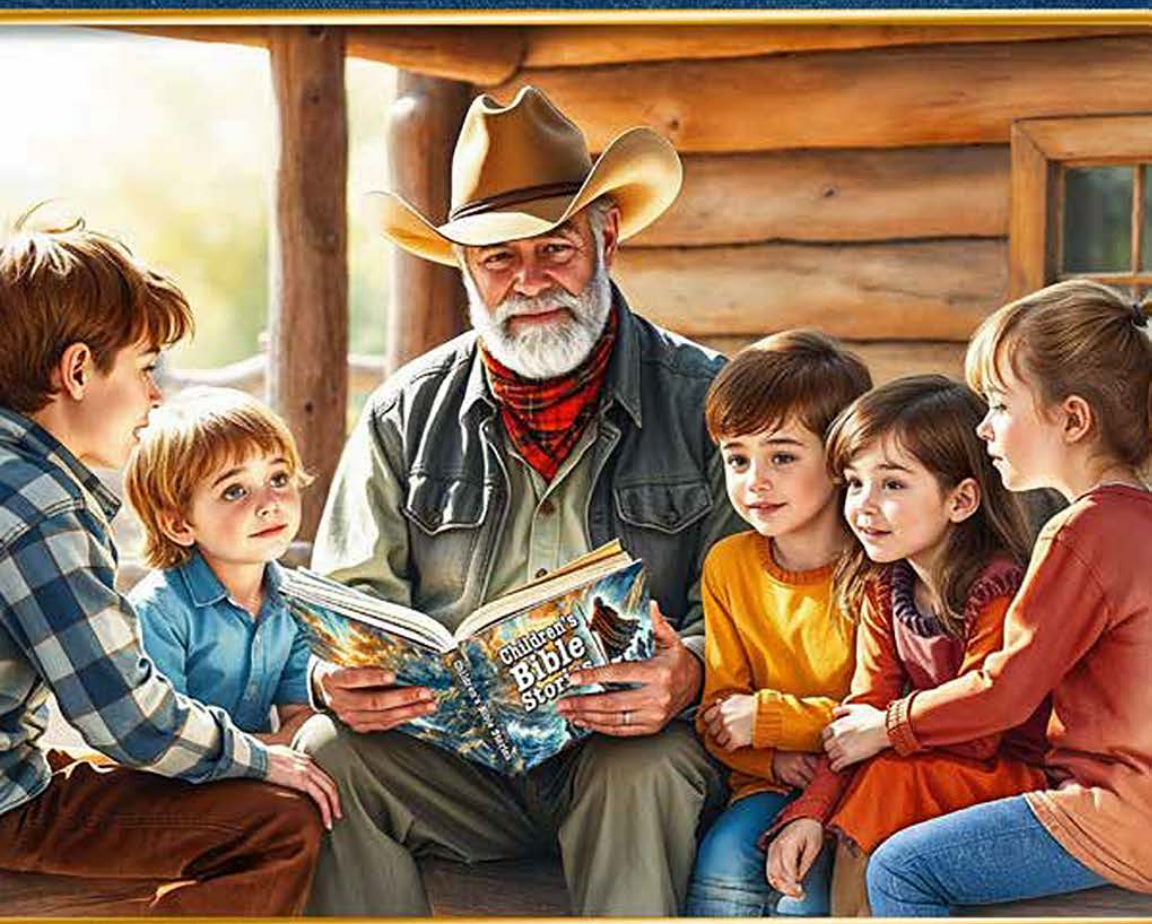


*Uncle Will's*

# Bible Stories For Children



Uncle Will is a lifelong fan of the famous Will Rogers. He has a way of telling stories that just make listening to them fun.

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## INTRODUCTION

**K**ick off your boots, and settle in, ‘cause we’re about to take a ride through the greatest stories ever told—Bible stories, told in a way that even a ranch hand or a school kid can understand. Now, I ain’t adding to them, and I ain’t taking nothing away—I’m just telling them like I see them, with a little plain talk, a little humor, and a whole lotta heart.

You see, I had myself a good mama, and she had a hope for me. She wanted me to grow up knowing the Good Lord and His Word. She taught me early on that a fella can go far in life if he’s got two things: a sense of humor and a little Bible wisdom. And let me tell ya, she was right. A man’s got to laugh at himself every now and then, but he’s also gotta know where

he's heading—and the Bible's mighty good at pointing the way.

Now, these stories have been around longer than dust on a saddle, but that don't mean they're old-fashioned. No sir, they're as fresh as a spring rain and just as important today as they were way back when. They're full of adventure, courage, and folks just like us—stubborn, hopeful, and sometimes a little too curious for their own good. And through it all, there's God with His Mighty Hand looking out for them, same as He does for you and me.

So whether you're a wide-eyed kid or an old-timer with a few miles on your boots, I reckon you'll find something worth listening to in these pages. And who knows? You might just crack a smile along the way.

You can call me Uncle Will. I'm just an old cowboy and a lifelong fan of the famous Will Rogers. He had a way of telling stories that just made listening to them fun. I try to tell the Bible stories just like I think he would tell them.

Now, let's get to it—there's a whole heap of stories waiting to be told.



## 1 – How It All Began

I got a humdinger of a story for ya. It's got action, mystery, a whole lotta creativity, and even a little bit of a light show. This here is the story of how the big old world got started. And would you believe it? It all began with a whole lot of nothing.

Yep, before anything else, there was just emptiness—no sun, no stars, no land, no water, no critters running around. Just one big old blank canvas. But then— BAM! —God got to work. And when God gets to work, buddy, things start happening real quick.

### Day One:

First thing, God said, “*Let there be light!*” And just like that, there was light—poof! No lamps, no candles,

not even a flashlight—just light, straight out of nowhere. He took a good look at it and said, “*Yep, that’s mighty fine.*” He split up the light from the dark, calling one “day” and the other “night,” and that wrapped up the first workday. And let me tell ya, He didn’t even need a coffee break.

### **Day Two:**

Next up, God decided that all that emptiness needed a little structure. So He went ahead and made the sky—big, blue, and beautiful. He called it “heaven,” which was a mighty fine name if you ask me. Now, the place was starting to shape up.

### **Day Three:**

God looked around and said, “*This place needs a little landscaping.*” So He got all the water to scooch over and make room for dry land. He called the land “Earth” and the water “Seas.” Then He got even fancier and made plants grow—big old trees, tiny little flowers, and bushes of all sorts. I bet if you were there, you’d have seen the first apple tree pop right up, and maybe even a cactus just for fun.

### **Day Four:**

God figured the sky was looking a little plain, so He hung up the sun to light up the day and the moon and stars for nighttime. And He didn’t just sprinkle in a few stars—nope! He filled up the whole sky with them like a cowboy tossing silver coins in the air. Mighty fine job, too, ‘cause they’ve been twinkling ever since.



### **Day Five:**

Now, a world without critters? That just wouldn't do. So God filled the seas with fish—big ones, little ones, even some with funny-looking whiskers. Then He went ahead and filled the sky with birds—eagles, sparrows, and maybe even a parrot just to keep things interesting. The place was buzzing now!

### **Day Six:**

Then God got to His grand finale—He made all sorts of animals. Lions strutting around like they owned the place, elephants swinging their trunks, and even tiny ants, just 'cause He could. But He wasn't done yet. Nope, He saved the best for last—He made a man and a woman, Adam and Eve, to take care of it all. Gave them brains, hands, and even a sense of humor—though I reckon that last one took some practice.

### **Day Seven:**

Well, after all that work, God looked around, saw that everything was mighty fine, and said, "*That's enough for now.*" So He kicked back, put His feet up, and took a rest. And that's how we got our weekends, folks—straight from the Big Boss Himself.

So there ya have it, the tale of how the whole world got started. And ya know what? Even with all our fancy gadgets and doohickeys, we still can't top God's handiwork. So next time you see a big old sunset, a funny-looking fish, or a star shoot across the sky, just tip your hat to the One who made it all.



## 2 – Adam and Eve and the Big No No

**W**ell now, kids, let me tell ya about the first folks ever to walk this old world—Adam and Eve. They had it made in the Garden of Eden—no chores, no school, and food almost falling off the trees. But, as you’ll see, things took a turn thanks to one smooth-talking rascal with scales.

### **The First Man & the First Nap**

After God made the whole world—mountains, rivers, trees bigger than any cowboy’s hat—He figured someone ought to enjoy it. So He scooped up a little dirt, gave it a good old pat, and—poof!—there was Adam, the first fella ever made.

Now, God gave Adam the run of the place, but before long, Adam started feeling lonesome. Oh sure,

he had the animals to keep him company—maybe a monkey for laughs, a lion to play hide-and-seek with, and a parrot to chat with—but that wasn't quite enough.

So God said, "*Hang tight, Adam, I gotcha covered.*" And He put Adam into the world's first power nap. While Adam was snoozing, God took one of his ribs and—just like that—made Eve, the first woman. When Adam woke up and saw her, he said, "*Well now, that's what I'm talking about!*" And just like that, he wasn't lonesome anymore.

### **One Rule & One Sneaky Snake**

Now, this garden was paradise, but it came with just one rule. God told Adam and Eve, "*Eat from any tree, but don't touch the one in the middle—The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.*" That's it. No ten rules, no fine print—just one simple rule.

Well, one day, Eve was out strolling when up slithered a talking snake—and let me tell ya, this fella was slicker than a greased pig at a county fair.

"*Now Eve,*" he hissed, coiled up real casual-like, "*don't you think it's funny that God won't let ya eat from that tree? He's just keeping secrets. One bite and you'll be as wise as Him! You won't die—you'll just know everything!*"

Now, Eve knew the rule. But the fruit did look mighty tasty, and being wise sounded real nice. So she plucked one, took a bite, and—uh-oh—turned to Adam and handed it over. And instead of thinking twice, Adam just chomped right down.

## **Busted & Banished**

Soon as they ate it, their eyes got big, and all of a sudden, they felt different. And the first thing they realized? They weren't wearing a stitch of clothes!

Well, they took off running, grabbing fig leaves and tying them together as fast as they could. Then, along came God for His usual afternoon stroll. "*Adam? Eve? Where y'all hiding?*"

Peeking out from behind a bush, Adam muttered, "*Uh... we're hiding 'cause... uh... we ain't got no clothes on.*"

"*Who told ya that?*" God asked. Then He narrowed His eyes. "*Wait a second—did y'all eat from that tree I warned ya about?*"

Now, instead of fessing up, Adam pointed at Eve. "*It was her idea!*" And Eve, not wanting to take the full blame, pointed at the snake. "*He tricked me!*"

But finger-pointing didn't change the fact that they'd broken the rule.

## **The Consequences**

God turned to that snake first. "*From now on, you're gonna crawl on your belly and eat dust for the rest of your days!*"

Then He looked at Eve. "*Bringing babies into the world ain't gonna be a picnic.*"

And Adam? "*You'll have to work the land for your food. No more picking fruit with no effort.*"

Then came the hardest part—God had to send them out of the Garden of Eden. He even put an angel with

a flaming sword at the entrance so they couldn't sneak back in for a midnight snack.

### **The Lesson in It All**

Now, kids, this ain't just a story about a bad apple (or whatever fruit it was). It's about choices. Adam and Eve had it all, but they listened to the wrong voice, and that one bad choice changed everything—they had disobeyed God.

But here's the good news—God didn't stop loving them. Nope, He already had a plan to fix things, a plan that would take time, but would bring folks back to Him.

So next time ya hear a sneaky little voice telling ya to do something ya know ain't right, just remember Eve and that old snake. And maybe, just maybe, don't take a bite out of trouble.







### 3 – Noah Builds a Floating Zoo

**I**n the Bible there's an amazing story about a man named Noah. And I'll tell ya right now, this fella had a mighty important job—building the world's first floating zoo. Now, that might sound like something out of a tall tale, but I promise ya, it's as true as a sunrise.

#### **A World Gone Wild**

Now, back in Noah's time, folks had gotten downright mean. I'm talking meaner than a rattlesnake in a laundry chute. They'd forgotten all about being kind, doing right, or listening to the Big Boss Upstairs. It was so bad that God looked down and said, *"That's enough! Time to clean house."*

But in the middle of all that mess, there was one fella still walking the straight and narrow—Noah. He wasn't perfect, mind ya, but he loved God and tried

to do right. So God told him, “*Noah, I’m sending a flood to wash all this evil away. But I’m gonna save you, your family, and a whole mess of animals. You just gotta build yourself a boat—a big one.*”

### **Noah Gets to Work**

Now, Noah wasn’t a boat builder by trade, but when God gives you blueprints, you best get to hammering. So Noah grabbed his saw, his wooden pegs, and started building the biggest boat the world had ever seen—the Ark. This thing was three stories tall, longer than a football field, and had enough stalls to fit every critter from aardvark to zebra.

Now, let me tell ya, the neighbors thought Noah had gone plumb crazy. They asked questions like:

Neighbors – “*Hey Noah, whatcha building?*”

Noah – “*A big old boat.*”

Neighbors – “*In the middle of dry land?*”

Noah – “*Yep.*”

Neighbors – “*Why?*”

Noah – “*God told me to. There’s going to be a flood.*”

Well, they laughed, they pointed, they probably called him the Loony Boatman of the Neighborhood, but Noah just kept on hammering.

### **All Aboard!**

Then, one day, Noah looked up and saw something mighty strange—a line of animals marching two-by-two, heading straight for the Ark. Lions and lambs,

elephants and eagles, cows and kangaroos—they all moseyed right on in like they had a ticket to the best show in town.

And then, just as the last tail disappeared inside, the sky turned dark. Big old raindrops started falling, and I mean falling like someone up there had tipped over a gigantic bucket.

Noah, his wife, his three sons (Shem, Ham, and Japheth), and their wives all hurried inside. And WHAM!—God shut the door behind them.

### **Forty Days of Rainy Days**

Now, if you think a long road trip with your family is tough, try spending over a year floating around with every kind of critter you can imagine. The rain poured for forty days and forty nights, and the water got higher than the tallest mountains. Every living thing outside of the Ark was wiped out and the earth was washed clean, just like God said it would be.

Inside, I reckon Noah had his hands full—feeding the animals, keeping the tigers from snacking on the sheep, and airing out the place (if ya catch my drift). But through it all, God kept them safe.

### **A Sign of Hope**

Then, one day, the rain stopped. The Ark bobbed around for many days till the water went down then—thunk!—it came to rest on Mount Ararat. But Noah wasn't about to open the door just yet. He sent out a raven, but it didn't bring back any news. So then he sent a dove, and bingo!—it came back with an olive

leaf in its beak. That meant dry land was showing up again!

When the ground was good and dry, God told Noah, “*Come on out!*” And when they stepped off the Ark, those animals took off running in every direction—probably happy to stretch their legs after being cooped up for so long!

### **God's Promise**

Then God made a promise—He told Noah, “*Never again will I flood the whole earth like this.*” And to prove it, He put a rainbow in the sky—the first one ever. That rainbow was a sign of His promise, and every time we see one today, it's a reminder that God keeps His word.

### **The Lesson in It All**

Kids, this story teaches us about listening to God, even when other folks laugh at ya. Noah trusted God, even when it didn't make sense, and because of that, he and his family and the animals were saved.







## 4 – Abraham and His Wife, Sarah

**H**undreds of years after the flood the Bible has an incredible story about a fella named Abram and his wife Sarai. Now, these two weren't just regular folks—they were part of God's big plan. But I'll tell ya, their story has a few twists, a couple of laughs, and one mighty big surprise.

### A Big Old Promise

One day, God told Abram, *“Pack up your things and hit the road. I'm gonna lead you to a brand-new land, and I'm gonna make your family as numerous as the stars in the sky!”*

Now, Abram was already getting up there in years—about 75!—and he and Sarai didn't have any kids. But he trusted God, so he packed up his camels, rounded up



his sheep, told his servants to gather their things, and off he went. His nephew, Lot, also tagged along.

Ten years went by, and Abram and Sarai settled in their new land, but there was still one problem—they didn't have any kids! Now, that was mighty puzzling, seeing as how you can't have descendants as numerous as the stars if ya don't even have one kid to start with.

Way back in the Bible days, folks were still trying to give the Good Lord a little “help” with His plans—like He needed it.

Sarai, bless her heart, figured she'd speed things along. She was getting on in years, and thought maybe God needed a little nudge. So she told Abram, “*Why don't you take my young servant girl, Hagar, and have a child with her? That way, we'll get a family started.*”

Now Abram—who probably should have asked a few more questions—went along with it. And sure enough, Hagar had a son, and they named him Ishmael.

But let me tell ya, that whole situation turned into a heap more complicated than they expected. You see, when we start making up our own shortcuts instead of waiting on the Lord's timing, well... we usually find ourselves in the middle of a mess and looking for the map we didn't read in the first place.

Still, God's promises don't come with an expiration date—and He wasn't finished with Sarai and Abram just yet.

When old Abram was pushing 99 years old, God showed up, like He always does—right on time, even if it seems a little late to us.

The Lord said, “*Abram, I’m making you a promise. You’re gonna be the father of many nations. “You’ll have a son through Sarai, and it’s through him that I’ll make my covenant stick. Not just any old agreement—this one’s a forever kind.”* And Abram probably looked around, scratched his head, and said, “*You talkin’ to me?*” But sure enough, God meant it. Changed his name to Abraham, which means “father of many,” and gave his wife a new name too—Sarai became Sarah. And let me tell you, when the Almighty starts handing out new names, it means He’s got big plans.

Now, Abraham didn’t have all the answers, but he had the one thing that counted—he believed what God said. He didn’t argue but just nodded and trusted. That, my friends, is faith. And if you ever feel too old, too young, or too small to be used by God—well, just remember Abraham.

### **Three Mysterious Visitors**

Then one day, Abraham was sitting outside his tent when—whoosh!—three mysterious strangers showed up. Now, Abraham was a real friendly fella, so he told Sarah, “*Quick, whip up some bread! We got company!*”

As they were eating, one of the visitors—who just so happened to be God in disguise—said, “*By this time next year, Sarah’s gonna have a baby.*”

Sarah was sitting just inside the tent, minding her own business and listening in while God was telling Abraham that they’d be expecting a baby by next year.

Well, Sarah nearly choked on her chuckle. She thought, “*A baby? At my age? I’ve got more wrinkles than a raisin in July!*” And she laughed—quietly, she thought.

But God, being who He is, picked up on it right away. He says, “*Why’s Sarah laughing? Is anything too hard for the Lord?*” Well, that got her attention. She got nervous and tried to fib her way out of it. “*I didn’t laugh,*” she said. And God, with that heavenly grin, replied, “*Oh yes you did.*”

Now I don’t know about you, but if the Lord ever calls me out like that, I’m sitting real quiet from then on.

And wouldn’t you know it, just like He promised, a year later Sarah was rocking a baby boy in her arms. They named him Isaac, which means laughter.



## Counting the Stars

Now, after Isaac was born, Abraham realized that God's promise was really coming true. That one baby boy was just the start of a huge family—so big that one day, his descendants would be as numerous as the stars in the sky and the sand on the seashore.

And guess what? God kept His word. Abraham's family grew and grew, and from his descendants came nations, kings, and an even bigger promise—Jesus, the Savior of the world.

## The Lesson in It All

So, kids, this story shows us we can trust God, even when things seem downright impossible. Abraham and Sarah thought they were way too old to have a baby, but God had other plans.

So next time something seems too big, too tough, or too crazy to believe, just remember—nothing is too hard for God! And sometimes, His plans are so good, they'll make you laugh out loud.







## 5 – Abraham Gets a Wife for Isaac

**S**it a spell and let me tell ya a story from way back when—back before trains, planes, or pickup trucks—when folks got around on camels and a father picked out a wife for his son like you’d pick out a good cow: with care, prayer, and hoping she’d fit in.

### **Man with a Mission**

Now, Abraham, he was getting on in years, and his son Isaac was all grown up. Fine fella, Isaac—quiet type, but solid as a fencepost. Abraham didn’t want him marrying just any gal from the neighborhood, so he called in his most trusted servant—fella had gray in his beard and miles on his sandals—and said, “*Put your hand under my thigh.*” Now, don’t go getting flustered—that was just their way of making a real



serious promise back then. Abraham said, *“I want you to go back to my homeland and find a wife for Isaac. None of these local gals—go find him a good one from the old country.”*

That old servant looked at Abraham, scratched his head and said, *“I’ll sure try my best, boss, but what if the gal don’t wanna come back with me? I mean, I can lead a camel to water, but I can’t make it say ‘I do.’”*

Abraham gave him that calm, steady look like a man who’s seen dust storms come and go, and he said, *“If she won’t come, you’re off the hook. Don’t go dragging her back kicking and screaming. The Lord’ll sort it out. Just do your part—and let the Good Lord do His.”*

Now that’s faith right there—sending a fella halfway across the desert to wrangle up a bride for your son, with nothing but a prayer, ten camels, and a whole lotta hope.

### **Wise Servant’s Prayer**

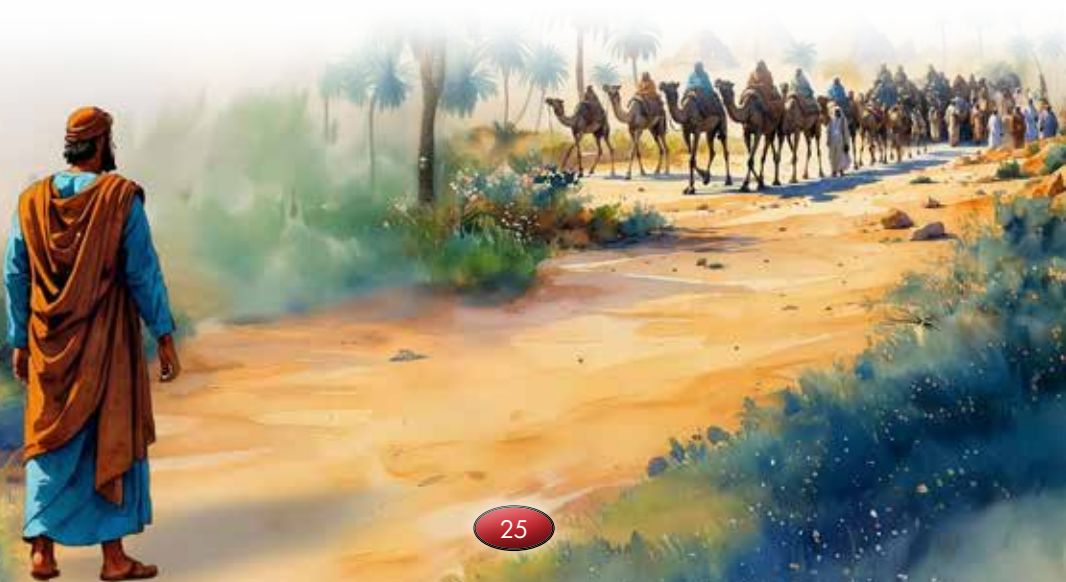
So that old servant packed up ten camels full of goodies—jewels, gifts, and whatnot—and headed off like a one-man gift shop. He heads to Abraham’s old stomping grounds and stops at a well outside the city—you know, the town square of the ancient world where the ladies gathered to draw water and swap gossip.

Now this servant, he’s no fool. He says a little prayer, something like, *“Lord, help me find the right gal for Isaac, and make it so she not only gives me a drink, but offers water to my camels too.”* Now that’s no small favor—those camels drink gallons of water!

## Beauty and the Beasts

Guess what happened—along comes Rebekah, pretty as a picture and sweeter than an apple blossom. She wasn't just easy on the eyes, neither—no sir. She had a kind heart to match. Before you could say “parched and dusty,” she's offering to draw water not just for the servant, but for all ten of them camels. You know you've found a special gal when she volunteers for a chore that's gonna leave her arms feeling like she's been stringing fence posts all day.

Long story short, the servant gives her a few pieces of jewelry, meets her family (who just happen to be kinfolk of Abraham), and lays out the whole deal. He tells the family about his prayer at the well and that Abraham is rich so Rebekah would be well cared for. They could see that God had his hand in this so, they agreed faster than a cowboy at a pie-eating contest, and Rebekah packs up and heads back with him. Now that's what I call faith—and maybe a little frontier romance.



Now, Isaac was out walking in the field one evening, probably thinking deep thoughts like a fella does when the sun's setting, just listening to the crickets and wondering what's for supper. Then, off in the distance, he spots a string of camels coming his way, kicking up dust like they was late for a family reunion.

And sitting up there on one of those camels, looking right pretty in the sunset glow, was Rebekah. Well, Isaac's heart didn't just skip a beat—it took off like a jackrabbit that just saw a bobcat. He stood there like he'd been struck by a thunderbolt.

And Rebekah? Soon as she saw him, she slid off that camel quicker than a ranch cook chasing a pie thief. She asked the servant, *"Who's that man out there?"* And when she heard it was Isaac, she grabbed her veil, like a proper lady back then, and covered herself right up—though I reckon she was blushing behind it.

So they met right there in the field, no fancy music, no photographers, just a simple hello between two folks who were meant to be.

And that's how Isaac got himself a wife—not from a saloon or a newspaper ad, but from a well, a prayer, and a whole lot of camel watering.

### **The Lesson in It All**

That servant's prayer got answered faster than a jackrabbit on a hot skillet. Rebekah was the one that God had picked out special for Isaac. So, when you're willing to keep your heart open and trust, the good Lord's liable to point you in the right direction.



## 6 – The Birth of Jesus

**C**ome gather around and let Uncle Will tell ya the greatest true story ever told—the story of how Jesus was born. It’s got angels praising God, shepherds running, and a baby born in a barn who changed the whole wide world.

So sit up straight, wipe that hay off your britches, and listen close to the story of the birth of Jesus.

### **A Promise from Heaven**

Now, way back before anyone had heard of snow globes or candy canes, God made a promise. He said He’d send a Savior—someone to bring hope, peace, and a way back to Him.

And wouldn’t ya know it, He picked a young woman named Mary to carry that promise. Mary lived in a little

dusty town called Nazareth, and she was engaged to a good man named Joseph, who worked with wood and probably had calluses tougher than a cowhide.

One day, Mary was minding her own business when—WHOOSH!—an angel named Gabriel showed up in a burst of light.

*“Mary,” he said, “don’t be scared. God’s picked you to be the mother of His Son. You’ll name Him Jesus. He’s gonna save people and change everything.”*

Well, Mary was surprised—but she nodded and said, *“I’m the Lord’s servant. Let it be just like you said.”* Now that there’s what I call faith as strong as barn rope.

Back in those days, being engaged was about as serious as a handshake on a cattle deal, and when word got around that Mary was expecting, folks started talking faster than a rooster at sunrise. Joseph, being a good fella but mighty confused, figured he’d just step aside real quiet-like, not wanting to cause her any trouble.

But that night, something happened that would knock the boots off any skeptic—an angel showed up in one of Joseph’s dreams. And this wasn’t just any kind of dream. No sir, this angel says plain as day, *“Don’t be afraid to take Mary as your wife. That baby she’s carrying? He’s from the Holy Spirit. She’s gonna have a son, and you’re gonna name him Jesus. He’s got a job to do—he’s gonna save folks from their sins.”*

Well, Joseph woke up with his head spinning like a tumbleweed in a windstorm, but he didn’t argue. He



took Mary home as his wife and said, “Let’s do this God’s way.”

### **A Long Trip and a Full Town**

Not long after, Caesar Augustus, the big-shot ruler in Rome, said everybody had to go to their hometown to be counted. Sort of like the world’s first census, only without the Internet.

So Mary and Joseph packed up and headed to Bethlehem, Joseph’s hometown. That was a long, bumpy ride—about 90 miles on a donkey. And Mary was very pregnant. Real uncomfortable, but she never complained.

When they got to Bethlehem, the place was busier than a feed store on Friday. Every inn was full. No room anywhere.

Finally, one kind innkeeper said, “*Well, I ain’t got a room, but you’re welcome to stay in the stable out back.*”



And wouldn't ya know it—that very night, Jesus was born.

### **No Palace, Just a Manger**

There was no fancy hospital, no soft bed, not even a quilted baby blanket. Mary wrapped Jesus in cloth and laid Him in a manger—a feed trough, probably still smelling like cow breath.

But let me tell ya something—that manger cradled the King of Kings. And all of heaven leaned in close to watch.

### **Angels on Night Patrol**

Now, out in the fields nearby, some shepherds were watching their flocks—just minding sheep and swatting bugs—when BOOM! an angel lit up the sky like the 4th of July!

*“Don’t be afraid!” the angel said. “I’ve got good news! Today in Bethlehem, a Savior’s been born—*



*Christ the Lord! You'll find Him wrapped in cloth, lying in a manger."*

And then—WHAM!—the sky filled with a whole multitude of angels praising God:

*"Glory to God in the highest! And peace on earth to those He loves!"*

Well, those shepherds didn't waste a second. They ran straight to town, found the stable, and there He was—baby Jesus, just like the angel said.

### **Wise Men Follow a Star**

Now some time later, wise men—Magi, they called them—showed up in Jerusalem. They were following a star brighter than a lantern in a chicken coop, and they marched into town asking folks, plain as day, *"Where's the new king of the Jews (Christ)? We saw his star back east and came all this way to pay our respects."*

Now that ruffled some royal feathers, I'll tell ya. Old King Herod, bless his evil little heart, got more nervous than a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. He gathered up his religious experts—the chief priests and teachers, the fellas who knew their scrolls—and asked them, *"Where's this so-called Christ supposed to be born?"*

Well, they opened up the Good Book, flipped to the prophets, and said, *"Bethlehem, that little town just down the road. Says it right here."*

So Herod puts on a smile so sweet it'd rot your teeth and calls the Magi in for a "friendly chat." He says, *"Now boys, when you find this baby king, you*

*be sure to come back and tell me where he is... so I can worship him too.”* And let me tell you, that was a bigger whopper than a catfish story told at a church fish fry. Herod didn’t want to worship nobody—he was just looking to protect his own throne.

By the time the Magi finally made it to Bethlehem, Joseph, Mary, and little Jesus had packed up their bags and moved out of that drafty old stable. They were staying in a modest little house by then, probably with a roof that didn’t leak and a door that didn’t moo when it opened.

Now them wise men didn’t show up empty-handed. No sir, they brought gifts, and not the kind you wrap in shiny paper with a bow on top. They brought gold, on account of Jesus being a king.

Then there was frankincense—fancy, sweet smelling stuff used in worship, ‘cause this little baby was worthy of more praise than a prize steer at the county fair.

And then, myrrh. Now that one will make you scratch your head a bit, ‘cause folks used myrrh when someone passed on. But see, they knew—somehow—they just knew this child had come to give His life for the rest of us. That gift was like a quiet whisper of what was to come.

That little fella would grow up to change the whole wide world—not with an army or riches. No sir, He did it the hardest way of all—by sacrificing His life so folks like you and me could have ours cleaned up and started fresh. He took the weight of the world’s sin on His shoulders, and He never once complained.

So, after them wise fellas handed over their gifts and paid their respects, they turned in for the night, and the good Lord sent them a dream with a message clearer than a bell at Sunday meeting. He said, “*Fellas, don’t go back the way you came, and for heaven’s sake, don’t stop by Herod’s place.*”

So those Magi packed up their camels, took a good long look at their map, and lit out in the opposite direction quicker than a jackrabbit at a fox convention.

No sooner had them wise men hit the trail than Joseph got a wake-up call that’d make your hair stand on end. An angel showed up in a dream and said, “*Joseph, get up right now—don’t even stop to pack a lunch. Take Mary and the baby and hightail it to Egypt. Herod’s a bad guy and he’s fixing to do something awful. Stay put there till I give you the all-clear.*”

When an angel tells you to move, you don’t ask questions—you saddle up and go. And that’s just what he did, heading out in the dark with his little family, trusting that if God could guide wise men with a star, He could sure guide a carpenter with a baby in his arms.

### **The Lesson in It All**

So next time you see a manger scene, or sing “*Silent Night*,” just remember—that little baby in the hay is the greatest gift the world’s ever received.

And that, my friends, is the story of the birth of Jesus—full of wonder, hope, and Heaven’s love wrapped in swaddling clothes. His birth is the true meaning of why we celebrate Christmas!





## 7 – When Jesus Was a Boy

**W**ell now, here's tale that'll make any parent sit up straight and count heads twice.

Every year, Mary and Joseph made the trip to Jerusalem for Passover, just like good folks were supposed to do. And one year, when Jesus was about twelve—right at that age where boys start thinking they know more than the folks raising them—they all packed up and headed to the big city.

### Searching for Jesus

Now, after the feast was over, Mary and Joseph hit the trail back home, figuring Jesus was somewhere in the caravan, probably hanging out with cousins, maybe trading fig cakes or playing stickball, who knows. They went a whole day down the road before they realized—uh-oh—Jesus wasn't with them. And lemme tell ya,

friends, it's one thing to lose your keys or your hat, but when you misplace the Son of God, that'll ruin your week.

## **Jesus Found**

Well, they turned right around and headed back to Jerusalem in a panic. No cell phones, no “Find My Kid” app—just a whole lotta worry and asking around. Took them three days—three days!—before they finally found him sitting in the temple like he owned the place. He was chatting up the teachers, asking questions, answering them right back, and amazing everyone with how much he knew. He wasn't preaching or showing off—just being real thoughtful, like a young man with his head in the clouds but his heart in the right place.

Well, Mary gave him that look all moms got when they're half mad and half relieved. She said, “*Son, why'd you do this to us? We've been worried sick!*”

And Jesus, calm as a country breeze, said, “*Why were you looking for me? Didn't you know I'd be in my Father's house?*”

Now that went right over their heads like a kite on a windy day. But they didn't fuss too much—he came back home with them and minded his manners from then on. And Mary, bless her heart, she just tucked all that away in her heart like a keepsake, knowing her boy wasn't just any old kid.

And that's how it went. A reminder, I reckon, that sometimes kids surprise you—in ways that make your hair go gray and your heart swell all at once.

## The Lesson in It All

Even when He was just a kid, Jesus knew exactly who He was. While most twelve-year-olds are trying to figure out which way is up and how to sneak another cookie, Jesus was sitting in the temple talking Scripture with the scholars like He wrote the book — which, come to think of it, He pretty much did. Ain't that something? Most folks spend a lifetime wondering what they're here for, but that boy? He knew right outta the gate.





## 8–The Prodigal Son

**H**ere's a story Jesus told that's so full of love and second chances, it could soften the heart of a prickly old cactus. It's about a boy who ran off and made a mess of his life, and a father who never stopped waiting at the front porch.

### Two Sons and a Big Ask

Once upon a time, there was a man who had two sons. Now the younger one—let's just say he was full of ideas and low on wisdom—came up to his daddy and said,

*“Dad, I want my part of the inheritance now. I don't wanna wait till you're gone.”*

Well now, that was mighty bold—and a little disrespectful, if we're being honest—but the father



gave it to him anyway. He split up the property and handed the younger son his share.

And what did that prodigal boy do? He packed up his things, gave a quick goodbye, and headed off to a faraway country.

Now, “prodigal” is one of them fancy Bible words that sounds like it ought to be about a new kind of tractor or a brand of dog food. But truth is, it just means someone who goes off and wastes what they’ve been given—money, time, sense, or all three—like it’s going outta style.

### **Wild Living and Empty Pockets**

That boy started living it up—buying fancy clothes, throwing parties, eating fine food, and spending like tomorrow didn’t matter.

But let me tell ya something about easy money: It runs out quicker than a greased pig at a county fair.

A famine hit the land right about the time his pockets turned inside out. That boy went from fine dining to staring into a pig trough, wishing he could eat what the hogs were eating. Now that’s low.

### **A Change of Heart**

One day, sitting in the muck, he had himself a little brainstorm.

*“My daddy’s ranch hands have food to spare, and here I am starving like a coonhound on a juice cleanse! I’ll go home and tell him I messed up. I’ll ask if I can work for him—not as a son, but just as a hired hand.”*



So he got up, brushed the straw off his britches, and started heading home—rehearsing his apology the whole way.

### **The Porch Light Was Always On**

Now here's the best part, kids. While that boy was still a long way off, his daddy saw him.

You know what that means? That father had been watching—waiting—every single day.

And when he saw that boy limping down the road, he ran.

That's right—he ran. He hugged him tight, kissed his scruffy face, and before the boy could even finish his apology, the father hollered,

*“Quick! Bring the best robe! Put a ring on his finger! Fire up the grill—we’re having a feast!”*



## **But What About the Older Brother?**

Now, the older brother had been working hard in the fields all this time. When he heard the music and saw the lights, he asked a ranch hand what was going on.

*“Your brother’s back!” they said. “And your dad’s throwing a party!”*

Well now, that older brother got hotter than a stovetop in July.

*“All these years I’ve worked hard and followed the rules, and you never threw me a party. But now you’re celebrating that no-good brother of mine?!”*

So the father came out to talk to him. He said, *“Son, you’re always with me, and everything I have is yours. But we had to celebrate—your brother was lost and now he’s found. He was dead, and now he’s alive again!”*

## **The Lesson in it All**

Now, kids, this story ain’t just about two brothers. It’s about God’s love—a love that don’t quit, don’t give up, and don’t hold grudges.

Whether you’re the one who ran off or the one who stayed behind, God’s got His arms open wide.

And when you mess up—and you will, just like we all do—you don’t have to clean yourself up perfect before coming back. Just head home, and your heavenly Father will be running down the road to meet ya.

And that, my friends, is the story of The Prodigal Son—proof that it’s never too late to come home, and you’re never too far gone for God’s love to find ya.