

Stories, Mrs. Miggsy

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God said to Noah, make an ark out of wood. Line it with tar as shipbuilders should. Three stories, one window, one door you must make and two of each animal. Then shall you take into the ark with your family of eight. Your wife and three sons, each one with his mate, said Noah.

An ark, Bubba. Where will it float? And why should I build such an oversized boat? It never has rained since the days of my birth. Not one drop of water has fallen on earth.

God said, when I look at this earth I have made and seen nothing but evil and sin unfurled. I am sorry I ever put man on this land, for they disobey even my slightest command. Thus over the earth a great flood will I send. The heavens shall open and waters descend to punish all those whom I love have ignored.

But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.

So Noah got busy. The trees he cut down, the lumber he gathered in piles on the ground. All sizes, all lengths. An unusual collection, all measured to fit God's specific direction.

All the hammer. The noise was terrific. An ear splitting tremor. Oh, Noah's gone crazy, the people all said. He's preached for so long it's affected his head.

They gathered around him. They laughed and they jeered. They taunted and scolded. They snickered and sneered. But Noah kept working.

He heard not a word. He knew when he started they'd think it absurd to build a huge ark right upon the dry land. He never expected that they understand. Hey, Noah, quit. Morgan, look up in the sky, the sun is still shining.

Please tell us why. You worked for 120 long years. You can't float a boat, Noah on a bucket of tears.

Oh, Noah was sad as he bowed his gray head and he put down his tubes. As he quietly said. Why don't you worship our God anymore? You curse and you gamble. You're always at war.

You do not believe what God says he will do. Or else you'd be helping. Yes, each one of you. For over this earth a great flood will descend. The heavens shall open and waters descend.

And that is the reason I'm building this boat. For those will be saved who inside it will float. A chipmunk stood watching. A sparrow, a skunk, an elephant stuffing some food in his trunk. Hi, Chip, called the sparrow.

Are you going in? Not me, he said, hiding a silly old groom. I need some more nuts for my winter supplies. Why? Besides, who believes that we're going to die?

I do, and I'm feeling a little unsteady. Came the thundering voice of Elephant Eddy. I'm off to the hills, the highest round. I always feel safe with my feet on the ground.

Please.

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Well, what do you know? It sure doesn't look as if they want to go. Wouldn't it be awful if Noah was right? Who'll stick around here with me just for tonight? I will, said the skunk, who was smelling a daisy, if I just didn't feel so uncommonly lazy.

But climbing that game takes really a chore, and my, did you notice there's only one door? The spectators stood. Not a one volunteered. The sun was still shining.

No rain clouds appeared. Noah spoke gently. It's time now to leave. This flood God has promised is not meant to leave. He stood at the door as the animals came, two at a time, some wild and some tame.

The lions and tigers, the panda bears too, the chattering monkeys, two cows and one on top of the gangplank, right by the door, stood his wife, Mrs. Noah, who was sweeping the floor, first with her broom and then grabbing a rake, chasing some mice and a big rattlesnake. Noah just chuckled. My dear, this is priceless. But we cannot leave here snakeless or miceless.

She set down her broom, and then she picked up some flour, some oil, and some leaven that she'd kept for this hour, and then she called, shem, Jabez, go fetch Brother Ham, and please don't forget that new little lamb. So up the big gangplank and into the ark. Noah and family prepared to embark.

And the Lord God himself did shut the big door.

Oh, no, you are wrong. Not yet did it pour. Seven long days they were shut in that boat. Not one drop of water to get them afloat. But all of a sudden, from out of the blue, came a little black cloud that expanded and grew.

It thundered and blustered all over the sky as flashes of lightning went sizzling by. It rained and it poured. 40 nights, 40 days. But inside the ark they were singing God's praise. Higher and higher.

The floodwaters rose 20ft over the biggest plateau, till no one was left. Not a thing anywhere. Just the ark calmly rocking. Not a worry or care. For five months they floated.

Then God caused a wind to blow o'er the earth he had just disciplined. For five months. The waters were slowly subsiding, while lower and lower. The ark was still riding. But all of a sudden, the fifth boat hit land on top of Mount Ararat, just as God planned.

He opened the window and he let out a raven that flew back and forth in search of a haven till all of the water had dried off the land. So then Noah took a small dove in his hand and he sent her to find how the water had drained. She shortly came back, for the waters remained. Seven days later, this trip was repeated, and this time her mission was fully completed. A fresh olive leaf in her beak, she had tucked and at twilight returned to show what she had plucked.

Seven more days. Again Noah waited, and this time the dove never once hesitated. He took off forever returning no more. So then Noah knew they could all go ashore.

Noah went out with his sons and his wife to begin on the earth a completely new life. The minute he landed, not once did he falter, but he quickly got busy, and he built a big altar to offer a sacrifice unto the one who had kept them secure since the flood had begun. God was well pleased and said, Noah, take note. Never again will you need such a boat for. Look up.

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I give you my own guarantee. Noah looked up, and what did he see? Purple and yellow and crimson and blue. All of the colors. Right there in plain view, there was a rainbow.

God's promise to man that never again would he flood the whole land. You know, God is still faithful. God is still true. Whatever he says, he always will do.

Do you know something? You can say the Alphabet. What is an Alphabet? An Alphabet is just a group of 26 letters. They are all the letters that we use and the words that we speak and the words that we read in books.

They are arranged kind of like soldiers, in good order, just like a parade. They never get out of line or push or shove, and when you go to find one, you always know exactly where it is. But I don't think I can say all those letters together. I'll tell you what.

All around the edge of the back of this record jacket, you will see all the letters in our Alphabet. Can you find them? Now, you put your finger on the big A and you shout it out, and I will give you a word that starts with the same letter and kind of reminds us of the story of Noah and the ark. It could be that when we finish, we will discover that we all know how to say the Alphabet.

A is for ark, the boat Noah made. B is for blessing, because he obeyed. C is for camel, the horse with a hump. C is for donkey, so squatty and plump. E is for elephant.

Noah took two. S is for flood that God said was soon due. G is for God, his hand shut the door. H is for heavens that started to pour. I is for in the big ark where they stayed.

J is for joy that they had when they prayed K is for kittens Did Noah take 6? F is for lions too old to do tricks M is for a mountain the ark rested there N is for Noah, a man of much prayer U is for open the door, let them out P is for parrot who started to shout Q is for question what it fled like before R is for rainbow which meant nevermore S is for sacrifice made when they landed T is for thanks that they did as commanded U is for up they got up from their knees V is for vegetables like carrots and peas W is for work when they planted their garden S marks the spot that they all worked so hard in Y is for you Noah's story is true Z is for zoo in the ark two by two A, B, C, D F U H, R, J, K, L, M, L, E Q R, S T, U, V W A certain man once had to go From Jerusalem to Jericho the road was rough, the traveler's view Twas narrow and steep and lonely too There were great big rocks on either side A perfect place for thieves to hide but this man was gay as he started out Without a fear, without a doubt Very softly he started to croon A happy little homemade tune this is the way I go I go to Jericho, to Jericho this is the way I go I go to Jericho in the morning for he didn't worry, he didn't care and he kicked a stone high in the air he whistled and sang along the way it was like a special holiday this is the way I go I go to Jericho, to Jericho this is the way I go I go to Jericho in the morning all of a sudden he heard a clatter. He whirled about. What was the matter? Quick as a flash some robber did Bound from behind the rocks he was thrown to the ground they pounded and they kicked it and they flattened his nose they robbed his money and took his clothes and he lay on the ground too hurt to cry, battered and bleeding, ready to die.

And far away he heard a thump. The sound of footsteps. Clumpity clump. Closer and closer, steady and slow. It was a priest.

And he stopped as though he meant to help this beaten man. But he turned his head and swiftly ran past the suffering man who lay there on the road, filled with dismay, and then once more he heard a sound of muffled footsteps on the ground. Closer and closer, steady and slow. Surely they

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wouldn't leave him.

So he weakly called, Please help me, sir I'm just another traveler They've beaten and they've robbed me and they took My pay. But he stopped, for the Levite had gone away. No one left who seemed to care that this poor man lay groaning there. As he laid his head on the hard cold ground, his ears detected a far off sound, Hoofbeats approaching the place where he lay, and he covered his eyes and he began to pray.

A Samaritan came by foot, although behind him his donkey followed him to. The Samaritan stopped and he heard with pity the traveler's tale, and I must admit he was moved with love. His heart was sad that both the priest and the Levite had heard his cries and passed him by, leaving this man to bleed and die. The Samaritan took some oil and wine and bound his cuts with cloth and twine.

And then he carried him off upon his beast to a nearby inn to rest and cease, and before the Samaritan left next day he heard the good Samaritan say, Now here's some money I gladly share to give this man the best of care. When I return, I will restore all that you spend, if you need more. The Samaritan left to resume his labor, and Jesus called him a very good neighbor.

Do you like to rock in a rocking chair? Back and forth, back and forth. Kind of like swinging on a swing with your feet on the ground. Do you know something? When I rock, I like to say words that match each other, like twins.

Adults call that rhyming. Do you want to try it? You climb in a chair and we'll all rock together, and if you don't have a rocker, why you just pretend? Rock on the floor.

That's even more fun. Now we'll count one, two, and then we'll find words to match the sound of Oo. Not little words like boo or stew or you. We want to think of rocking chair Words like boo who?

Or cook, Coo or tat too. Let's try it. Ready? One, two, bamboo. You do kangaroo?

Wait, I've got a great idea. We can do three things at once. How about that? Let's count from one to ten. Just that way.

And we'll make rhymes, and then we'll climb the musical ladder with our voices just one octave high. Eight steps. We'll turn around on top and we'll come back down again. Are you ready?

Here we go. One, two, seven. You look at your room. Three more. Back to me, your Baltimore.

Five hips, red ribs, big six, hot six, seven, eight. Play. Rotate. Graduate time and Amen. Play.

We can map from 1 to 10. Now let's do it again.

Mrs. Megsy, tell me that Story again, But I've told it so often before. But each time you tell it, Mrs. Miggsy, it seems I love it much more. All right.

There were shepherds, remember? And sheep, many sheep. It was dark, maybe midnight. Most folks were asleep. The night was so quiet, the air was quite clear when suddenly they saw an angel appear.

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The shepherds were frightened. Just what could this mean? For not one of these men, an angel, had seen. The angel then spoke. Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings which never were told.

For unto us all is born this glad day the Saviour Christ Jesus what more need he say? The shepherds then said, why, this is God's promise. This wonderful news should not frighten, but calm us. Then suddenly there was, with the angel on high a great host of angels praising God in the sky. Glory to God Let everyone sing Glory to Jesus Jesus, our long promised king.

And even more news. The angel had told them the sign by which they were soon to behold him. For away in a manger the angel did say Jesus was laid on his bed in the hay Not a crib with clean sheets Were most babies sleep? No, he in his stable his slumber did keep, and then when the angels had all gone away the shepherds began to each other say Let us even now go and see this great thing we all want to praise and adore our new king.

They went with such haste I'm sure they did run for they were so happy that God sent his son. Could ever there be a more wonderful morn? What joy to the world Our Savior with. Don't you wish just a little that you had been able to follow the shepherds and look in that stable? I'd see Mary and Joseph and Jesus, all three.

Oh, I wish we had been there, just viewing. Just me. The shepherds knelt down at the feet of their Lord with hearts full of love for the one they adored. His name was called Jesus and the reason he came was to save all those people who believe on his name. Mrs.

Miggsy, why did they bring him a present? A toy? No, dear. Just their hearts running over with joy.

But what can I give him? I'm still sort of small and I have no money. I have nothing at all. You know, grown ups are funny. They ask the same thing, then decide for themselves just what they should bring.

Some people give money. They suppose that they should. It eases their conscience and makes them feel good, and others give time. They fill up their hours with meetings, committees on how to fix flowers.

Now it matters to God, the things that we do. But first of all, he's concerned about you. He wants you to love Christ, to bid him come in and enter your heart and cleanse it from sin.

Up in the sky, taller than either you or I, a big statue stood, its head in a cloud. King Nebuchadnezzar was really quite proud. He sat on his throne, checking over his list to see that no detail he wanted was missed. Six cubits wide, let me see. That's a nine.

Ten fingers, ten toes. Well, I guess it's complete now. Call out that measure man. Tell him to try to see if this image is 90ft high.

10ft. Move over your city on 20, 30. Here's 40, and on and on went he, counting and climbing high in the heavenly 50. Here's 60.

It's scary. At 70, 80, then 90 he reached the big crown. Then he grabbed hold the tape and slid all the way down, and so it was finished, the statue complete. From the shine of its head to the gleam of its feet.

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The crowd was delighted. It gathered around on the plains known as Europe, from country and town, and as they stood, cheering a sound. Here's the air.

Nebuchadnezzar has this to declare. When the sackbut, the cornet, the trumpets and flute, the psaltery and dulcimer start in toot, toot, bow down and worship this beautiful statue. Don't run away or someone will catch you. This is real serious. This is no play.

This is a law that we have to obey. Consider that furnace exploding with heat, Just waiting for those who suppose they can cheat. There were three Hebrew boys I'm sure you all know. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. They remembered God's word to Moses of old.

Ye shall not make idols of silver or gold, nor worship, nor serve them, nor bow down the knee, for thou shall have no other gods before me. So they would not bow, no matter the price. But before they could speak or even think twice, a blast of loud music made everyone shake and kneel down so fast it was like an earthquake. All except three standing alone. Somebody spied them and reached to the throne.

O King, live forever. I've come with bad news of the rulers of Babylon. Three young Hebrews. That music was loud, but they never bowed. You know this is wrong and should not be allowed.

Nebuchadnezzar was angry. He was fit by to be tied. How dare any order of his be defied. He blustered and bellowed, Bring in those three so they won't bow down. We shall see, we shall See?

See here. Can't you boys try to do as you're told? Can't you see my fine image, all shiny with gold? Now once more I'll give you a chance to obey. When you hear that music, you do as I say.

Fall down and worship this statue I own, or into the furnace you all will be thrown.

Oh, my. Did they hear him? They moved not an inch. Did they tremble or shiver? Did one of them flinch?

Then the three bravely spoke. Look the king in the eye. Our God we worship to him, rules on high, and he will deliver us out of your hand. We'll never bow down nor obey your command. Then a torrent broke loose.

The old king was furious. His face got so red that he looked rather curious. He spoke, and his voice was as dry as a blotter. Heat that old furnace just seven times hotter. He called for his soldiers, Send the soldiers.

Send the soldiers. Send the soldiers.

The strongest and best, and said, these three boys are under arrest. Find them in coats, their hats and their hose and toss them in quickly, head over toes. The ropes went around and around and around until each of the three was thoroughly bound. The soldiers then cast them like three sacks of wheat into the furnace.

What terrible heat. The flames were so hungry they popped out the door and burned up the soldiers with a pie. The king was astonished. He rose up in haste. He looked in the furnace.

Then he right about faced. He stammered and he stuttered. Did not we cast three? Am I mad? Am I crazy?

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Is it four that I see? His counsellor said, okean, it is true, and we hate to admit it, but we see them too. For there in the furnace, calmly walking around were four people talking, not one of them bound, and the form of the fourth was just like the Lord whom these three brave Hebrews so loved and adored. Nebuchadnezzar then shouted, you'd better come out and tell us what happened.

What's all this about?

Then the counselors, princes and governors too. They gathered around to get a close view. They pinched them, they poked them, they sniffed every hair. Amazing. Fantastic.

No smell of smoke there. The ropes were all gone. They had just disappeared, no doubt. When the Lord God himself interfered. The king was convinced.

He made a decree.

From this moment on, the God of these three will be my God to follow, my God to love. For now I will worship the true God above.

Did you know that words are like sandwiches? You can't bite them or chew them, but words do have a kind of an outside crust made up of letters that we call consonants. What is a consonant. That is a big word that means a letter. That stands for a sound that we make when we talk, we make it either with our lips or our tongue.

When we stop the air coming out from the inside and then let it go, you try to say the consonant B. Say it with me. B. See what happened? Your lips closed together like a gate and then opened to let the sound come out.

Let's say another consonant together. T. Where did your tongue go then? Right up to the roof of your mouth, and then it came down and it let the sound come out.

Here's a fun consonant. M. Where did the air go then? Your mouth was shut all the time. The air came out of my nose.

Exactly. Now, consonants are usually on the outside of our words, taking care of the vowels that are just like the filling in a sandwich. Every word has to have a vowel in it, just like every sandwich has to have a filling. But what is a vowel? They are speech sounds that we make with our mouths open.

And there are only five of them in the whole Alphabet. They are A, E, I, O, U. So if there are five vowels in the Alphabet, then what are all the rest of the letters called? Consonants. Right.

Now, here's the way we're going to learn two things at one time. There's a story in the Bible about a man who had a big farm, and I think you'd like to hear what happened to him. So we will sing about it to the tune of Old MacDonald at a farm. When it comes time for you to sing the sounds at the end of each line, we will sing the five vowels we are trying to learn. A, E, I, O, U.

You'll catch on, because I'm going to ask these boys and girls to help me out right here. Are you ready? A man in the Bible had a farm A, E, I, O, U, and on this farm he had a barn A, E, I, O, U. Barn, barn here, barn, barn there Here barn there barn everywhere barn, barn.

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A man in the Bible had a farm A, E, R, L, U Now these big barns were stacked with wheat A, E, I, O, U Much, much more than the man could eat. A, E, I, O, U. Whe here wheat, wheat there, there wheat there we everywhere wheat, wheat here by there my name where my. A man in the Bible had a farm A, E, I, L, E. Now soon this man man was filled with gloom.

A, E, R, U. For his barns were filled There was no more room. Au back, back here, back, back there. Here, back there, back there. We're back, back here we, we There Here we.

There we. Every a man in the Bible had a farm. A, E, I, O U. So he said, I think I'll tear these down. A, E, I, O, U.

And I'll build new barns, the best in town. A, E, I, O, U. New here. New, New. Dare here can you?

Dare you, and where do you come? Back here, Pat. Back there, Here, Back there back, and where Back back.

Keep me here, keep me there. Here we. There we, and where we be? Farm are here.

Farm my neck here. My neighbor, a man in the Bible had a farm Al a hill. Now he said to himself, men take your EAs just eat and drink whatever you please.

But that very night God spoke. He said, you are a very foolish man. Tonight will mark the end of your life. Tell me, foolish man, who will get all these new barns and all the wheat that you have kept and stored for yourself? And that, boys and girls, is what happens to any man who hoards things for himself and does not ever think of God.

That man was very rich. He was very rich and very selfish too. You know, he couldn't give his money to the poor people. That's true. What else could he have done with all his money?

He could have given it to Jesus. Silly. Jesus is in heaven. How could give money to him? Why, he could put it in the offering of Sunday school, church.

But what did they do with all the money? That is a good question. They use some of it to send missionaries to tell boys and girls all over the world about Jesus, and some of it gets to pay the church bills, doesn't it? That is very right.

And God is pleased when we use our money for him.

We are living there Mary stood there weeping Saw two angels there in her grace she heard the glare his eyes are always on you Be careful what you do his ears are ever listening do your words lead him too his voice is always calming does your heart answer truth? Look here, look here he am everywhere so be careful his eyes are always on you Be careful what you do his ears are ever lifting do your words lead him too Then might be is always calling does your heart answer true? Just here love here Be fair Everywhere to be careful what you I found a wonderful friend Yes, I found a wonderful friend Always watching on me Constantly before me and could you restore me? Oh, I love him I found a wonderful friend Yes, I found a wonderful friend Take to the end on to my friend again Yes, I found a wonderful friend oh, I love him I found a wonderful friend Yes, I found a wonderful bear thank you to the end on him I said again, yes, I found a wonderful bear. Wonderful.

Heaven came down and glory filled my soul.

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When at the cross the Savior made me whole, My sins were wash away and my night was turned to day. He down and glowing till my soul sa came down and glory filled my soul.

Once upon a time there was a little school bus. It was very, very young and very, very serious. It was square, painted green, and it stood high off the ground with some wood windows in front, on the side, and all around, and it carried 12 children to school every day, and it carried them home so the children could play.

One day Monday morning. The bus seemed confused and the boys and the girls were a little amused. Please tell us what's wrong and tell us your name. But the little school bus hung its hood low in shame. Akya ish been new here?

I'm just now imported from over the seas on a big boat transported. My name is Volkswagen. But if that should trouble you, you children can simply say Mr. Z. Tapano.

But what is the matter? The children persisted. Your gears seem to have grinded and your signals get twisted. I want to be schoolboss someday when I'm bigger. But now I'm so dizzy I can't stop and figure what big signs are saying all over the street.

Some tell me slow down. Some say stop und eat, and why should I eat when I haf not some money? Don't laugh, boys and girls, it is not so funny, and those big yellow bosos they snort when they pass.

They naught ish bin klein, I'm not in their cloth. The boys were so quiet they said not one word, and it seemed as though maybe they all hadn't heard. But some of the girls were opening their purses and taking their bibles and looking for verses. Be content with such things as you have, someone shouted, and thoughts in the Bible. The little bus doubted they'll never you worry, you children are good.

Come on, we get started for school like we should. I'll try to remember that verse, what you told me and grumble no more, only please no more scold me, okay? The kid shouted, scrambling aboard, and down the big highway the little bus roared. The school bell was ringing, but the children were late, and the bus settled down for his six hour wait.

Content I should be, is that what they said? And his thought rattled round all day long in his head. Content means be happy with just one thought. If that's in the Bible, stop verses for me. He blinked off his headlight and he leaned on the curb and the cop put a Sign on his door, don't disturb.

He slept and he slumbered, and it started into snow. He slept and the north wind started to blow. Why, when school was let out, the drifts were piled high and it looked like a blizzard from the signs in the sky. The boys and girls snowballed their way to the bus and they started toward home, feeling quite frivolous. The roads were deserted, a white fairyland.

But the little VW had things well in hand. He never once skidded or steered in a drift. But when the going got rough, it simply would shift round a bend in the highway and up a small hill. Hill were four yellow school buses standing quite still. Ach, they ishtag.

Now what shall I do? Why, go on around them? You can get through. His four wheels kept spinning. I think I can do it.

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And the children kept saying, we know you can do it. He plowed on around the four buses at last, and he never once stopped to snort or to blast. But when he had safely delivered his load, the children were so happy they were about to explode. Now our chief, glad that you're just what you are.

Suppose you had been a big bus or a car. God made us all different. Some thin, some tall, a few that are fat and a few that are small. Be content with such things as you have, someone said, and the little bus hung his 4th cylinder head.

Jesus was the best storyteller in the world. He called some of his stories parables. Here are two parables that Jesus told about two things that were lost.

There once was a woman who lived all alone in a little red house that she called her home. Now you might have thought her odd or funny to listen as she counted her little bit of money over and over and back and again. Why, she found she had counted a total of 10. 10 silver pennies. Now what should she do?

She wrapped them in a hanky and put them in a shoe. She ate a huge supper of cheese and stale bread and then sat on the edge of her big feather bed. She felt a little sleepy, but the moon began to shine so she got other pennies but she counted only nine. What shall I do? There were ten in my shoes so shiny and new.

Oh, it can't be true. She lit a red candle and grabbed a straw broom and swept every closet and brushed every room upstairs and downstairs, all around the house. She swept away the crumbs and scared away a mouse, and then in the toe of her sock she found it with a little bit of dust still wrapped around it. She called in her Neighbors and friends, everyone and said we'll have a party we'll all have fun Rejoice I have found it My heart is now glad For I finally found the penny which once I had There once was a man with a hundred shillings sheep and they were his to guard and his to keep and he watched them carefully Day after day he looked after each lamb so it would not stray for the wolves and the lion were waiting to spring on the first little lamb that went wandering and the shepherd knew none would hear it cry and the poor little lamb would probably die so every night he counted his sheep before he took one wink of sleep One dark winter night as he counted his fold 97, 98, 99 he found one was missing and out in the cold he went to those mountains so high and steep and he called aloud for his poor lost sheep all night long he stumbled and fell when he heard the tinkle of a faraway bell he found his lamb midst the jagged bowl he carried him home across his shoulders now you and I to the Lord belong and he is the shepherd so kind and strong not willing that one should be out in the cold.

He is looking for those who are not in his fold.

Far away on the hillside grew a forest of trees, Little and big, old and young, tall and short. The trees were very happy with life, just as it was on the hillside. Sometimes they spoke of the future, of the things they would like to do and to be when they grew up. One said, you know, I should like to be a baby's cradle. I have seen people come into this forest carrying babies in their arms.

And I think a baby is the sweetest thing I have ever seen. I should like to be made into a baby's bed. A second tree spoke. That would not please me at all. I want to be something important.

I should like to be a great ship, strong and stately. I should like to cross many waters and carry cargoes of gold. One little tree stood off by himself, apparently in deep thought. But he did not

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speak, and what would you like to be?

Asked the Mother Tree. Have you no dreams for the future? No dreams, he answered, except to stand on a hillside and point to God. What could a tree do better than that? Mother tree looked at him fondly.

What indeed? She said. Years passed and the trees grew up, and one day men came to the forest and cut down the first little tree. I wonder whether I shall be made into a baby's cradle now.

I hope so. I have waited so long, he whispered. But the little tree was not made into a cradle. Instead it was hewn into rough pieces and carelessly put together to form a crude stall where cows and horses ate. He was heartbroken.

I do not like this at all. He wailed. This is not what I planned. To be shoved into this dark stable with no one to look at me but the cattle. But God, who loved little trees, whispered, wait, I will show you something.

And he did. For there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks. Oh, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about about them, and they were sore afraid, and the angel said unto them, fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger in the stillness of the night. God had laid there his own babe, the son of God. The manger just shivered with delight. Oh, this is wonderful.

In all my dreams, I never thought to hold a baby like this. This is better than all my planning. Why, I am part of a miracle, and out on the hillside, the trees of the forest clapped their hands because their brother, the little manger, had seen his wish come true. Years passed by, and men came to the forest to cut down the second tree.

I wonder whether I shall be made into a great vessel now, this one thought, I have waited so long. Now perhaps I shall do great things of which I have dreamed. But the little tree did not do great things. He was not made into a great vessel, but instead he became a tiny fishing boat owned by a simple Galilean fisherman named Peter. The little boat was most unhappy.

One day he stood by the shores of Lake Gennesaret and pondered while Peter washed his nets. To think that my life has come to this. Just a fishing boat, and Peter is not even a good fish fishermen. But God, who loved little trees, said, wait, I will show you something, and he did.

For out from the crowd came a person called Jesus, who entered into the little boat and sat down and taught the people. He spoke words of such wisdom, wisdom, beauty and light, that the multitude and even the little boat listened eagerly, and when he had finished, he told Peter to launch out into the deep and let down his nets again, and there were so many fish that the net broke. The little boat trembled not so much with the weight of the fish as with the weight of wonder in his heart.

This is wonderful, he whispered. In all my dreams, I never thought to carry a cargo like this. Why, I am part of a miracle. This is better than all my planning, and out on the hillside, all the trees of the forest clapped their hands because their brother, the boat, had known fulfillment.

Stories, Mrs. Miggsy

Months went by, and men came to the forest to cut down the third little tree, the one that had wanted just to stand on a hill and point to God. He was most unhappy. I do not want to go into the valley, he thought. Why couldn't men leave me alone? But men did not leave the little tree alone.

They tore away its branches, they cut into its bark and deeper into its very heart. They hewed it apart, and they put it together again in the form of a crude cross. The little tree quivered through all its being. Oh, this is terrible. They are going to hang somebody on me.

Oh, I never wanted this to happen to me. I, who only wanted to point to God. This is awful. But God, who loves little trees, said, wait, I will show you something, and he did.

For one day, outside Jerusalem, a great multitude, multitude gathered, and in their midst was Jesus, and beside him was the cross, and as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, and on him they laid the cross that he might bear it after Jesus.

And when they were come to the place which is called calvary, there they crucified him. Him. The cross shuddered beneath the weight of agony and shame. Then suddenly, a miracle happened. Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quaint, and the rocks were rent. Now, when the centurion and they that were with him watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, truly, this was the son of God. The little tree that had become a cross Heard the echo of a remembered promise, and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

And lacrosse began to understand. This is wonderful, he whispered. I am part of a miracle. Why, in all my dreams, I never thought to point to God in this way. This is better than all my planning.

And so it was. For hundreds of trees have stood on the hill slopes through the years, but not one of them has ever been able to point a man to God. Only the cross of calvary can do that, and out on the hillside, all the trees of the forest bow their heads and thanked God because their brother the cross had known fulfillment Once upon a time there was a very young alarm clock and his name was Benjamin. They called him Baby Ben for short, you know.

Matter of fact, they called him other things too, in loud, angry voices. But Benjamin always tried to pretend that they were talking about somebody else. But Benji had a real problem. It had all started about a month ago and it happened this way. His owner, Mr.

Jones, went to bed around 11 and he had set the alarm for a quarter of seven.

The trouble all began at 12 o'clock that night. Benji felt that his mainspring was wound up too tight. He just rocked back and forth on his sturdy brass stand and this frightened the big black minute hand. It started going faster. Baby Ben was delighted.

Hey, we're making time fly. He was very excited. All the night long the minute hand went faster until it was time to wake up the master. His tinny alarm sounded off with a clatter and Mr. Jones said, Dear me, what's the matter?

He shut it off sleepily. I must be late. 10 after 7. My train leaves at 8. He hurried through breakfast.

Stories, Mrs. Miggsy

He left home on the run, and then he suddenly stopped. Where on earth is the sun? He trudged in the darkness all the way home, and he dialed correct time on the telephone at the very next signal.

The time then will be exactly five minutes. Three seconds past three, Mr. Jones raced upstairs. Then he grabbed the clock and what he did next gave Benji a shock. He twisted his stem and he rattled his gears and told Benji the clock almost broke down.

Then he shifted both hands back to five after three and he told him how very ashamed he should be. He climbed back in bed and he went off to sleep, and Benji. The clock never let out a beep all night long. Benji's heart was.

Was sort of sick. He'd forgotten how a clock ought to tick. For a clock needs a tick that is steady and is true, or it isn't any good at all to you. The very next day he was popped in a sack and taken away in a new Pontiac to a jewelry shop on a Cobblestone street where Mr. Jones exchanged him for a paper receipt.

The jeweler examined his tiny machine and oiled him and cleaned him the usual routine, and then he spoke rather gruffly. Look here, my young man, there's a few simple things that you don't understand about living a life that is true and reliable. I'd suggest that you look learn a good verse in the Bible. Lie not one to another.

Colossians 3, 9. If you say this each day, why, I know you'll Feel fine all the way home in a brown paper sack Benji mumbled like some dipsomaniac. Lie not one to another. Not to my sister or my mother not to my father or my brother not even my cousin or my great grandmother. Lie not one to another.

And from that day to this, Benji's tip has been steady, and when it was set, his alarm was ready. He learned how important it was to be true. Do you know that this verse was intended for you?

There's a story in the Bible most everybody knows. It's about two kinds of houses and this is how it goes.

There once was a man who was very, very wise. He decided that he needed some exercise. He'd build his own house to be perfectly sure that its structure would sound and completely secure. So he dug down deep till he found solid rock and he laid his foundation out of cinder block. He groaned and he grunted as he hauled each timber but the muscles in his arms were faster getting limber.

He even learned how to be a pretty good plumber and he finished the house at the end of the summer.

Then a hurricane came with floods of water and winds that howled and scared his little daughter but the house stood firm it withstood every shock because the wise man built his house upon the rock and then did you hear about the very foolish man? He tried to build his house upon the sand with wood and glass and tons of bricks and loads of cement that he had to mix Galilee 6, 9000, that construction company. Send two more tons of that Egypt red brick this week. No, no, no. Don't send sand.

I'm building on a sand dune.

The house looked great from the cellar to the attic but the building inspector gave him plenty of static. He declared, I never ever heard of a man who insisted on building a house upon the sand.

Stories, Mrs. Miggsy

Well, the foolish man rocked on the porch in his chair and he tried to pretend the inspector wasn't there. The skies grew black and it started into rain. The inspector departed in his hydroplane.

The foolish man sat on the porch just rocking. He was glad not to listen to any more mocking. He rocked as the house on the sand slowly shifted. He rocked as the porch broke away and drifted. The wind blew billows the rain swept sheets of water and sand all over the street and it wasn't too long before the house fell down and the noise was heard clear back in town.

And that is what happens to any man who tries to build his house upon the sand. Now you are building a house of your own. Do you have a solid foundation? Stone? Christ stands at the door of your heart.

Hear him knock. Let him in, and your life will be built on the rock.

Samson was a powerful man. Do you know why he was so strong? Here's a little bit of a poem for you to learn. It will help you remember some things about Samson, and the secret of his great strength.

Listen very carefully, and I will say it slowly, and then you can say it with me when I finish. Samson was mighty Samson was strong God told Samson to keep his hair long now we will play a game together. Whenever you hear this little gong, you may say the poem that we have just learned together. Now, be careful.

Don't get mixed up. Just wait for that gong, and I will tell you some more things about Samson, and about some of the wonderful things that he did. Are you ready?

Samson was mighty Samson was strong God told Samson to keep his head long Once mighty Samson's saw a big lion and he tore him to pieces without even trying Samson was mighty, Samson was strong God told Samson to keep his hair long and then another time do you remember when he used a donkey's jawbone to kill a thousand men?

Samson was mighty Samson was strong God told Samson to keep his hair long and then there came Delilah who tried her best to trick Samson Lovesick Samson Whose heart beat double quick Samson, darlin, Samson to me you now belong Tell me what's your secret what makes you big and strong she begged from morn till night Nothing seemed to faze her Until Samson finally said I've never used a razor Samson was mighty Samson was strong God told Samson to keep his harem Then Samson fell asleep on his Delilah's knees and while he he slept she shaved him bald as a piece of cheese Samson then awoke the enemy was there he tried to stand and fight but fell back in his chair for years he stayed in prison but slowly new hair grew no one paid attention but God and Samson knew Samson was mighty Samson was strong But God had told Samson to keep his hair long One day they had a party and they led blind Samson out so they could call him names and knock him all about. But Samson prayed o God, I pray thee make me strong so that I may be free of these that do thee wrong. Samson grabbed two columns on which the house did stand and held one with his left and one the other hand and then his strength came back the house came falling down the wicked men inside were dead upon the ground Samson was mighty Samson was strong But God had told Samson to keep his hair long that live for him has made me after all he's done, Sa.