

VOLUME 2

Miss Brenda's

**BEDTIME
STORIES**



**This book is lovingly
presented to**

By:

On this special occasion

Date:



VOLUME 2

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



Pastor James and Bernice Micheff

It is with deep love and gratitude that I dedicate volume two of *Miss Brenda's Bedtime Stories* to my precious parents, James and Bernice Micheff, who have committed their lives to serving Jesus. I can shut my eyes and still hear Dad's cheery voice calling my brothers and sisters and me to worship.

I can't remember a day that didn't start and end with family worship. We would all snuggle up on the sofa together, and Mom would read to us. Mom and Dad always chose books that would inspire us to be more like Jesus. We were not allowed to read just anything. Our books were approved by our parents first! They felt that what their children read was critically important and if it wasn't going to bring us closer to Jesus, it was not allowed in our home!

If it were not for my parents' constant effort to keep me in touch with God through His Word and other character-building stories, *Miss Brenda's Bedtime Stories* would not have been written.

Mom and Dad, I want to dedicate this book first to Jesus, my Lord and Savior, and then to both of you. It is my heartfelt prayer that as children around the world read these inspiring stories, their lives will be transformed. Thank you for your commitment to ever inspire your children to love Jesus.

I love you with all my heart and thank God for the blessings of having Christian parents. I also thank you for making Jesus *first* in our home, and because of you, my greatest passion in life is to share God's love with others.

It is my deepest desire that the prayer you have prayed my entire life be fulfilled, when "*someday soon we will all be gathered together in heaven as a family . . . without one lost!*" I love you, Mom and Dad!

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With Special Thanks



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!



Karen Collum



Kay Kuzma



Seth Pierce



Kay D. Rizzo



Glen Robinson



Gwen Simmons



Kimberley Tagert-Paul



Jerry D. Thomas



Joy Wendt



Perri Wiggins

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MY FAMILY: My precious husband, *Tim Walsh*, for never complaining about the time I spent working on this project, for your constant support, help, and patience, but most of all, for your unconditional love you give me every day! *Rebecca Lynn and Linda Kay* for your love and support and allowing me to share your stories. My parents, *James and Bernice Micheff*, for your prayers, letting my team take over your house, for endless hours finding photos, and for all those great meals! To my *sisters, brothers, grandsons, aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews* for your patience and loving understanding concerning the many hours I spent working on this project, even though you would have preferred I was spending time with you! I am so very grateful for my precious family and love you with all my heart!

Those who shared their stories with me:

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Tim & Tara Pierce

Andy Rissing

Theresa Saxon

Charles Mason von Henner, MD

Karen Yingst

Debbie West

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 family or 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 second of five volumes of ***Miss Brenda’s Bedtime Stories***.



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 one 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 a good friend 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!



Polly's Pride

Polly balanced the silver flute in her hands. The cool metal against her fingers soothed the caterpillars of nerves that threatened to burst into full-blown butterflies in her stomach at any moment. Through the closed door she could hear the string quartet performing, the violins soaring over the deep tones of the cello.

She had peeked into the auditorium a little earlier and had felt a bubble of excitement well up when she saw just how many people had come to listen. The middle school concert was always popular, but this year there seemed to be an even bigger crowd.

I do hope all my friends are sitting up front where they can see me. They'll be so surprised at how good I can play. Oh, and there's Mom and Dad in the second row! They're going to be so proud of me! she thought as she brought the flute to her lips and let her fingers dance through a series of scales. Up and down, down and up, higher and higher, until she ran out of breath.



Polly's Pride



Polly played first flute in the concert band. As a sixth grader, she was the youngest person ever to be given the honor of first flute. She loved the way it felt to make music with other people, to take those little black circles and lines on a page and give them life. But more than that she loved the way it felt to be right up in front of the band for all the world to see.

Rearranging the pages on the music stand, Polly studied the piece once more. She was playing a difficult solo, the last item of the night. It was also the most coveted place in the program. When her teacher, Mr. Andrews, had first shown her the music she thought it was too hard. But he convinced her she could do it. She just needed to practice. And that's exactly what she did!

She practiced when she got up in the morning, she practiced during her lunch break at school, and she practiced before she went to bed at night. She practiced until she knew the music inside-out, upside-down, and backwards. Now she could play it from memory with her eyes closed.

The morning of the concert, Polly woke up suddenly with what she thought was a brilliant idea. *What if I went on stage without any music? Imagine how impressed everyone would be. Why, they'd all be talking about how talented I am. I might even get a standing ovation!*

All day long, Polly felt a nagging feeling in the pit of her stomach that just wouldn't go away. There was a still, small voice that kept telling her it was a bad idea, but she refused to listen.

That evening, she felt strangely nervous. *I don't know why I'm so nervous when I know my music so well. I don't need to fret like this. Maybe I'm just excited. Yes, that's it, just excited.*

"Polly, you're up," said Angela, who was working backstage.

With a deep breath, Polly stepped out of the rehearsal room balancing

Polly's Pride

her flute in her hands and walked with her head held high down the corridor.

“You forgot your music!” Angela called after her.

“I don’t need it,” said Polly, without even bothering to look back.

“Are you sure? What if you forget the notes?” Angela asked.

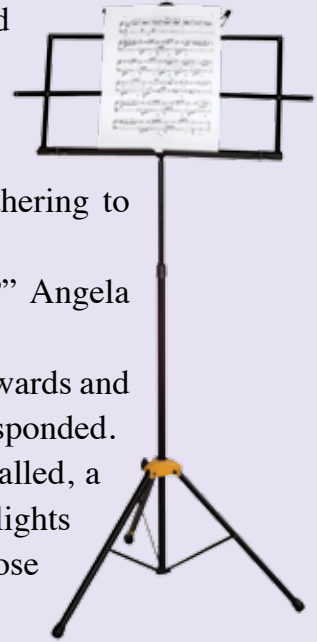
“Oh, that would never happen. I know this backwards and forwards, but thanks anyway,” Polly confidently responded.

Polly waited in the wings for her name to be called, a small smile on her lips. Beyond the bright stage lights she could see the silhouettes of the audience. All those people were about to be dazzled by her brilliance.

The smile on her face beamed even brighter when she heard the announcer say, “. . . And for the final performance of the night, I’d like to welcome to the stage one of our finest young musicians here at Valley Middle School, Miss Polly Watson.”

As the applause thundered around her, Polly stepped onto the wooden floor and strode across the stage to the perfect circle of light that shone just for her. She moved the empty music stand to one side so people would get a better view of her and then stood still, waiting for the clapping to stop. When silence finally filled the theater, Polly breathed deeply, lifted the flute to her lips, pulled her shoulders back, pursed her lips tight, and then the unimaginable happened . . . her mind went completely blank! She couldn’t remember the first note! Even though she was blinded by the spotlight, she knew everyone was looking at her, waiting for her to begin. She could feel the anticipation, the expectation, and her mouth went dry.

Polly swallowed, ran her tongue over her lips, and tried not to panic. She closed her eyes and pictured the sheet music that was sitting on the music stand in the rehearsal room but the notes blurred into a swirl of nothingness. She was aware of the seconds ticking past, each one feeling like an hour. *I can’t just stand up here and do nothing.*



Polly's Pride

Why can't I remember the notes? What's the matter with me? I need to play something . . . anything! Everyone's going to be laughing at me!

Polly blew feebly across the flute and sent a weak and whimpering note—a wrong note—across the audience. She tried another note. And another. Someone on the stage began to giggle. She could hear a snicker spreading through the audience. A crimson flush emerged from her chest and began to spread up her neck and onto her face, burning under the harsh light. She glanced to her right and saw Mr. Andrews backstage, his face wrinkled with worry. He motioned for her to try again, but it was no use. Polly couldn't remember a single note.

With the flute hanging from her left hand and tears streaming down her face, she ran off the stage, down the stairs, and into the rehearsal room, slamming the door behind her. The silence that followed her was louder than the marching band at a football game.

Polly slumped in a chair and sobbed for a long time, her head buried deep in her hands. Then she felt an arm around her shoulder. "Hey sweetie," said Mom tenderly.

Polly looked up through her tears, saw the love in her mom's eyes, and cried even harder. "I blew it," she sobbed. "I totally blew it."

"Honey, what happened? You knew that piece inside and out," said Mom. "Where was your sheet music?"



Polly blushed again and couldn't meet her mom's gaze as she tried to control her tears. Her voice was a mere whisper and the words tasted bitter in her mouth. "I left it behind on purpose because I wanted to impress everyone. I was going to be the star of the show. Instead, everyone's laughing at me." The sobs began again.

Mom tried to make her feel better

Polly's Pride

as she held Polly close and wiped away her tears. “Mom,” Polly whispered, “it was my own fault. I was trying to show everyone how great I was.”

Her mom gave her a gentle squeeze. “We all make mistakes, sweetie, but a wise person learns from them.” Sweeping a loose strand of hair away from Polly’s face, Mom continued, “Sounds to me like you let pride get in the way of common sense tonight.”

Polly nodded.

“You know, the Bible says it best,” said Mom. “ ‘When pride comes, then comes disgrace, but with humility comes wisdom’ (Proverbs 11:2). I think you’ve learned a really important lesson tonight, Polly, and I’m sorry it’s been such a painful one for you.”

On the way home, Polly hugged her flute case to her chest and thought long and hard about what had happened that night. *Mom is right, she thought. I embarrassed myself in front of my family and all my friends. How will I ever face them tomorrow? I never want to make that mistake again.*

Polly closed her eyes and began to pray. *Dear Jesus, please forgive me for being so filled with pride. From now on, help me to listen to Your still, small voice and help me to use my talents for Your glory and not mine. I love You, Jesus. Amen.* ■

*Pride goes before destruction,
and a haughty spirit before a fall.*

—Proverbs 16:18, NKJV