.

"Another missing portrait!" Shurkey exclaimed as she jumped up to the front, "The portrait of Mary Magdalene is gone! That's two missing portraits. This case is growing by the minute. I must gather more clues."

Before anyone could say another word, Shurkey was off into the recesses of the museum.

The curator stepped forward and addressed the kids, "Well I guess we'll be searching for clues again today. But we'll also be exploring my fabulous museum. I believe that today you'll be spending some time in the Hall of Inventions. That is one of my favorites. You're sure to have fun!"

Later that day...

Some of the kids who were exploring the Hall of Inventions noticed that the curator was standing in front of a bright and shiny new sign that hung over a table with plastic building bricks. The sign said, "Free Therapy: mental health and the imagination."

One of the kids was curious enough to ask, "What's therapy?"

The curator explained, "Therapy is when someone who isn't completely healthy gets help in feeling and getting better."

"You mean like a doctor," one of the kids asked.

"Yes it's a lot like going to the doctor," the curator replied, "Therapy is not just important for your body but also for your mind and spirit. You can see a doctor but you can also feel better and get better by using your imagination. You can draw, color, paint, or sculpt, and you can also use your mind to invent and make things, like all of the amazing things in this room."

"I like to build rockets out of my lego," said one kid.

"That's a great example," replied the curator, "You can build anything your imagination comes up with, and it's good for your soul too."

"That's nice," said one of the kids, "But what's that," she continued as she pointed at a painting near the free therapy sign. The painting was oddly familiar. It featured a person kneeling on the ground in front of an

outstretched hand, but the person was wearing an adventurer's hat and had a whip. The plaque for the painting read, "Adventurey."



"Isn't that—," the curator rushed off before the kid could finish what she was saying. The crowd of kids wandered off as some played with the building bricks and others went to go see a submarine or super computer elsewhere in the Hall of Inventions.

Even later that day...

When the kids arrived at the portrait gallery for the end of their day at the museum, Shurkey was already stalking around the space with her magnifying glass.

"Something isn't right. Something is out of place," she mumbled to herself, "Something isn't right! I can't see what it is. I've looked all over this place. I've even gone over it with my magnifying glass. Something isn't right."

Miss Purple was also there, waiting for the kids.

"Maybe I can help," she offered.

"I'm not sure that we need any acting right now," said Shurkey, "We need some detective work."

Miss Purple replied, "Well I've been learning about my character for today, Mary Magdalene, and she would never give up helping, even if a rude detective refused her help."

"Oh! You're right. You're right, and I'm sorry" said Shurkey, "A good detective never ignores a clue, or an offer of help."

"Oh, wonderful!" Miss Purple exclaimed, "Because I find that when I can't locate something in my dressing room, I just sing and sing and sing and sing and sing, until I find it!"

Shurkey made a big shushing sound and put her finger in front of her mouth.

"You don't like my singing?" asked Miss Purple.

"Your singing is wonderful," replied Shurkey, "But that's not why I need quiet. Listen. I've been looking for a clue but now I think we need to listen."

Shurkey cupped a hand to her ear and continued, "I can hear something. Can you hear it?"

One of the kids jumped up and said, "I can hear it too. It's coming from over here!"

Shurkey and Miss Purple ran over to where the kid was pointing. There on the ground were some plastic building bricks and a smartphone that seemed to be playing a video.

"What's this?" asked Shurkey.

"It's a phone," said Miss Purple, "And it looks, and sounds, like it's playing one of the videos the kids made earlier about invisible heroes. This one is about Mary Magdalene herself. Hey, nobody cast me in any of these videos!" She was suddenly indignant.

"There's also a little note here," said Shurkey, "It looks like someone jotted something down on this scrap of paper. It says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.' That's another beatitude from Jesus!"

"Yes!" Miss Purple offered, "Today we learned that Mary Magdalene was pure in heart because her heart was full of God's love and she shared it with everyone."

Shurkey looked intently at the note and said, "This case just gets more and more mysterious, but I am sure we will solve it! We will figure out who keeps taking our portraits and leaving these clues."

The curator stepped forward and said, "Well, I think we've had plenty of excitement today. I'm very pleased with everything you kids learned at the museum today and all the great things you made at my free therapy table. I can't wait to see what you get up to tomorrow as we return to The Medieval Europe Encounter. I'll see you tomorrow."