

COURAGEOUS *Kids*

TRUE
STORIES OF
KIDS WHO CHOSE
FAITH OVER
FEAR

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Pacific Press®
Publishing Association

Nampa, Idaho | www.pacificpress.com

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No Way Out

“MOTORIST GRABBED BY ATLANTIC OCEAN”

“BOY DOOMED TO DIE UNLESS HE DRINKS GALLON
OF WATER”

“X-RAY TECH ATTACKED BY OWN MACHINE”

“YOUNG PERSON CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE”

OH SURE. THOSE ARE JUST SENSATIONAL HEADLINES, RIGHT? That’s just tabloid trash screaming at you from the grocery store checkout counter, right?

Could be. But the first three are absolutely true.

Alice Hall of Bar Harbor, Maine, was driving home from work and decided to take a shortcut along the shore. Alice forgot just how fast tides can rush in.

Driving across a sand spit, she suddenly found herself hubcap deep in salt water. *No problem*, the young lady thought to herself, *I’ll just speed through it*.

Wrong!

In minutes, ocean waves were pounding against her door panels and rising fast. She was stuck. There was no way out.

* * * * *

Walter Koester felt his feet slip. He looked up just in time to see tons

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of earth falling straight at him. In seconds he was buried up to his waist, with more dirt and rocks on the way.

Walter's father, who was working nearby, snatched the only thing he could find—a garden hose—and threw it into the rapidly filling pit. Just as his son grabbed it, the landslide completely buried the boy under eight feet of earth.

In the darkness, Walter jammed the end of the hose into his mouth and tried to take a breath of air. One problem. The garden hose was full of water. Walter was in big trouble. There was no way out.

* * * * *

Frank Brown, an x-ray technician working at Bellevue Hospital in New York City, instructed his patient to lie still on the table.

A female nurse in attendance, Grace Fusco, watched Frank switch off the machine to make some minor adjustments.

But there must have been a short circuit.

X-ray expert Brown suddenly found his hand closing a circuit with seventy-five thousand volts of electricity. He couldn't speak or move.

The man collapsed, his hand remaining entangled—held tightly by the deadly power surging through the cables.

Ashen-faced, the patient leaped to the floor and rushed from the room. The nurse, acting out of impulse, ran to the technician and grabbed his shoulders. Seventy-five thousand volts hit her like a speeding bus, knocking her backward across the room and against the wall.

Two more times, Grace tried to rescue the man held in the fiery grip of the current. Two more times, she found herself slammed against the far wall. She was about to lose consciousness. Frank Brown was about to die. There was no way out.

* * * * *

You've had all you can stand. Life's just too much to bear. Everything, *everything* seems designed to hurt you, destroy you, keep you from finding any true happiness at all.

No Way Out

Your friends laugh at you. Your parents seem unconcerned. The preacher at church never says anything you need to hear.

All is lost. If something doesn't happen soon, you'll end your own life. That's the only logical way out of a hopeless situation. There's no way out.

* * * * *

The waters continued to rise. Alice Hall looked desperately around the confines of her slowly sinking car. No flashlight. No two-way radio.

Her hand bumped the steering wheel, causing the horn to toot. Wait. The horn. *The horn!* But, people on the dark shore will just think someone's calling a friend or telling another driver to get out of the way. Unless—

Captain Fred Hayes, a mariner living by the ocean, tilted his head to one side and flipped off his radio. What was he hearing?

Hayes paled. That horn in the distance was blowing out a code, the international distress signal known to all seamen. *TOOT-TOOT-TOOT, T-O-O-T, T-O-O-T, T-O-O-T, TOOT-TOOT-TOOT.*

Rushing from his house, Hayes spotted the car out in the breakers. Quickly he called some friends, got a boat, and hurried to the rescue. Alice continued sending the signal until she saw the skiff approaching.

The woman was saved just as the tide enveloped the car with watery arms.

* * * * *

Walter Koester knew if he wanted to breathe fresh air from above, he'd have to drink the water in the garden hose.

He reported later he was sure it must have been at least a gallon.

When the hose was drained dry, he had a bit of air to breathe. Soon rescuers attached an oxygen tank to the other end. After two long, agonizing hours, Walter was free—shaken and not at all thirsty.

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The commotion in the x-ray room suggested to another technician that all wasn't well next door. Rushing down the hallway, he burst into the chamber.

What he saw horrified him. Then he did a very scientific thing—not as heroic as the wild courage of the nurse, but a whole lot more effective. He jumped to the master switch on the wall and shut off all electricity coming into the room.

Half-electrocuted, Frank Brown slumped onto the floor, totally unconscious. He'd suffered from burns and shock, but doctors said he'd recover. And he did.

The nurse was bruised but OK.

* * * * *

You think about your own situation. Who'll hear your SOS ringing out over rising waves? Who's going to throw a garden hose in your direction as the earth falls and the lights go out? Who's going to rush in and switch off the powers that seem determined to ruin your life?

There's no way out. You're helpless, hopeless, lost.

Wait. You see a man running toward you, hands outstretched. "At last," you shout. "Here comes my rescuer!"

But then the man is caught by an angry mob and nailed to a cross. You look up at Him, and He gazes down at you. "I'm here," He whispers. "I'm here to save you."

Sometimes, when all else fails, you have to trust the Man who knows what it's like to feel as if there's no way out. Guess what. Jesus is no longer on the cross. When we accept His salvation He lives in your heart and is ready to give you the courage you need to face any situation. He's ready to show you the way out of any fear, any circumstance, any challenge. Just ask.