

VOLUME 1

Miss Brenda's

BEDTIME STORIES



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Date:



VOLUME 1

Miss Brenda's
**BEDTIME
STORIES**

BRENDA WALSH

Based on
**True Character-Building Stories
for the Whole Family!**



Three Angels Broadcasting Network
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DEDICATION



Miss Brenda with her grandsons



◀ **Dear Michael,** you are one of God's greatest blessings to me. There is nothing I enjoy more than spending time with you! I love it that you trust me enough to talk to me about anything and everything. Most of all it brings joy to my heart to see how much you love to talk to Jesus.

I love wrestling with you and your brother, playing fun games, or building Legos, but I especially love tucking you in at night, singing to you, and listening to your prayers. Always remember that our real home is in heaven with Jesus. With heartfelt love, I dedicate this book to you. I love you!

—Grandma



◀ **Dear Jason,** you have filled my life with so much joy and happiness and I treasure every moment that I can spend with you. I love the times that we snuggle up on the sofa and read stories together and talk about all the fun we'll have in heaven. Some day soon, Jesus is coming to take us home with Him and then we will always be together. I'm excited that I won't have to fly on an airplane to spend time with you because we'll have mansions right next door to each other! I am dedicating this book to you so that you will always know how very much Jesus and I love you.

—Grandma

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Dr. Kay Kuzma

I want to thank Dr. Kay Kuzma for all her hours and hours spent editing *Miss Brenda's Bedtime Stories*. She is one of the most generous, kind, and talented people I know and these stories would not have been the same without her! I admire and respect her professionalism, creative writing skills, and her loving service for others. Her love for our Lord and Savior shines through in all she does. She has blessed my life in so many ways and I thank God for the gift of her friendship.

Brenda Walsh

Author Appreciation

I want to personally thank each of these best-selling authors for their generous contribution of stories. It is truly an honor and privilege to include them in *Miss Brenda's Bedtime Stories*. Each author was personally selected to be a part of this five book series because of their creative and professional writing style, incredible talent, and love for Jesus! To each of them I extend my sincere and heartfelt thanks!



Jean Boonstra



Karen Collum



David Edgren



Kay Kuzma



Charles Mills



Seth Pierce



Kay D. Rizzo



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Linda Kay Walsh
Karlie Zabarowski

ABOUT “MISS BRENDA”



Brenda Walsh is a vivacious, loving, and generous Christian with a heart for ministry and a burning desire to share the love and joy of Jesus. When she started praying, “Lord, use me in a special way,” God did! And the resulting, amazing miracle stories have been an inspiration to thousands across the world who have heard her dynamic presentations or read her attention-grabbing books. Her message is one of encouragement and hope to those who want to be used by God. Hearing Brenda is truly a life-changing experience, whether it’s at a women’s ministries retreat, a prayer conference, a church-based weekend event, or a children’s ministries seminar.



Miss Brenda & Maxwell

Brenda is best known as “Miss Brenda,” the producer and host of *Kids’ Time*, a popular daily children’s program on Three Angels Broadcasting Network (3ABN). She is also a frequent guest on the *3ABN Today* program, cooking and singing with her sisters, Linda and Cinda. Together they have authored vegan vegetarian cookbooks and recorded several gospel CDs. Brenda also has her own solo CD, *My Wonderful Lord*.

Brenda is the author of *Battered to Blessed*, her life story of being a victim of domestic violence; and *Passionate Prayer*, which features her own personal stories of answered prayer. She has also co-authored several books with her friend Kay Kuzma. This is her first of five volumes of *Miss Brenda’s Bedtime Stories*.



Miss Brenda & children on the *Kids’ Time* set.

In addition to ministering to others, Brenda is a registered nurse, interior decorator, and floral designer. Brenda is married to Tim Walsh, has two grown daughters, Becky and Linda Kay, and two grandsons, Michael James and Jason Patrick.

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INTRODUCTION

Stories have power to touch us and change us. They can help us understand what another person is feeling and help us see things from a new perspective. They can help us understand “Why?” and see the reasoning behind “Be careful!” They can help us learn lessons without having to suffer from making mistakes! That’s why Jesus taught by telling stories. He knew that stories help us understand.

This book is full of stories told for the same reasons. So much effort, love, and prayer have gone into collecting and preparing *Miss Brenda’s Bedtime Stories*! Based on true stories contributed from people around the world, each story has been written especially for Miss Brenda by beloved and best-selling authors (and some written by Miss Brenda herself!). They are sure to be loved by children and treasured by parents and grandparents and all who read them.

Brenda has shared these stories to help kids everywhere develop strong characters, understand important lessons, and most important, learn to be good friends of Jesus. These pages are full of stories that are heart-touching, soul-searching, fun-filled, adventurous, and meant to be shared!

May these stories bring laughter to the eyes, wisdom to the mind, and understanding to the heart of everyone who hears them. And may there be a double blessing of peace and joy to each grown-up who takes a few precious moments to share them with a child.



Be sure to collect all five volumes of
Miss Brenda’s Bedtime Stories!

A Squirrel's Tale

High up in the tallest branches of the giant oak tree that grew in Rusty's backyard lived a family of fluffy gray squirrels. Each evening, right before supper, Rusty and his father would watch the furry creatures scurry up and down the trunk of the tree collecting the walnuts Dad had placed on the ground.

"I bet I could train one of those squirrels to take a nut from my hand," Rusty bragged to his dad. "Maybe if he got used to me, he'd even let me pet him."

"That wouldn't be a very good idea, son," Dad explained. "As friendly as squirrels seem to be, they are still wild animals and could bite you, especially if they were frightened. And if they happened to be sick, they could give you a bad disease. Then we'd have to take you to the hospital for shots, and you know how you hate shots."

"But I wouldn't scare them. I'd stay very still," Rusty insisted.



A Squirrel's Tale

"No, son. Leave the squirrels alone. Don't feed them without me." Dad tossed the last of the walnuts toward the tree. "Time to go inside for supper. Mom's making homemade pizza tonight."



At the mention of his favorite meal, Rusty's stomach growled. "Yum! I'm sure hungry. How about you, Dad?"

"You bet!"

"Race you to the back door!" Rusty shouted as he took off running. He thundered onto the back porch and slammed against the screen door. "Beat ya!" Rusty laughed.

"Not by much." Huffing and puffing, Dad charged onto the porch. "But you had a head start!"

"Fair and square, Dad," Rusty laughed, "'cause you have longer legs."

Rusty opened the screen door and bounded into the kitchen. "Umm, the pizza smells yummy."

"Not as good as my favorite cherry pie," Dad exclaimed as he kissed Mom on the cheek. "You've been busy this afternoon."



She laughed and playfully swatted Dad with the dishtowel. "Go on now. Hurry and wash up. The pizza just came out of the oven."

All evening Rusty could think of nothing else but the squirrels. Oh, how fun it would be to train at least one of them to eat from his hand. The more he thought about it, the more determined he became to try. As he lay on his bed in the dark, he

developed a plan he knew would work.

The next morning, after Dad left for the office, Mom was sorting the dirty clothes that needed washing, when Rusty sauntered into the laundry

A Squirrel's Tale

room and casually asked his mother if he could feed the squirrels. Busy scrubbing grass stains off of Rusty's pants, Mom only half heard his question. "Sure, honey. Be careful."

"Thanks, Mom!" Rusty ran from the laundry room before Mom could change her mind. In the kitchen, he opened the freezer door and removed the bag of walnuts from the freezer. He opened the bag and scooped out a handful and stuffed them into his pockets. After putting the bag back in the freezer, Rusty looked down the hall to make sure Mom wasn't watching, and then quickly ran outside. The screen door slammed behind him, sending the gray squirrels scurrying up the trunk of the tree.

Rusty felt a thrill of anticipation as he made a trail of nuts from the trunk of the tree to the house and then waited on the porch steps for the squirrels to come to him. And come they did! One at a time, they darted for the nuts, coming closer and closer to where Rusty sat. To his delight, the littlest squirrel, his favorite, was also the bravest. To retrieve the last few walnuts, the tiniest squirrel inched closer and closer. Barely daring to breathe, Rusty held the last walnut between his fingers. *Would the squirrel take it?*

The squirrel stopped less than six inches from Rusty's hand. The animal glanced first in one direction and then the other. He looked at the nut and then the boy. Without taking his eyes off Rusty, the squirrel inched closer and closer. Just as the squirrel extended his neck to take the nut out of Rusty's fingers, a noisy motorcycle went by, popping its engine. Frightened by the loud noise, the squirrel nipped the end of Rusty's finger with his sharp teeth as he grabbed the nut, then fled across the yard and up the tree.



A Squirrel's Tale

“Ouch!” Rusty screamed and ran inside the house, crying and holding his finger.

“What happened?” Mom asked. “Are you OK?”

Suddenly, Rusty remembered Dad’s warning about having to go to the doctor to get shots if a squirrel bit him. He also remembered that Dad had said to leave the squirrels alone. “I . . . I . . . I . . . jabbed myself with a sharp stick,” Rusty sobbed.

Mom held his finger and studied the wound carefully. “The skin is broken and it’s bleeding just a little. I’ll wash it off, put on some anti-bacterial cream and a Band-Aid, and you’ll be fine.”

Rusty’s finger throbbed with pain throughout the afternoon, but he didn’t tell his mother. When his father came home from work, he wasn’t feeling any better. “Hey, what about going out and feeding the squirrels while Mom finishes supper?”

Rusty hung his head, “Naw, I don’t feel like it today.”

“He hasn’t been feeling well since he cut his finger on a stick this morning,” Mom called from the kitchen.

Dad glanced at his son and then at Rusty’s bandaged finger. “Let me take a look.”

“Oh, it’s not too bad,” Rusty mumbled. Deep down inside, Rusty began to feel very uncomfortable.

Dad ignored Rusty’s protests and proceeded to remove the Band-Aid. He studied the injury for several seconds. The tip of Rusty’s finger was fiery red and swollen. “Are you sure you injured your finger with a stick?”

Rusty’s face paled. “Uh, um, uh, yeah.”

Dad looked straight into his son’s eyes and asked, “Rusty, this is important. Tell me the truth. Were you feeding the squirrels and one of



A Squirrel's Tale

them bit you? If so, I need to know now!"

Rusty glanced down at the floor and then nervously toward the kitchen, not wanting his mother to hear. "Yeah, but I asked Mom's permission first," he countered.

Dad's voice sounded serious, "Didn't I tell you to leave the squirrels alone? Didn't I say they could bite you and possibly give you some awful disease?"

Rusty's lower lip quivered. "B-B-But Dad, my plan was working. If that noisy motorcycle hadn't gone by and scared the squirrel, he would have eaten out of my hand instead of biting me."

Dad looked at his son sternly. Rusty knew he was in for a serious talking-to. "Son, even a perfect plan wouldn't have made this right. First, you disobeyed me. Second, you took advantage of your mother. She didn't know that I told you not to feed the squirrels without me. And third, you lied to Mom and me. Those lies could have cost you your life. One of the diseases squirrels carry is lockjaw. People can get it if bitten by an infected animal. Unless this disease is treated immediately, it could kill you."

"I'm so sorry," sniffed Rusty. "Am I going to die?"

"No, you're not going to die because Mom and I are going to take you right now to the hospital for a shot. Supper will have to wait."

During the ride to the hospital, tears slid down Rusty's cheeks as he stared at his swollen finger. He didn't want to die, but he certainly wasn't looking forward to getting a shot.

At the hospital parking lot, Dad found a place to park the car while Mom put her arm around Rusty and led him into the crowded emergency room. He found a seat while Mom explained to a nurse what had happened. After what seemed like forever, the nurse led Rusty into a curtained cubical. "Hop on to the table," she said. "The doctor will be here in a few minutes."

After the doctor examined him, a nurse came in with what looked to Rusty like the largest needle in the world. Rusty squeezed his eyes shut and braced for the pain he knew would come. "Ouch, that hurts!" he

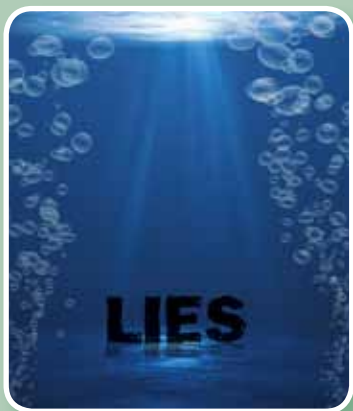
A Squirrel's Tale

cried. Oh, how he wished he hadn't disobeyed his dad.

On the way home from the hospital, Dad stopped at a local taco place for a quick supper. Rusty nibbled on his bean burrito. He didn't feel much like eating. He looked across the booth at his parents. "Mom, Dad, I'm so sorry. Please forgive me?"

"Of course we forgive you," Mom replied.

"And will Jesus forgive me too?"



"Yes, He will," Dad said. "Jesus promises that when we ask for forgiveness He is faithful and just to forgive our sins."

"Even the really bad ones?"

"Of course," Mom said. "And do you know what He does next?"

Rusty shook his head.

"Jesus dumps them in the deepest spot in the ocean, and they are never, ever to be seen again!"

"I want Jesus to do that for me. Can we pray right here?"

Rusty reached across the booth and took hold of his parents' hands and bowed his head, "Dear Jesus, please forgive me for disobeying my dad and for lying to my parents. Thank You, Jesus, for forgiving me. Please take those nasty old lies and dump them in the ocean right now. Amen!"

In a few weeks, Rusty's finger was completely healed; but every time he looked at the scar, he thanked Jesus for throwing his sins in the deepest part of the sea. ■

*If we confess our sins, he . . . will forgive us our sins
and purify us from all unrighteousness.*

— 1 John 1:9, NIV