

October 2025

# StarLight

FUN FAITH FICTION FACTS

**SPLASHING**

**LAUGHING**

**ADVENTURING**

**INTO AUTUMN**

# StarLight Magazine

Shining God's truth through children's literature

## STARLIGHT PEOPLE

StarLight Magazine

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# HIGHLIGHTS!

## STORIES & POEMS

- Day of Disasters
- A Fall Song
- Hope
- Daisy's Bright Idea
- What Would You See?

## FUN & FACTS

- Caleb's Joke
- Kinkajous
- Pumpkin Party Time
- The Boy King
- A Small Woman With A Big God

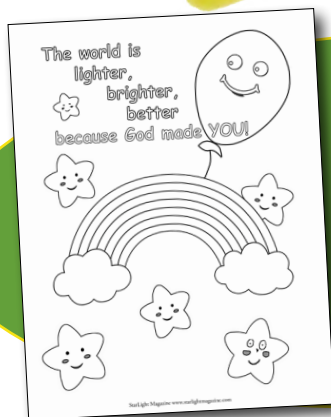


## STELLA'S ACTIVITY COMPANION

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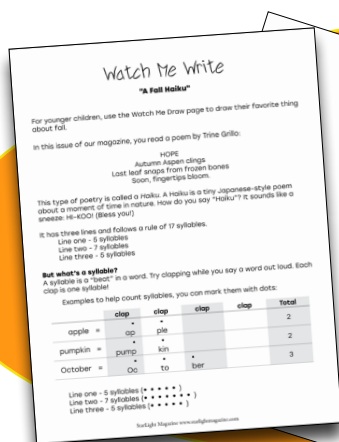
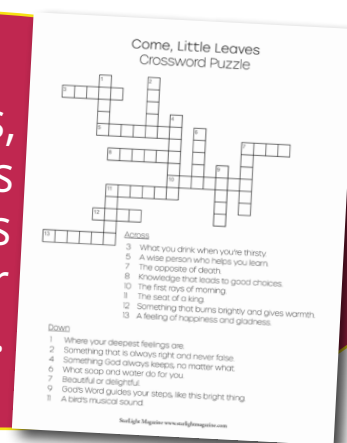


# Activity COMPANION



Coloring pages to bring your favorite stories to life with your unique style.

Puzzles, mazes, and word games to test your smarts and spark your curiosity.



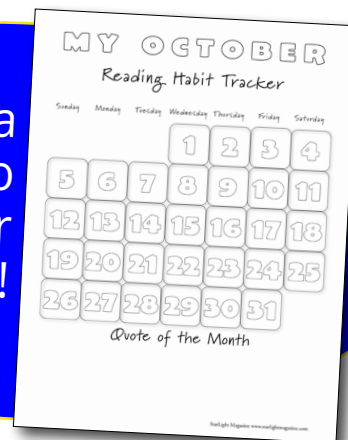
Watch Me Draw

Writing and drawing prompts to share your big ideas and create your own stories.



Riddles to make you laugh and think like a true problem-solver.

Even a habit tracker to celebrate your progress!



Grab your crayons, find a cozy spot, and your twinkling curiosity—because the world is brighter when YOU shine!

# Tell Me About It!

Hi friends, it's me—Stella!

Tell me about YOUR ideas, drawings, jokes, and stories.

Every time you send something in, you make StarLight brighter!

I'd love to share it in StarLight Magazine!

Keep shining, keep sharing, and remember: your ideas matter.

## Want to shine in StarLight Magazine?

Ask your Bright Big-Buddy—that's any grown-up or helper you trust!— to help you write an email and share your creation!

**I'd LOVE to see  
what you've  
created!**

**Stella@StarLightMagazine.com**



We only share first names and ages, never personal details.



# Tell Me About It!

Guess what? Caleb shared this one with me, and it's hilarious!

To: Stella at StarLight Magazine

From: Caleb

Subject: My Joke

Hi! I'm Caleb. I'd like to submit a joke.

Thank you kindly  
Caleb

Why can't a  
leopard hide?



Answer: Because he always gets spotted!

# The POWER In You!

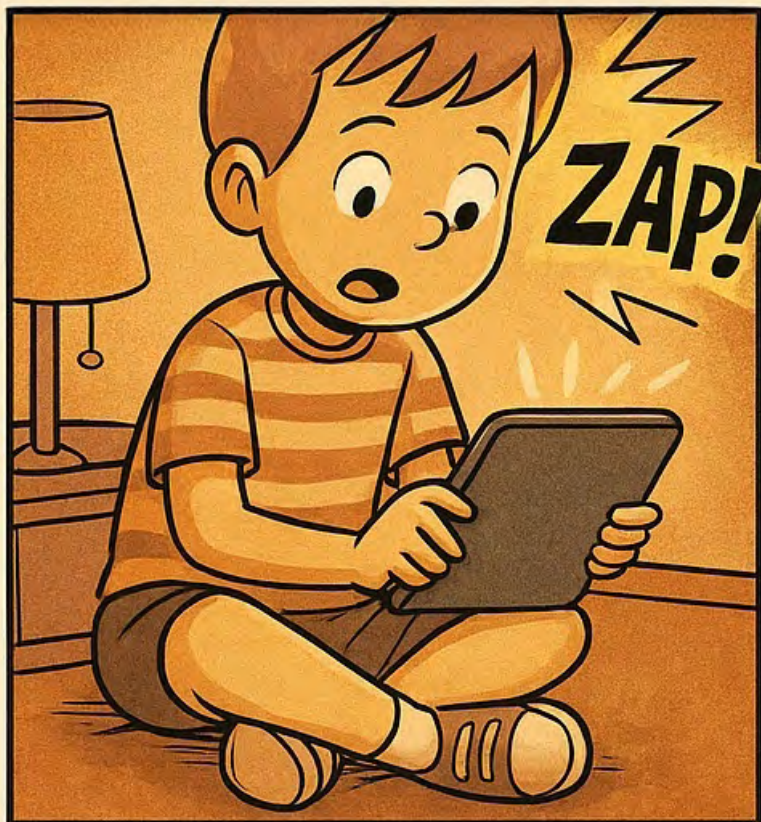
by Sally Cressman

*But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you. And you will be my witnesses, telling people about me everywhere—in Jerusalem, throughout Judea, in Samaria, and to the ends of the earth.*

Acts 1:8

**Power is important.** When the electricity suddenly goes out, you realize you can't even turn on a light. Your electronics might work for a while, but the battery will eventually run out too.

The Holy Spirit is even more important to us than electricity. Another name for the Spirit is *the Helper* because He helps us do what God has called us to do.



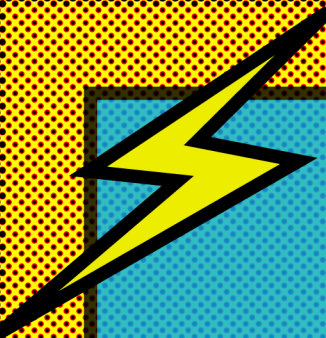
Just like our devices need to stay connected to power, we need to stay close to God. Talking to Him and reading His Word remind us that He's near and ready to help. Whenever life feels tough—when you're upset, nervous, or not sure what to do—you can ask God for what you need. He gives courage to share the good news of Jesus with others, compassion to be kind even when it's hard, and strength to say you're sorry when you've hurt someone.

Just as we depend on electricity to power our tablets and video games, we can depend on God to be with us in every moment. Some days will feel easy, and other days will feel hard. You might get upset, feel tired, or even forget to pray. That doesn't mean God is far away—it means you can lean on Him all the more.


When you spend time with God, His Spirit reminds you that you're never alone. He can give you strength when you feel weak, peace when you're worried, and courage when you're unsure. And even on the days that don't go the way you hoped, God is still glad to call you His child.

*Father, fill me with your courage and strength.  
Help me to see your power working through me today.*





# POWER CHECK-IN



God is always with you—no matter how you feel.  
How's your "battery" today?  
How are you feeling?  
See how God meets you there.



**I feel grouchy, impatient, or angry.**  
God can give me calm and help me try again.

**I feel scared or nervous.**

God promises to stay with me and give me courage.



**I feel tired or worn out.**

God invites me to rest and remember that he cares for me.

**I feel happy and ready to help others.**

God is with me in my joy, and I can share that joy with others.



# *Daisy's Bright Idea*

by Mary Seiber



A detailed illustration of a ginger cat with a white patch on its chest, stretching its body on a light-colored surface. The cat's front legs are extended forward, and its hind legs are also stretched out. Its tail is curved upwards. The background features soft, watercolor-style green leaves and stems.

Daisy yawned, stretching her golden paws.

*Screech!*

Daisy raced to the squeaky door. Leah toddled inside. Daisy purred and rubbed against her leg.

"Meow!"

"Hello, kitty!" Leah patted Daisy's back.

Daisy spotted a plastic egg under the chair.

*I have an idea!* She trotted over and proudly toted it back to Leah.

"Brrowl?" Daisy meowed, twisting her head and twitching her whiskers. She pawed at the egg.

Leah picked it up. "One . . . two . . ." she counted.

Daisy crouched and swept her plummy tail—swish, swoosh—across the floor.

"Three!" Leah tossed the egg.

Daisy pounced and caught it. She purred and nudged it with her soft, pink nose. Daisy loved how the egg bounced when Leah threw it. She grabbed the egg and turned back to Leah. But Leah wasn't there!

Daisy flicked her tail and dropped the egg.

*That wasn't a good idea. Maybe Leah doesn't want to play with eggs.*

Daisy wandered into the kitchen. Leah lay on the floor, coloring.

Daisy sat on the coloring book beside Leah's picture. Leah's crayon made bright blue stripes across the page.

*I have an idea!* Daisy swiped her paws across the paper. But Daisy's paws didn't make blue stripes. Daisy watched Leah.

*Scratch-scratch!* went the crayon.

*Swish-swoosh!* went Daisy's tail.

"Meow?" Daisy batted Leah's crayon.

"No, Daisy!" Leah pushed Daisy away and began coloring again.

Daisy's tail drooped. *That wasn't a good idea, either. She wandered to the living room.*

Leah ran to the bookcase and got a book. She sat down and looked at the pictures.



Daisy flicked her ears and sat down, too. *Why won't Leah play with me?*

*I have an idea!* Daisy squatted and started to wriggle. Back and forth she wiggled. She jumped onto an empty bookshelf above Leah's head.

Daisy jumped again. The next shelf quivered.

"Meow!" Daisy flicked her tail—thump, bump—against the bookcase.

Leah looked up at Daisy and smiled. She grabbed the first shelf and pulled herself up. She grabbed the next shelf. The shelf teetered. It tottered! Then down they all tumbled—toddler, kitty, and books!

"YEEOOOWWWL!!!" Daisy cried. She shook her head and rubbed her ear. Leah started to sob.

Daisy stood and licked the tears from Leah's cheek. *How can I get her to stop crying?* But Leah's mother came and carried her away.

Daisy crept into the kitchen and hid under the rocking chair. Her tail lay still. It did not go swish-swoosh! across the floor.

*That wasn't a good idea either. She hadn't wanted Leah to get hurt.*



Daisy's ears perked up. *I know that music!*

She trotted to the living room. Leah sat in their favorite chair, watching her favorite cartoon.

*I have an idea!* Daisy gently patted Leah's lap.

"Come here, kitty! Come here, Daisy!" Leah encouraged.

Daisy leapt onto Leah's fluffy blanket. Leah hugged her. Daisy curled into a ball in Leah's lap and purred. They snuggled together and slowly drifted off to sleep.

*Now this was a good idea.*



# What You Would See

by Debra Westgate-Silva



If you could see what I see,  
when I look at you, you would surely see—

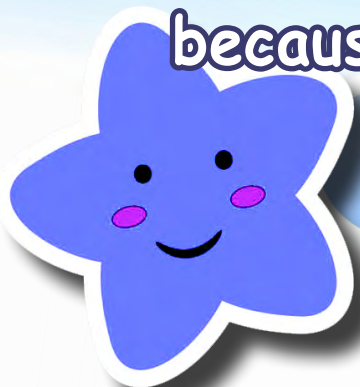
Smiles that are contagious  
spreading joy for miles as they travel to others' faces.

Eyes, twinkling with light,  
like bursts of stars sprinkling possibilities throughout the night.

A heart so full it reminds us  
of a balloon sailing high trailing a ribbon of kindness.

If you could see what I see  
then you'd know it's true:

The world is  
lighter,  
brighter,  
better  
because God made YOU!



# CREATURE FEATURE

## KINKAJOUS

Do you have a nick-name? Kinkajous do. They are sometimes called “honey bears” because they LOVE to eat honey right out of the comb. Yuum!

A newborn kinkajou weighs 6 – 7 ounces—about the size of a small apple.

Adult kinkajous weigh 3 to 10 pounds and are 1 - 2 feet long including their tail. That’s about the size of a small cat. But kinkajous are NOT pets!

Kinkajous are arboreal. They live in the leafy canopies (or tops) of trees in thick forests. They climb up and down branches and hop from the branches of one tree to the next. Kinkajous live in Mexico, Central America, and northern South America.

The Kinkajou’s diet is 90% fruit. They also like flowers and some leaves. Occasionally they eat insects, worms, or eggs.

Kinkajous have long, prehensile tails. They wrap the end of their tails around branches and hang upside down when they are reaching for fruit on trees. Kinkajous can even twist their bodies around and climb back up their own tails. Now THAT’s tricky!



Here's another cool trick they can do. Kinkajous turn the ankles of their hind legs backward. This helps them to run up and down (head-first) branches for quick escape from predators.

Kinkajous have HUGE eyes because they are nocturnal. They snooze all day hidden inside hollow trees. At dark they come out to forage (or search) for food. As soon as the sun comes up all the kinkajous run for cover inside their tree-nests. They curl up into tight balls and cover themselves with their furry tails.

These cuties may look like primates (monkeys and apes) but they aren't related. Their closest cousin is actually the raccoon.

Kinkajous live alone or in very small groups made up of one female and her baby, plus two male kinkajous.



**Kinkajous may love honey, but don't be fooled—they're no Winnie-the-Pooh. These little 'honey bears' would rather raid a beehive than your picnic basket!**

The background of the image is a soft-focus photograph of a river or lake. On the right side, a large, leafy tree stands prominently. The water in the foreground is calm, reflecting the sky and the surrounding foliage. Numerous yellow and green leaves are scattered throughout the scene, some appearing to be falling from above, creating a sense of gentle movement. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and contemplative.

# PSALM 1:1-6

Oh, the joys of those who do not  
follow the advice of the wicked,  
or stand around with sinners,  
or join in with mockers.

But they delight in the law of the LORD,  
meditating on it day and night.

They are like trees planted along the riverbank,  
bearing fruit each season.  
Their leaves never wither,  
and they prosper in all they do.

But not the wicked!  
They are like worthless chaff, scattered by the wind.

They will be condemned at the time of judgment.  
Sinners will have no place among the godly.

For the LORD watches over the path of the godly,  
but the path of the wicked leads to destruction.

# Day of Disasters

by Rosemarie DiCristo

Saturday was a day of disasters.

## Disaster #1

Disaster #1 came at 11:00 a.m.

"Where's the dark poster board?" I asked Al of *Al's Craft Shop*, where I've gotten my school supplies forever.

"Right there, kid."

"I see purple, pink, orange, green..."

"Plum, bubblegum, nectarine, and lime," Al corrected.

"Whatever. Those colors are for..." I glanced at Luisa Schneiderman, in her yellow jacket, blue skirt, red tights, and silver high-tops.

"Girls, Eugene?" she asked, eyebrows raised.

"Artists," I said. "Like you. Science types like me need brown, black, blue, or gray."

"All gone." Al added, "Isn't the science fair Monday?"



I nodded.

"Then why'd you wait until today to start your project?"

"It's only the poster. The clay model's finished. But without brown or black..."

"Try *Sweet Peete's*," Al interrupted.



"All the way to Burke Avenue on a day like this?" It was raining like someone should build an ark.

"Next time," Luisa Schneiderman smirked, "do your poster when you make your model."

## Disaster #2

Disaster #2 - 11:38 a.m.

"Where's your dark posterboard?" I cried as I barreled into *Sweet Peete's*.

"Isn't the science fair in two days, Eugene?" Mr. Peete asked.

"Yes, but I need brown or..."

"None left. Your classmates wiped me clean." He shot me a "What took so long?" look. "All I have is watermelon, blueberry smoothie, and lemon pie."

"Seriously? Are we supposed to draw on them, or eat them?"

"I don't name them, just get them from the supplier. Can't you use watermelon posterboard?"

"No. My special project is called *Sequoias!!!!*"

"That's exciting?"

"Yeah. Four exclamation-points-exciting."

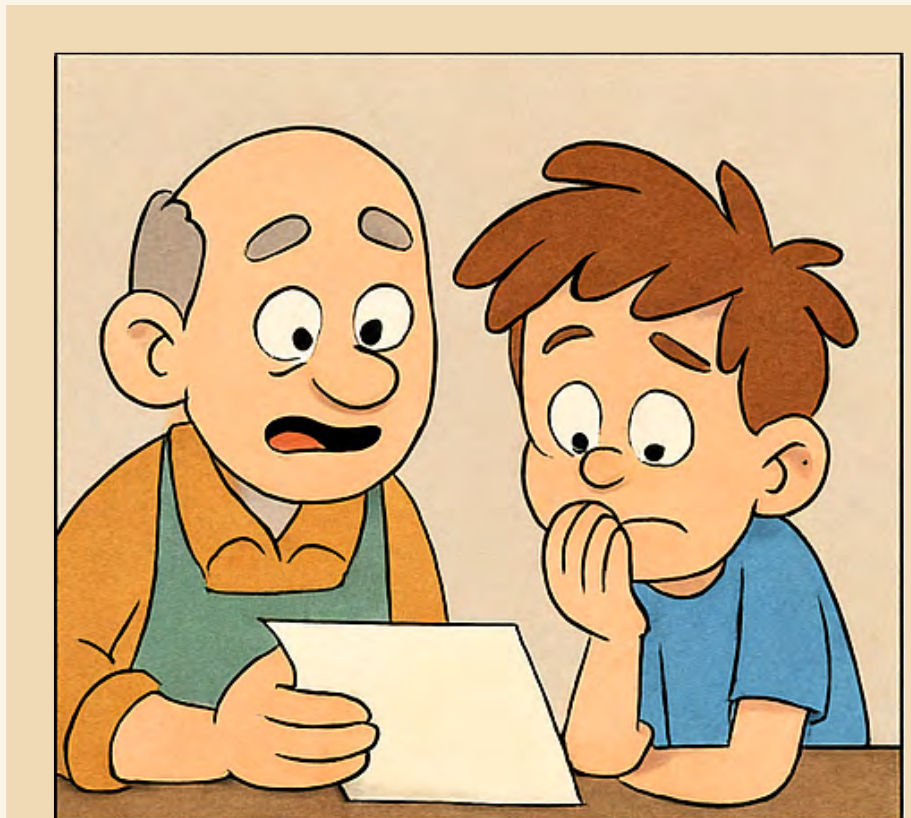
"I thought I heard five." He dug out a smallish, battered, stained piece of posterboard from behind the counter.

"How's this?"

My hopes sank. "White?"

"Technically, eggshell. Any good?"

My lips went tight. "Barely. But it'll have to do."



## Disaster #3

Disaster #3 - 12:16 p.m.

"Ms. Dundas, where's the Big Book of California?" I shouted as I rushed into the Allerton library fourteen long, rainy blocks from *Sweet Peete's*.

"Checked out, Eugene." She squinted at me. "Isn't your science fair...?"

"Monday, yes," I agreed. "I need that book desperately."

"Then talk to Luisa Schneiderman," her best friend, Tasha Tamburelli, called out. "She checked it out Tuesday. Which you should have done."

"I returned it Monday," I informed Tasha. "But I gotta confirm some stuff. Think Luisa will let me borrow it?"

Tasha laughed. Then she laughed again. Uproariously.



## Disaster #4

Disaster #4 - 12:41p.m.

Fortunately, Luisa was home.

Unfortunately, Luisa was home.

"No way I'm lending you the Big Book," she informed me as I stood dripping rain onto her porch. "My project's on Death Valley, and I'm not sharing."

"I need just once glance..."

"Nope."

"A half-glance?"

"The library has other books on Sequoias!!!!!" she shouted.



I grumbled, "There's only four exclamation points in my..."

Luisa slammed the door in my face.

12:57 p.m.

The library had four books on Sequoias. But only Luisa's book told the fun stories—like people actually living inside a giant Sequoia tree, or twenty-eight couples square-dancing on a stump.

I tucked the battered eggshell posterboard and a picture book on Sequoias under one arm and raced through the rain to my cousin Austin's house.

## Disaster #5

Disaster #5 - 1:16 p.m.

Austin's dad has a set of five magnificent markers (brown, black, gray, green, and silver) that cost fifty dollars.

"Borrow them?" Austin repeated. "No way Dad's gonna let you walk off with fifty-dollar markers. Particularly when you waited until the last minute..."

"Yes! Okay! I know! I should've done this weeks ago! But I'm his nephew."

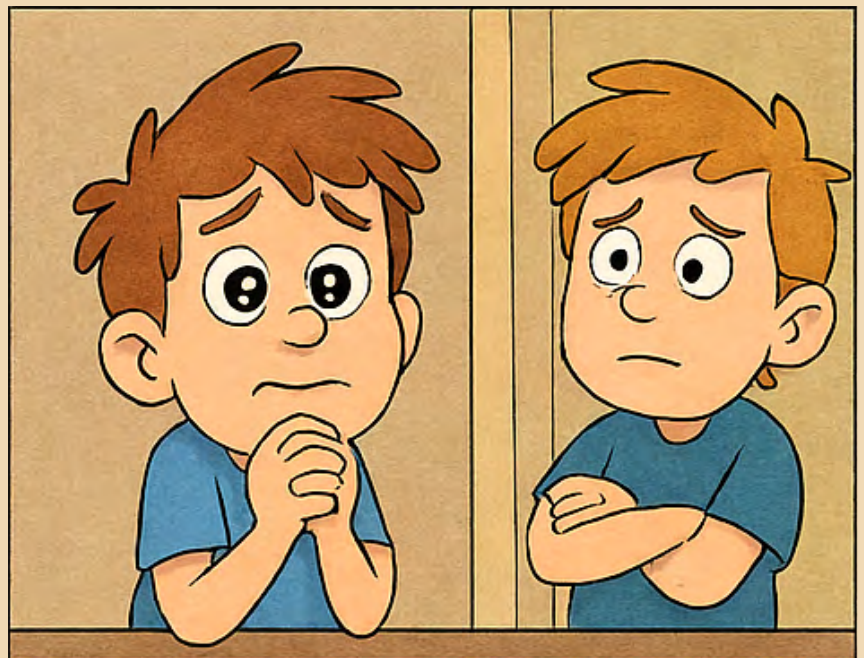
"I'm his son and can't use them unless he's standing over me. Don't you have markers?"

I ducked my head. "I kinda left the caps off."

Austin sighed. "Does Vito have markers?"

"Yeah, some cheapo set that cost five dollars for fifty."

"He's your best friend. Borrow his." And Austin closed his door in my face.



1:37 p.m.

Best friends are better than cousins. Vito let me use all fifty of his markers to draw picture-book information on my wrinkled eggshell posterboard. I supplemented it with fantastic facts from the Internet and Vito's dad's old college textbook to make an excellent poster.

## Disaster #6



Disaster #6 - 4:12 p.m.

Two blocks later, that wind-driven, ark-building rain broke my umbrella. Then, I glanced at my poster...

"Aaaaaaaaaaack!!!!!"

Fifty markers that cost five dollars aren't waterproof.

Everything I'd drawn on my Sequoias!!!! poster had vanished.

I was about to chuck the now-blank, sodden scrap of eggshell into the trash when a lady on the other side of the street called, "Little boy!"

Little? I'm twelve years old! Furious, I whirled around, but the lady who'd spoken was old, tiny, and way wetter than I was.

"Little boy," she said again, "where's the Number Eight bus stop?"

"The Eight? It's way over... well, around... you gotta... Look, it's easier if I take you." I added.



I looked at the posterboard, then lifted it above our heads. It kept us dry, sort of, as we trekked the six blocks to the bus stop. Then I let her keep it, since there was no bus shelter.

"Don't you need it?" she asked.

"Nah. It was for my science fair project," I admitted, "but if Dad drives me to *Sweet Peete's* after supper, 'Sequoias!!!!' can be on watermelon posterboard. And if I use Vito's markers I can do it again..."

She grinned. "Monday's science project?"

"Yeah."

We laughed. Then her bus came. "Thank you," she called as she boarded. "And God bless you."

"God bless," I mumbled.

I admit it. All of Saturday's disasters were my own fault. But maybe God used them to send me to the exact place I needed to be. Exactly where I could help that lady who had no other help.

All my disasters felt huge. But maybe God used them to help me be in the right place at the right time. My project may have been ruined, but helping someone else was even better.



# Pumpkin Party Time

by Jean Matthew Hall



A chilly nip is in the air  
fall means pumpkins everywhere.

Pumpkin vines on rolling hills.  
Pumpkins plopped on window sills.

Pumpkins round or flat and short,  
pumpkins smooth or wearing warts.

Fireball red and ghoulish green,  
gobs of colors in between.



# Josiah - The Boy King

Josiah was just eight years old when he became King of Judah. Can you imagine a little boy wearing a great big golden crown? He was small in size, but King Josiah had a huge heart for God. Though he was young he wanted to learn all he could about God. He wanted to please the LORD and become a great and godly king.

As he grew older, King Josiah watched the people of Judah. When he was a teenager he saw that they did mean and evil things to each other. He could see that they were ignoring God. They didn't worship the LORD at all. They worshipped false gods from other countries and did evil things to try to make those false gods happy. They brought idols and statues into the House of God, and burned sacrifices to them. They forgot all about God, His special Passover Feast, and His worship. They even forgot about God's Word, the Book of the Law that Moses had written long before that time.



Josiah loved the LORD and tried to please Him. So, he decided to get rid of all the idols and places where the people worshipped false gods. Josiah crushed the idols to powder. He chopped down the trees the people worshipped. He burned all of them to charcoal and scattered the ashes all around. He destroyed every big statue and small idol he found. King Josiah tried to show the people of Judah how to worship the true and living God.

Josiah also commanded the priests and Levites to get busy repairing the Temple of God. It had been neglected. It was dirty and broken. The walls were crumbling. So, Josiah gave them money to buy new stones and wood to repair it and make it beautiful again. He thought that then the people would turn back to the LORD and worship Him in His Temple.

One day the King's helper, Shaphan, rushed into the King's chamber. He explained that, while they were cleaning and repairing the Temple, one of the priests, Hilkiah, found something wonderful. He found a huge scroll—a book—buried under piles of junk. It looked very important! So, Hilkiah scooped up the scroll and carried it to Shaphan.



"We must show this to the King!" Shaphan said. "I think it is the Book of the Law that Moses wrote."

"It's been lost for a long, long time. Quick, take it to King Josiah," Hilkiah said.

Then Shaphan read the words aloud to King Josiah. As he listened his heart became both glad and sad. He was sad that the book had been lost for such a long time. No one remembered its laws. No one remembered to obey them. What would it be like to have no Bibles at all? Can you imagine all the Bibles being lost so that no one even remembers what it says? How sad! That is how King Josiah felt about this scroll.

But King Josiah was glad that now they had found God's Law again. Now he would teach all the adults what God said in this holy book. He would teach them how to love God and worship and obey Him. Then they could teach their own children at home. This made King Josiah very glad!

He called all of the adults of Judah to come to the Temple. There he read every word of the scroll to them. That must have taken a long time! It was a very big scroll. But the people listened. Then the King commanded that everyone in Judah must obey God's Law. Everyone must do what is right. Everyone must stop worshipping false gods and worship the True and Living God only. That is what God's Word says. He told them to go home and teach their children what he read to them that day.

That was a day of celebration! It was like a big party! King Josiah was so happy that they had found God's Word. He was happy that now they could worship the True and Living God again.



## Think About It

When Josiah's helpers discovered God's Word in the Temple, it was like finding hidden treasure. That discovery changed everything for him and for all the people of Judah.

We can discover "God moments" too—those times when something reminds us that God is near and good. A "God moment" might be a verse that feels just right, a friend's smile when you needed it most, or the beauty of a starry sky. These small discoveries help us remember that God is with us.

## Try This!

God Moments Hunt: Keep your eyes open this week. When you notice something that reminds you of God's presence—big or small—write it down or draw a picture.

Share one of your "God moments" with a parent, teacher, or friend. It might help them notice their own!

## Prayer

God, thank You for the way Josiah discovered Your Word. Help me notice the "God moments" You place in my life. Teach me to see Your love and goodness every day, in both little things and big things. Amen.

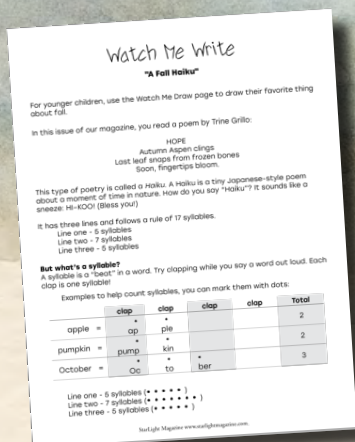
# Hope

by Trine Grillo

Autumn Aspen clings  
Last leaf snaps from frozen bones  
Soon, fingertips bloom.

*To everything there is a season,  
a time for every activity under Heaven.  
Ecclesiastes 3:1*

Let's write your own Haiku!



[Click Here!](#)

# Gladys Aylward

## A Small Woman With A Big God

by Annette Marie Griffin

When Gladys Aylward was young no one believed that the short, uneducated girl, from a poor family in London would ever do anything important. But fifty years after her death, people are still talking about the miraculous work Gladys did among the Chinese people.

Gladys dropped out of school at age 14 and worked as a housemaid. Ten years later her life changed when she read that there were people in China who had never heard about Jesus. That's when Gladys knew for sure that God wanted her to go to China and tell them the Good News.

Gladys immediately enrolled in a missionary school in London. But her teachers felt she was not smart enough to succeed as a missionary. They recommended she find another way to serve God. Gladys left the school, but she did not give up on God's calling. She worked hard to save money for a train ticket to China. When she wasn't working, praying, or reading her Bible, she studied books about the Chinese culture and language.

When she had saved enough money, Gladys bought a one-way train ticket to China. For a month she traveled alone, surrounded by strangers, and ate scraps of food she'd packed for the trip. Half way there, the train had to make an emergency stop in Russia. Every passenger had to exit the train. Tired and hungry, Gladys trudged through snow for miles to get to another train depot. Along the way, Russian soldiers hurt her, and bandits stole her belongings. But she refused to give up on God's mission.



Exhausted and malnourished, Gladys finally arrived in China then traveled two days up a rocky mule trail to reach the province of Yangcheng.

As a little girl and even as an adult Gladys was tiny and very short. She had straight, black hair. All of the girls around her had beautiful blond curls. She wondered why God had made her so different. But when Gladys arrived in China she saw that God had made her just the way He wanted her. Her tiny size and straight, black hair made her fit in perfectly with the Chinese people around her. Isn't it great that God planned that for Gladys all along?

A British missionary named Jeannie Lawson lived along the mule trail to Yangcheng and was looking for an assistant. When Gladys arrived at her door, Jeannie welcomed her and put her right to work. The two ladies turned Jeannie's home into an Inn, hoping that those who traveled the mule trail would stay with them and hear about Jesus.

They soon discovered the mule-trail travelers were afraid to stop at an Inn run by foreigners. Every day Gladys stood in the road and shouted in Chinese, "We have no bugs, we have no fleas, good, good. Come to the Inn of

Eight Happinesses." But no one stopped. Then Gladys had an idea. She began grabbing the lead mules by their heads and pulling them toward the Inn, causing the other mules to follow. The weary travelers riding the mules were startled by Gladys's actions, but they knew the stubborn animals would not return to the trail without rest, so they decided to take a chance and stay with the foreigners overnight.



When the guests began spreading the word about the thrilling Bible stories Gladys and Jeannie told them, other travelers wanted to visit the Inn too. Many accepted Jesus as their Savior! A year later Jeannie Lawson died. Gladys was very sad. Also, she didn't know how her missionary work could continue without Jeannie's finances covering the costs of running the Inn. Just when all hope seemed lost, God sent Gladys a miracle.

The highest ruler in Yangcheng was The Mandarin. When he asked to see Gladys, she thought she might be in trouble. Instead, he offered her a job. Up until that time, the Chinese people always wrapped their daughters' feet in tight cloths to keep them from growing too big. This practice caused the girls' feet to bleed and ache. The Chinese government issued a law to make the harmful tradition illegal. But the Mandarin needed someone to travel to every home in the area to make sure they were obeying the new law. He offered Gladys the job because she was brave, and because—she had big feet!



The earnings would help keep the Inn running, so Gladys gladly accepted the Mandarin's job offer—but only if he allowed her to tell everyone she met about Jesus. To her surprise, the Mandarin agreed.

While she traveled throughout the province, Gladys noticed many children wandering the streets alone. They were dirty, hungry, and afraid, with no one to care for them. So Gladys brought them home to live with her at the Inn. Many more orphans arrived at the Inn when the Japanese began bombing their area. The children called Gladys Ai-weh-deh, which means "virtuous one."

As the war continued, Ai-weh-deh knew she must lead all the children to safety. The closest city of refuge was in the mountains and would take weeks to reach on foot. With more than 100 children in her care, she set out on the dangerous journey believing God would see them through. With each town they passed, more and more orphaned children joined them. After twelve days of hiking, they reached a rushing river that was too deep and wide to cross. For the first time since she had left London, Ai-weh-deh felt like giving up.



One of the orphans asked her if the Bible story about Moses parting the Red Sea was true. Ai-weh-deh informed the child that she was not Moses, and the river was not the Red Sea. But when the child replied, "But God is the same God! He can open the river for us," Ai-weh-deh's strength returned. She and the children began to pray and sing praises to God.

The noise alerted a nearby Chinese patrol. They used their boats to carry everyone to the other side of the river. Ai-weh-deh continued to lead the children through the mountains for another two weeks, even though she had become ill with typhoid fever.

The moment they reached a safe city, Ai-weh-deh collapsed. When she recovered from her illness, she continued her missionary work for another thirty years. With the help of her big God, the small woman cared for orphans, prisoners, and other needy people while telling them the Good News. Because Ai-weh-deh remained true to her God-given calling, thousands of Chinese people accepted Jesus as their Savior—including the Mandarin.

Gladys didn't try to be brave all on her own. She followed Jesus the way a sailor follows her captain—listening, trusting, and obeying. Because Jesus was her Captain, Gladys knew she was never alone, even on the hardest days. And with His help, she did things that changed the world.





# A Fall Song

by Ellen Robena Field

Golden and red trees  
Nod to the soft breeze,  
As it whispers, "Winter is near;"  
And the brown nuts fall  
At the wind's loud call,  
For this is the Fall of the year.

Good-bye, sweet flowers!  
Through bright Summer hours  
You have filled our hearts with cheer  
We shall miss you so,  
And yet you must go,  
For this is the Fall of the year.

Now the days grow cold,  
As the year grows old,  
And the meadows are brown and sere;  
Brave robin redbreast  
Has gone from his nest,  
For this is the Fall of the year.

I do softly pray  
At the close of day,  
That the little children, so dear,  
May as purely grow  
As the fleecy snow  
That follows the Fall of the year.

# What's Next...

## Stella's November Bonusight Magazine

- Puzzles
- Riddles
- Coloring Pages
- Games
- Surprises!



## December Magazine

- Stories
- Poems
- Explore
- Discover
- Laugh