

VOLUME 4

Miss Brenda's

BEDTIME STORIES



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By:

On this special occasion

Date:



VOLUME 4

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



It is with heartfelt love that I dedicate volume four of Miss Brenda's Bedtime Stories first to my dearest friend, Jesus, my Lord and Savior and then to my precious husband, Tim, and daughters, Rebecca and Linda Kay. It is my deepest desire that someday we'll all be gathered together in heaven as a family . . . without one missing!

Tim Walsh

I couldn't imagine my life without my wonderful husband, Tim, who has faithfully stood by me in ministry throughout the years. His loving encouragement and support have been an enormous blessing! I will forever thank God for giving me such a precious friend and lifelong companion to walk beside me on this journey through life. *"Tim, thank you for always being there for me, for tenderly supporting me, and for being my best friend here on earth! Honey, I love you with all my heart!"*

Rebecca Lynn

When Rebecca was born, I began to understand a little more about God's amazing love. It seems like only yesterday, she was a baby in my arms. Now she has grown into a beautiful, caring, and talented young woman. Truly, my heart overflows with love. She is an amazing mother to my two special grandsons, Michael and Jason. *"Becky, I feel so blessed to be your mom and I love you so very much! I can't imagine my life without you!"*



Linda Kay

Linda Kay is truly a "gift from God!" Doctors told me I couldn't have any more children, but God had other plans! She has given me more joy than I could have thought possible! She has an incredible sense of humor and charm that everyone is naturally drawn to and is beautiful inside and out! *"Linda Kay, you have filled my heart with so much happiness. No matter how old you are, you will always be my baby girl! I love you more than you could possibly know!"*



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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 this book. Each author was personally selected to be a part of *Miss Brenda's Bedtime Stories* 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



John Bradshaw



Karen Collum



Kenneth Cox



Karen Holford



Kay Kuzma



Charles Mills



Seth Pierce



Pam Rhodes



Kay D. Rizzo



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Jerry D. Thomas



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Perri Wiggins

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Dianne Affolter
Mary Le Grice
Marcia Lincoln
Shane Linder

Joanie Pierce
Ron Reese
Laura & Hannah Richardson
Kitty Thomas

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.



Photo taken by: Silvana Sorace

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.



Photo taken by: Brad Walker

Miss Brenda and Strings of Joy 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 can 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!



The Rocket Fire

Brendon and his younger brother, Byron, loved playing at Tommy's house. He lived right next to the "bush," which is what people who live in New South Wales, Australia, call a national park. The "bush" has lots of grass, shrubs, and giant eucalyptus trees. Because the eucalyptus sap is so sticky, they are also called gum trees. This was a favorite place for the three boys to race, ride bikes, and play soccer.

One day, after the boys tired of playing ball, Tommy sank to the ground, picked a blade of grass, and began chewing on it. "I'm bored," he sighed.

"Me too," Byron said, imitating Tommy.

Brendon's eyes brightened and his shoulders straightened. "I know what we can do. Let's make a rocket!"

Brendon loved rockets, especially rockets that produced loud noises. The bigger the *boom*, the better!

"How do we build a rocket?" Tommy's eyes flashed with interest.



The Rocket Fire



“We can make a rocket out of wood and gum tree sap.” Brendon always had such great ideas. “Does your dad have any scraps of wood in the garage?”

Tommy leaped to his feet. “Yeah, I think so. He was working on a cabinet last week. Let’s go look!”

The boys raced to the garage and scattered in all directions. The hunt was on for anything that could be used to make a homemade rocket.

“Hey! Look what I found!” exclaimed Tommy. “An empty wooden crate. This will make a great launchpad.”

Brendon and Tommy started filling the empty box with wood scraps, shavings, and anything else they thought they might need. Then they dragged it back to the clearing.

As Tommy began setting up the launchpad, Brendon collected the sticky sap from the gum trees to glue the wood pieces together.

“Look what I found in the garage,” Byron said as he came up to where the boys were working and handed his brother a matchbox.

Tommy’s eyes opened wide when Brendon opened the box. “Wow! There are still matches in there!”

The two older boys looked at the matches and then at one another. Tommy grinned at the younger boy. “Good job, Byron.”

Byron smiled proudly at the compliment. Usually the older boys treated him more like a nuisance than a helper.

“This is super!” Brendon exclaimed with excitement. “With these matches we can get our rocket off the ground with a blast. Now, all we need is thrust . . . Wait! I’ve got a thruster!”



The Rocket Fire

He reached into the left pocket of his jeans. “Gentlemen, I hold in my hand something we can use as rocket fuel.” Slowly, he pulled his fist out of his pocket and waved it in the air to be certain he had both boys’ attention. “A thruster,” he announced, opening his hand dramatically to reveal a small cylinder no larger than a flashlight battery.

“How can that be a thruster?” Tommy’s eyes narrowed.

“When I was younger,” Brendon explained, “my dad and I were burning garbage in a steel barrel in the alleyway behind our house when we heard a loud explosion coming from inside the barrel. Dad said that there must have been a pressurized can in one of the trash bags. He said a pressurized can will explode in a fire regardless of what might have been inside it.”

Continuing in his role as *Chief Rocket Scientist*, Brendon held up the cylinder for the boys to examine. “Of course, it would be very dangerous if this were a large can of something like hairspray, but this little can will be just big enough to be a perfect thruster.”

Brendon could see Tommy and Byron were impressed with his scientific knowledge. “Yup. This little thruster will give us just the liftoff we need.”

“So what is it?” asked Tommy.

Brendon eyed the cylinder with a look of superiority. “Oh, this is the aerosol container for Byron’s medicine. My mom trusts me to make sure Byron takes his asthma medicine whenever he starts wheezing. Mom gave me a new one to use because this one was almost



The Rocket Fire

empty.” Brendon removed Byron’s fresh inhaler from his right pocket to show them. Then he held up the old container. “Lucky for us, this one is now empty.”

Tommy and Byron *oohed* and *aahed* as if it were made of solid gold.

Brendon pocketed the filled container and announced excitedly, “Come on guys! Let’s build a rocket ship!”

The boys huddled over Brendon as he glued the wood slats together into the shape of a rocket. At last, the rocket was ready. Now, it was time for the launch. Brendon made a few final adjustments to the box they were using for the launchpad. Next, he placed Byron’s empty inhaler on it and surrounded the canister with small rocks, wood shavings, and pieces of bark. “This is so the trajectory will maximize,” Brendon explained to his audience. Finally, he placed the makeshift rocket in position.



The boys tingled with excitement as Commander Brendon signaled Tommy to begin the countdown just like a real launch at Cape Canaveral. Cupping his hands around his mouth, Tommy cleared his throat and took a deep breath.

“TEN!” Tommy shouted.

“NINE! Clear the launchpad!” Tommy backed up several steps. Brendon and Byron hovered over the rocket.

“EIGHT . . . Byron! I *said*, ‘Clear the launchpad!’” Byron finally backed up and stood next to Tommy.

“SE-VEN!” Tommy made two words out of the number for emphasis.

“SIX! Man all battle stations!” Tommy continued.

“FIVE! Fire the engines!” Brendon ceremoniously struck the first match. It flared and immediately went out.

Tommy repeated his command. “FIVE! Fire the engines!” Brendon struck the second match against the box. Instead of lighting, the match head broke off and fell to the ground.

The Rocket Fire

“This is harder than I thought,” muttered Brendon to himself. His parents had forbidden him to play with matches, so he had never lit one before, but he had seen his dad and mom do it. *How hard can it be?*

“FIVE! Fire the engines!” Tommy commanded once more.

Brendon struck a third match next to the rocket ship. It flared. Immediately, the wood shavings burst into flame. Brendon leaped away from the launchpad, expecting an explosion.

Determined that their rocket would have a proper send-off, Tommy quickly completed his countdown. “Four . . . Three . . . Two . . . One . . . Liftoff!”

Instead of the dramatic liftoff and flight as anticipated, the three boys watched as their homemade aircraft sat motionless on the smoldering launchpad. What a disappointment! Their shoulders drooped.

“Oh well, we tried,” Brendon sighed. “I can’t figure out what went wrong.”

Brendon started toward the dud of a rocket. *BOOM!* The thruster exploded, sending dozens of burning wood shavings into the air. Landing in the surrounding bushes and on the dry leaf-covered ground, they ignited into small fires. Aghast, the boys watched as the burning blaze began to devour the sticks and dry leaves.

“Quick! Stomp them out!” Brendon sprang into action, stomping with both feet on one little fire and then jumping onto the next.

Tommy joined him and began hopping and jumping on the little bonfires. Within seconds, the tiny sparks became bigger fires. Frightened, Brendon and Tommy continued to dance on the spreading flames.

Suddenly, Byron started to scream so loudly that Tommy thought he might have caught himself on fire. He hadn’t, but Byron continued shrieking in terror just the same.



The Rocket Fire

“Byron!” Brendon shouted. “Do you want Tommy’s mom to hear you?”

“Yes!” he said emphatically. Gasping for fresh air, he bellowed even louder, “Burning bush!”

Hearing the screams, Tommy’s mother came running across the yard. When she saw the smoke, she yelled, “Dad! Get the extinguisher! Quick! The boys have started a fire!”

An hour later, three very somber boys and a very tired Dad and Mom sat on a log in the middle of a large patch of blackened bush and soggy smoldering leaves.

Brendon looked around and gazed at the burned ground, at Tommy’s house, and at the acres of trees that could have been destroyed. He shuddered at what might have happened if Tommy’s mother had not heard Byron scream. He felt responsible since it was his idea.

For a few minutes, no one said anything. Finally, Tommy’s dad broke the silence. In a very serious tone, he said, “Boys, that was a close call. That fire could have easily raged out of control and our house could have gone up in smoke. Even worse, you could have been severely burned. This calls for a consequence—a big one!”

Brendon looked up at Tommy’s dad. His voice quivered. “Mr. Martin, I lit the match and it was my thruster that caused the explosion. It was my fault and I’m the only one who should be punished.”

“Wait a minute,” said Tommy. “No one forced me. It was my fault too. But, Byron is too little to know any better.”

Brendon stared at the ground while Tommy chewed his fingernails. Trembling, they waited to hear what their fate might be. They knew they deserved to have their privileges taken away—maybe even for a whole year. Or they might even get something worse.

“You’re right,” Dad agreed. “Byron is too young to be held responsible and I think the scare was punishment enough for him. But, Tommy, you and Brendon are old enough to know better. You deserve to be punished.

“Here’s what I’m going to do. The New South Wales Rural Fire



The Rocket Fire

Service has a training program for boys twelve to sixteen years of age. They teach about fire prevention, fire safety, and firefighting techniques.

“Brendon, I’m going to speak with your dad, and if he agrees, I’m going to enroll both you and Tommy. You will also have to help with the chores at the fire station, like cleaning the fire engines, sweeping, picking up trash, and, yes, even cleaning the toilets! I believe when you finish your training you will have learned the valuable lesson to never, ever, play with fire again!” ■



*Likewise the tongue is a small part of the body,
but it makes great boasts. Consider what a
great forest is set on fire by a small spark.*

—James 3:5, NIV