

# GOD BOOKS

Child Bedtime Picture Stories  
Showing God's Comfort and Love



The Schaller & Joyce Collection  
Volume Two



# GOD BOOKS

Child Bedtime Picture Stories  
Showing God's Comfort, Joy and Love

Stories from the Schaller & Joyce Collection

Volume Two



*To Jamie Joyce*  
*For Loving My Children Like a Sister*

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Illustrations and Cover Art by Jamie Joyce

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55	Gussy is Fussy	God invented joy and laughter. In this silly, playful dog story we get to meet Gussy, a real dog who constantly does very funny things. This story will leave a child with a deep smile.

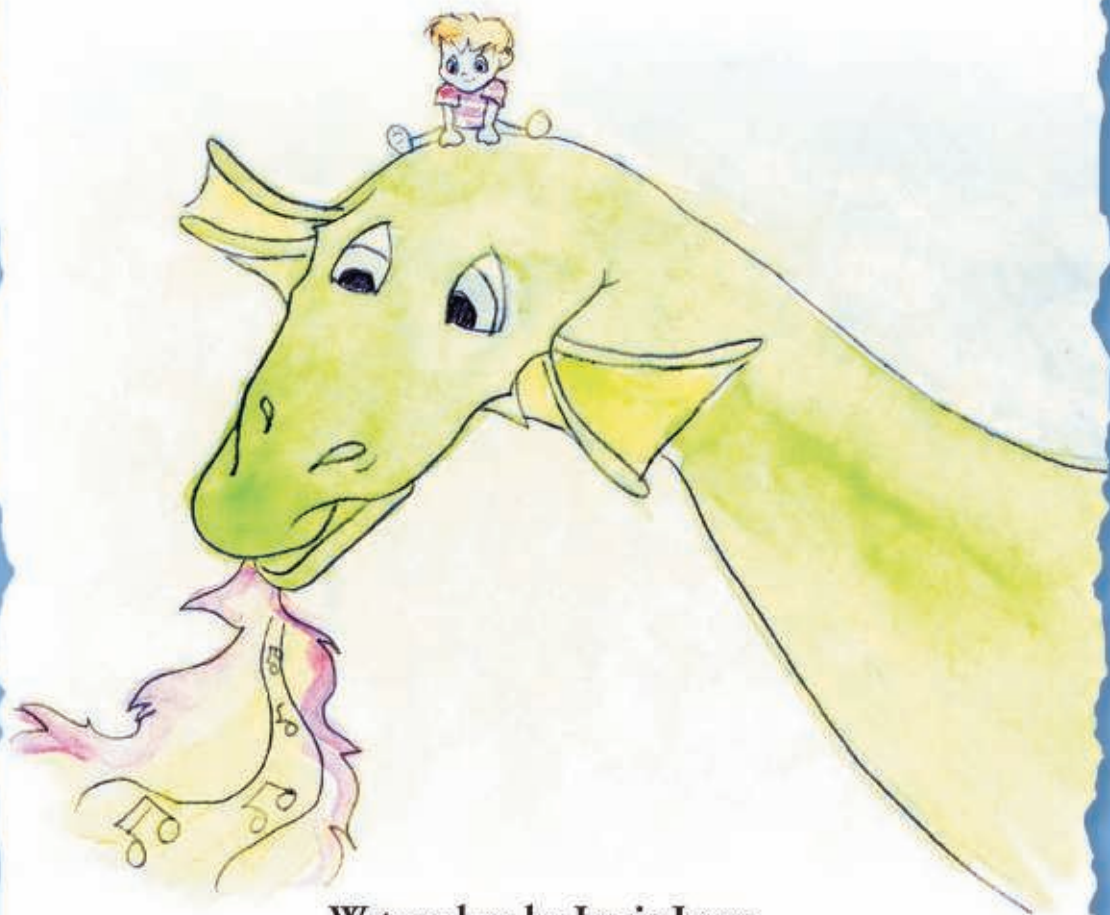






# Sky Rider

By James Schaller, M.D.



Watercolors by Jamie Joyce







Del was a small boy from Rendee.

He lived with his mother and brother near the sea.





The people of Rendee were known as “Grand” singers.  
Del’s brother sang the best around.  
He sang in churches, in schools and towns.  
His singing brought smiles to those who frowned.





But Del sang poorly, so he was told.

When he sang, his voice cracked a little.

“His voice sure is not gold,” one man even said.

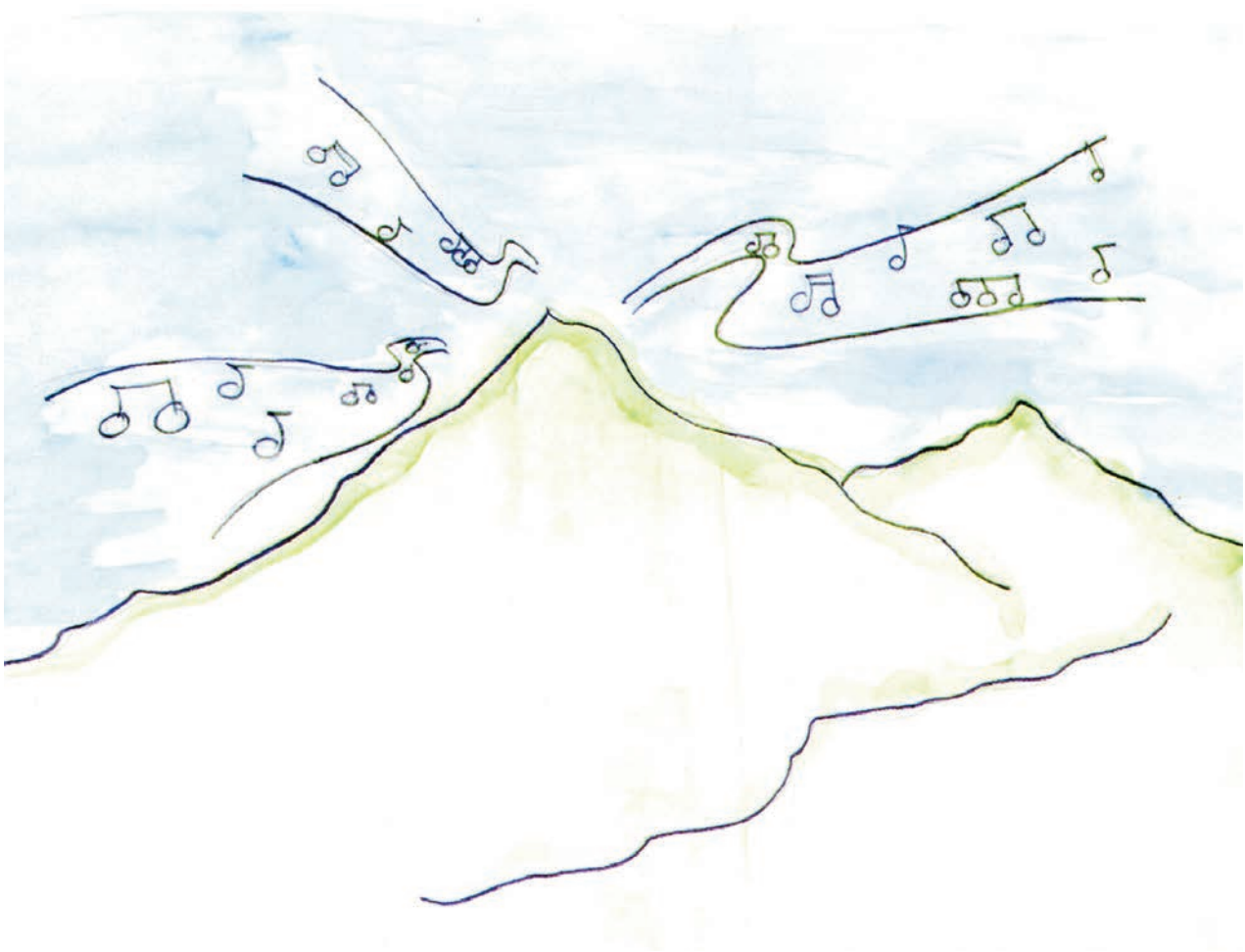




But Del loved to sing...

So he went into the high mountains,  
where no one could see.

And he made up songs about sea birds and trees,  
and things that could be.





One summer day, on the mountains of Rendee,  
When Del was singing loud and free . . . .



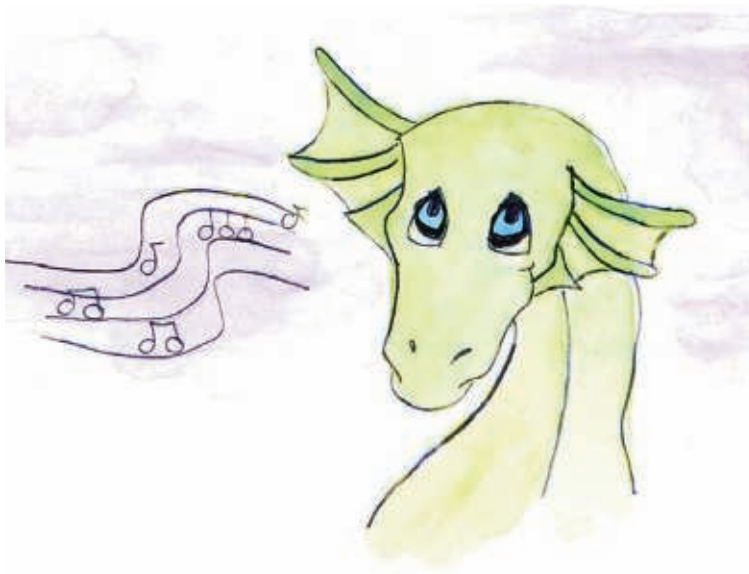


Suddenly, a wind rushed past his ears,  
as large wings flew near!  
Del hid in a bush, and he looked out to see.





And what Del saw, he  
could hardly believe . . .  
“There is a dragon looking  
back at me!”

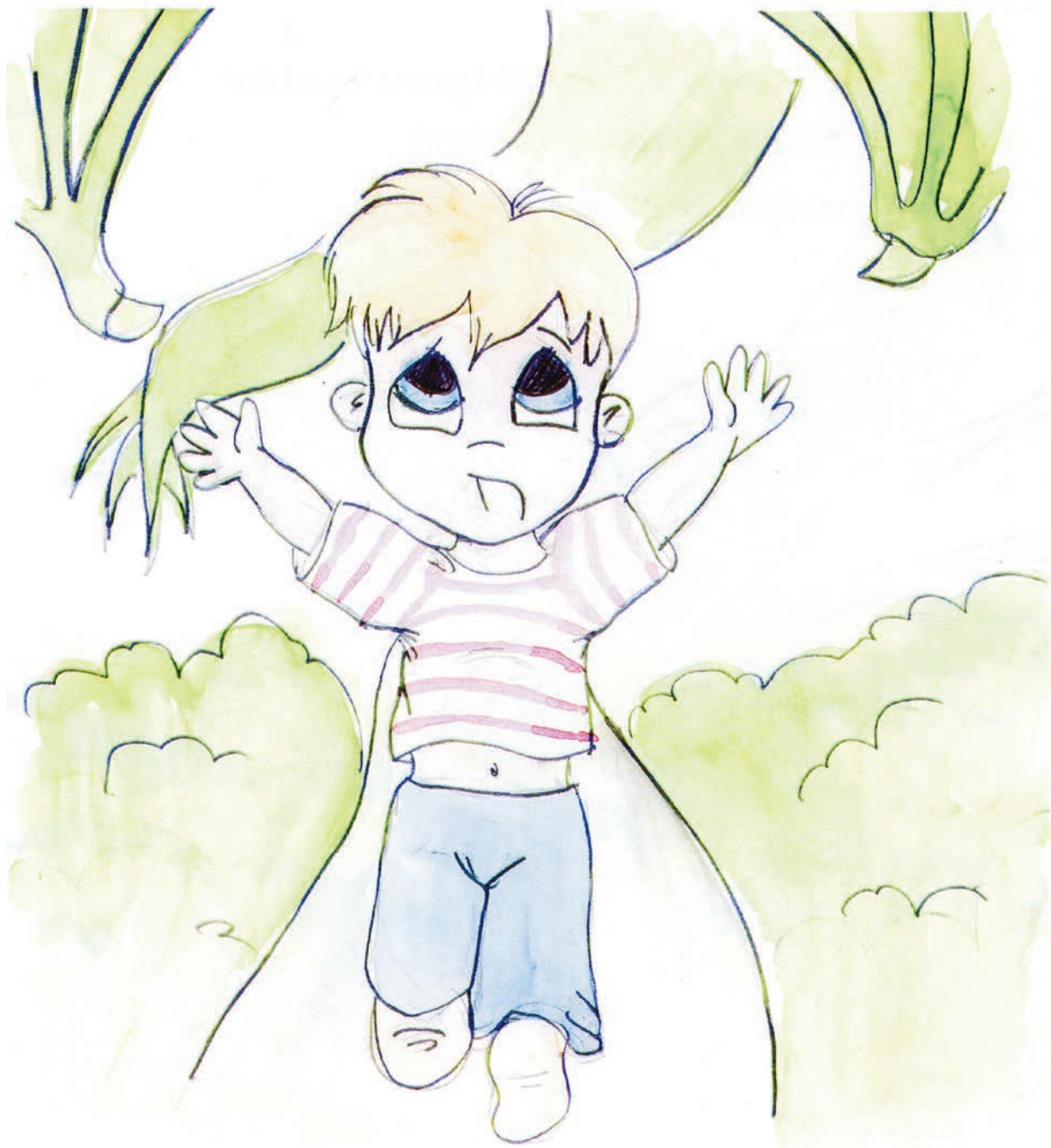


“Sing, little boy,” boomed  
the great dragon.  
“Sing dragon songs for me.”



Del was afraid to have such a fan,  
so he ran and he sang, and he sang as he ran.

And run he did do, with the dragon in flight,  
Cheering Del's singing with all of his might.





Halfway down the mountain, Del started to see.

“This dragon is not nasty. He wants to be nice to me!”

Again, Del sang a song about sea birds, and trees,  
and things that could be.

And when he was done, Del gave a deep bow.  
And the dragon cheered so loud,  
he made a tree fall down!





The dragon then offered a ride to show his thanks.

“Wow,” thought Del, but he was a little afraid . . .

Small children do not fly dragons every day.

But Del tried anyway.

Up they went, up and away.

And swooping and zooming and making birds fly away.





Over Rendee, they flew to the highest of heights.  
And they even grabbed a lost kite!







Then all the town's people looked up.  
"My heavens," said one woman.  
"A dragon is flying over Rendee!"  
And the people started to flee.

When Del saw everyone running, he yelled,  
"Its okay. Its only a dragon and me!"





Then the dragon landed in the center of town.  
He spoke gently, so the people would come around.  
“I live in the mountains, high out of sight.  
I hear your songs every night.  
Your voices are sweet, yet your words feel cold . . .  
But Del sings with love from his soul.”





All the people were shaken by what the dragon said.





“Del is a special gift to Rendee,” the dragon said.

“A gift from heaven! You shall all see.”

Then the dragon said to his rider,

“Please Del, sing a song for me.”





So Del jumped off the dragon's back,  
And he began singing for everyone.

Del sang of God's love, and that He was kind.  
And that God would always stay near them,  
even in sad days and wintertime.





The people heard his songs.  
The songs seemed so new.  
They clapped loudly,  
when he was through ...



“His words really touched me,”  
said the mayor with a tear in his eye.”  
“I thought it was fine,”  
said an elderly man.  
“Such a gifted lad has come  
from the sky!”



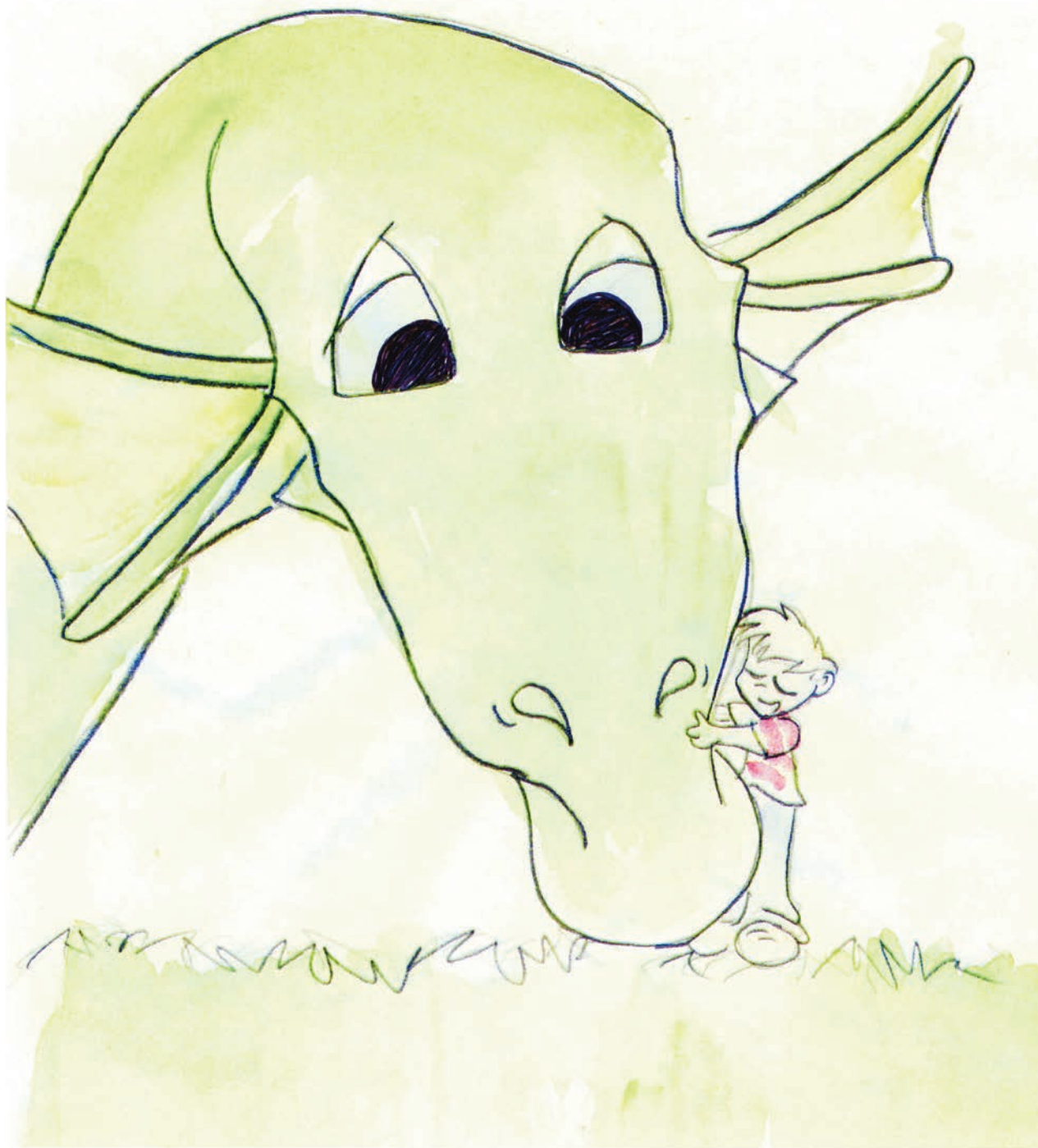
And the dragon took Del for many more flights.  
As they flew, Del taught the dragon to sing.  
But when the dragon sang loud, he burned things.

They were always happy to find lost kites.  
They would chase them and grab the strings.

And God's dragon kept all of Rendee safe and happy  
throughout the night.



And Del and the dragon stayed close friends.





In the years that followed, one could often see,  
Del and his dragon flying high and free.

And, as they flew, Del felt he belonged.  
He loved to fly with his God,  
and laugh about silly dragon songs.



The End

# Helen is Ten: a Safe Hen



**By James Schaller, M.D. with Justin Schaller**

Illustrations by Jamie Joyce





Helen is ten. She is a smart hen.  
She has smart grandparents.  
They are both 103.





She said, “Grandmother, how did you get to be 103?”

Her Grandmother said, “First, by behaving carefully and listening to wise old hens like me.”



Helen is smart. So she asked how to be safe.

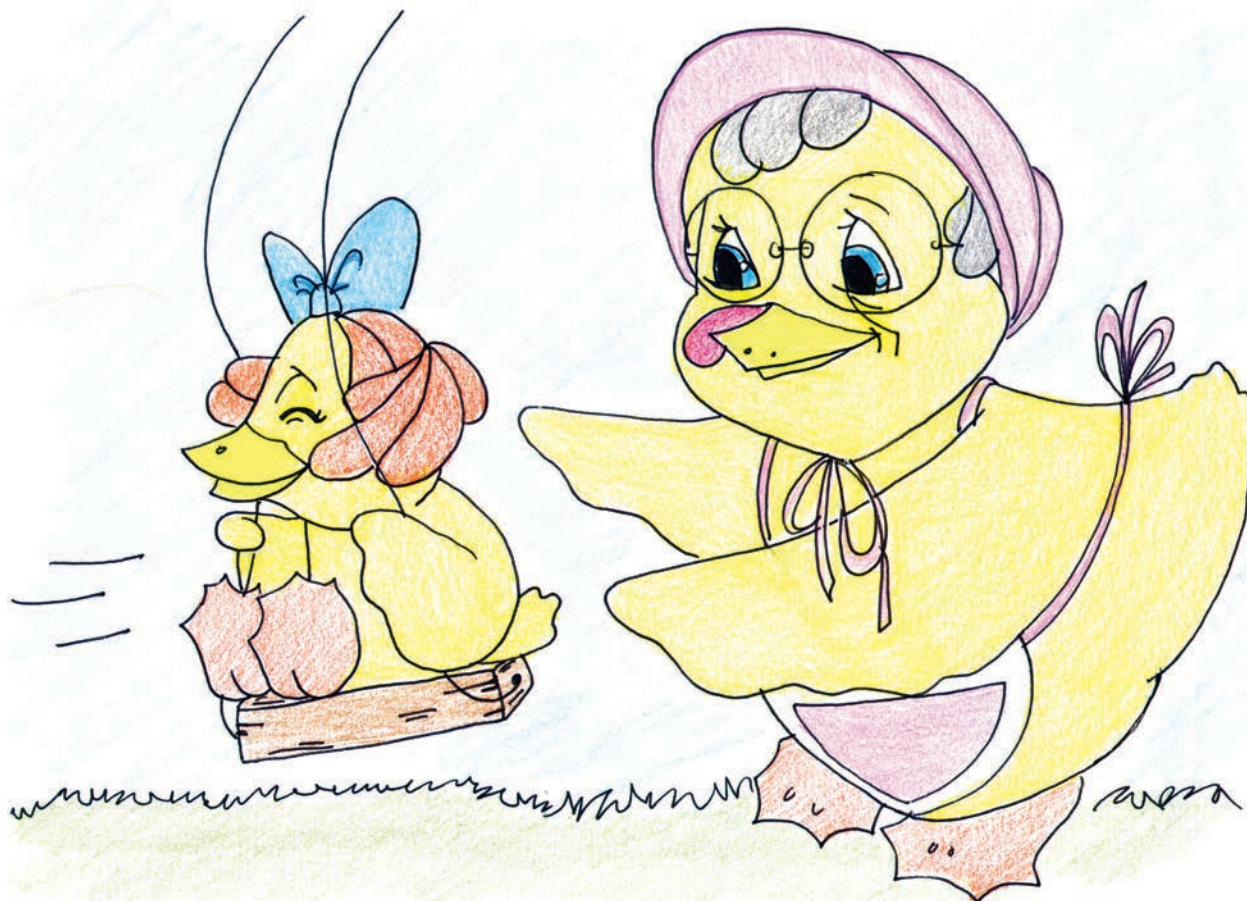
Helen did not want to get a bump on her nose or fall on her rump.





“Grandmother, please teach me how to be safe,” Helen said.

“I would be happy to teach you how to be safe, my little dear,”  
Grandmother said.



“First, learn about streets,” Grandmother said.

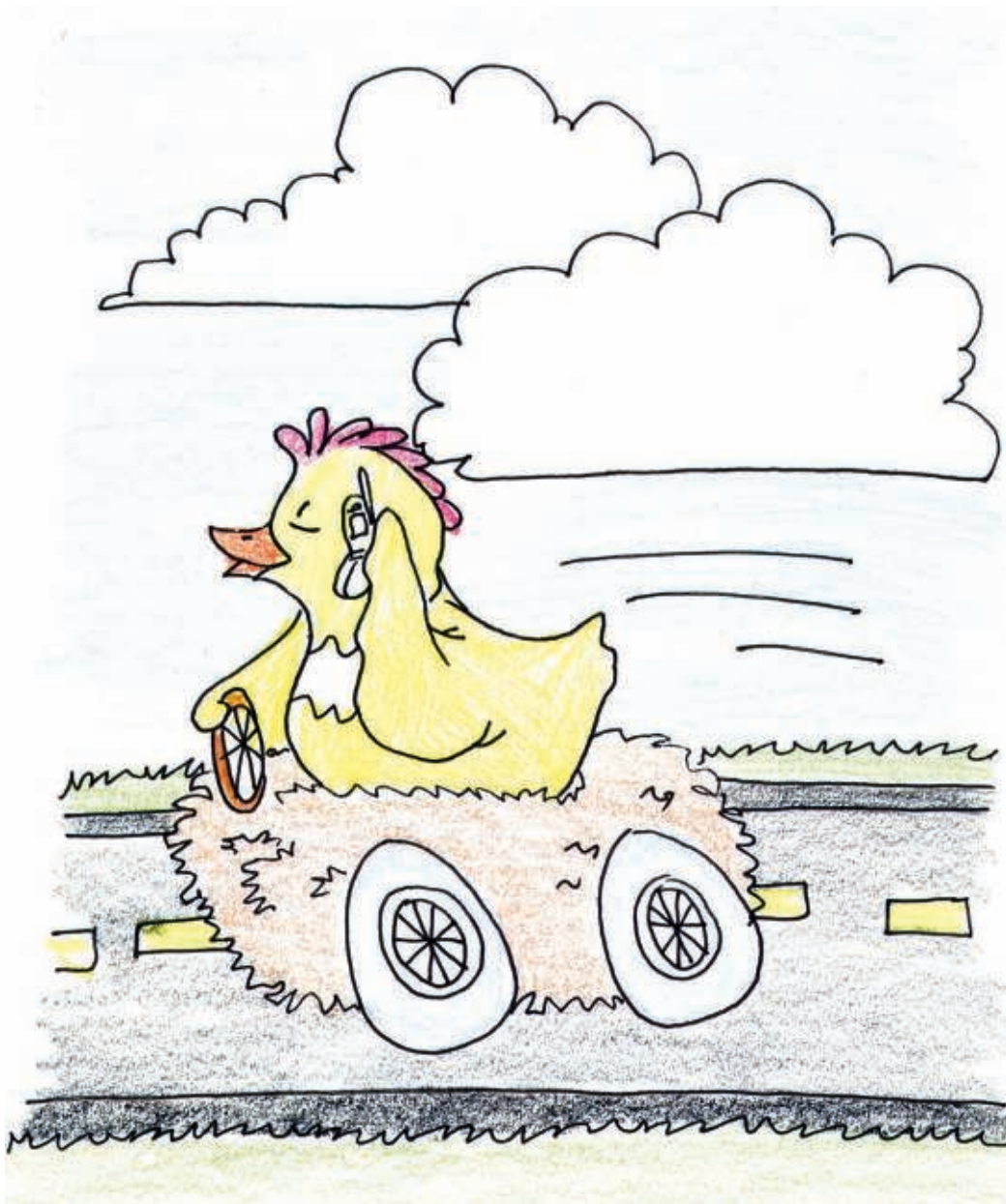
“Some hen drivers are wild and not careful when they drive.”

“Other hen drivers stay up too late, do not get enough sleep, and fall asleep when they drive.”





“Some other hen drivers eat or talk on their phones as they drive their hen cars home,” Grandmother said.

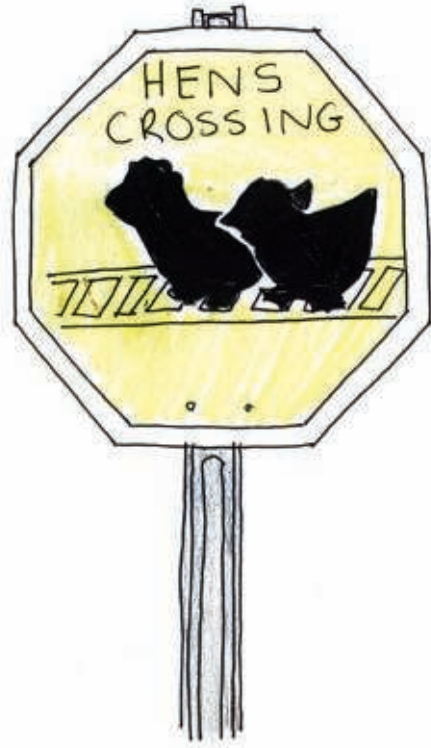


“And some forget their glasses, so they can’t see the road on their way home.”





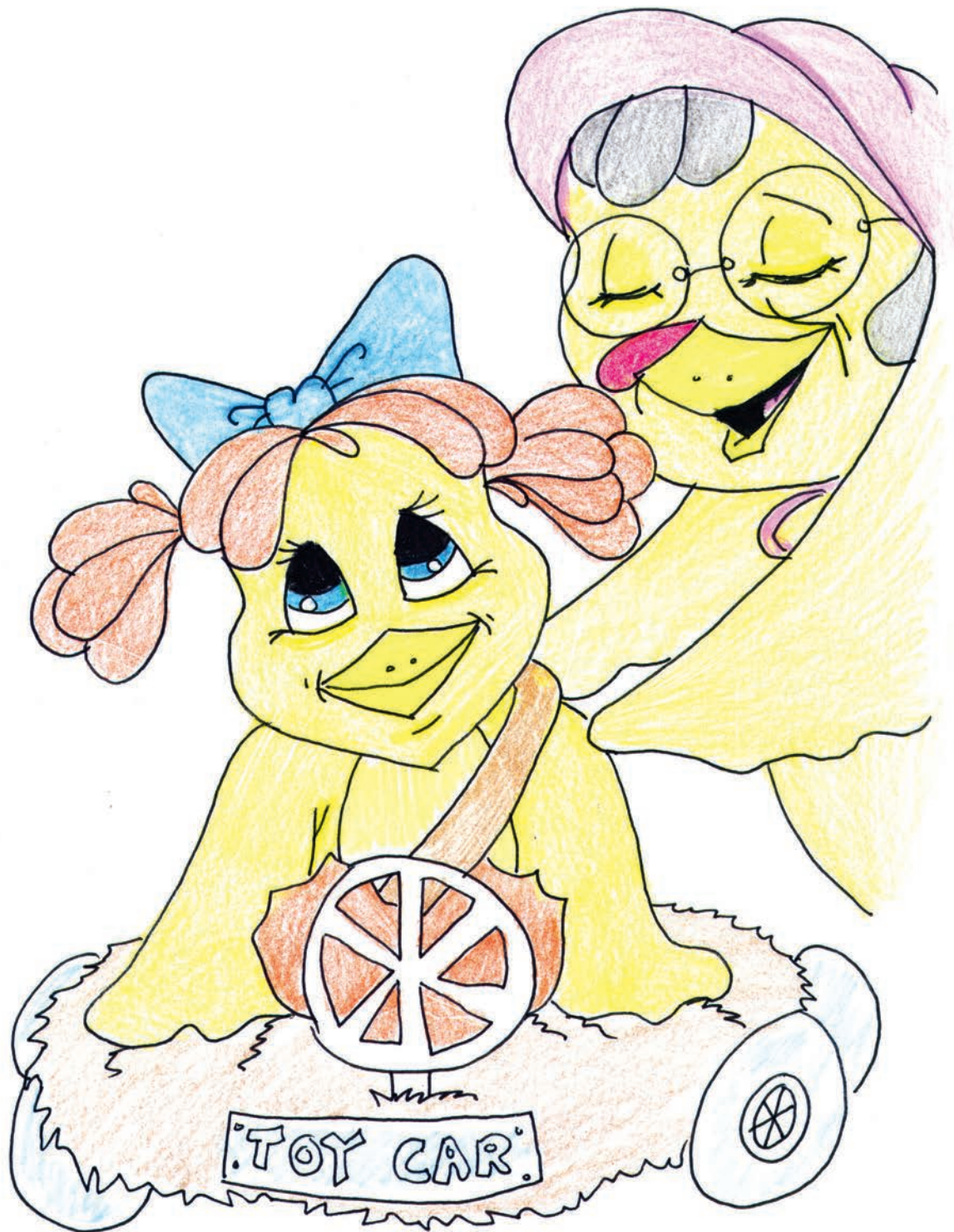
“So you have to stay far off the street when these hens are driving home, eating, sleeping or talking on their phones,” she said.



“The next way to be safe is to wear your seatbelt,” Grandmother said.

“So if your car is hit by another car, you will not get hurt.”

“The seat belt will hold you in place, and you will be very safe,” she said.





“How can I be safe when I go swimming?” Helen asked.

“How can I be safe at a pool or lake?”



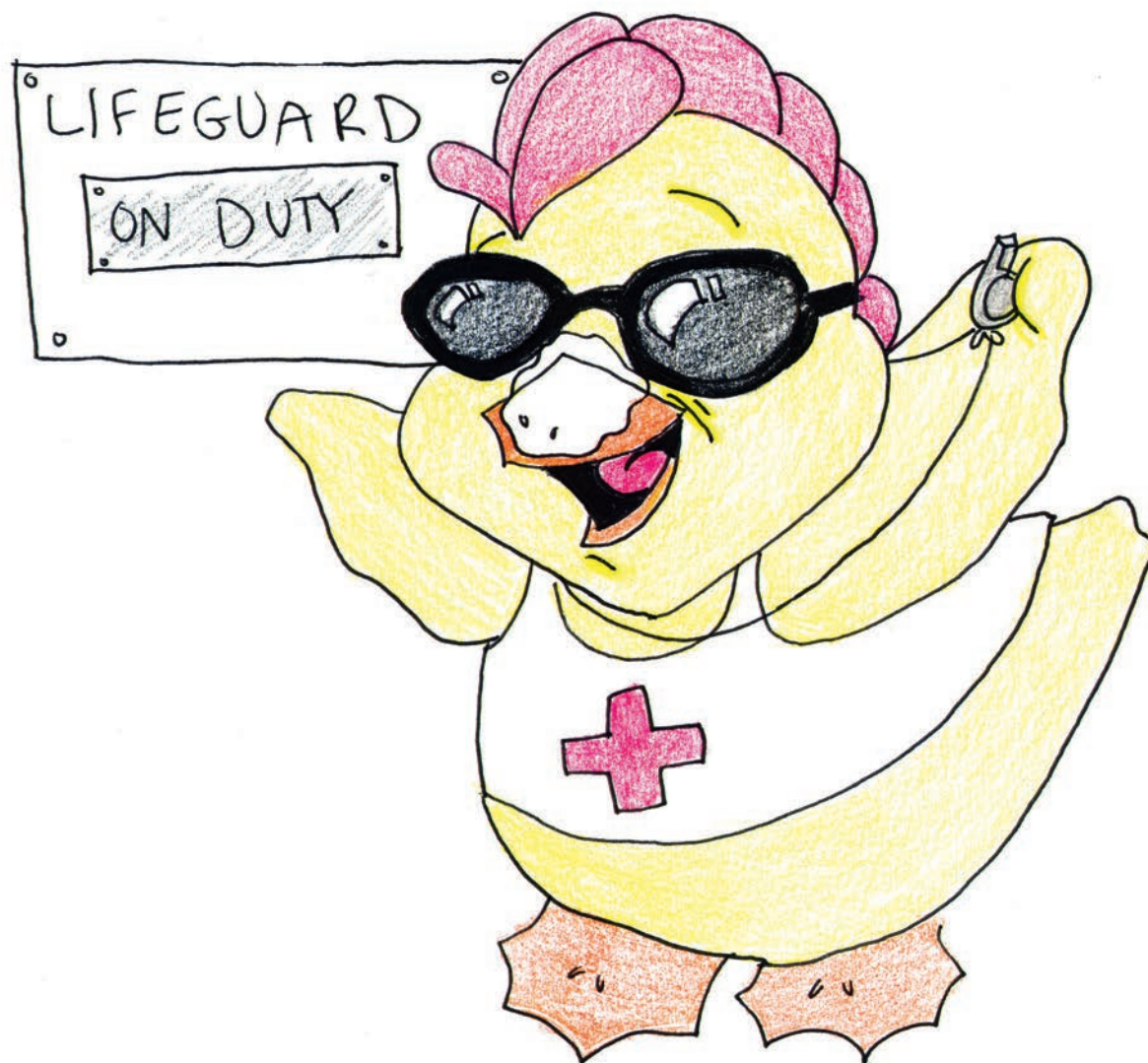
“If you play in pools, the ocean or a lake,” Grandmother said, “make sure an adult is near. Then you have nothing to fear.”





“And if a lifeguard is near, make sure you listen and can hear,”  
Grandmother said with a smile.

“And only swim with a buddy near, my dear.”



“And never dive into the water head first, since you could bang your head,” my Grandmother said.





“If you do, you will go to bed with a very sore head.”



“Another lesson for you to learn is simple. If you ever feel ill and sick, do not take medicine on your own at home,” Grandmother warned.





“Why?” Helen asked.

“Because medicine is only safe at a special child size,” she said.



“If you take what you wish, you could get really sick,” my Grandmother warned.

“So only let an adult give medicine to you, so you will feel better and not turn green or blue.”





Have I learned enough to be safe?" Helen asked her Grandmother.  
"We are not through," she said. "I have a little more to teach you."



“It is important to know that some bad kids want to put on a show. They think showing off a gun is fun, but they are really dumb.”

“Please listen close to me child, these kids are fools and a gun is not cool,” she said.

“So never touch a gun, because it can easily go off by itself,” Grandmother said.





“Kids who show off a gun to be cool, get in big trouble in hen school, and get hurt and hurt people,” Grandmother said.



“Are you listening to me?” she said.

“Yes, Grandmother,” I said. “I am not a fool. I know guns are dangerous and not cool.”





“I have another lesson to keep you safe,” Grandmother said.

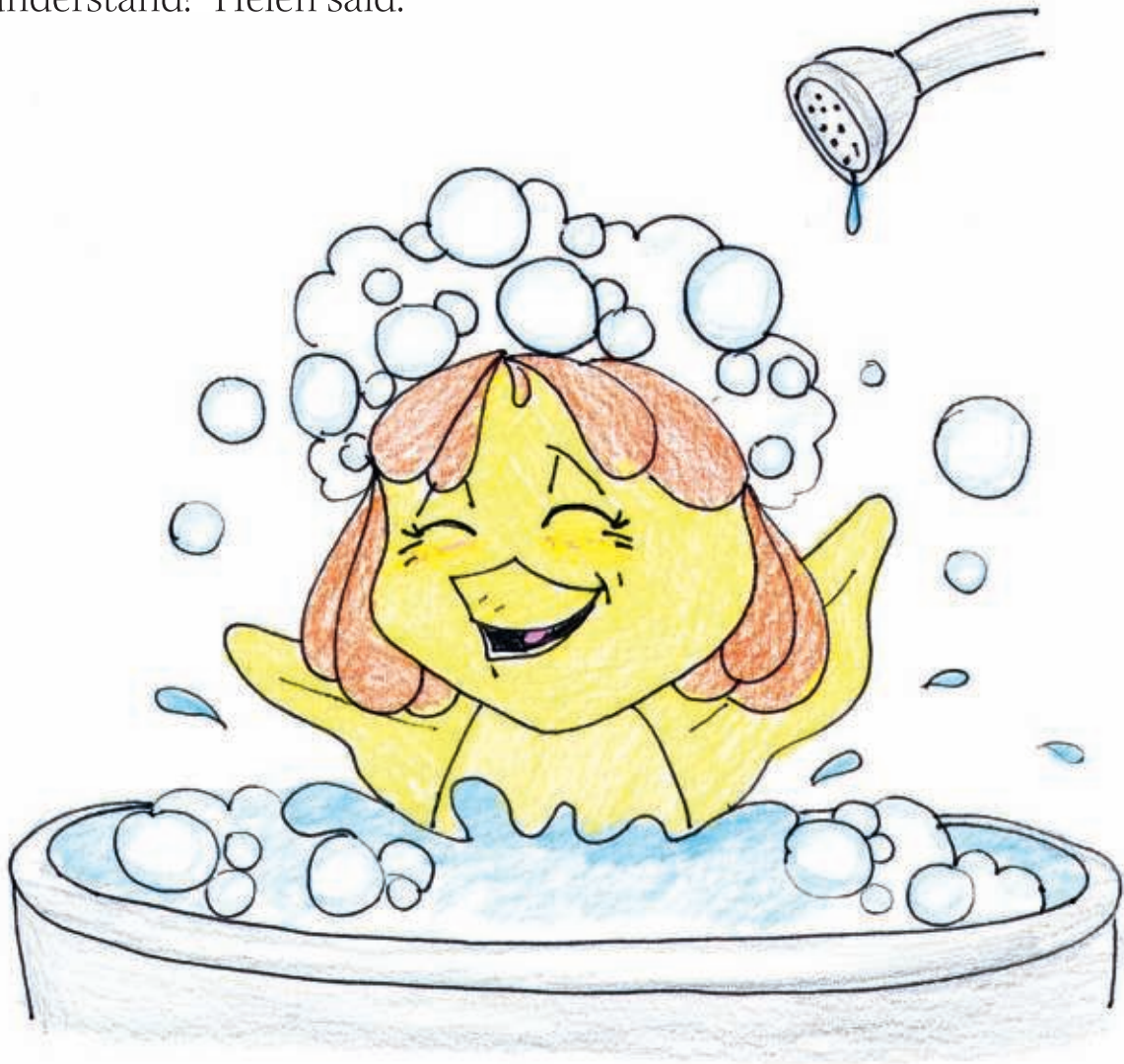
“You should never go with a stranger any place. Only go with a person you know, like a relative or a close friend of your parents.”



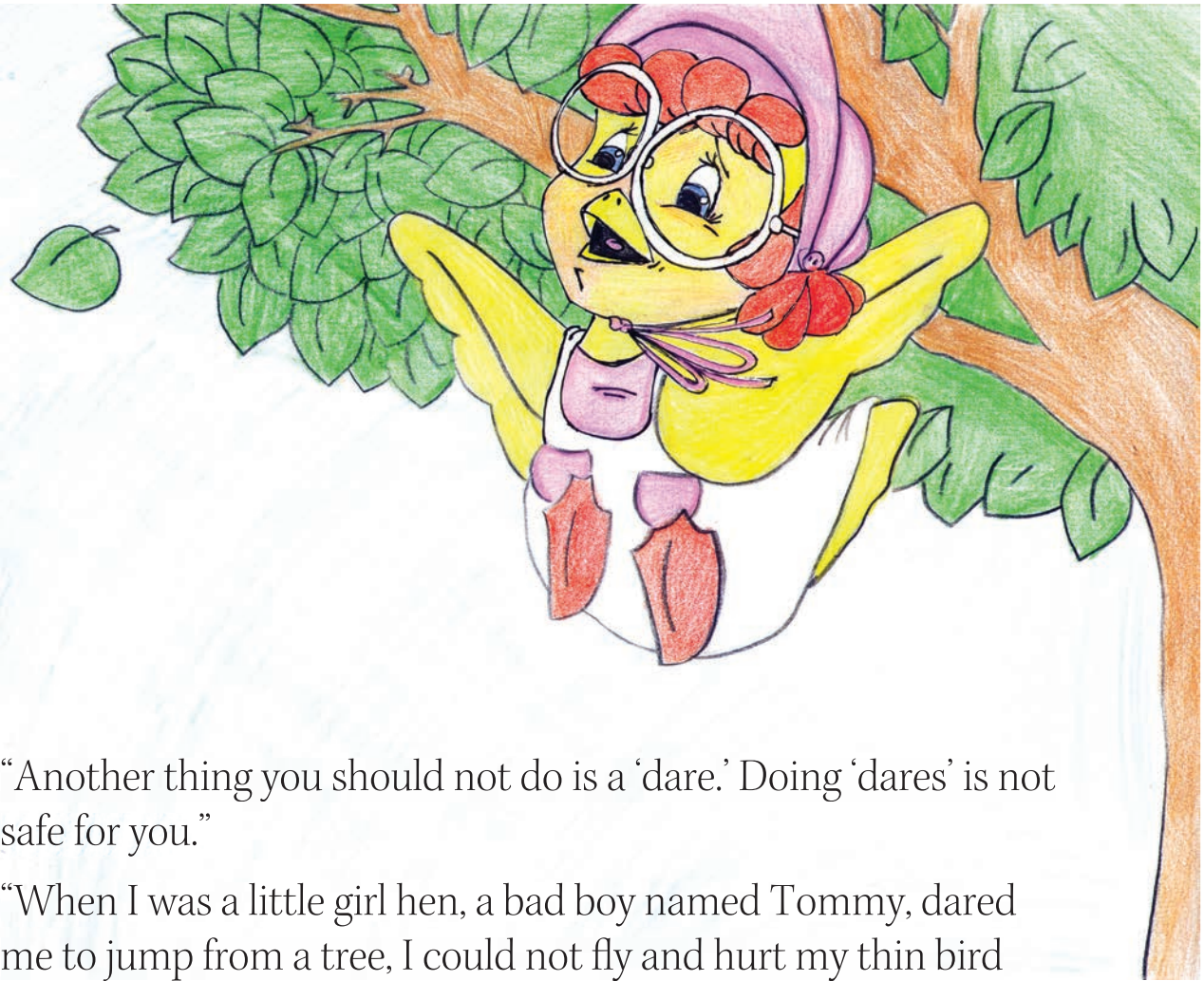
“Another lesson is a little weird, but you need to know it. If anyone touches you in your private place, in your pants, tell your parents and me. It is not right for adults to touch your private place,” she said.

“Private parts are only touched quickly to get you clean. I know this is weird, but some bad adults like to touch the private parts of children. They do not care you do not want to be touched often in your private place.”

“I understand!” Helen said.







“Another thing you should not do is a ‘dare.’ Doing ‘dares’ is not safe for you.”

“When I was a little girl hen, a bad boy named Tommy, dared me to jump from a tree, I could not fly and hurt my thin bird knee,” Grandmother said.

“It was not fun for me. I cried and called for my Mommy.”





“Some older kids might bring alcohol and drugs to school.”

“These goofy dumb birdbrains think it is cool. But alcohol and drugs hurt them, and they have trouble in hen school,” Grandmother said.



“Now my child you have learned enough.”

“It is time for a tasty lunch,” Grandmother said.





“And your mom told me to give you a vitamin with your seeds.”

“Why does my mom give me vitamins?” Helen asked.

“She gives them to you so you will grow big and strong, and your beak will grow long,” Grandmother said.



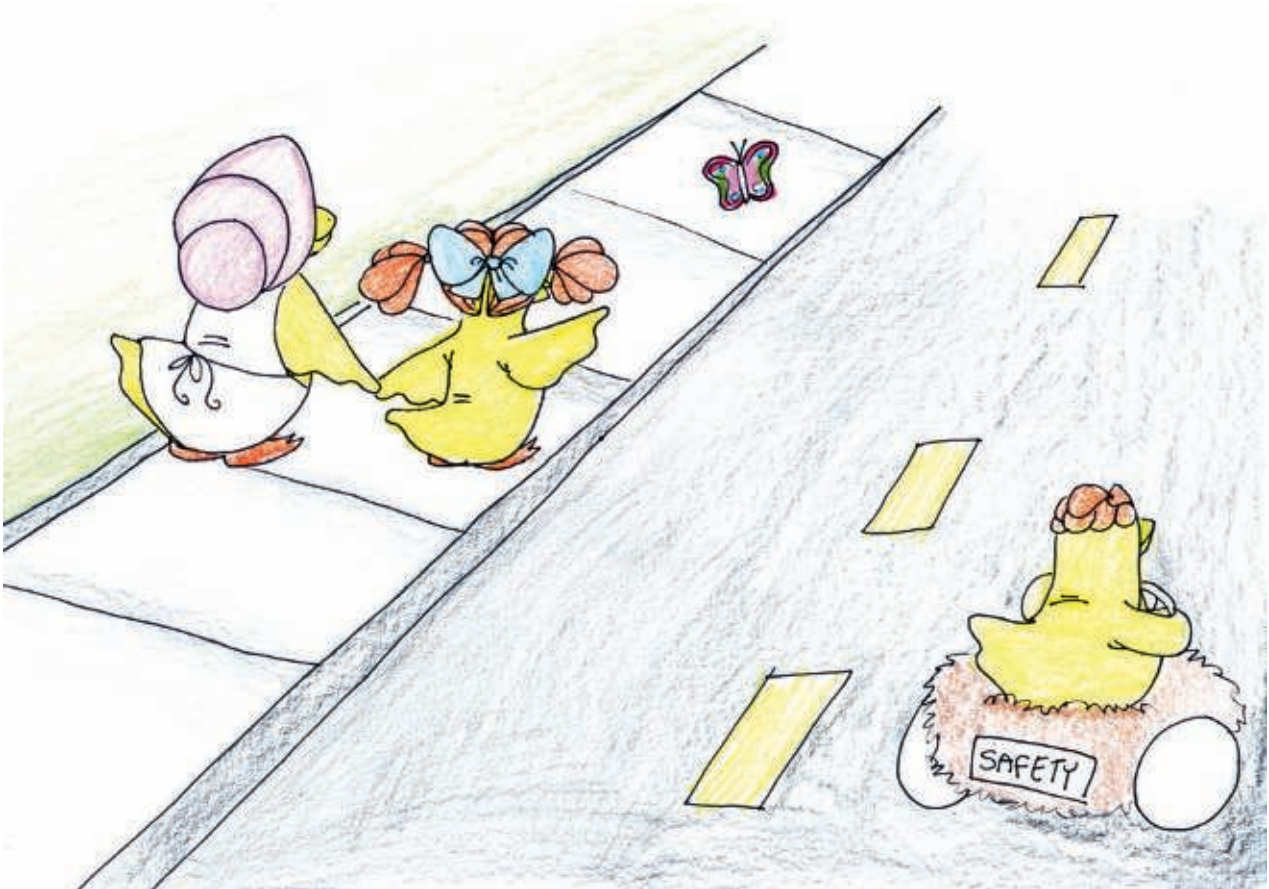
“If you do all these things, you will be safe. You will have healthy wings, and a nice beak,” Grandmother said.

“You will be healthy and happy like me. And live to be a 103!” Grandmother said.





And then Helen's Grandmother laughed.  
She gave Helen a hug and a peck on the cheek.  
Then they went for a walk on the sidewalk, safely,  
far away from the busy street.



The End

# *Gussy is Fussy*

By James Schaller, M.D.



Watercolors by Jamie Joyce



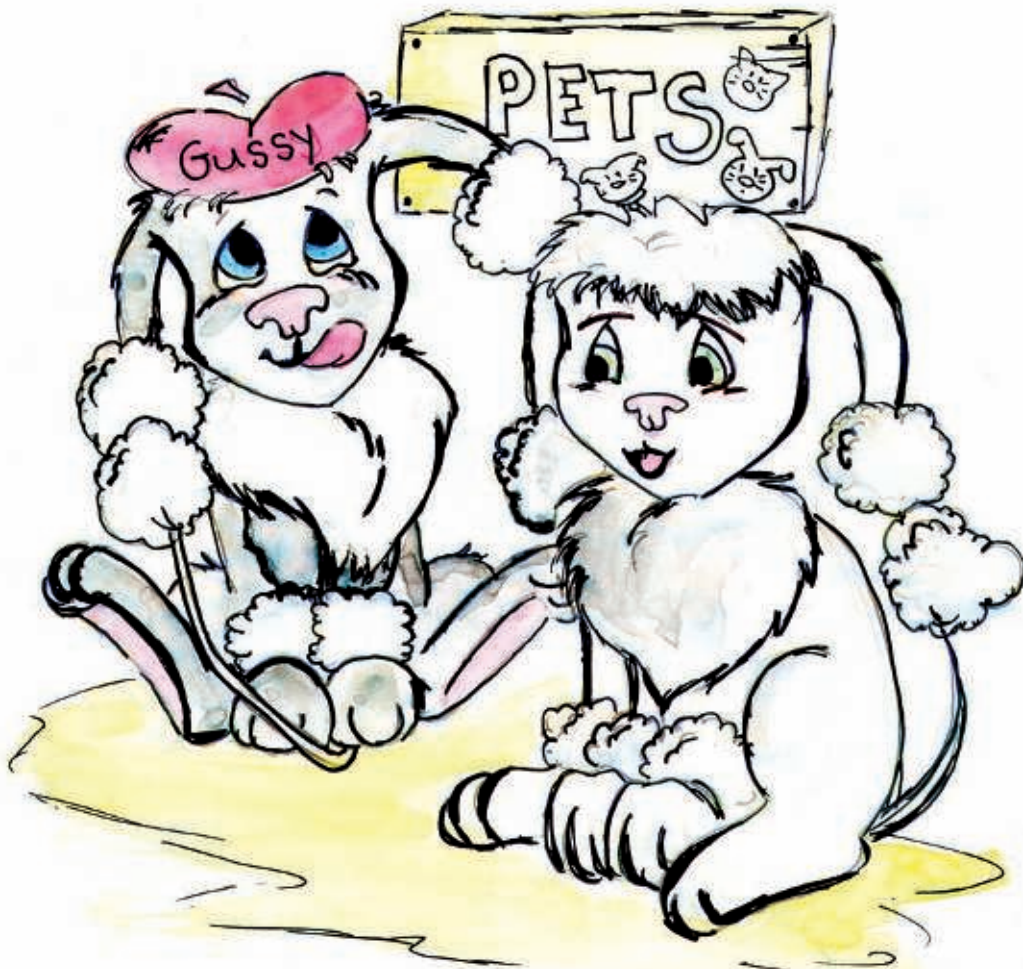


When Gussy was a baby poodle,  
I saw him, and I loved him.

He was so cute,  
I wanted to buy his sister, too.  
But my mother said, “Poodles can be fussy,  
and may want to play with you all the time.”

So we just got Gussy.

My next door neighbor, Mr. Tommy Lou, brought Gussy’s sister.  
So Gussy and I saw her every day.







My mom was right.  
Gussy wanted to play with me all the time.  
He wanted to play with me in the morning.

He wanted to play with me at dinner.







And he wanted to play with me in the middle of the night!

He liked other kids, but he really liked me.

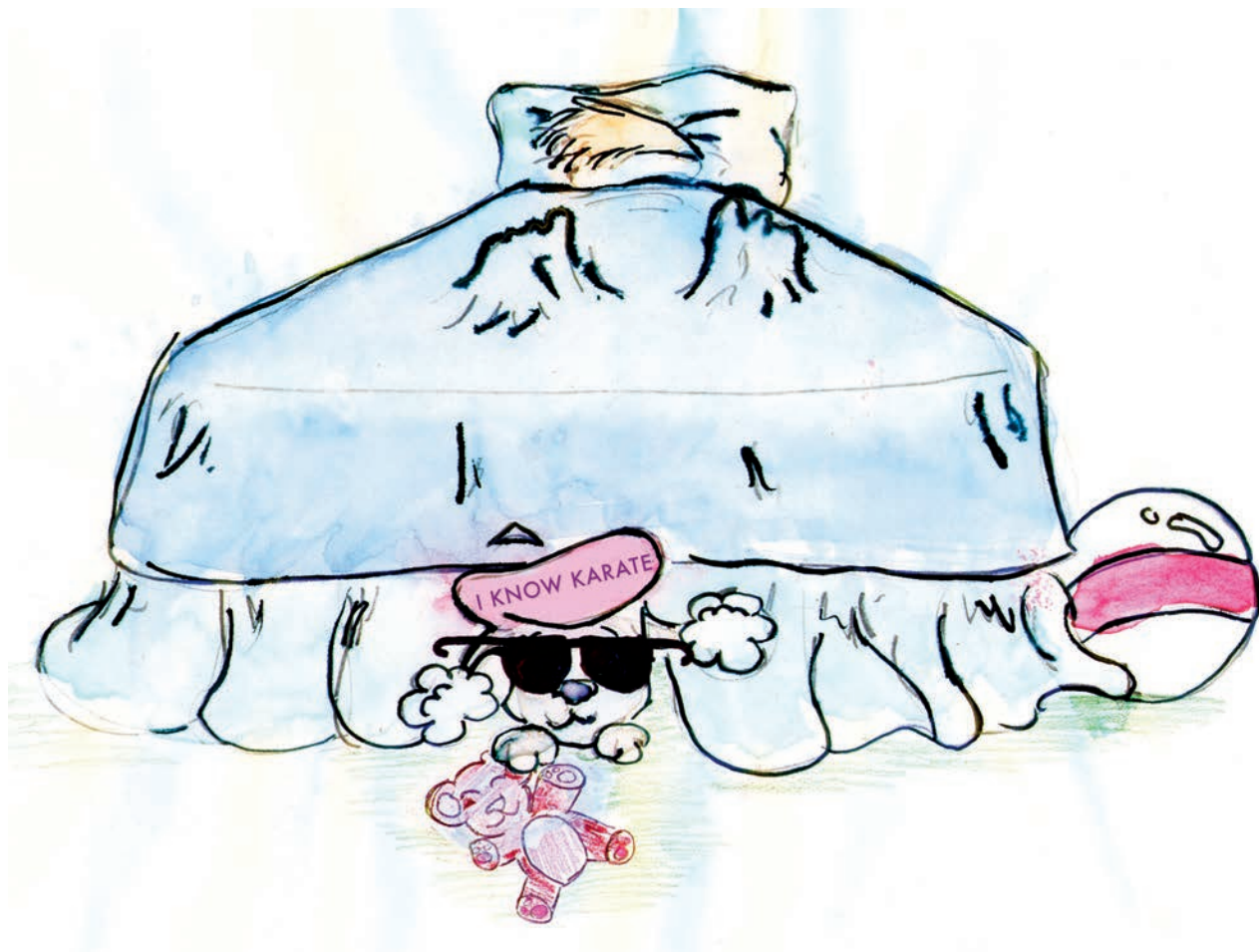




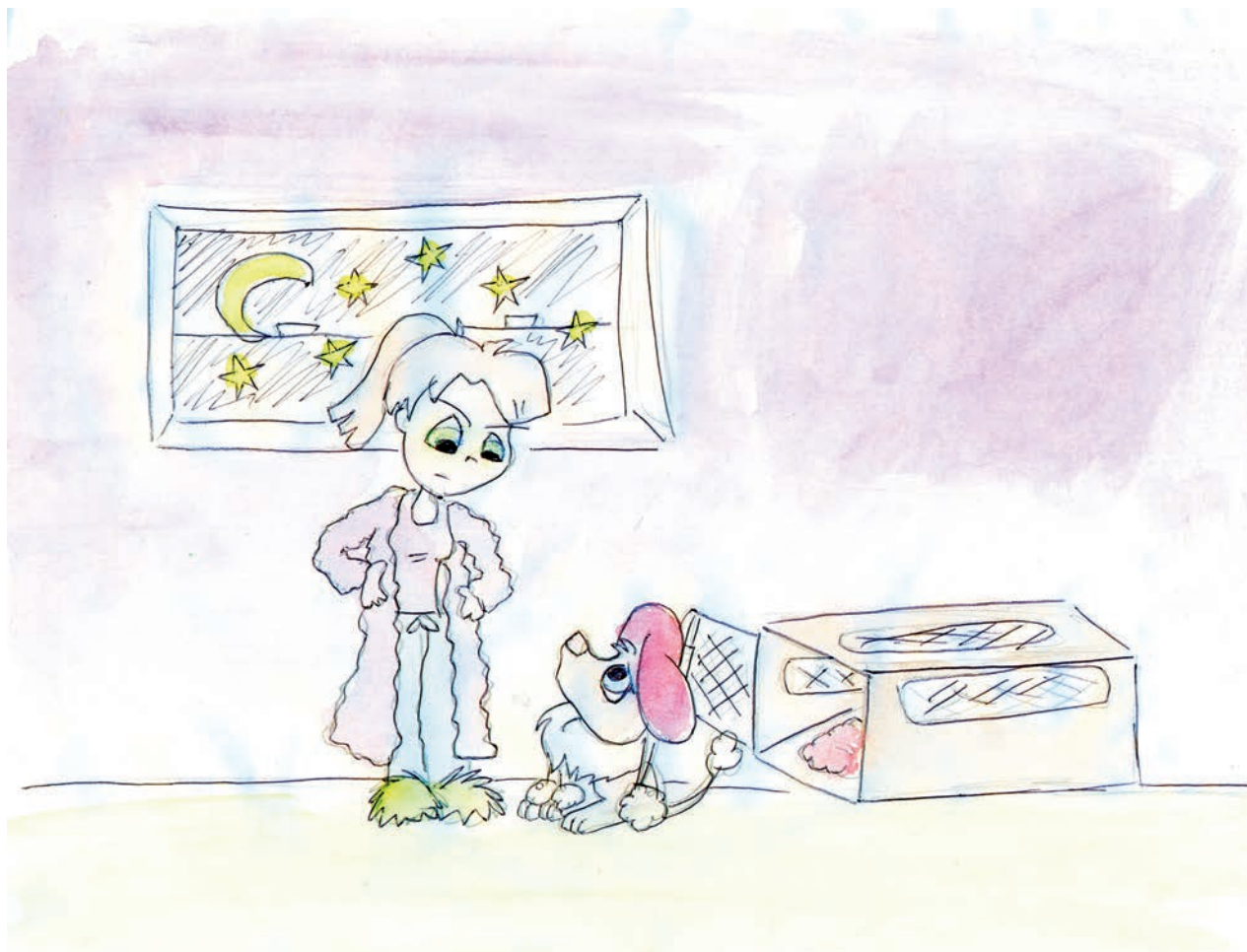


You see Gussy was fussy.  
He only loved to play with me.

At night Gussy hid under my bed.  
He liked to act like a watchdog.







But my mother took him down to his crate.  
Because he had pooped on the floor last week, when it was late.

But sometimes Gussy did not like the crate.  
He wanted to stay up late.

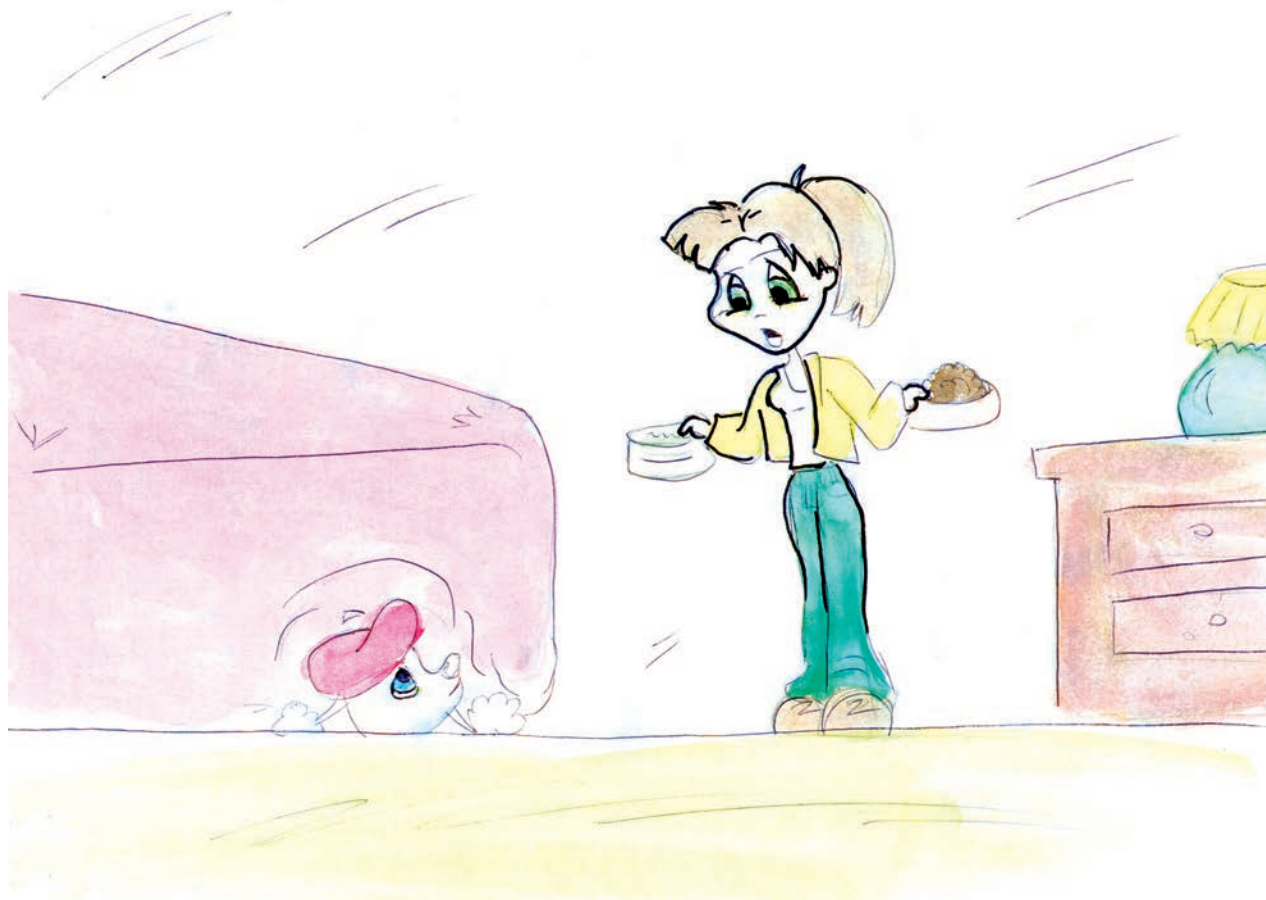






“Come out from under the bed,” my mom said.  
But Gussy refused.  
So my mom would reach under the bed to tug Gussy.  
Sometimes he would growl.

My mom laughed, “You are silly, Gussy, for growling at me.  
I buy your food.”



“Yes, let’s talk about food,” Gussy said.

“You must buy my food from Paris.

Paris food is the best.”







“Gussy, you are too fussy,” my mother said.

“I will not buy Paris food for you.

What a crazy thing to do.”

“But I need cookies and Paris cake,” Gussy whined.

“No,” my mom said, “I will buy you healthy dog food, and some bones.”

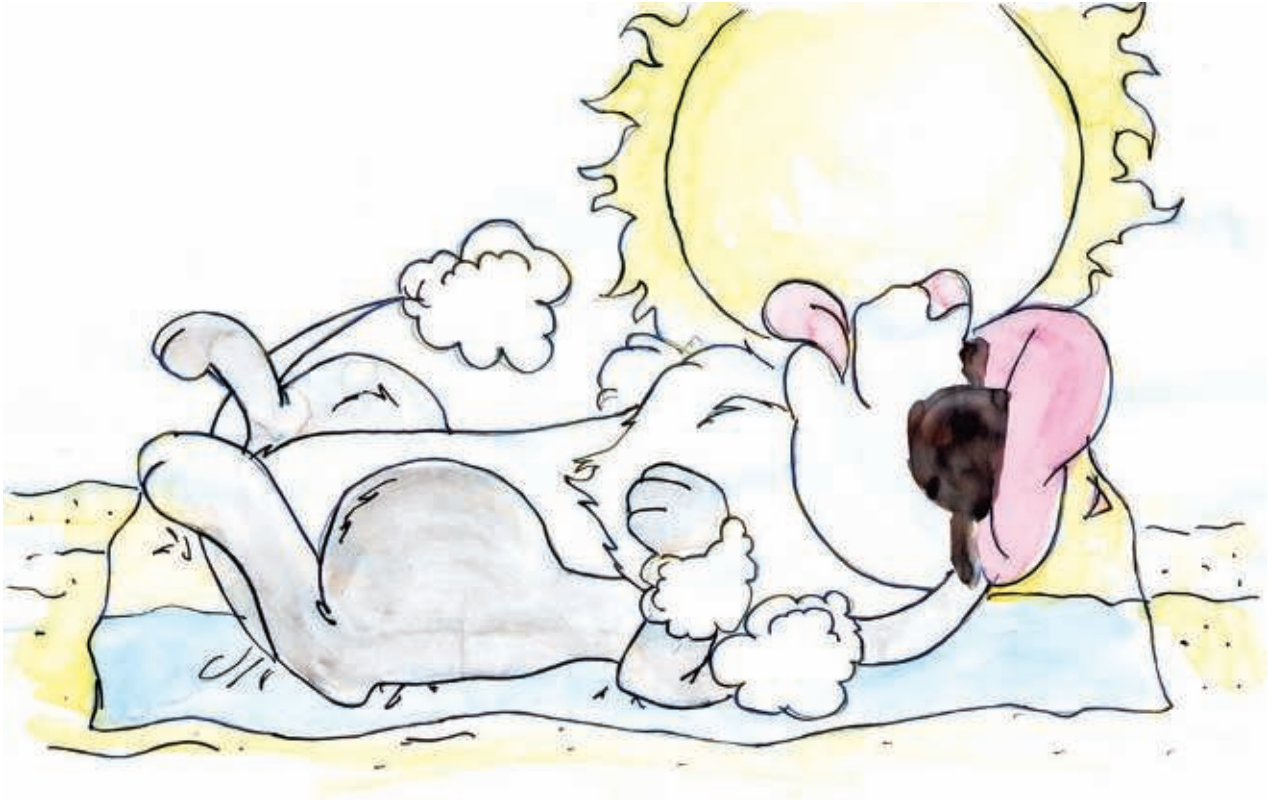
“Bones! Yuck. That will not do,” Gussy whined.

“I want cookies and cake, not bones.”

Gussy was very fussy.

Gussy liked to get a tan.

But my dad said, “Too much sun can burn you.”



But Gussy was bad. He opened the front door with his paw.

He let himself out. He ran around and did not make a sound.

But he started to frown, as the sun went down.

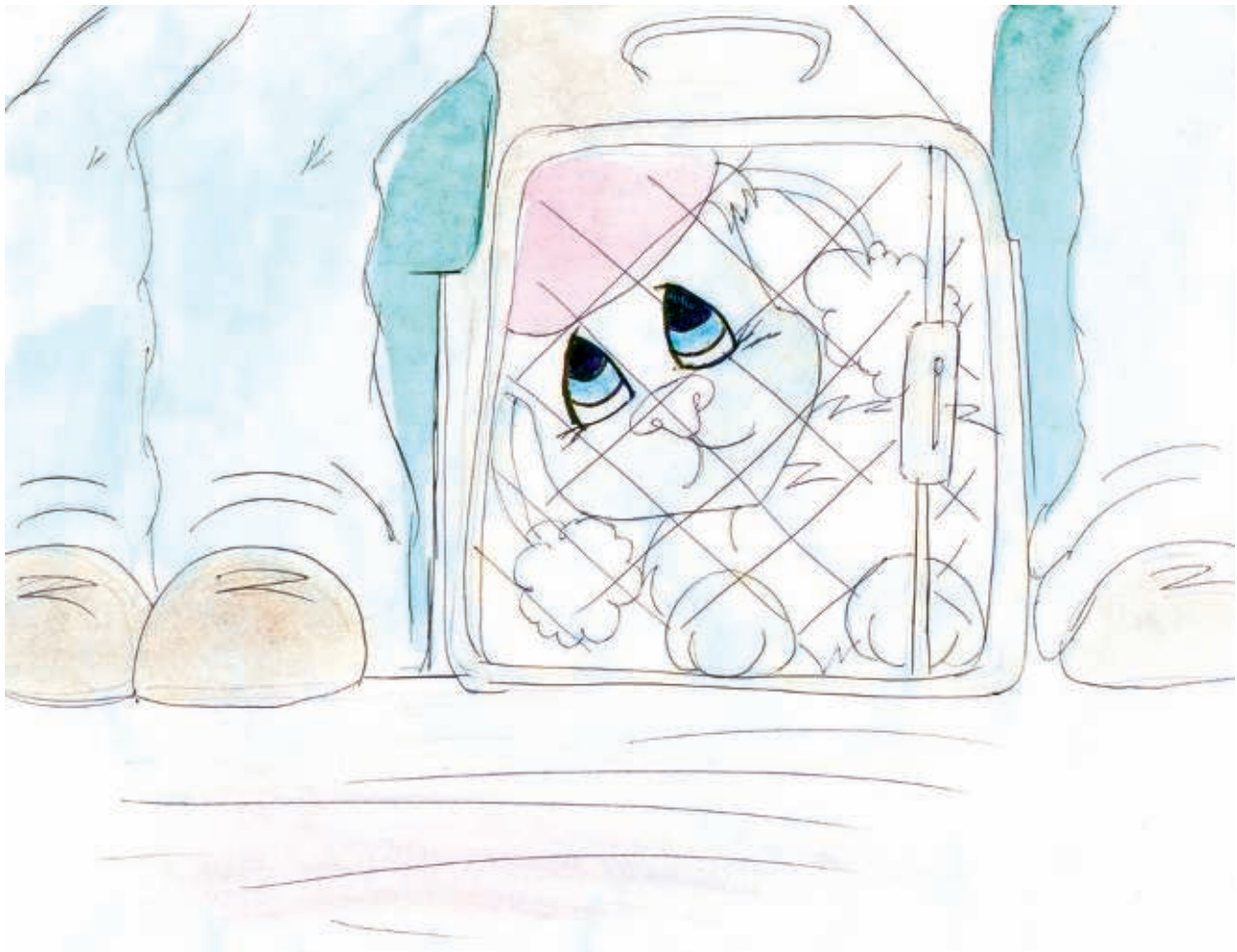
Gussy had a sunburn.

My dad was nice to him, and put medicine on his burn.  
But Gussy said, “You will think I am fussy,  
but the best medicine for a burn, is oil from a fern.”



“Gussy, I think that is fussy,”  
my dad said. “Oil from a fern will not help a burn.”





After Gussy was better, we went on a plane.

He was in a special doggy carrier bag.

It went under my seat.

It was really fun and neat.

And Gussy liked to fly in the plane.  
He would come out and sit on the seat.  
He loved to look in our doggy bag,  
to see what he was going to eat.  
He was looking for cookies and French cake.





When I went to go to the bathroom,  
Gussy jumped up and ran down the plane.  
“Hey, don’t forget Gussy,” he yelled, as he ran after me.



But the airline man did not like what he saw;

“Hey Gussy, this is a plane.

It is not a place for games.

Please get back in your seat.”

Gussy obeyed.

He went back to his seat to eat cookies and cake.





Gussy is fussy, but he is also nice.  
He is nice to little animals.  
My dad got a bird.  
Gussy was happy when he heard the bird.  
He sang to the bird and asked,  
“What do you think of my song?”

And the bird said, "That is very good for a dog."  
Gussy was fussy, and tried to sing "perfect songs."  
But the bird said, "Just have fun with your songs."  
And he and the bird sang long into the night.  
Gussy stopped trying to make his songs perfect and right.







Gussy is fussy about his dog treats.

Mom finds them in the wash basket every week.

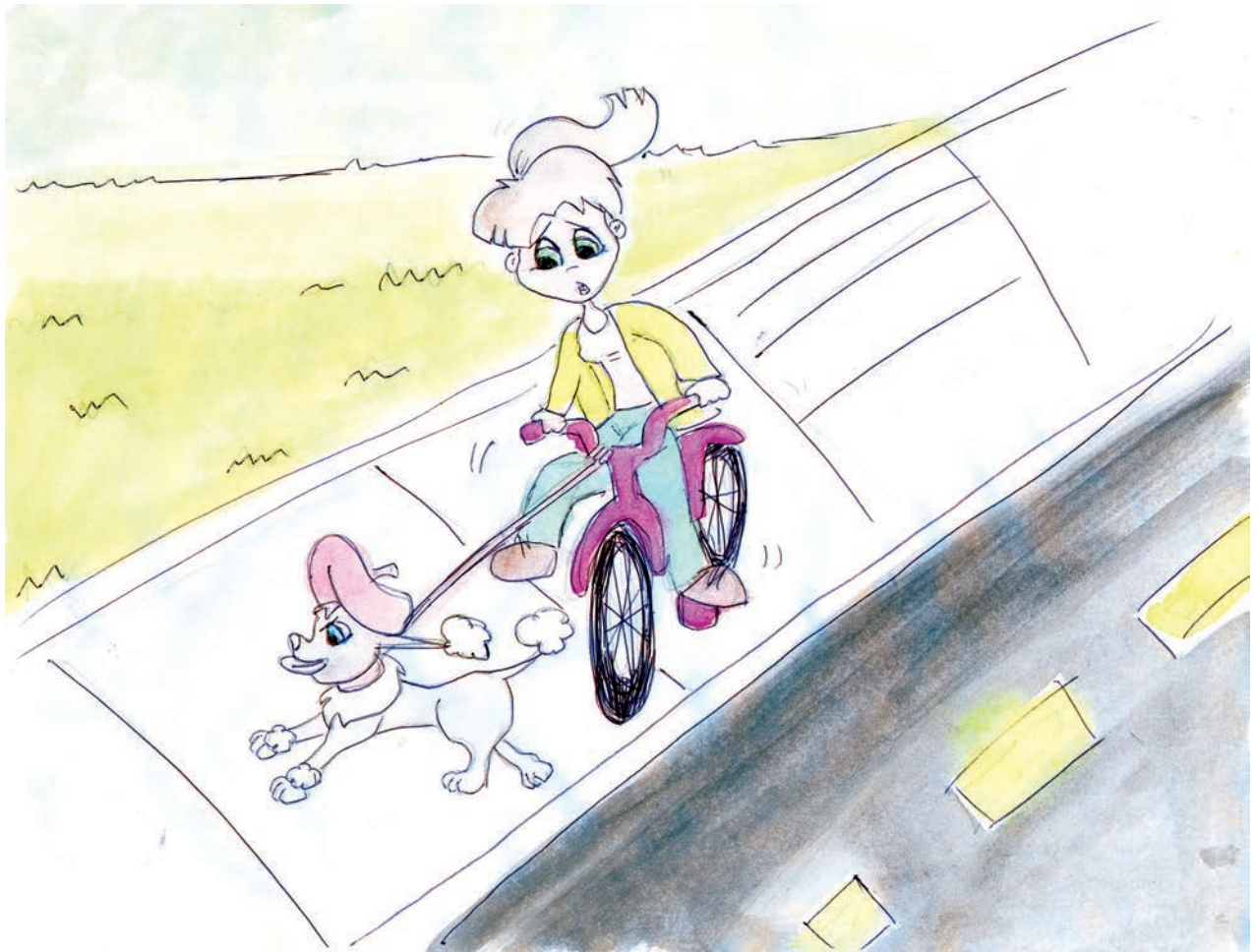
“Why are your treats in the basket of wash?” my mom asked.

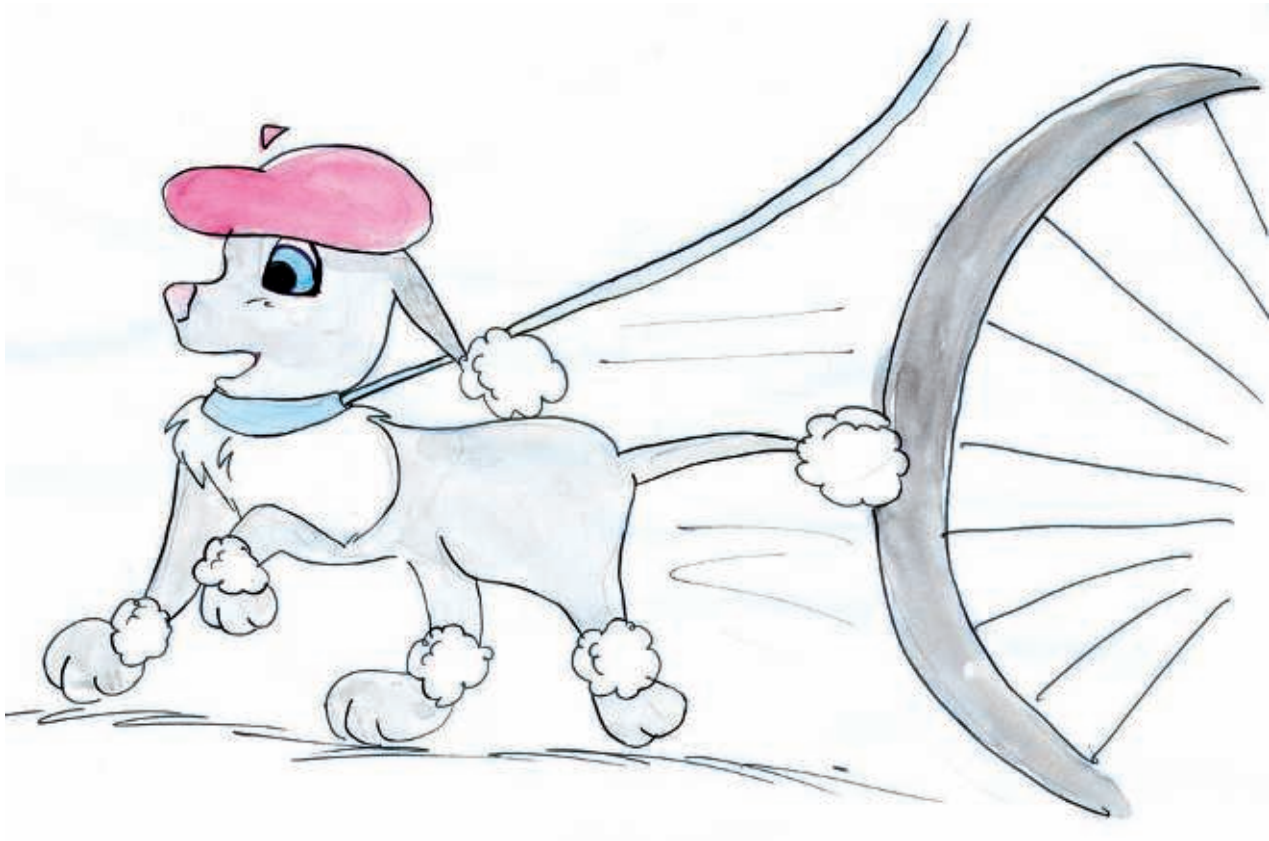
“Because I want them to be clean and shiny,  
like the top of French cake,” he said.

“Gussy,” my Mom said, “you are totally fussy.”

Mom takes Gussy out on her bike.  
He does not ride the bike; he runs by her side.  
He runs on a long, long leash,  
So he will not run off.

Some people say, "What a poor little dog being dragged along."  
My mom just shakes her head. "They are totally wrong," she says.  
"Gussy is stronger than steel, and runs very fast.  
That hound is the one dragging me!"





And as they ride down the street Gussy runs too fast.  
My mom calls out “Slow down, slow down!”  
But Gussy runs and sticks out his chest.  
He wants the beagles and boxers to see he is tough.  
My mom sure loves Gussy.  
Or she would not put up with his nonsense.



Gussy is fussy around a pool.

I should be cleaner, with a shinier coat, “ he said.

“But I do not want water on my head.”



He put his paw in the water, but curled up his toes.

“The water must be cleaner, if I am to wet my nose.”



My dad heard this and started to laugh.

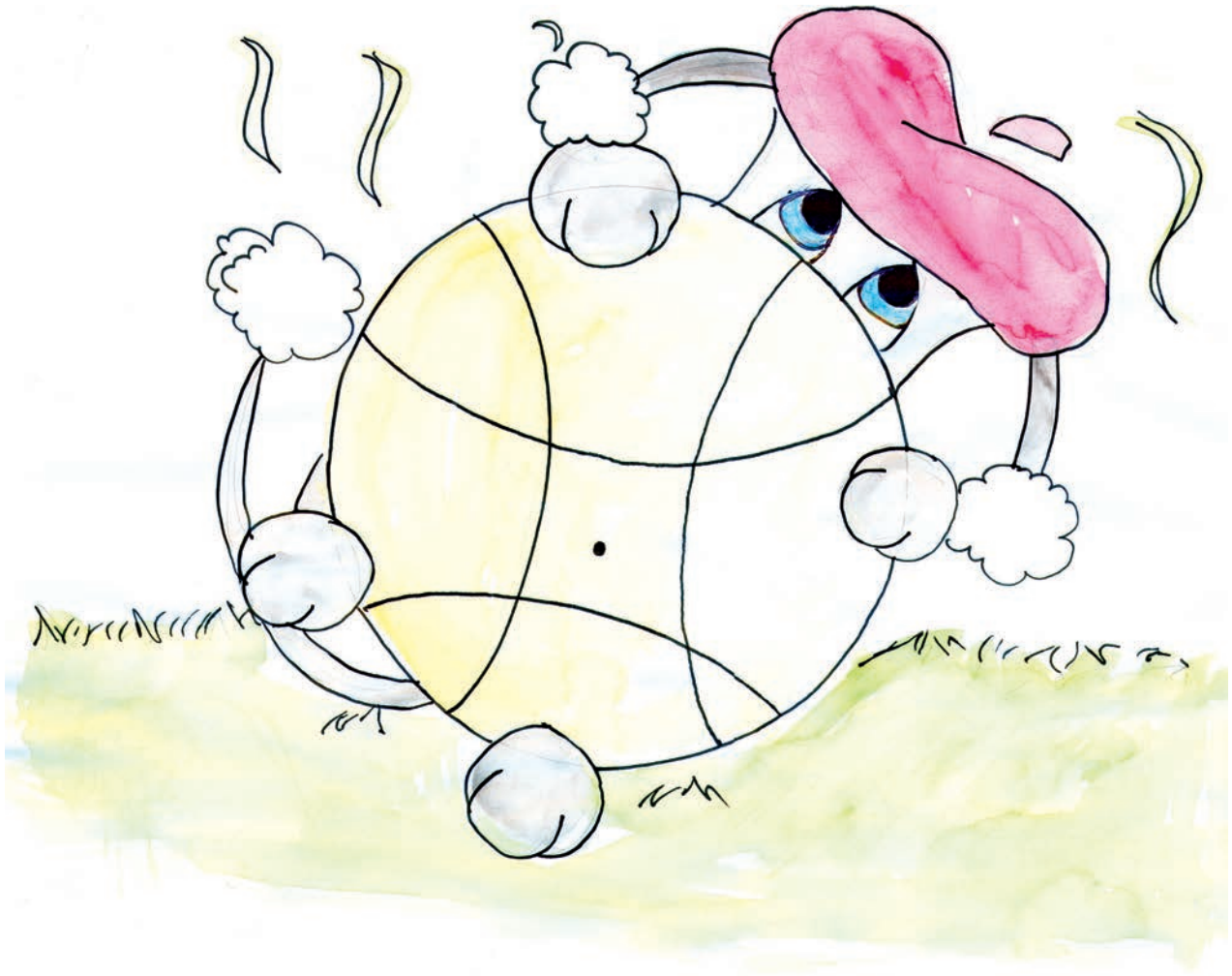
“Gussy, you are fussy.”

So Dad let him run through the garden hose.

My friends Eddie, Peter and Pete, come to play with me after school.  
Gussy thinks he is a kid too, and tries to act real cool.  
We play basketball, baseball, and Kalamazoo pool.







Gussy joins in all these games,  
and no one tells him he smells like a zoo.

Gussy is a fussy eater.

Since he does not believe he is a dog,  
he asks for people food.

Gussy asks that the spice be “just right.”

“Look in this mirror,” my mom said. “You are a dog.”

“All I see is a French movie star,” Gussy said.

“And a very handsome one.”





My mom shook her head.  
She said, "I do not know what to say.  
You are handsome, but you are a dog."

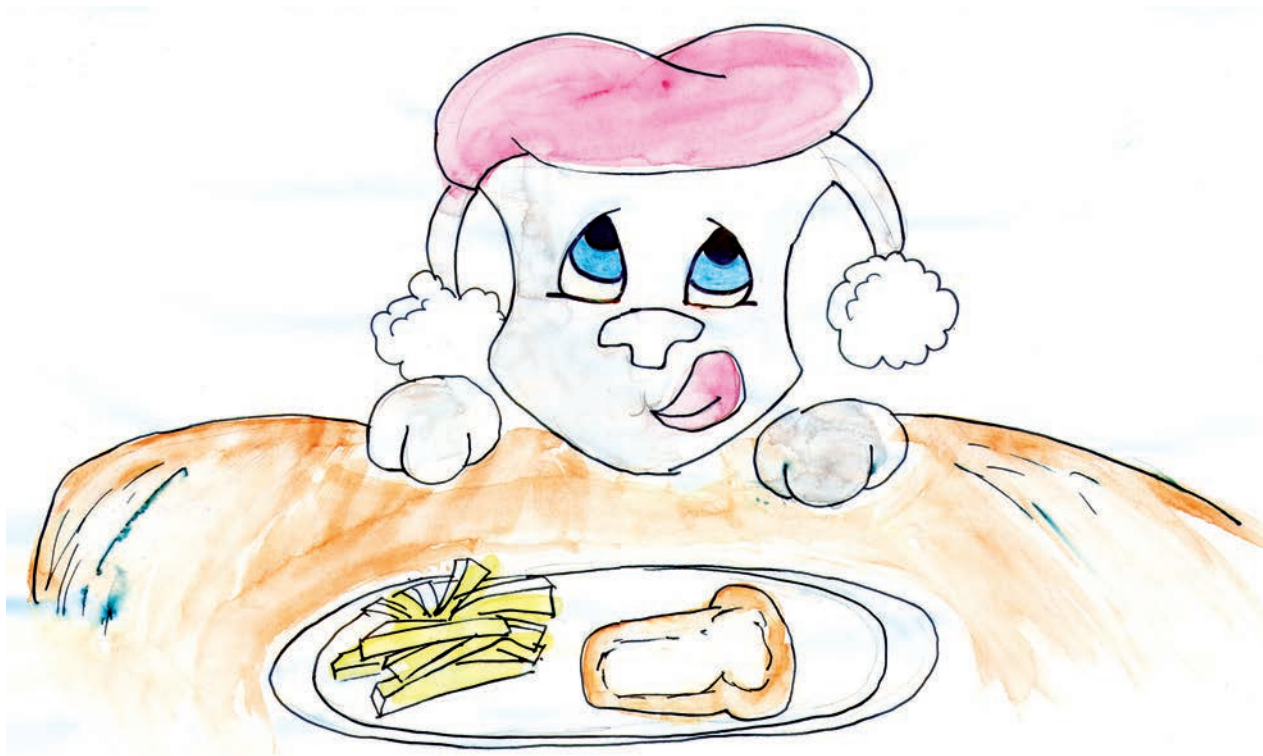
"Okay," Gussy said. "I will agree I am a dog,  
if I can eat French cake, and not eat like a hog."



Gussy sneaks people food.

If we walk away from our meal,  
he jumps on top of the table.





He eats our French toast and French Fries!

“What did I do wrong? he asked.

“I am a French poodle, so I like French food.

Do you have any cookies or cake?

And I would love some noodles.”

My mother does not like to hear this nonsense.

“Gussy I like you,” she said. “But you cannot eat our food.

It is rude.”

Gussy is fussy, but now he knows where to poop.  
He stands at the door and twirls in a loop.  
My mom lets Gussy out of his crate.  
Then he goes to the bathroom outside,  
and not when it is too late.







In the morning, Gussy tries to jump in our van.

“I am coming to your school to study French!” he says.

“But Gussy, my school is fussy,” I explain.

And does not allow dogs to come to school.”

“Of course they don’t, but I am not a dog,  
I am a French Prince, and a Duke of Tooly.”

Gussy is fussy and fun.

He is really like no one.

He thinks he is a King's son.

He is funny, silly, and jumps higher than a bunny.



Gussy is happy when I get home.







He jumps up and down.  
And runs all around.  
He treats me nice.  
So I do not care if he is a little fussy.

All I know is that Gussy is fussy.  
But he is not fussy about me.  
He really loves to play with me.



Gussy is a good dog.  
He loves me.  
And I love him.

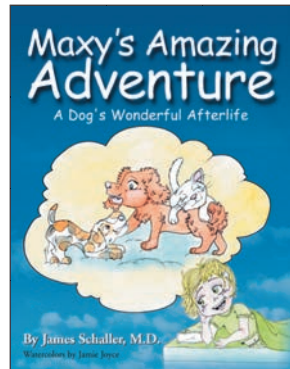
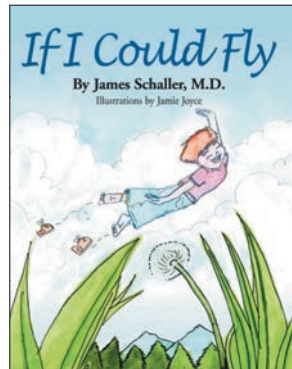
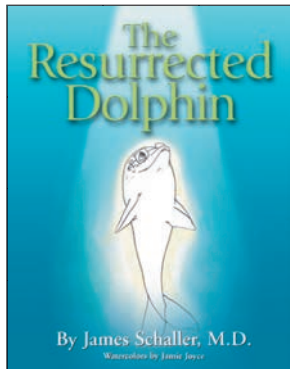


The End

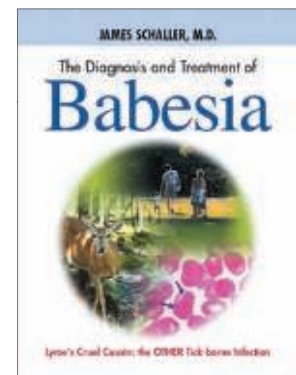
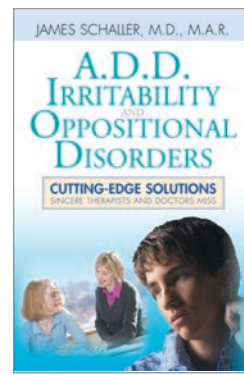
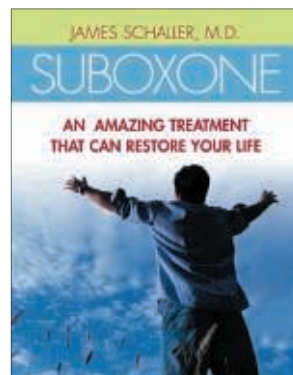
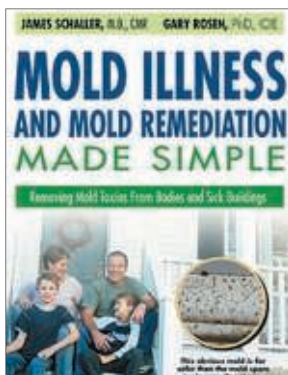


# GOD BOOKS — VOLUME 1

Exciting books teaching safe living and God's unconditional love.  
(Look Forward to the Upcoming Books in Volume 3)



## Cutting-Edge Medical Health Books



Doctor Schaller is the author of over 23 books, but he also is the author of many serious and inventive medical treatments, including cures for child and adult problems. His articles have been published in:

Journal of the American Medical Association • American Journal of Psychiatry  
AMA News • Journal of the American Society of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry  
Medscape (Academic Journal of WebMD) • OB/GYN News • Townsend Journal  
European Journal of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry  
Compounding Pharmaceuticals: Triad • Psychiatric Drug Alerts  
Fleming Revell Press (Four Languages) • Clinical Psychiatry News  
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Family Practice News • Internet Journal of Family Medicine  
Spire Mass Market Books • Child and Adolescent Psychiatry Drug Alerts



# Playful Fresh Stories of Faith

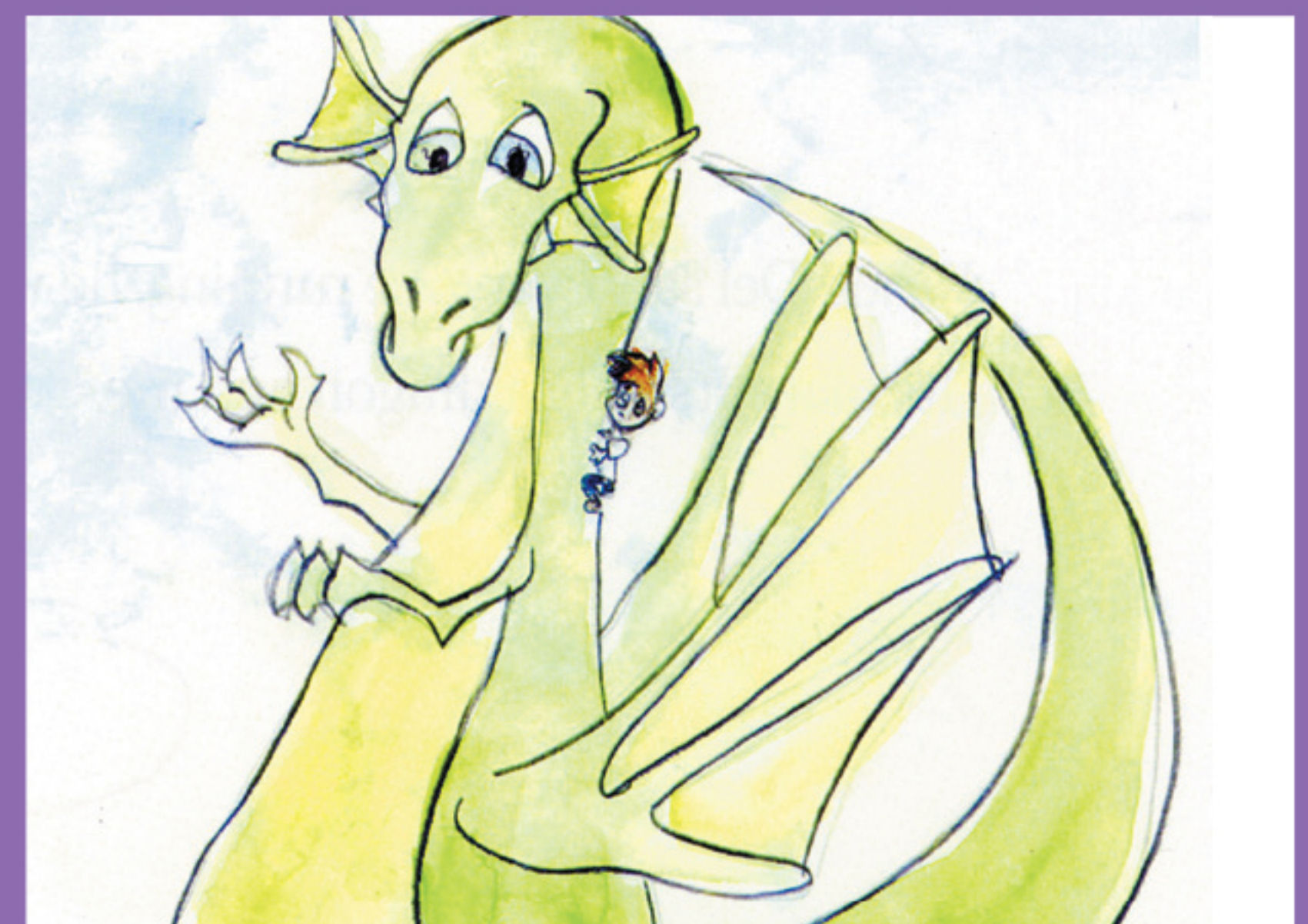
Teach Your Child Love, Parental Wisdom, Safety Skills,  
Joy, Simple Fun and the Amazing Love of God.



Dr. James Schaller is the author of 23 books. He is a highly creative therapist and physician who cures and comforts children from all over the world. His message to children is that they are never alone and are deeply loved.

As someone with two theology degrees, he feels it is very important that children know that God is bigger than their fears and worries.

“Dr. J.” knows and loves children. His care includes many medical breakthroughs and “cures” to help children.



Dr. Schaller began his medical career in Pediatric and Adult Psychiatry. Now, his powerful insights are published in many of the world’s top medical journals and newspapers. But more importantly, his trained understanding of children allows him to comfort them with the nurturing creative power of picture books. His writings have been translated into five languages.

“Dr. J.” will do almost anything to amuse a child, including dancing and singing in his office. “What music is more lovely than hearing a child laugh?” asks Dr. J.

Visit **[www.personalconsult.com](http://www.personalconsult.com)**, where millions have read his helpful ideas.

Dr. Schaller resides with his wife and children in Florida.

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