

GOD BOOKS

Amazing Picture Tales for Children

Stories Bursting with Love, Delight,
Silliness, Safety Lessons, Nurture,
and the Tender Care of God

The Master Children's Collection from Schaller & Joyce



*To My Mother, Marianne Haas Schaller
and
To My Father, James Schaller, MD*

*And to the Precious People of Haiti,
I Hope You Experience a Total Rebirth*

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Illustrations and Cover Art by Jamie Joyce

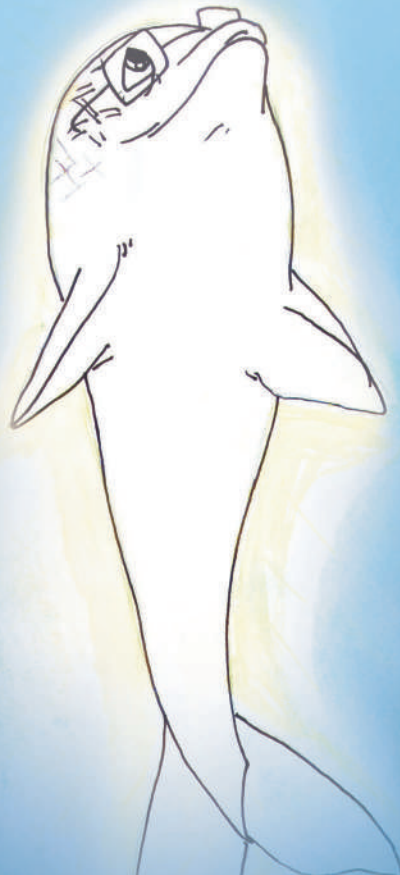
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The Resurrected Dolphin

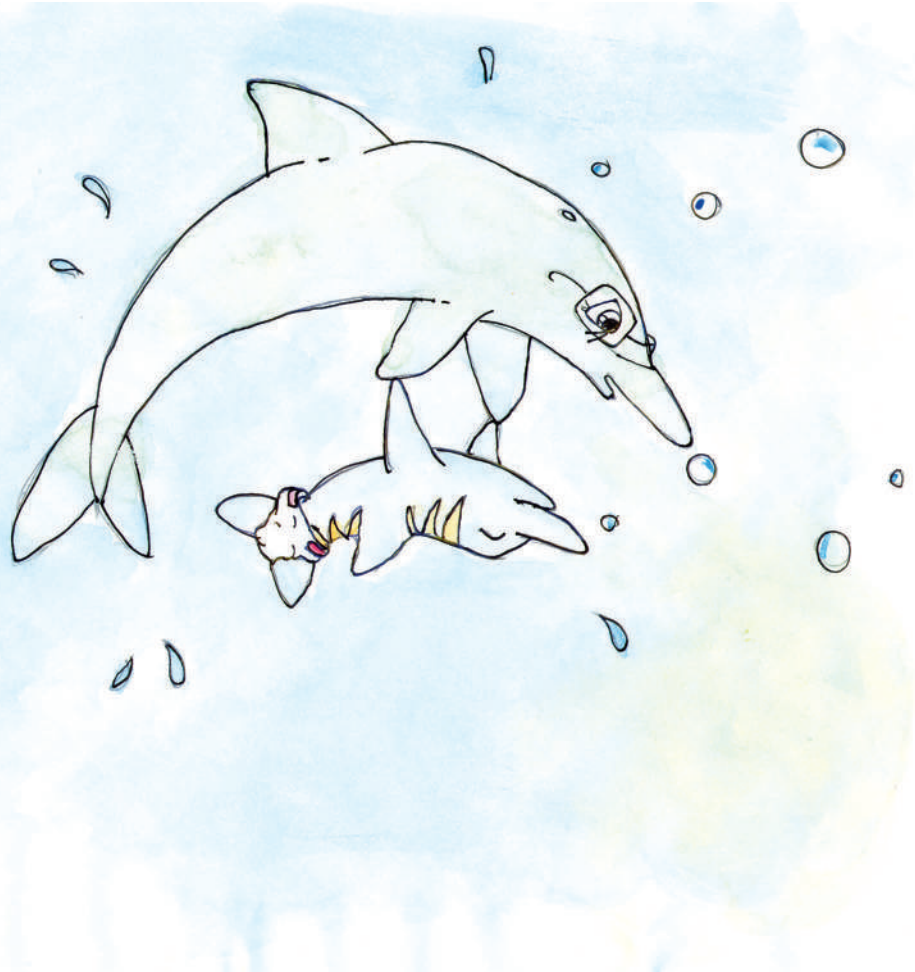


I am going to tell you the greatest dolphin story ever told.

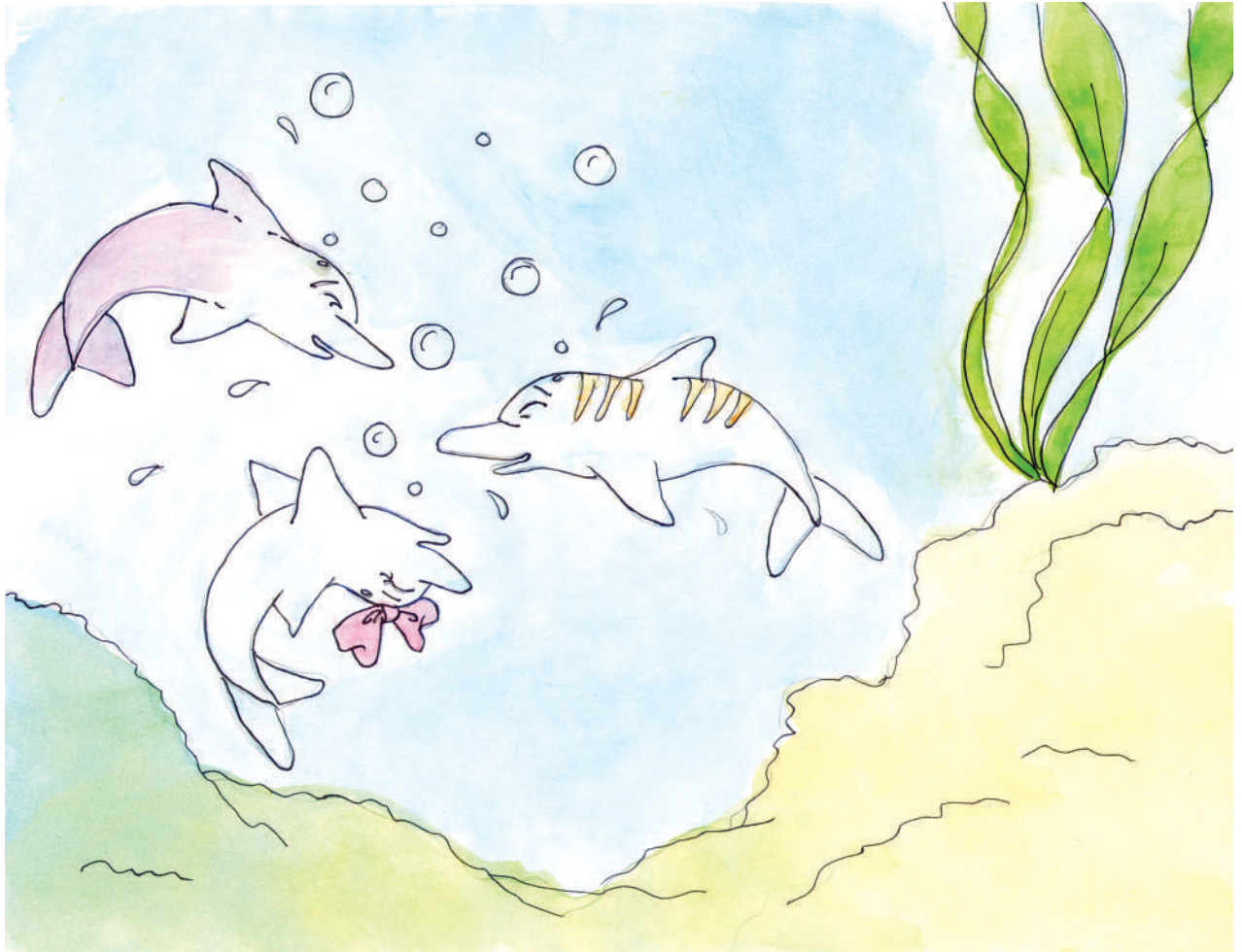


My name is Shin.

I was born in the beautiful blue, sunny water.



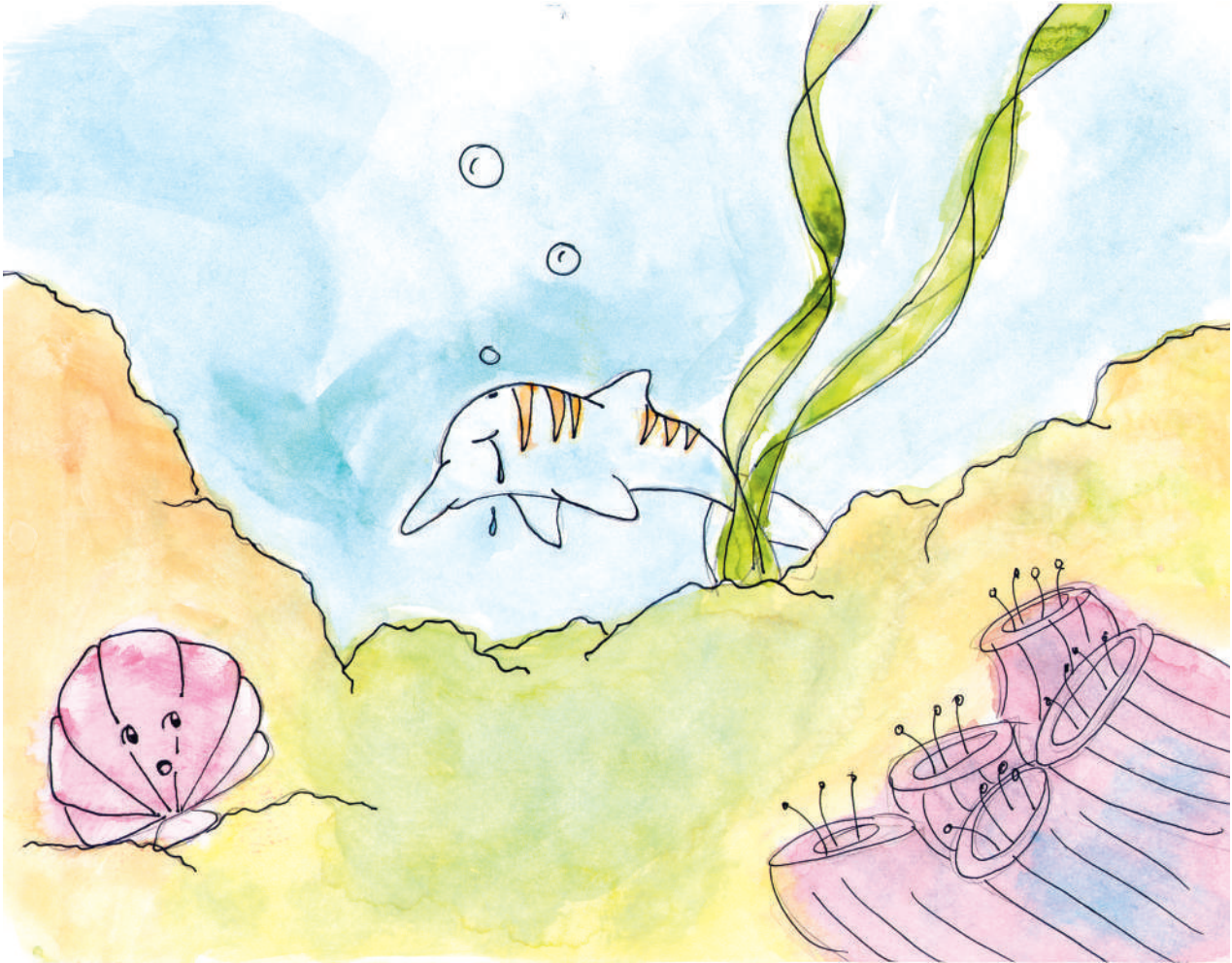
As a dolphin child, I loved to play in the pretty water.
I had a few friends, but never as many as I wanted.



I was a regular dolphin.

I was not the fastest or the smartest. I wished that I was special.

I even wished for super-dolphin powers.

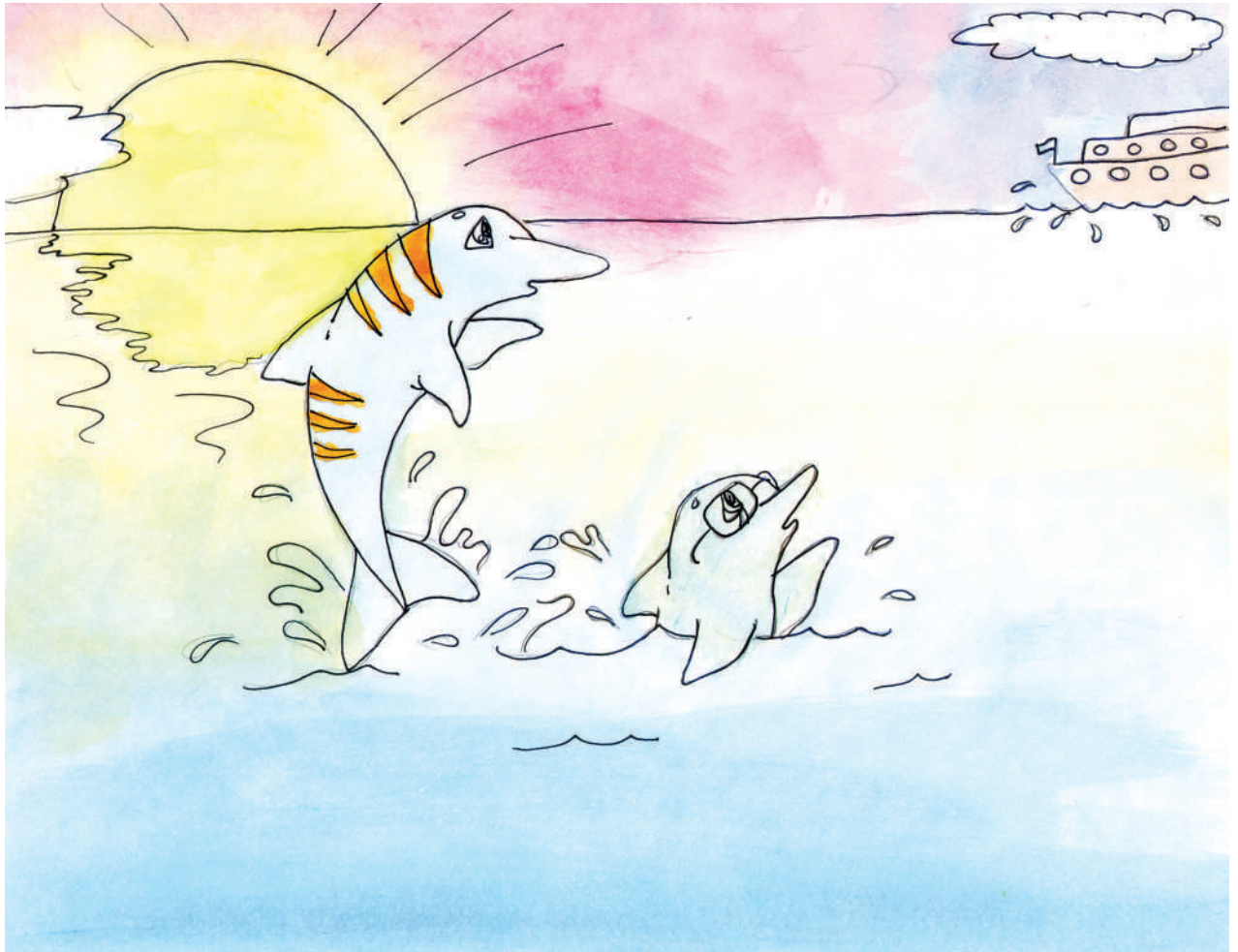


Often my family and I would see boats on the bright water.

My Father and Mother told me **to never go near a boat.**

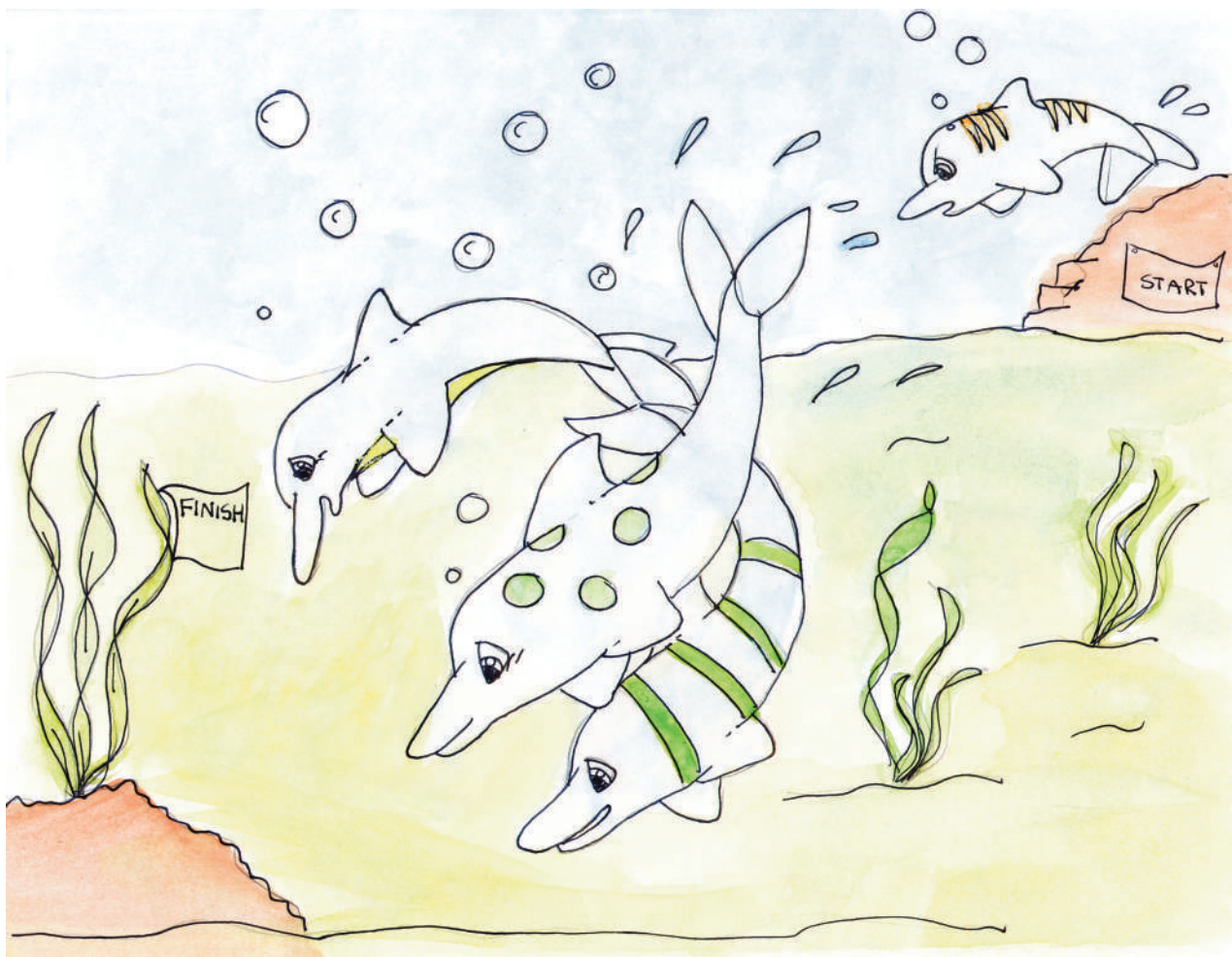
And my Grandfather told me, “Some boats are nice and some are bad.”

You have to be very wise to know if it is a safe boat or a dangerous one.



One day I was playing with Mac, Jiff and Lan.
We were racing from rock to rock.

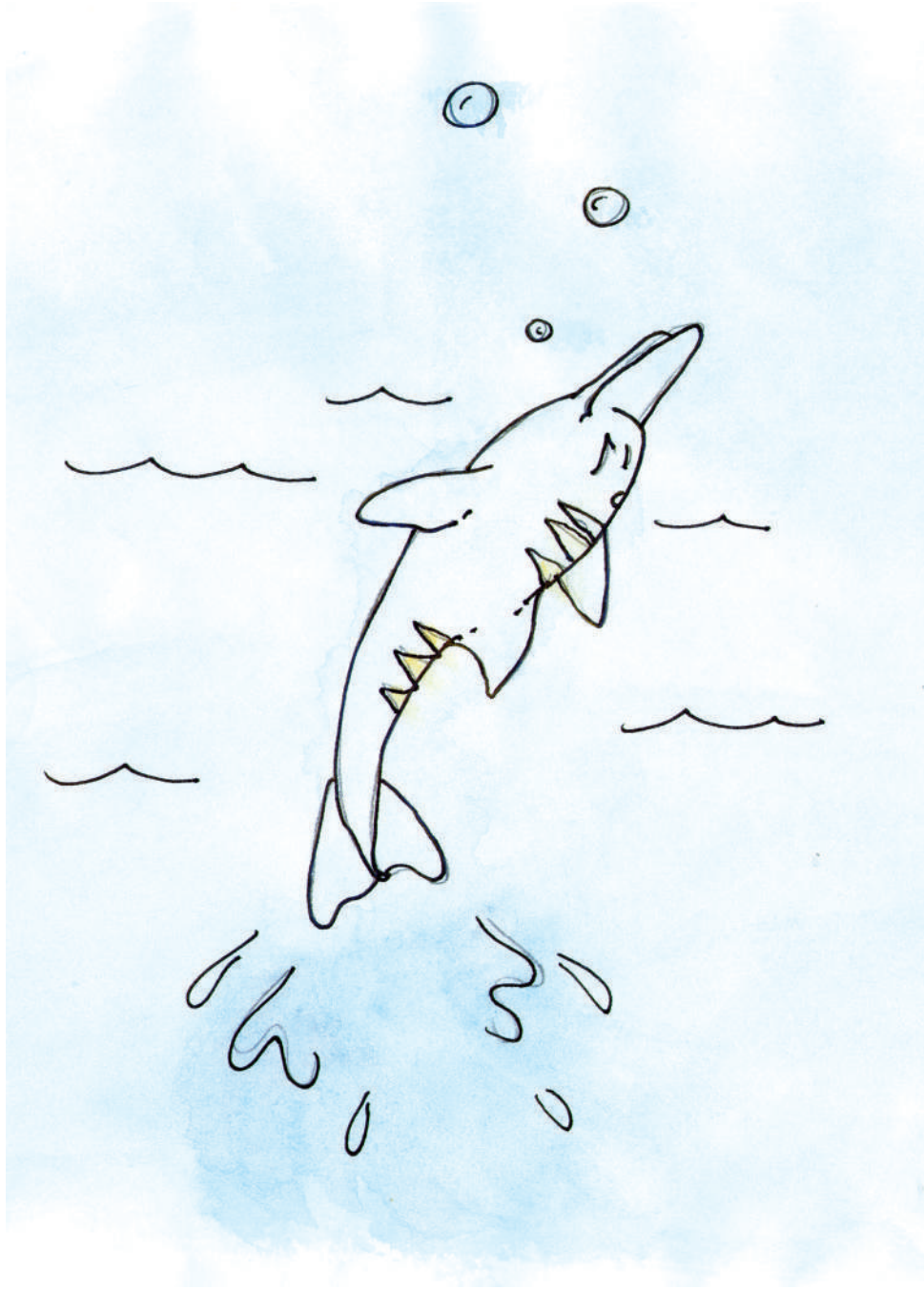
I was mad — I kept losing the races.



Then a large boat with many lights came close.

I swam fast toward the boat to show my courage and bravery.

I felt the other kids would think I was strong.



As I came close to the boat, I was scared.

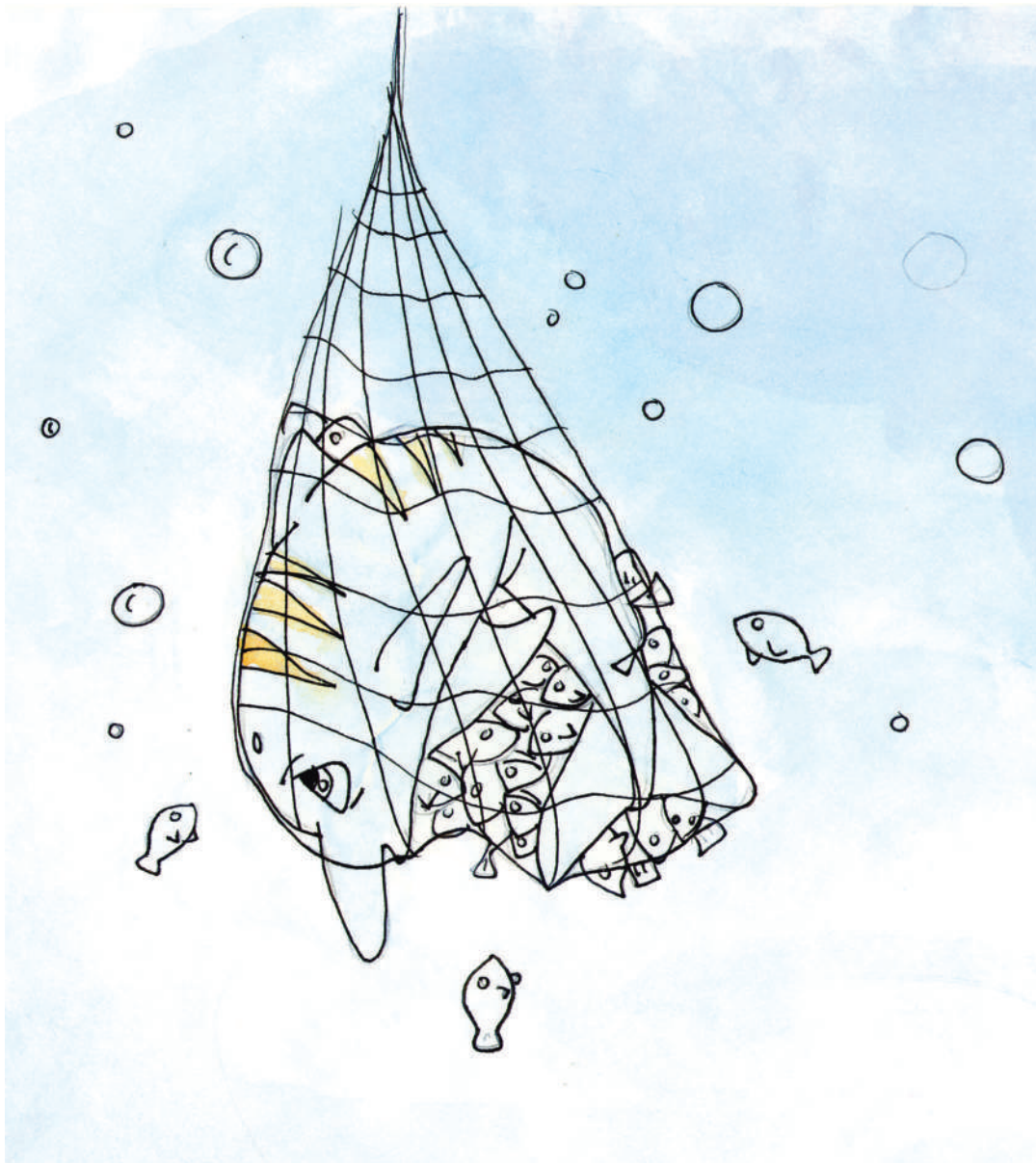
It was so big.

I remembered what my Father and Grandfather said about “bad boats.”

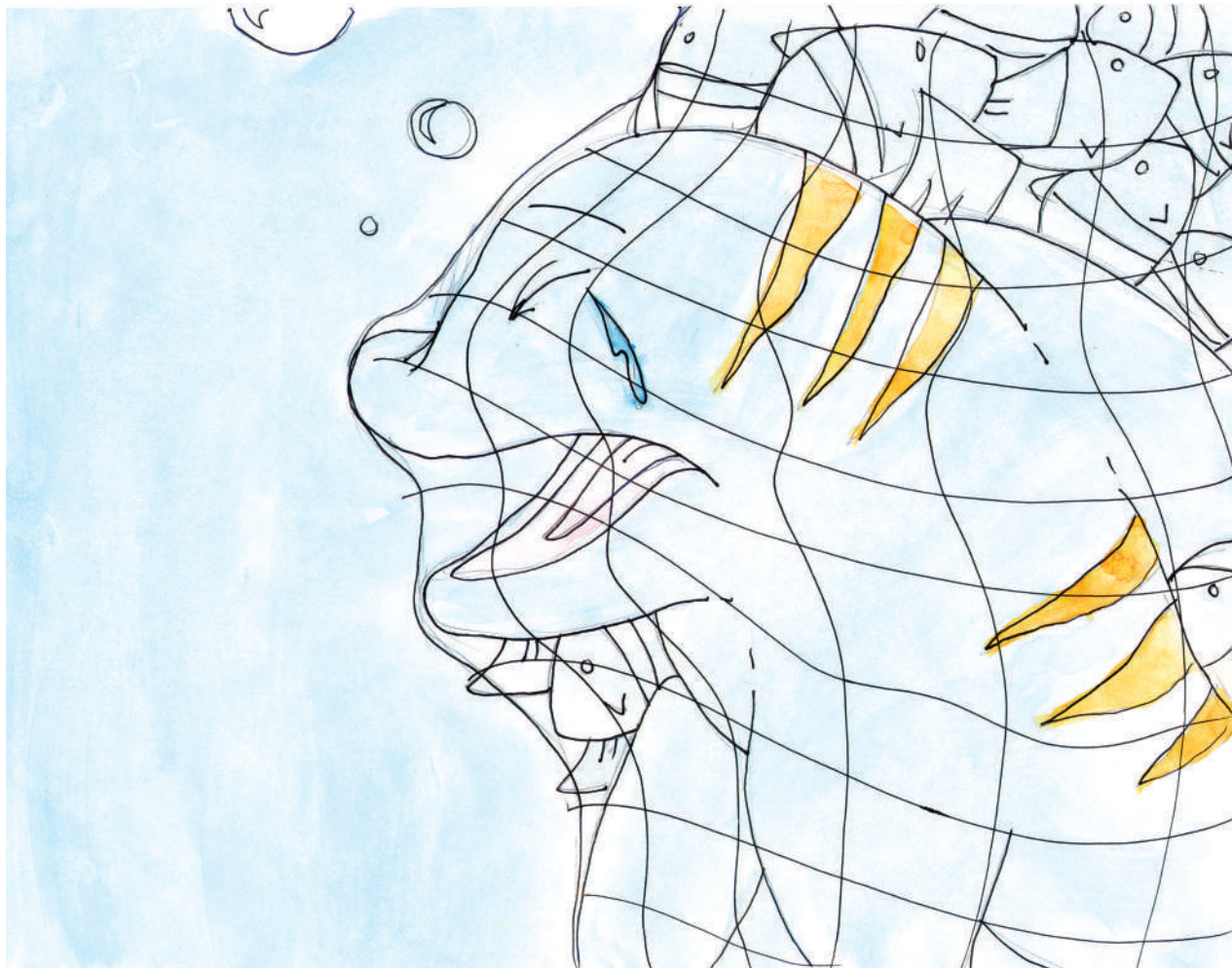
But I did not want my friends to see I was afraid.

Then a big net was thrown into the water and was all around me.

It caught hundreds of small fish. It caught me too.



I was trapped inside the net.



I called to my friends to help me, but they were afraid.
They swam away in fear.

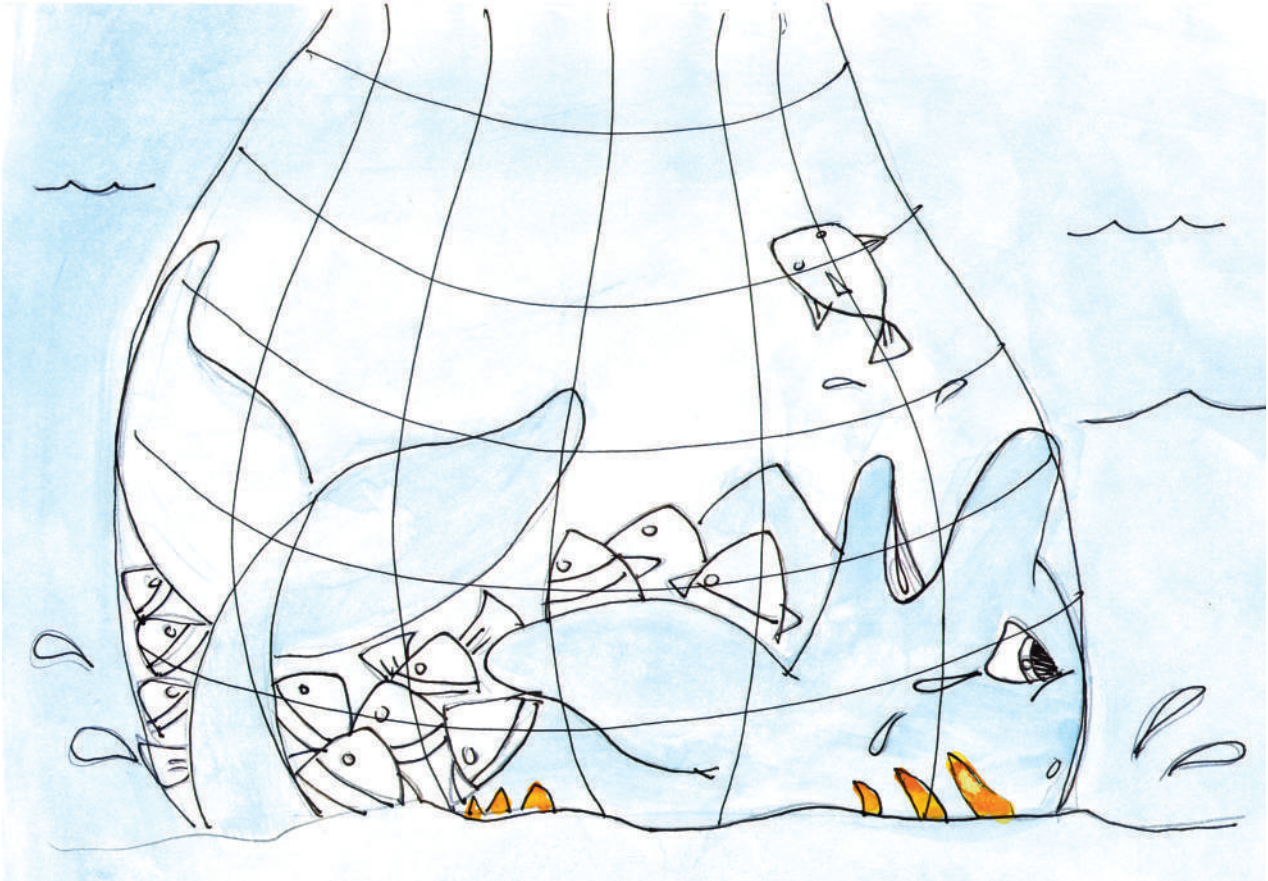
I was alone in the net.

Then I began to be pulled into the big boat.

I could see some men on the deck of the boat. But they did not see me.

They did not care that the net was hurting me.

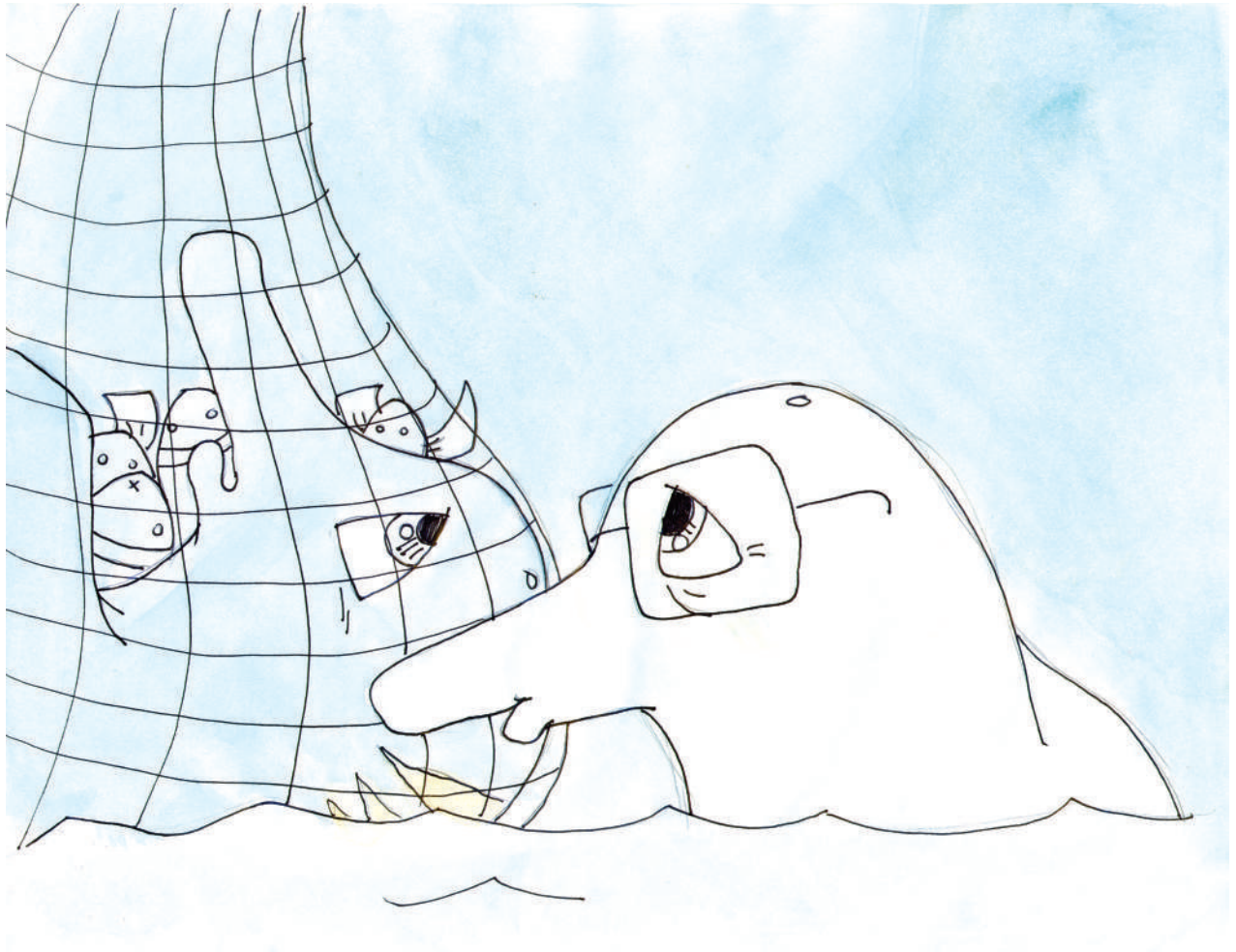
They were mean men on a bad boat.



Finally, I felt no one would help me and I cried.

Suddenly my Grandfather swam up to me and kissed my cheek.
“I love you Shin,” he said.

He turned around and swam quickly away from me, and I thought he was going to leave me.



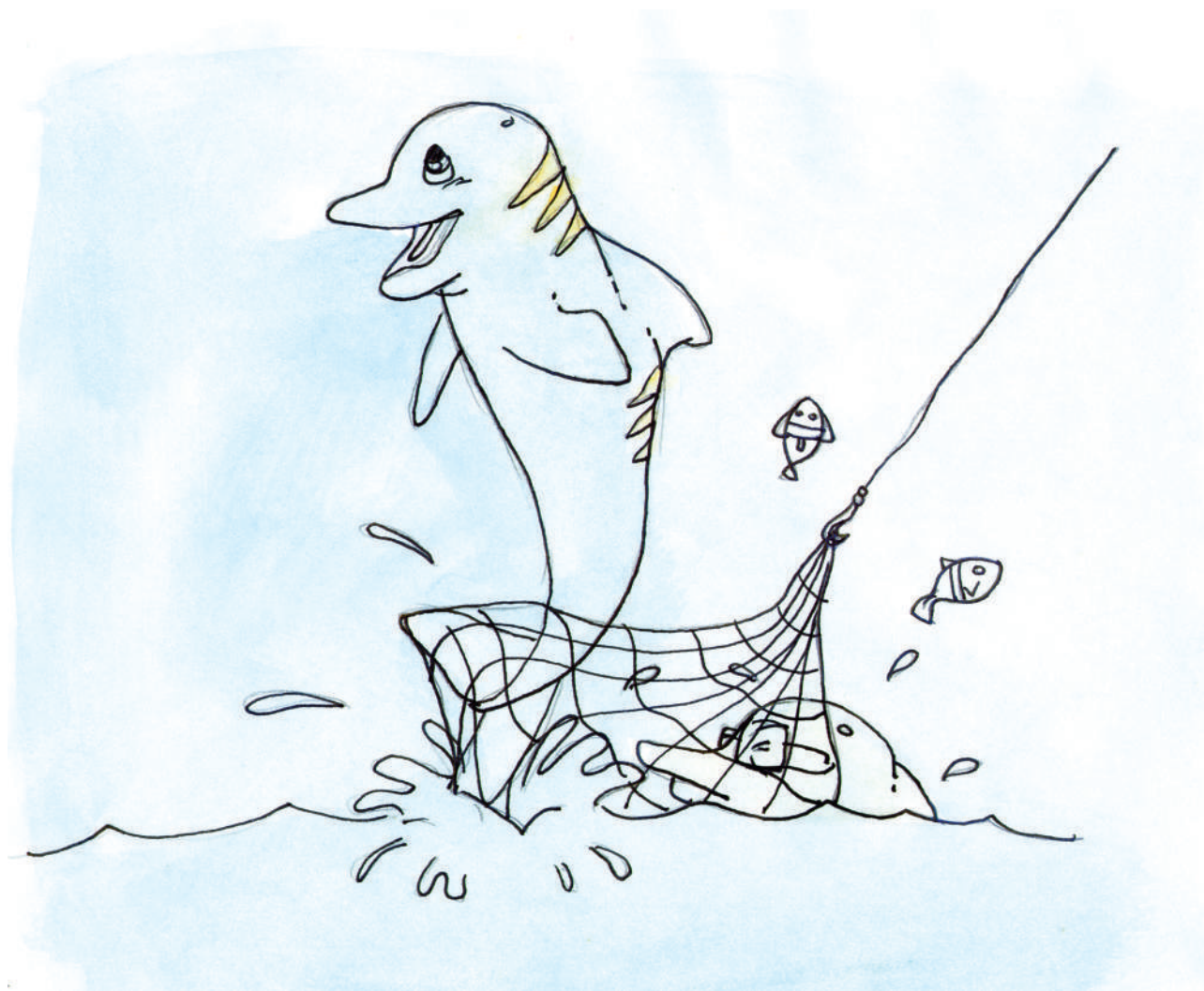
But then he turned and swam toward me.
He swam faster and faster and faster — straight at me.

“Do not be afraid,” he called, “I love you!”

Then my Grandfather's face hit my body so hard that he
knocked me right out of the net!

Then I swam away from the net. I was free!

I swam as fast as can be, and swam for home.



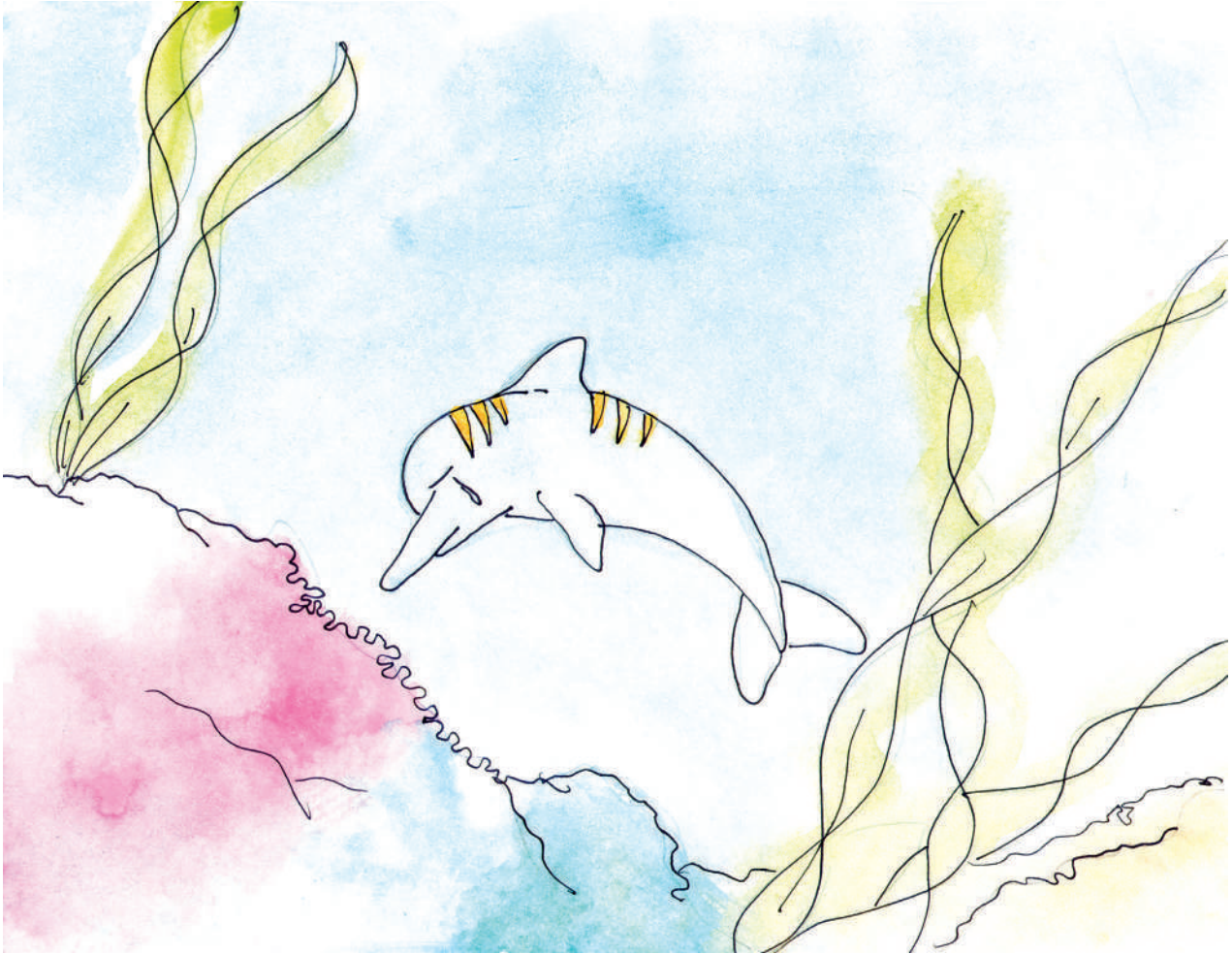
Soon my family and other dolphins swam out to meet me.
“Where is your Grandfather?” they asked. I did not know.
I thought he was behind me.



So we all swam toward the bad boat.
We saw my Grandfather stuck in the net.
He was in the same place I had been stuck.
When he pushed me out, he got caught in the net.

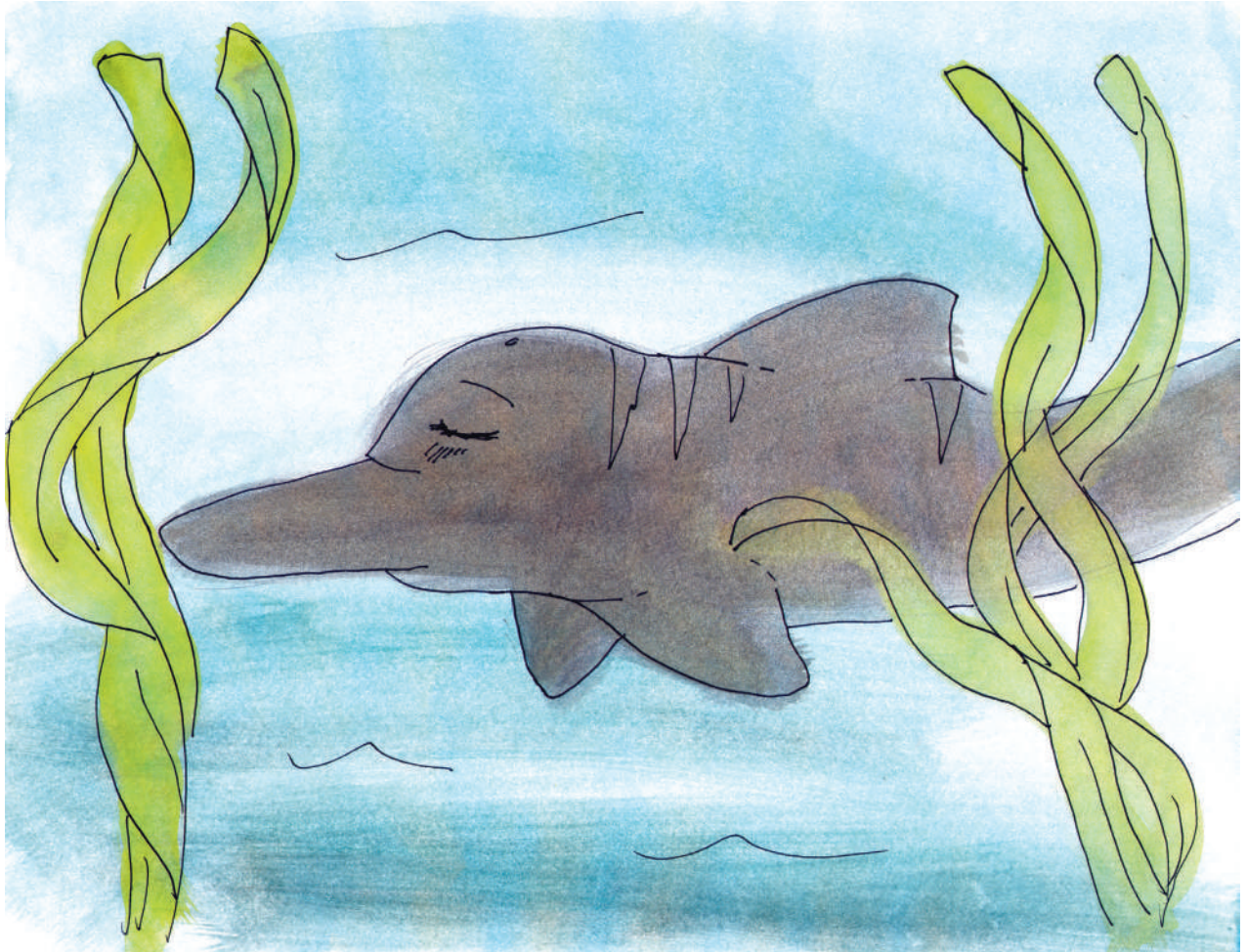
In a couple of minutes my Grandfather was gone. He was pulled up into the large boat. We circled the boat hour after hour, but he was gone.

I had lost my Grandfather by disobeying and swimming near a strange boat. I knew that what I did was wrong. I was told not to swim near any boats. My Grandfather died because he saved me.



Day after day, I wished I could see my Grandfather. But he was gone. He was gone forever.

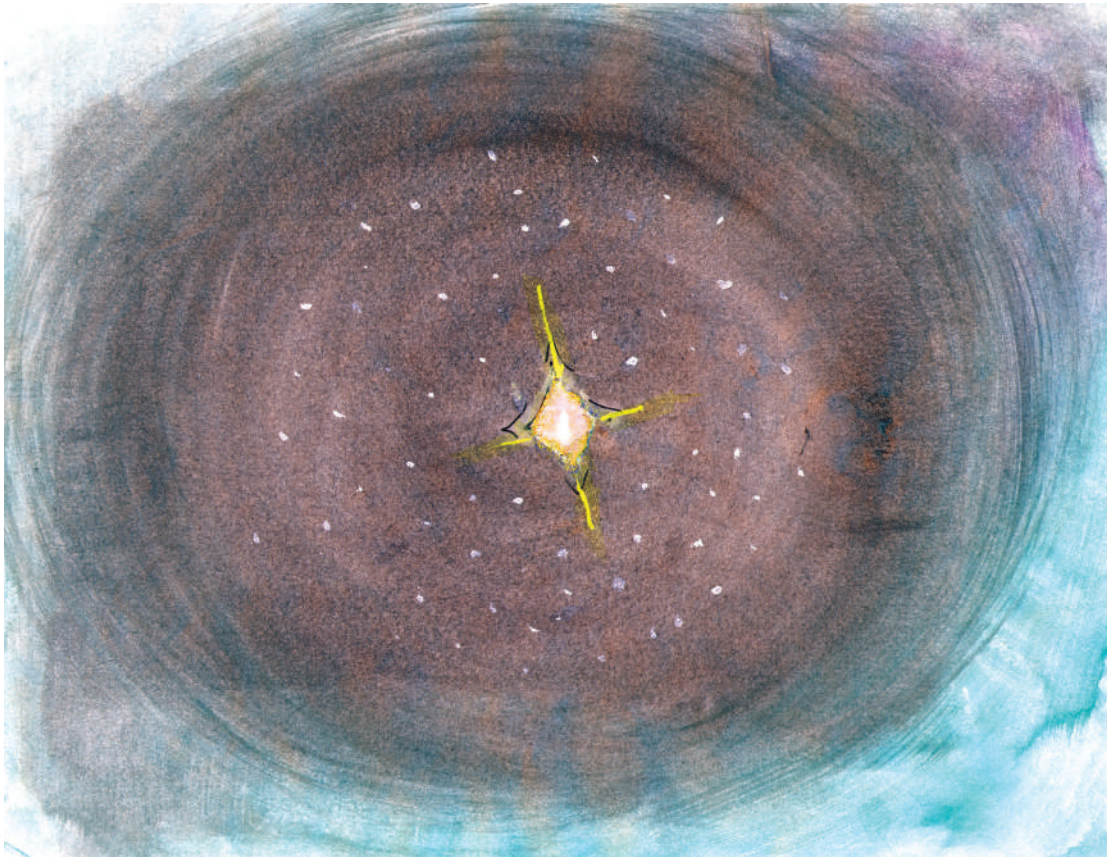
Then one night, I could not sleep.
So I went for a swim alone in the night water.
It was quiet and no one was awake.



As I swam, I asked God, “Why?
Why did I have to lose my Grandfather?
Why did I make such a bad decision?”

As I was talking to God, I saw something in the deepest water. I looked down and saw a spot of light. It was like a star in the deep water. It looked very far away. I kept looking at the light. It was moving. It was coming up from the dark waters.

I was afraid of the light. I was afraid of the deep dark water.



Just as I was going to swim away from the deep light, I heard a song. It was a wonderful song. I stopped swimming and listened. The song was being sung by thousands of dolphins. I could see thousands of dots of light down in the dark water.

Then the other singers stopped, and there was only one singer with the brightest light.

It was an old dolphin, shining like the sun.

He was swimming up toward me.

“Who is he?” I thought.

Then as he came closer, I became afraid.

“Please do not hurt me,” I said.

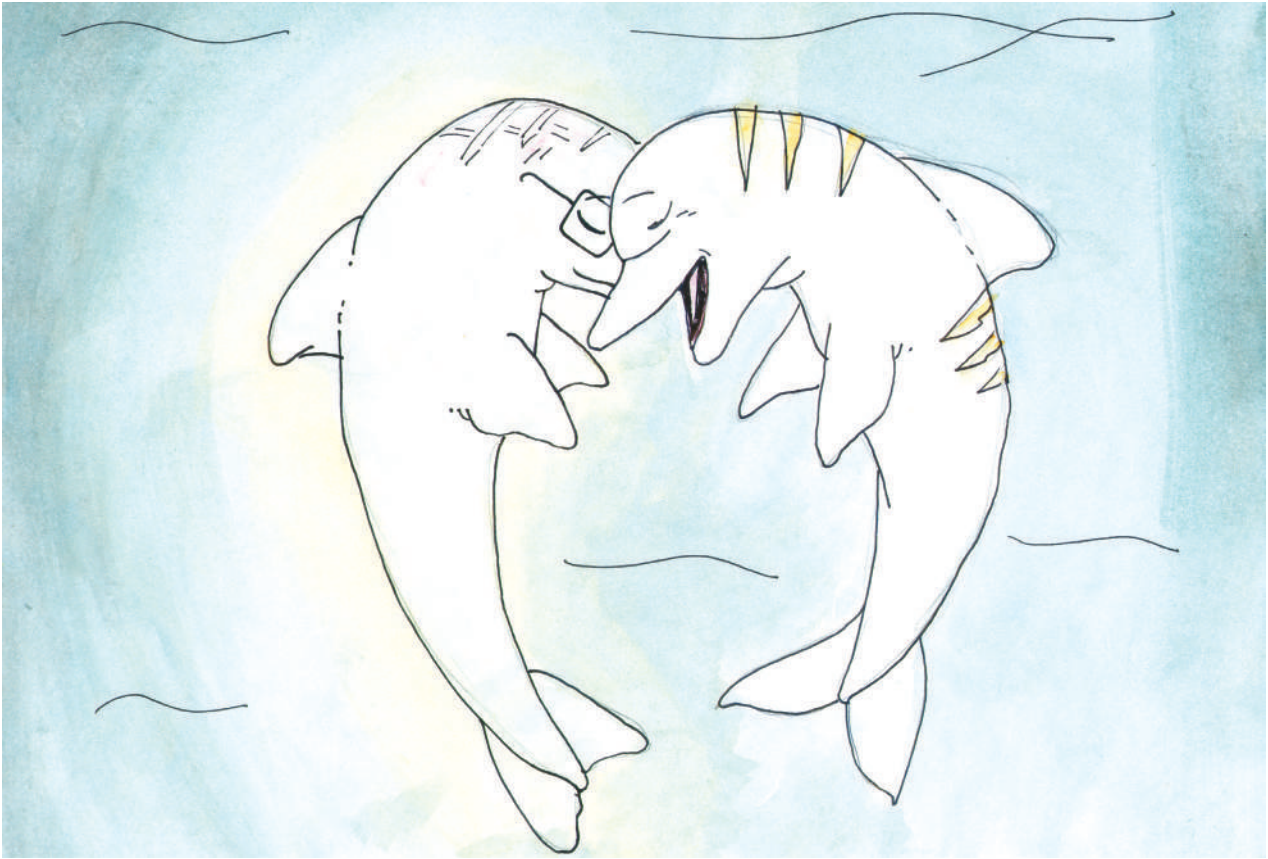
And the bright glowing dolphin said, “I have always loved you, Shin. Why are you afraid?”

Then I realized it was my Grandfather!



I swam up to him and touched him with a touch of love.

His bright head showed the scars from the net.

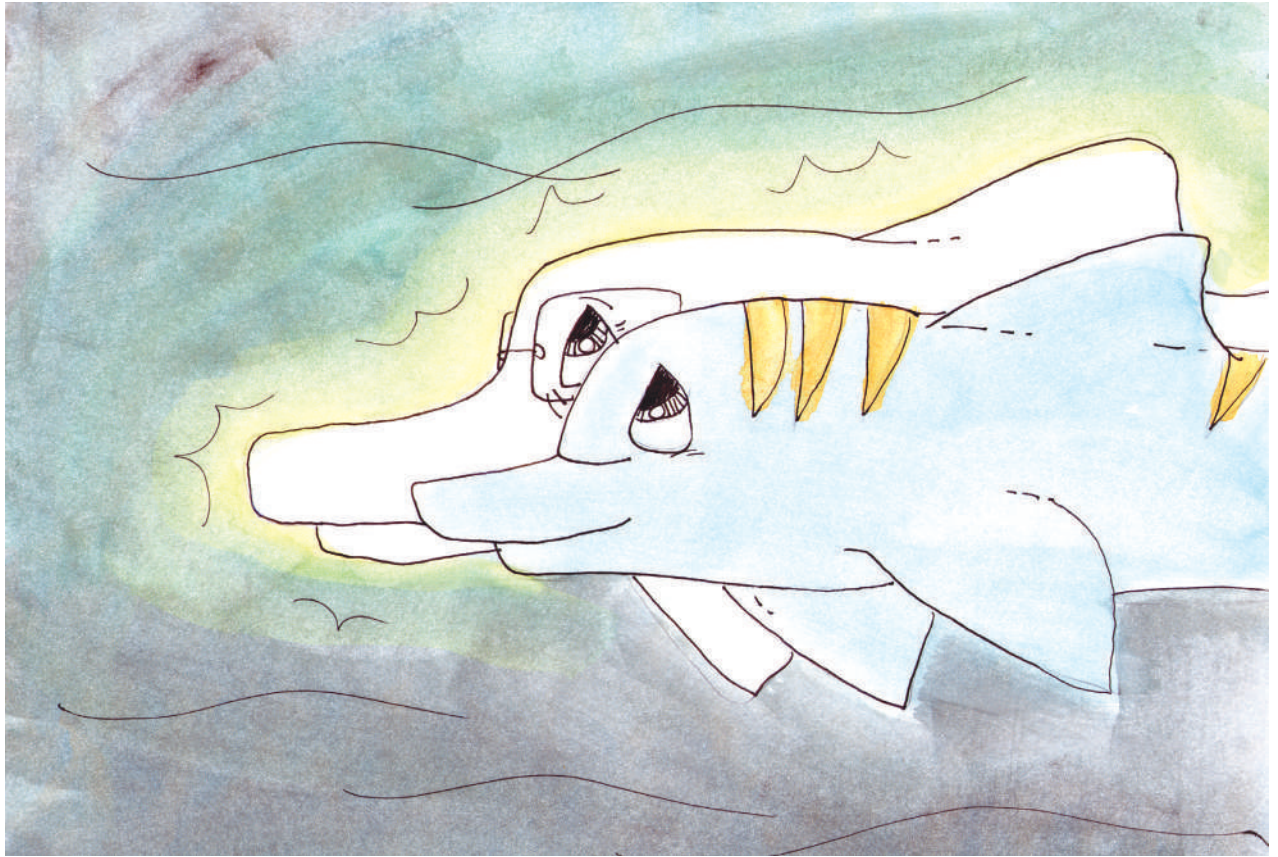


“What happened,” I asked. “How can you still be alive?”

“My child, I have been to the deepest waters, where only the ocean’s Creator lives. I have seen the greatest of all living secrets. I know the Maker of the ocean loves you Shin, and knows your name.

He has sent me back to you. The Creator has told me to tell you He has forgiven you and loves you. Do not be afraid. You are never alone.”

Then my Grandfather and I swam for days and days.



He told me the Creator's secrets and the mystery of the deep water.

My Grandfather taught me that he who loves never dies, but only becomes more alive.

I also learned that the world's Creator listens to me and hears me.
I am very special to Him.

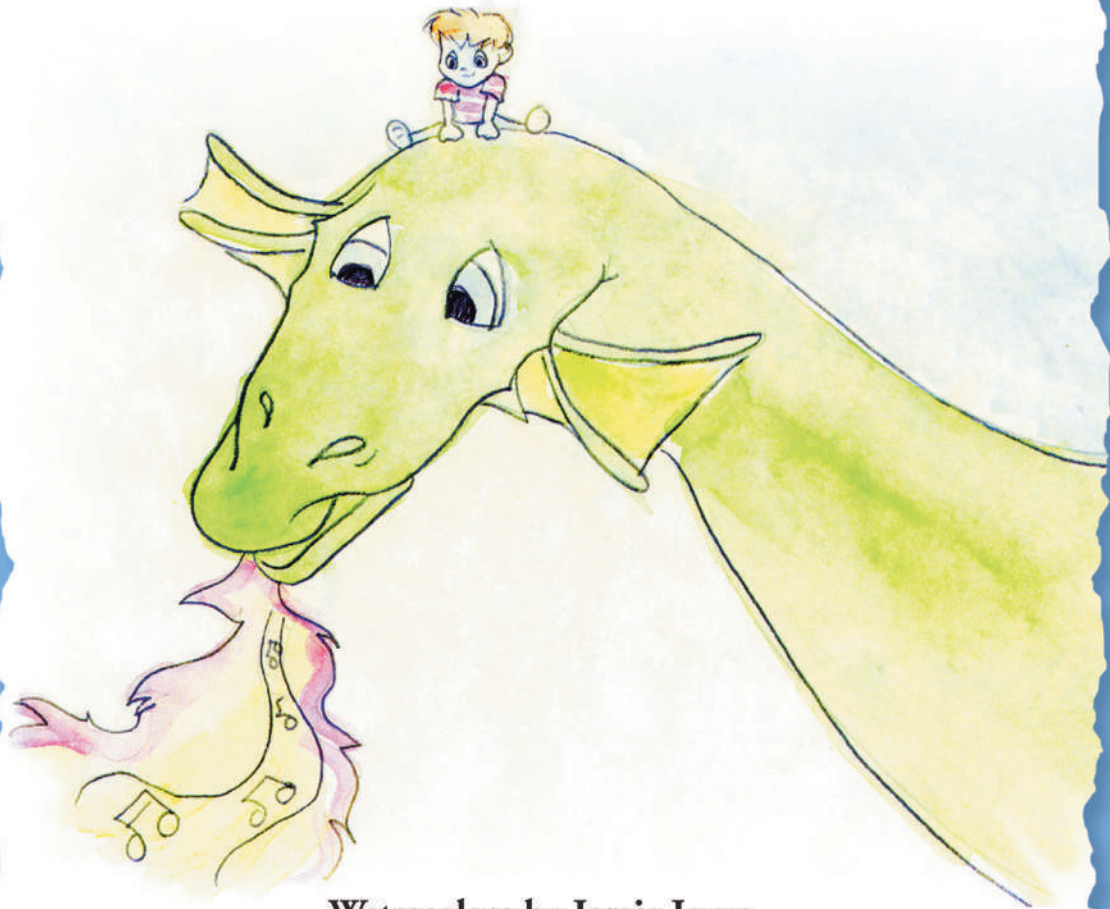
So now I am telling my special story to young ones like you.
I have lived many happy years.
I am thankful to the ocean's Creator for forgiving me,
saving my Grandfather, and making me feel special.
Praise to the God of Love — forever.



The End

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.

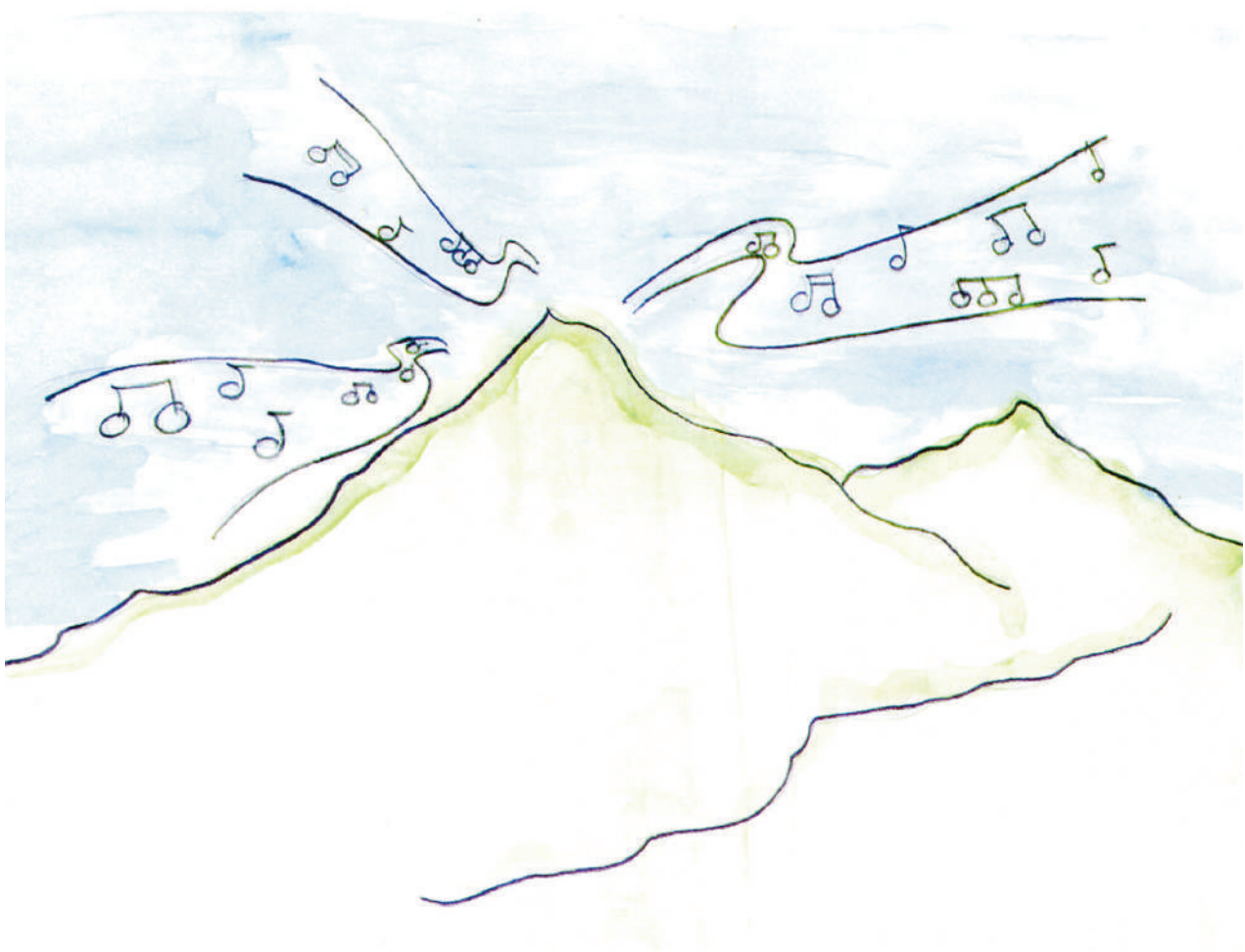
“His voice sure is not gold,” one man even said.



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

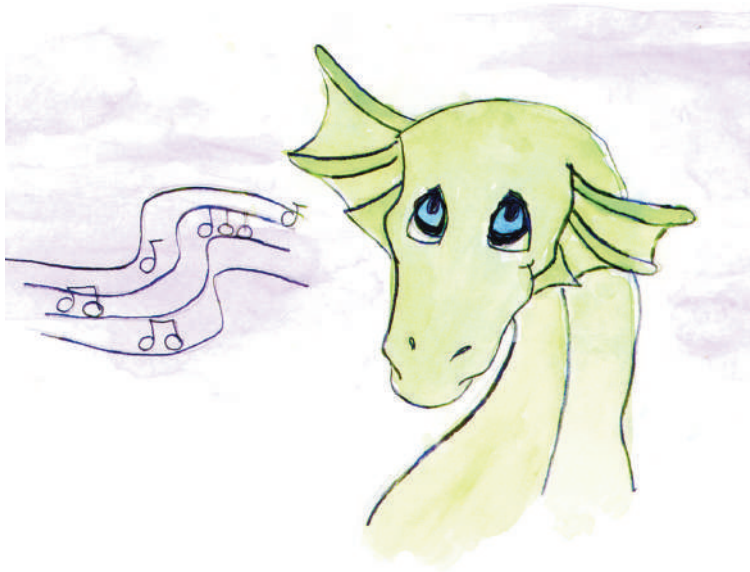


Suddenly, a wind rushed past his ears,
as large wings flew near!
Del hid in a bush, and he looked out to see.



And what Del saw, he
could hardly believe . . .

“There is a dragon looking
back at me!”

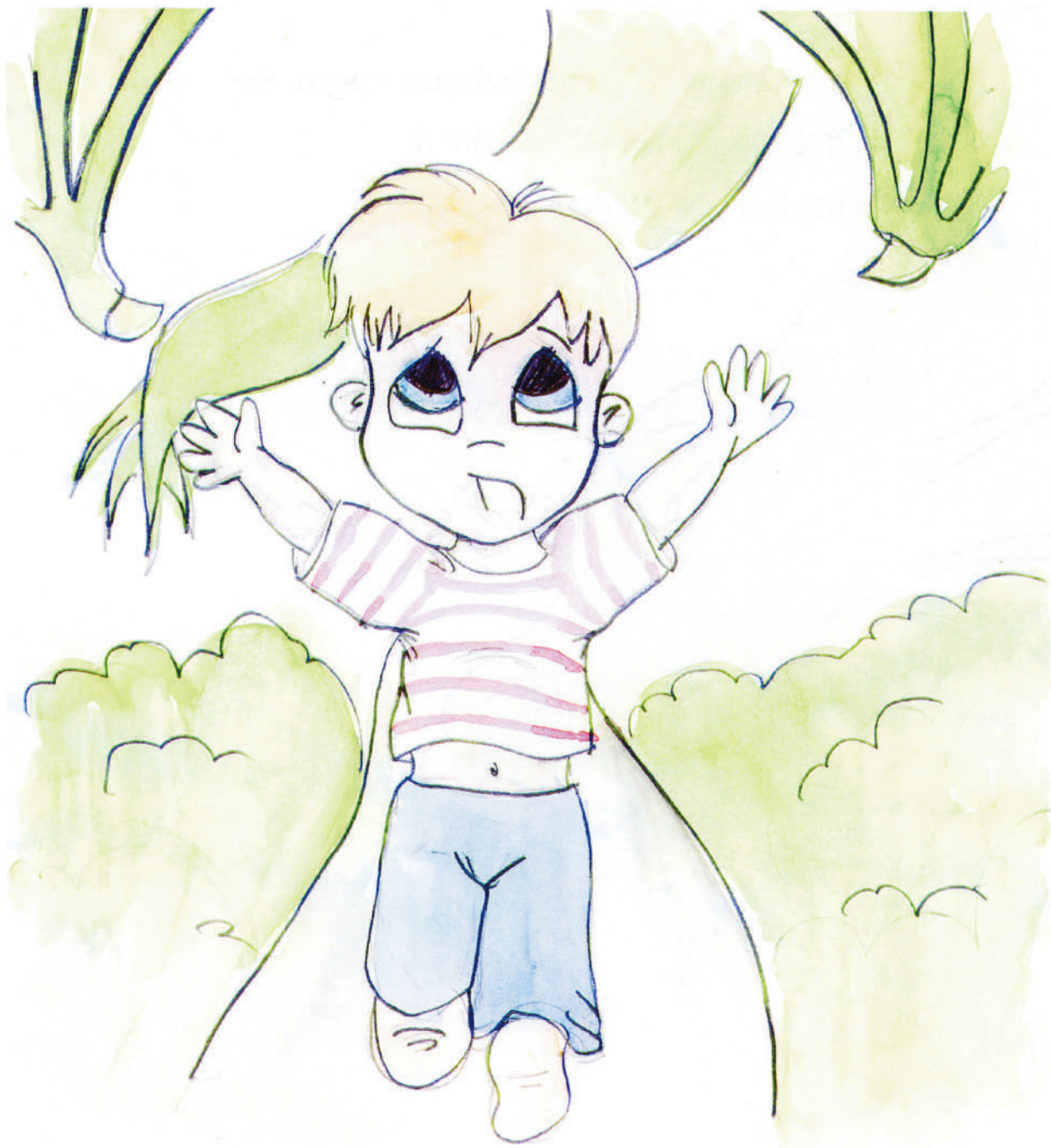


“Sing, little boy,” boomed
the great dragon.

“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 Rende, 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!”

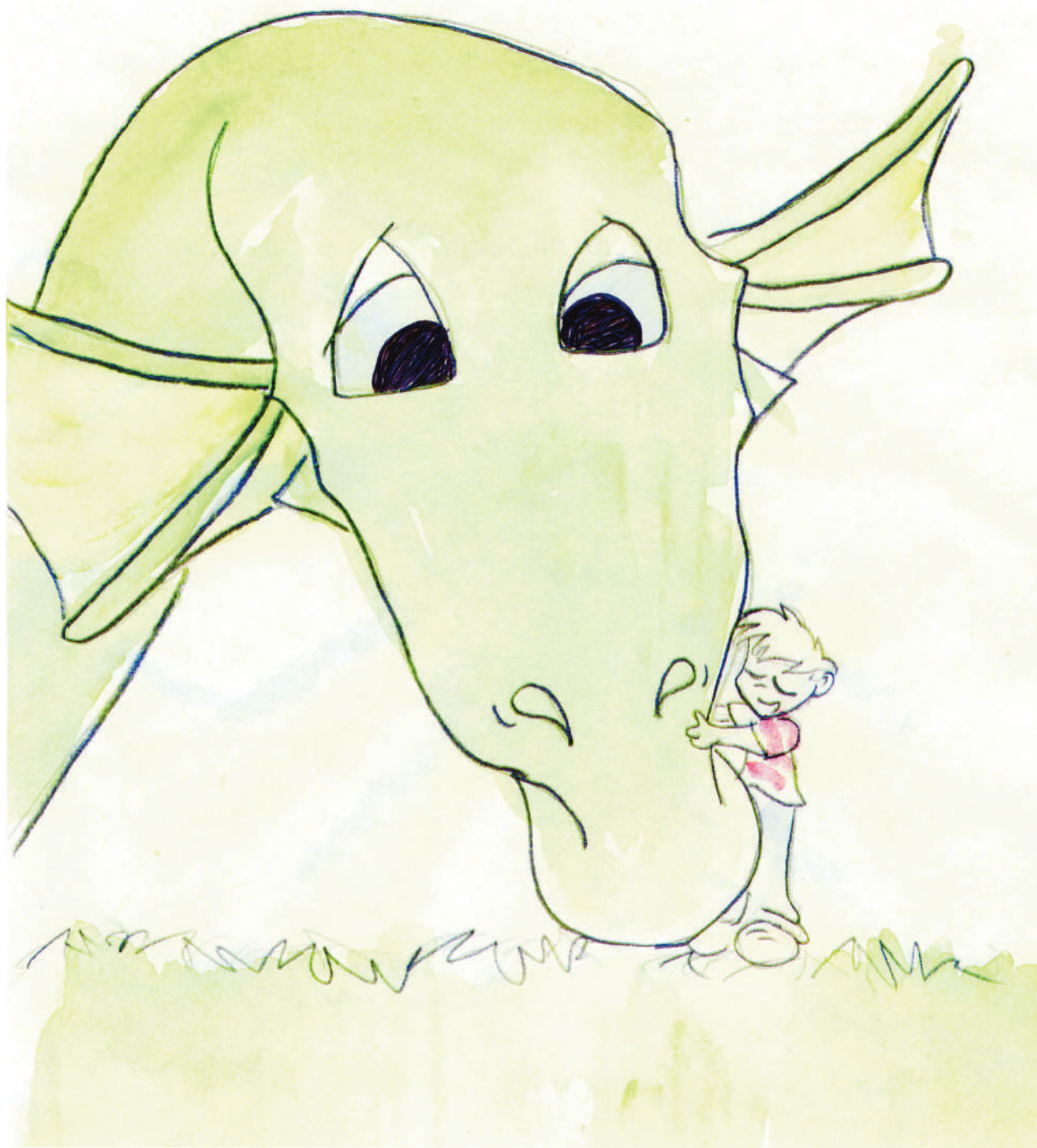
And the dragon took Del for many more flights.
As they flew, Del taught the dragon to sing.
But when the dragon sang loud, he burned things.

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.



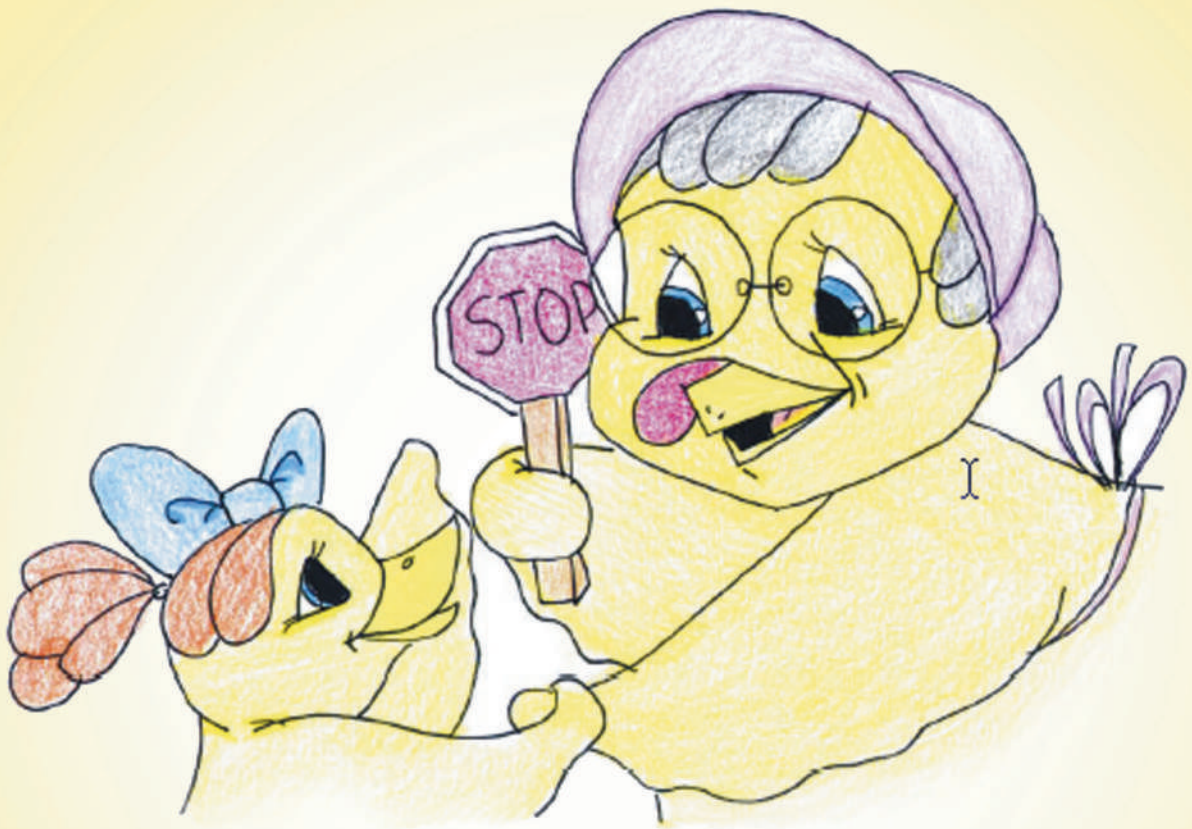
In the years that followed, one could often see,
Del and his dragon flying high and free.

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

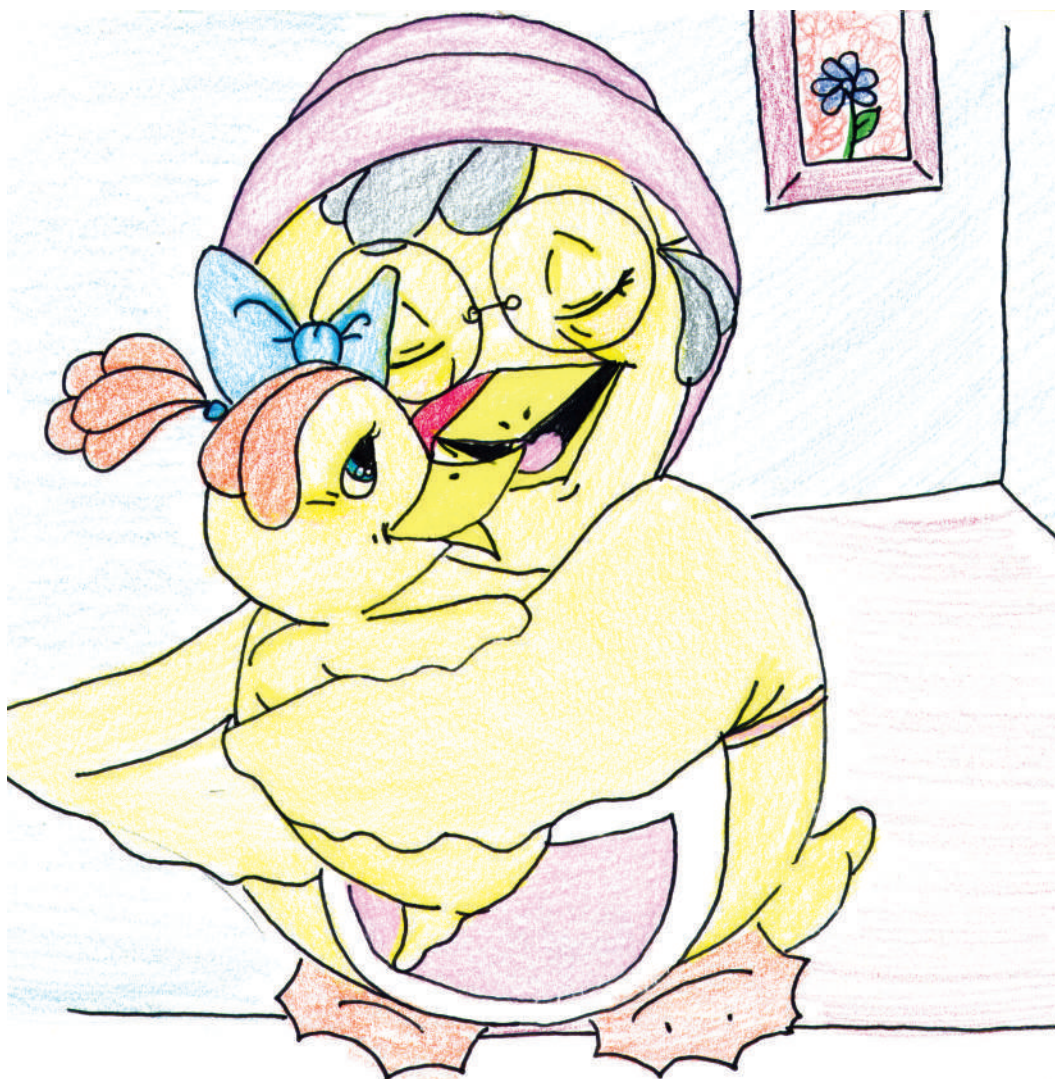
Illustrations by Jamie Joyce

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."



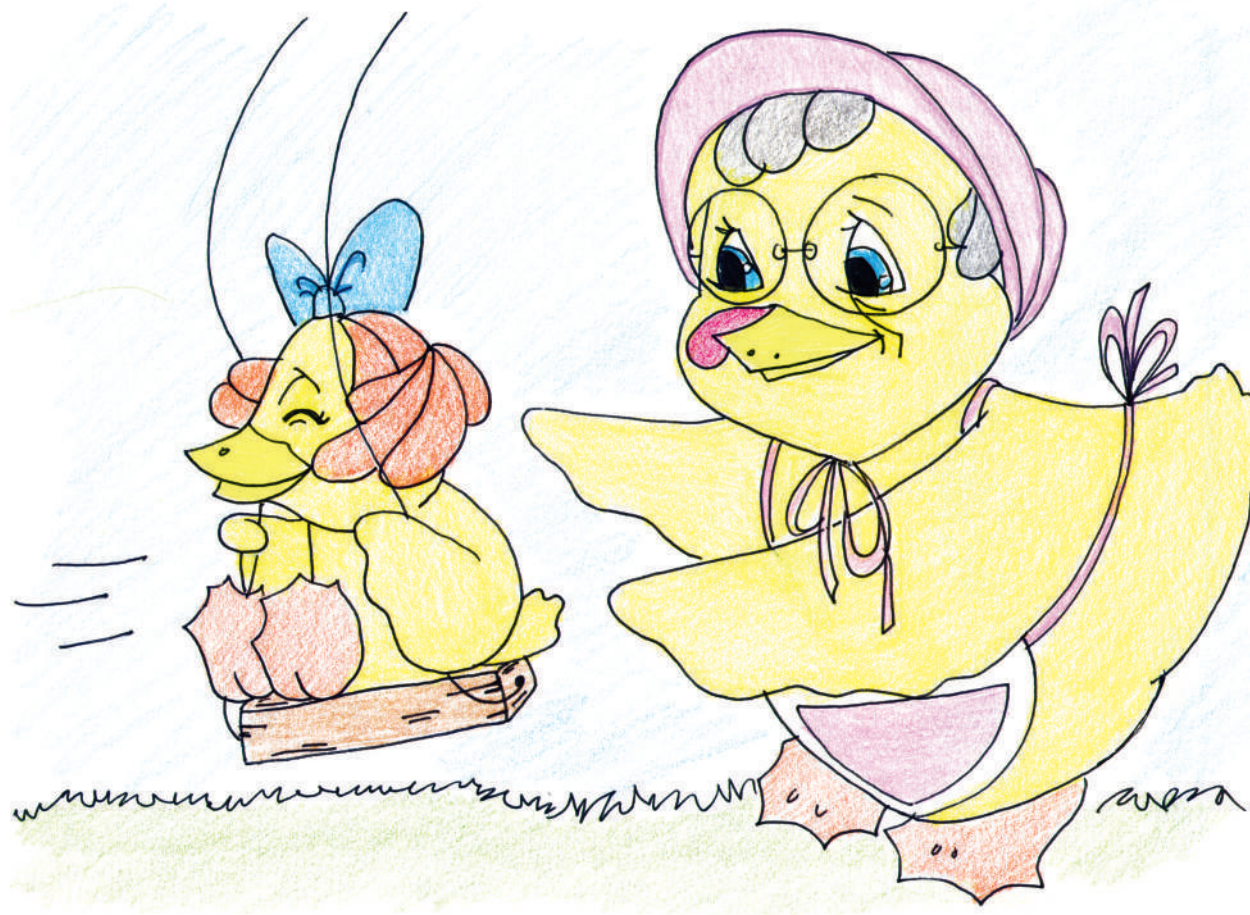
Helen is smart. So she asked how to be safe.

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.

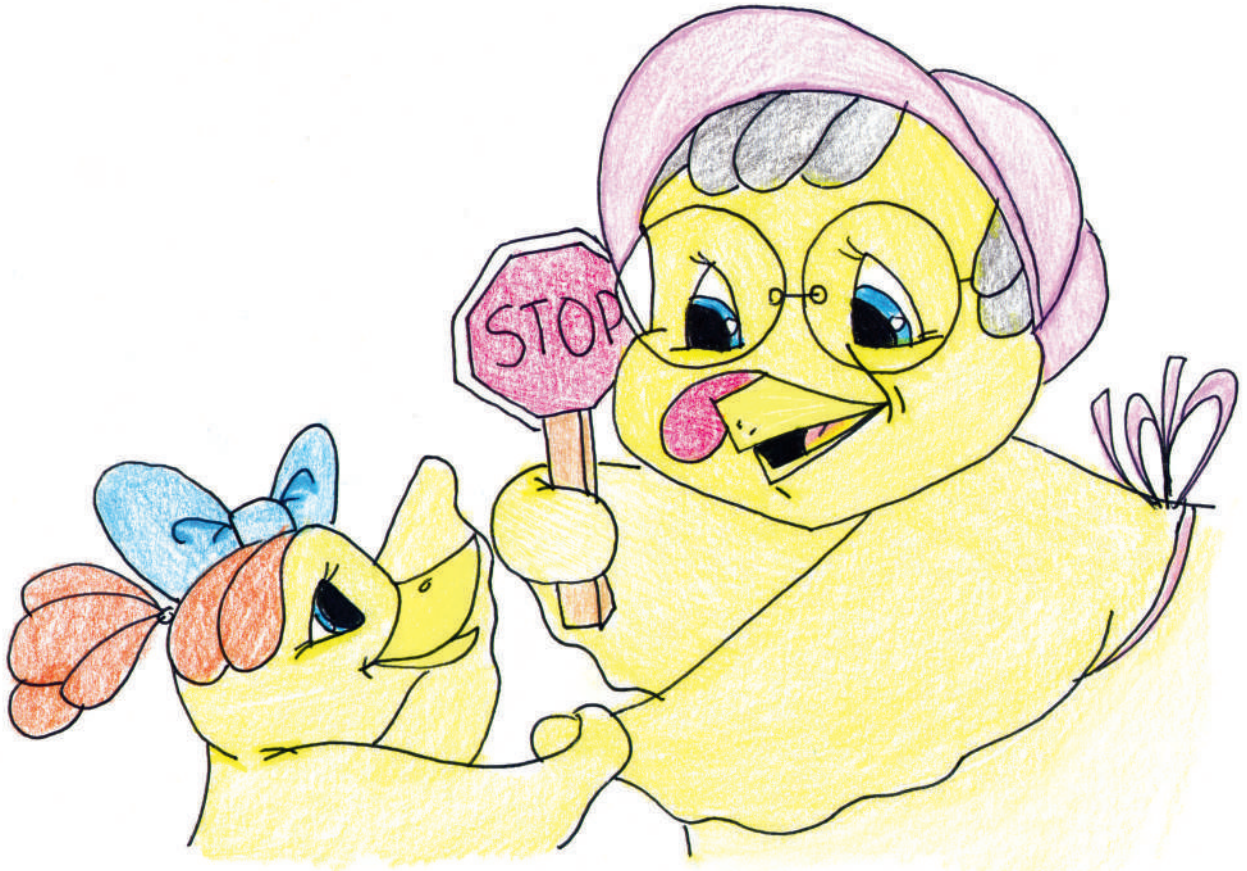
“I would be happy to teach you how to be safe, my little dear,”
Grandmother said.



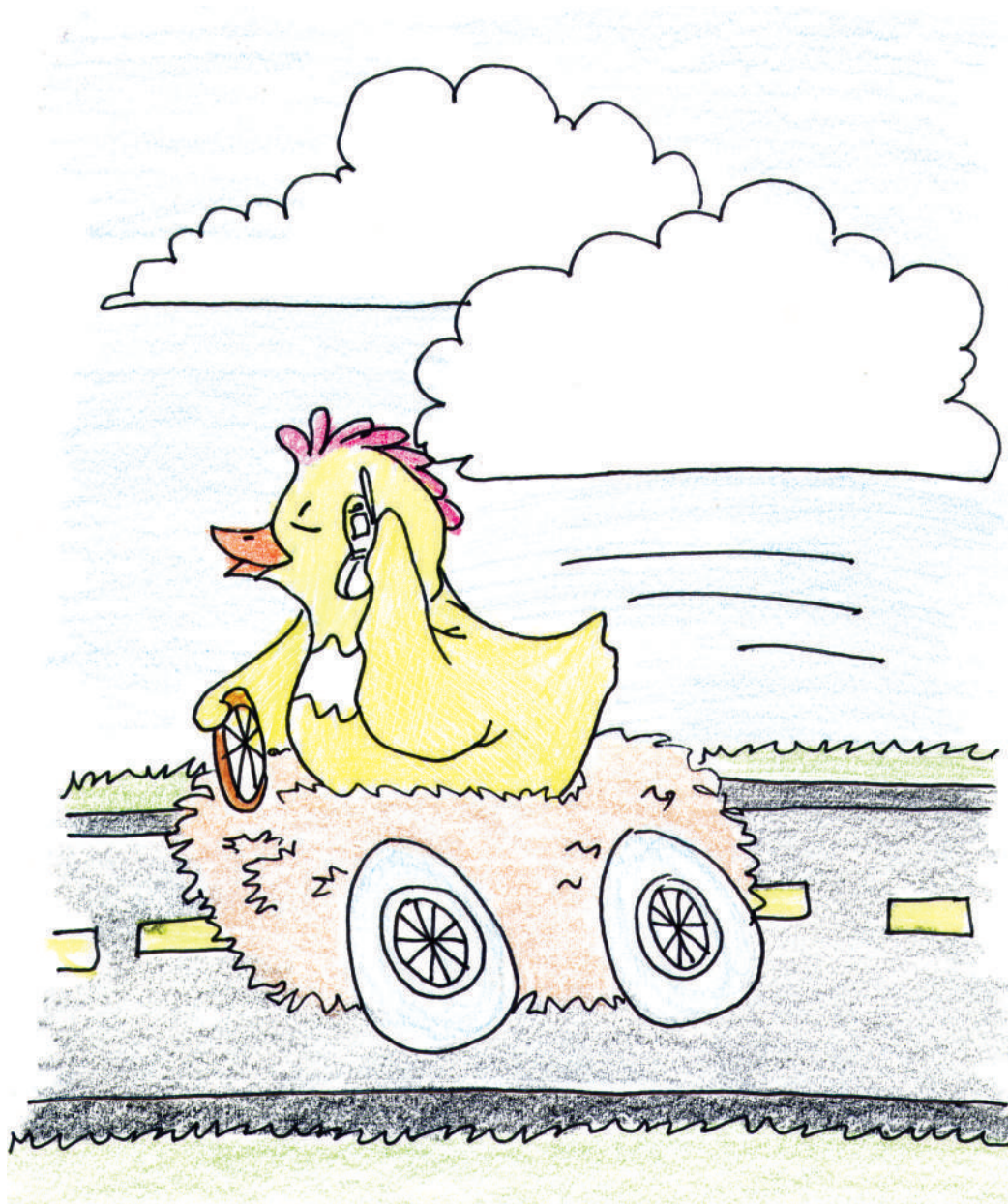
“First, learn about streets,” Grandmother said.

“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.”



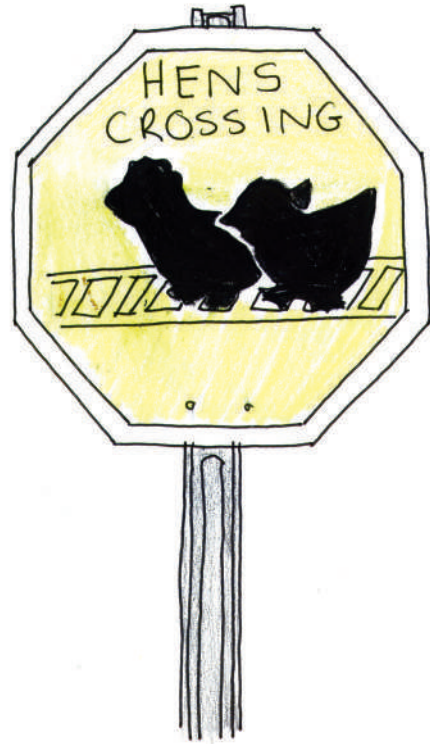
“Some other hen drivers eat or talk on their phones as they drive their hen cars home,” Grandmother said.



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



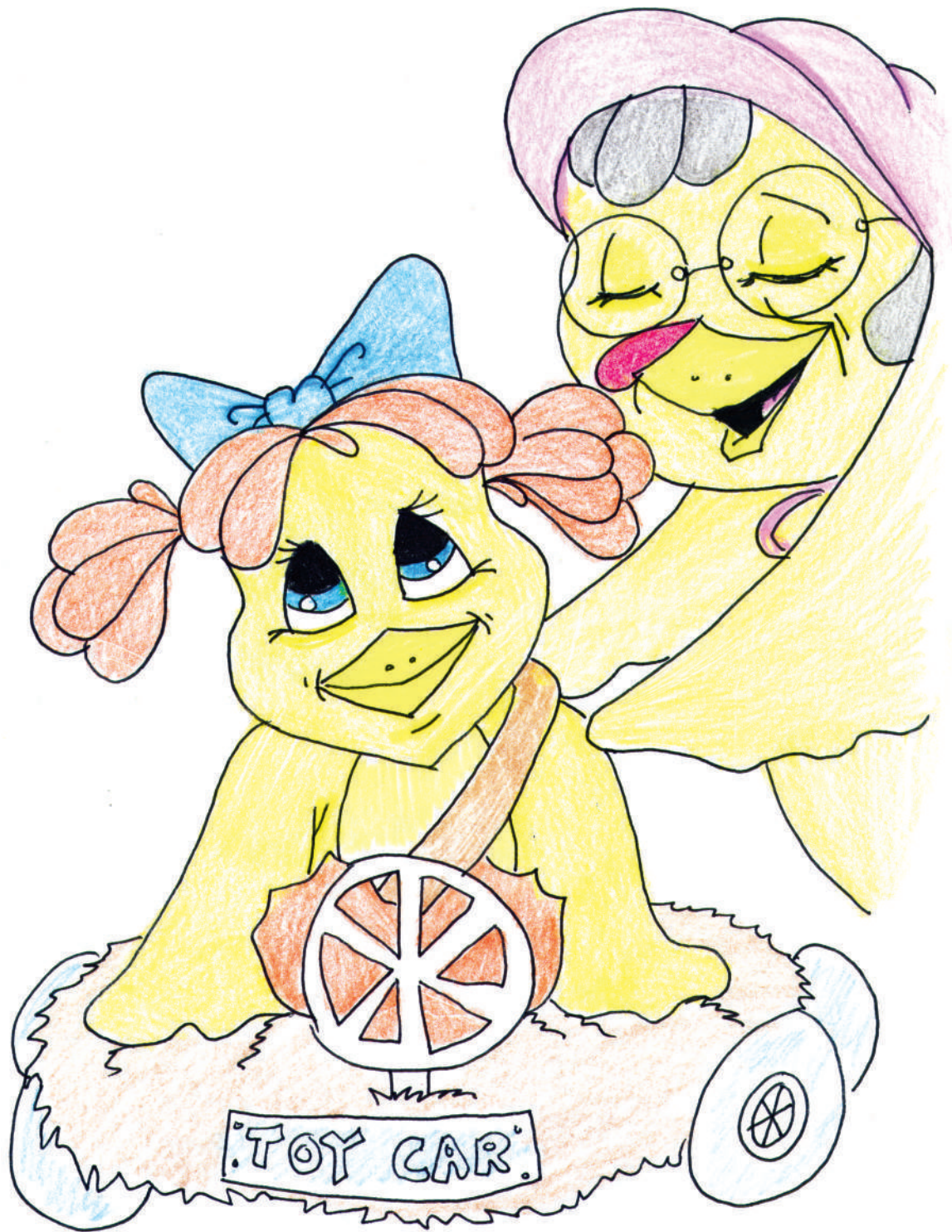
“So you have to stay far off the street when these hens are driving home, eating, sleeping or talking on their phones,” she said.



“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?”

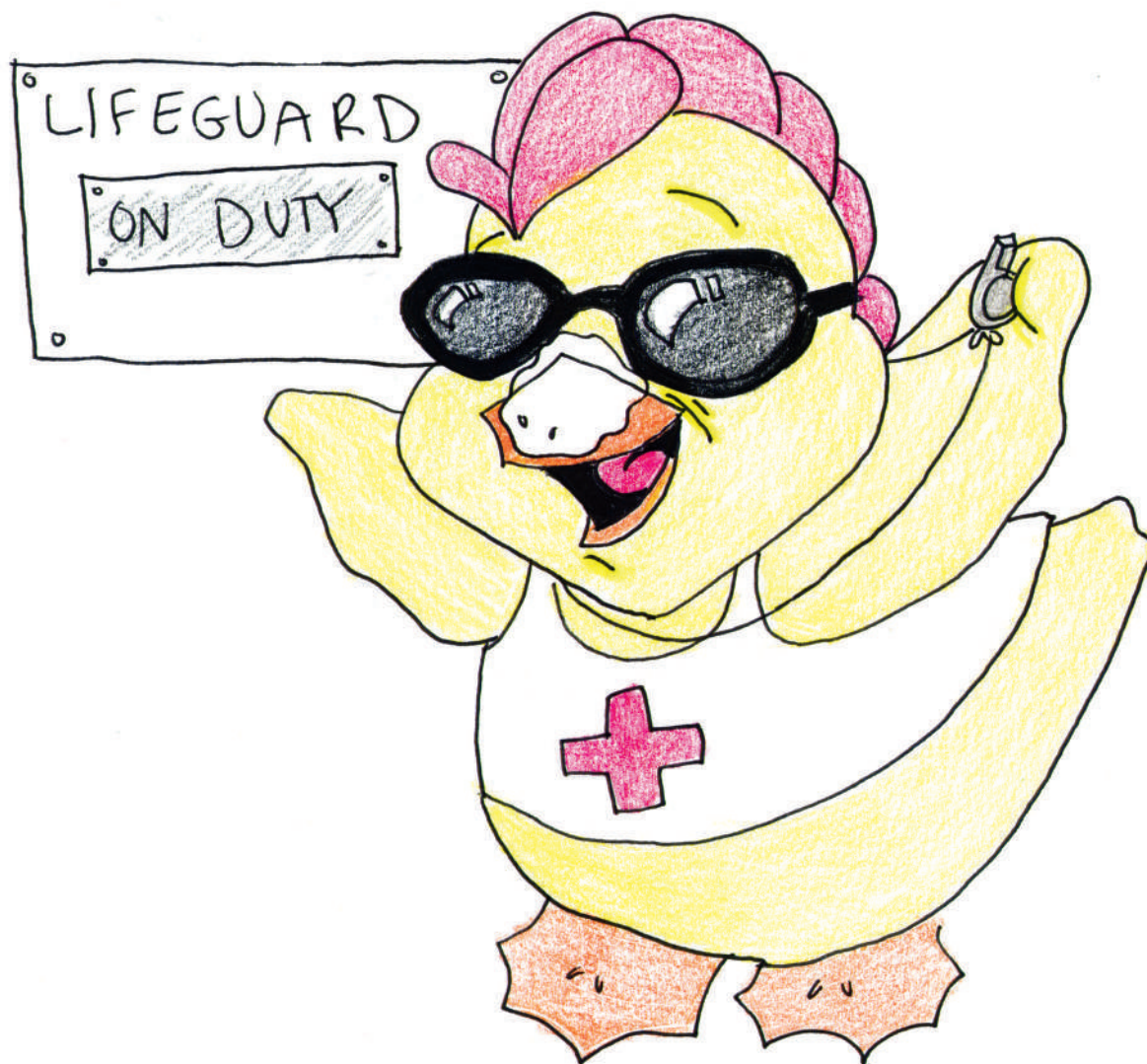


“If you play in pools, the ocean or a lake,” Grandmother said, “make sure an adult is near. Then you have nothing to fear.”



“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.”

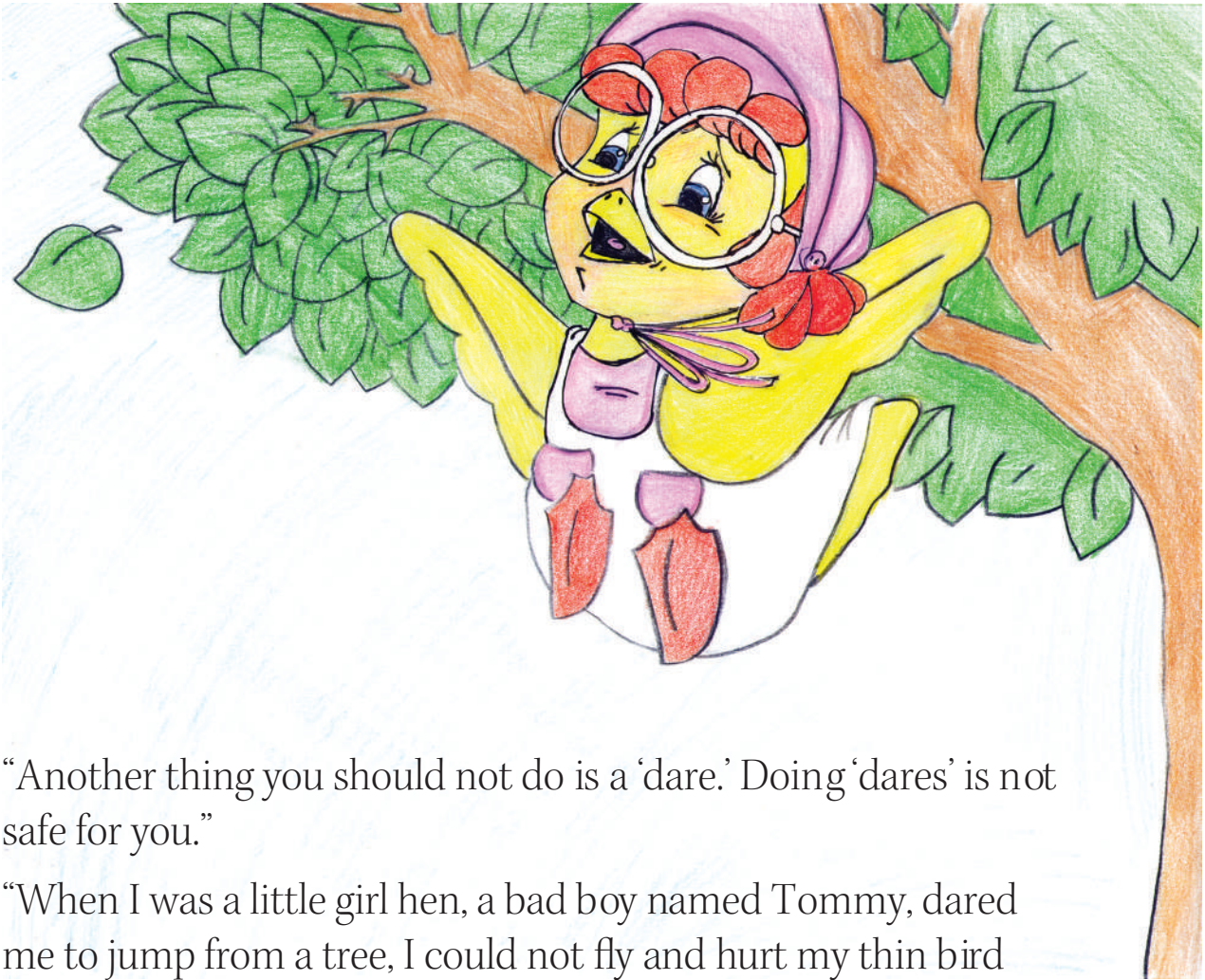


“Another lesson is a little weird, but you need to know it. If anyone touches you in your private place, in your pants, tell your parents and me. It is not right for adults to touch your private place,” she said.

“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.

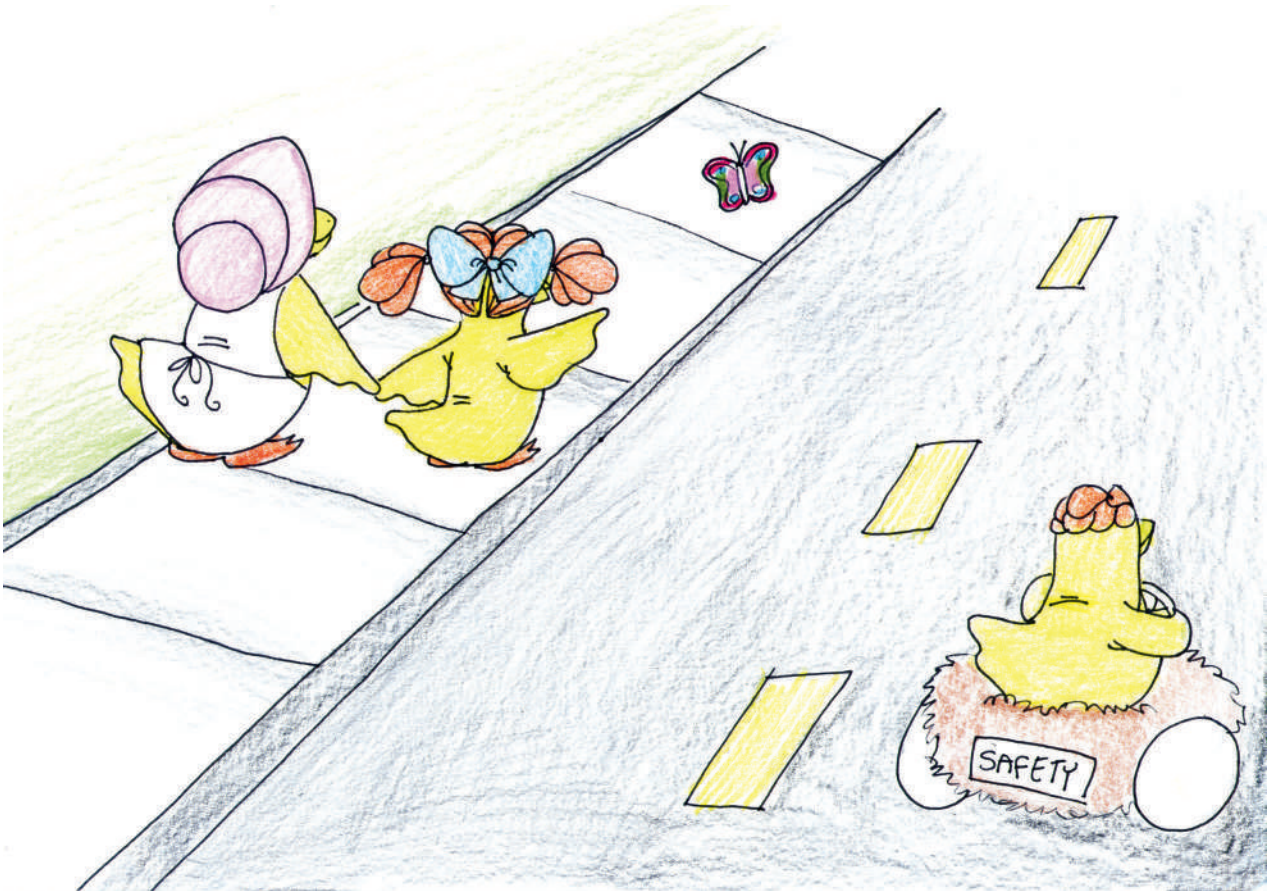


“If you do all these things, you will be safe. You will have healthy wings, and a nice beak,” Grandmother said.

“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.



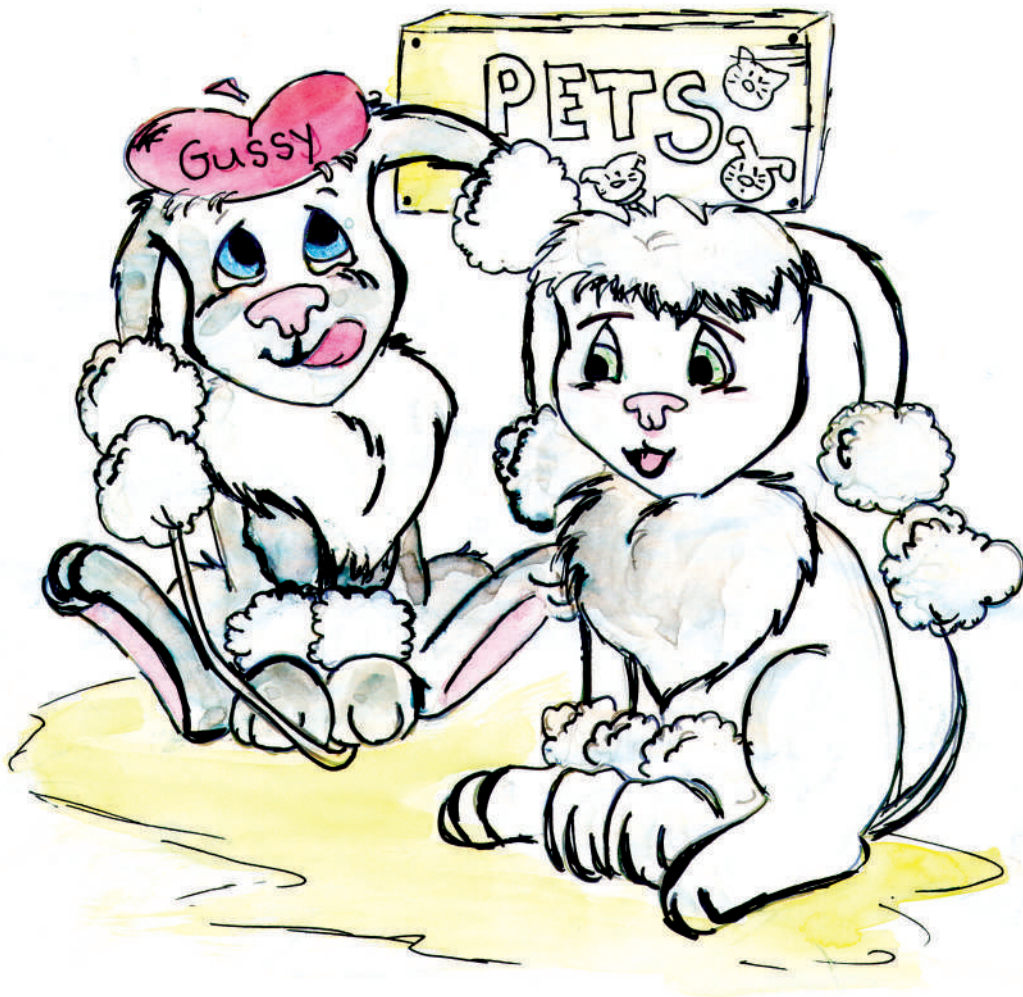
Watercolors by Jamie Joyce

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.

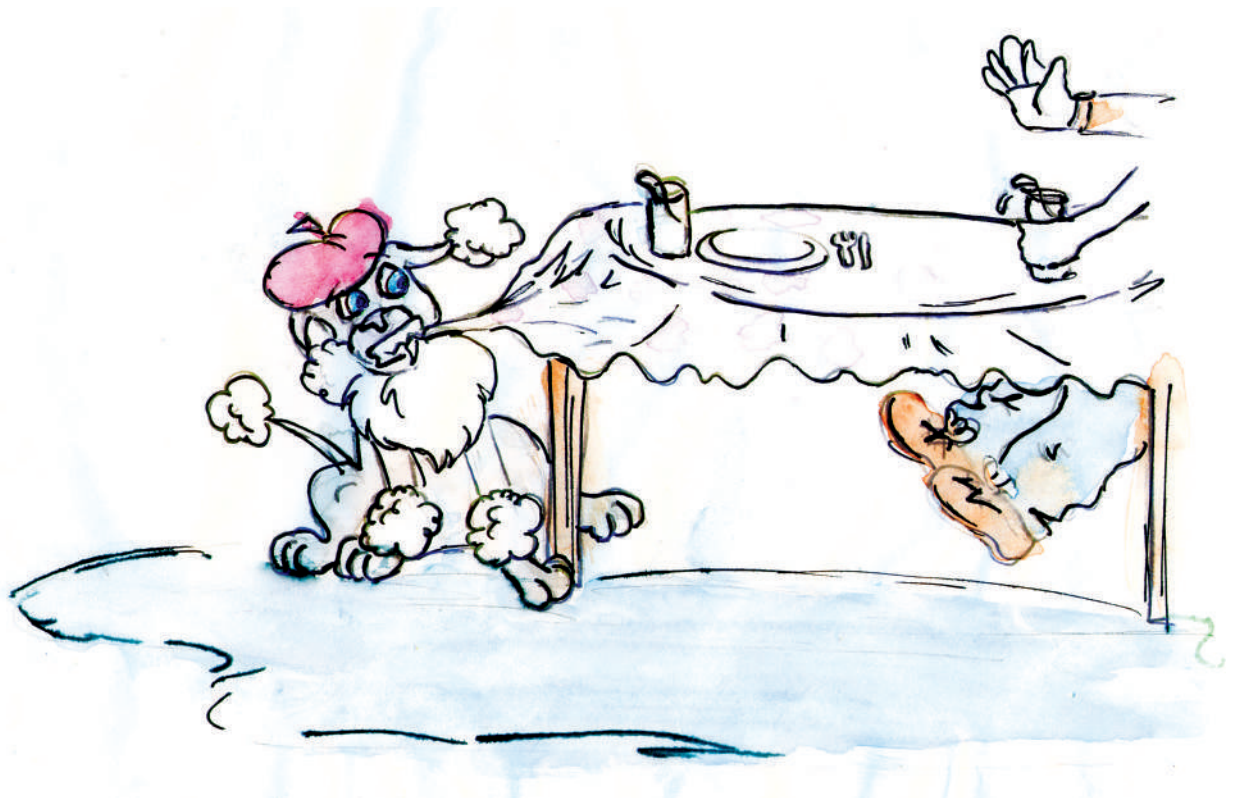
My next door neighbor, Mr. Tommy Lou, brought Gussy’s sister.
So Gussy and I saw her every day.





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.

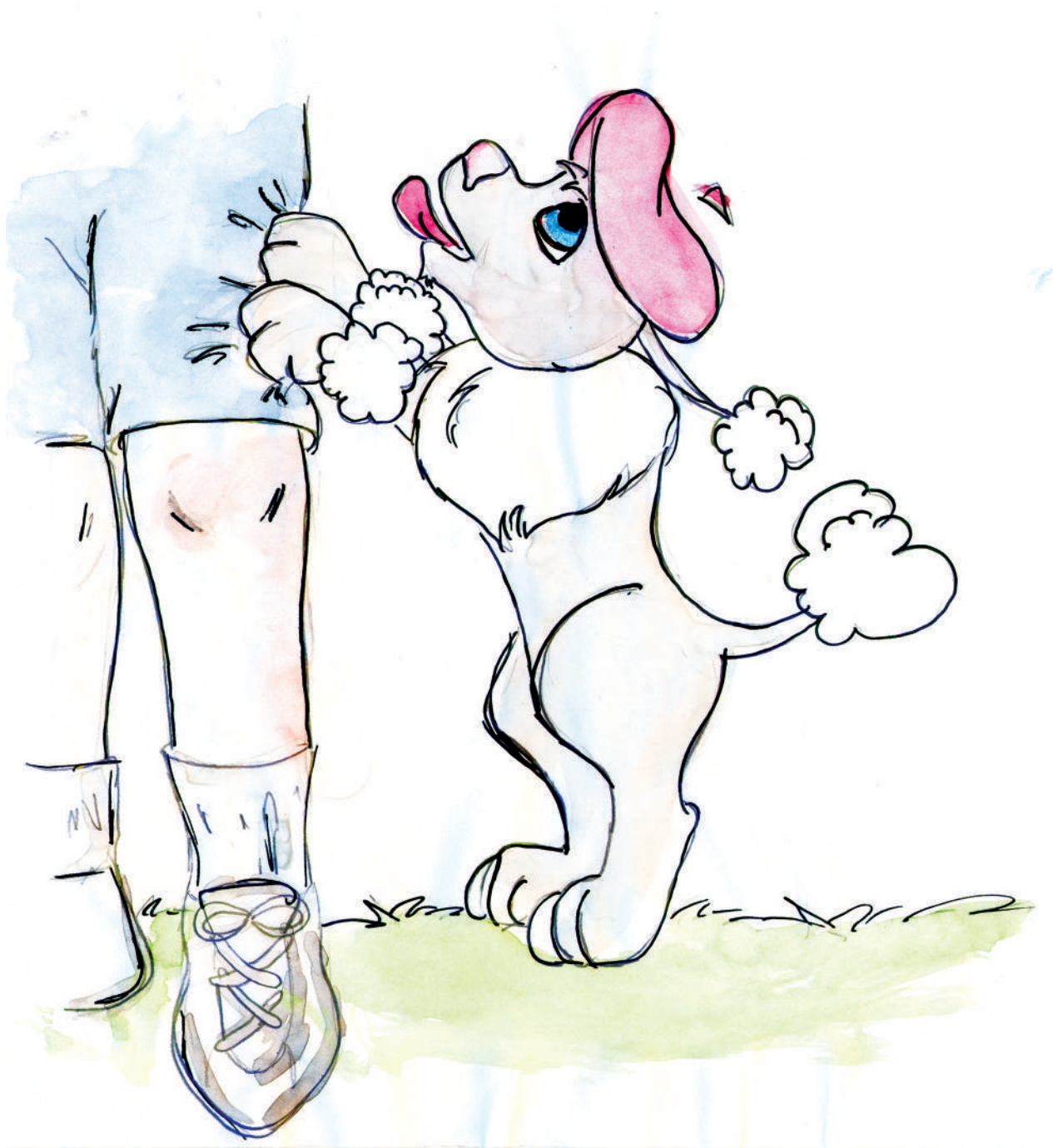




And he wanted to play with me in the middle of the night!

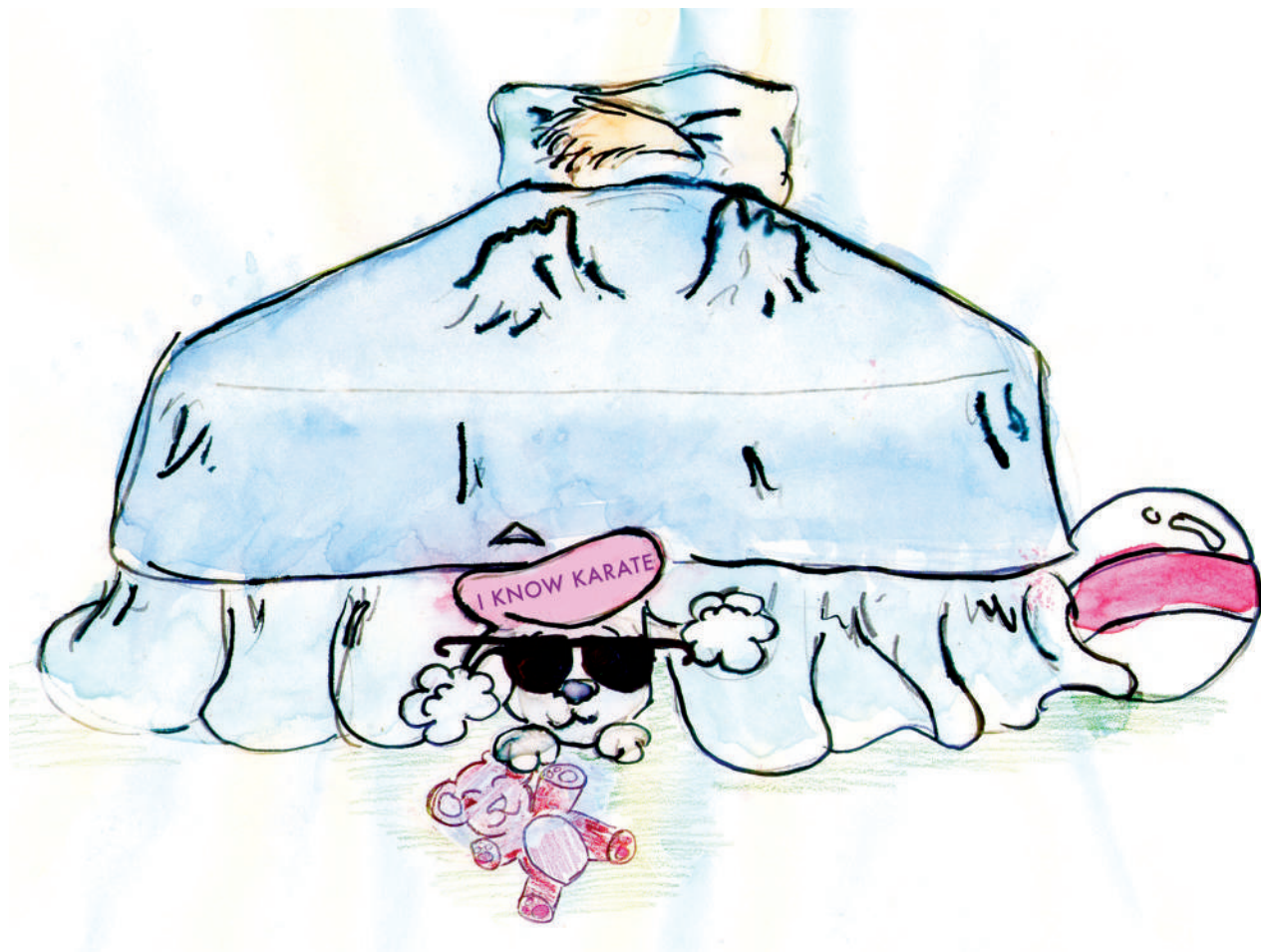
He liked other kids, but he really liked me.

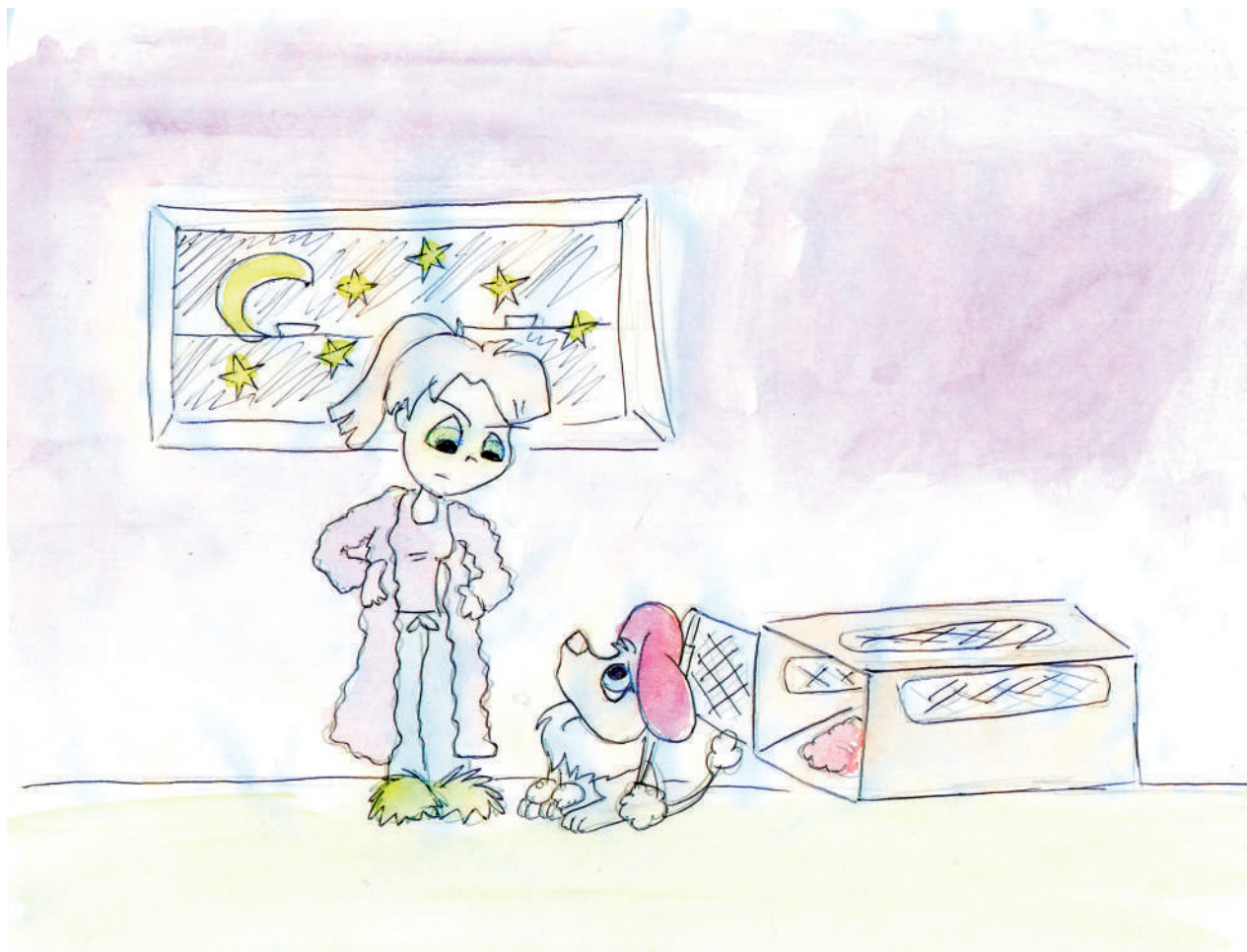




You see Gussy was fussy.
He only loved to play with me.

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

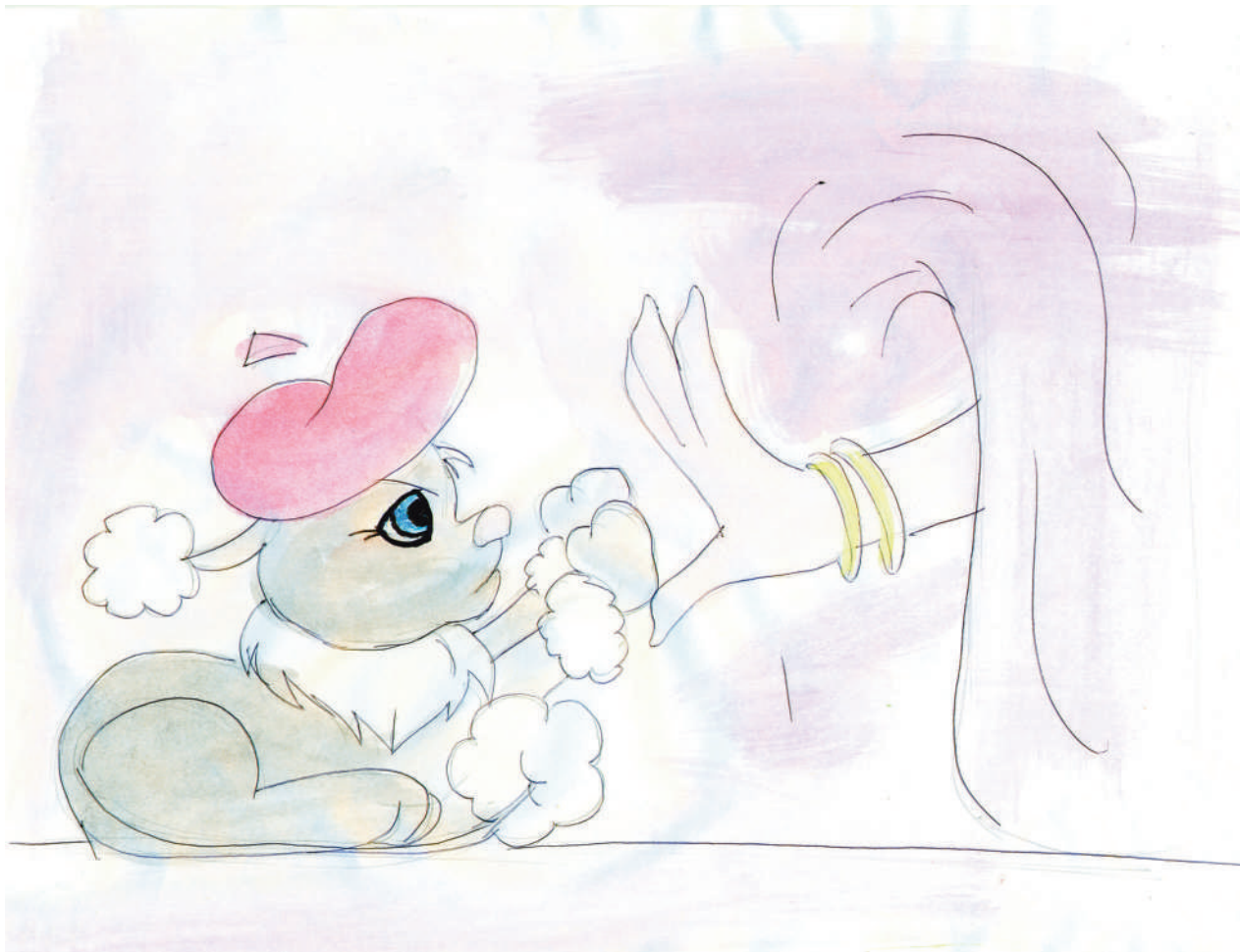




But my mother took him down to his crate.
Because he had pooped on the floor last week, when it was late.

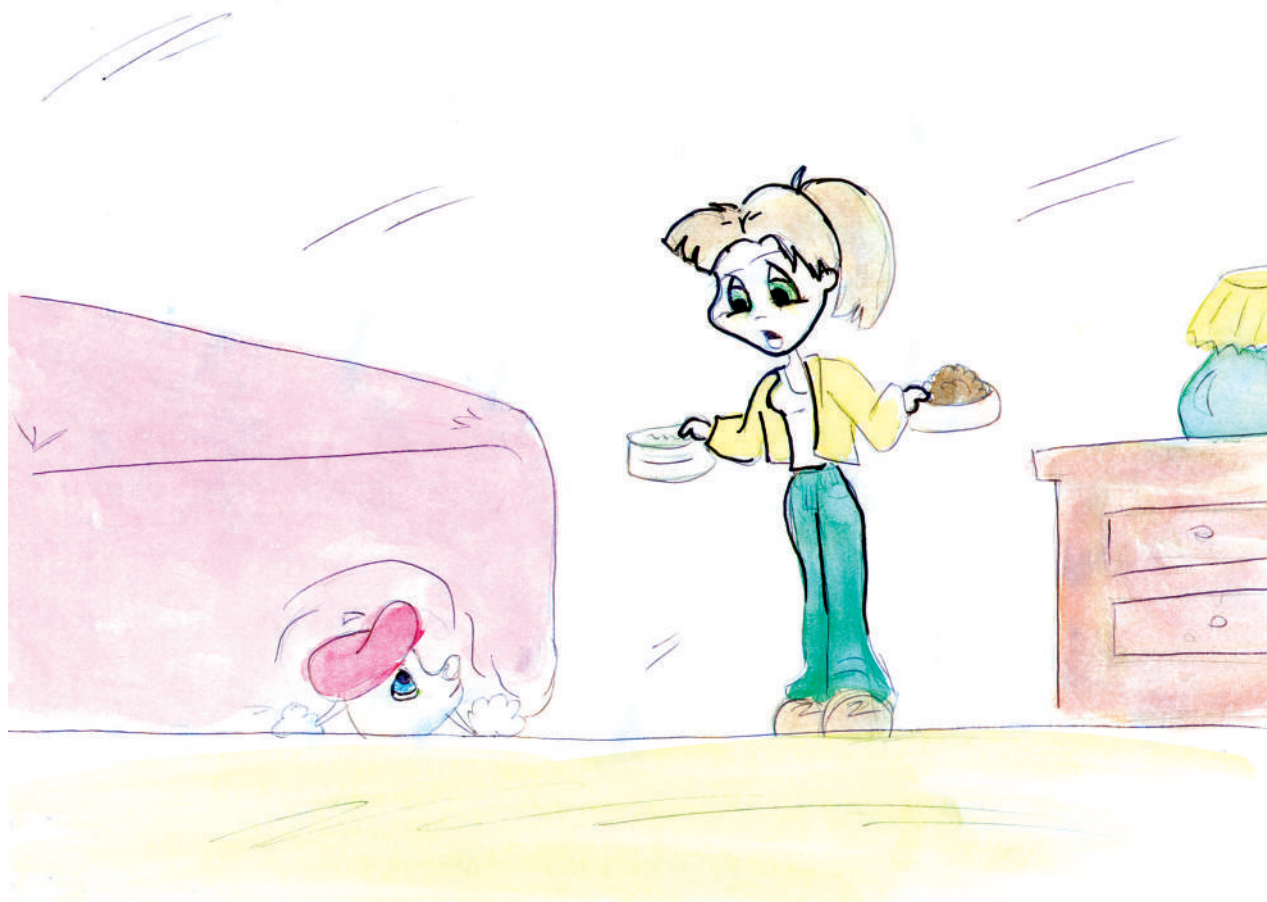
But sometimes Gussy did not like the crate.
He wanted to stay up late.





“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.

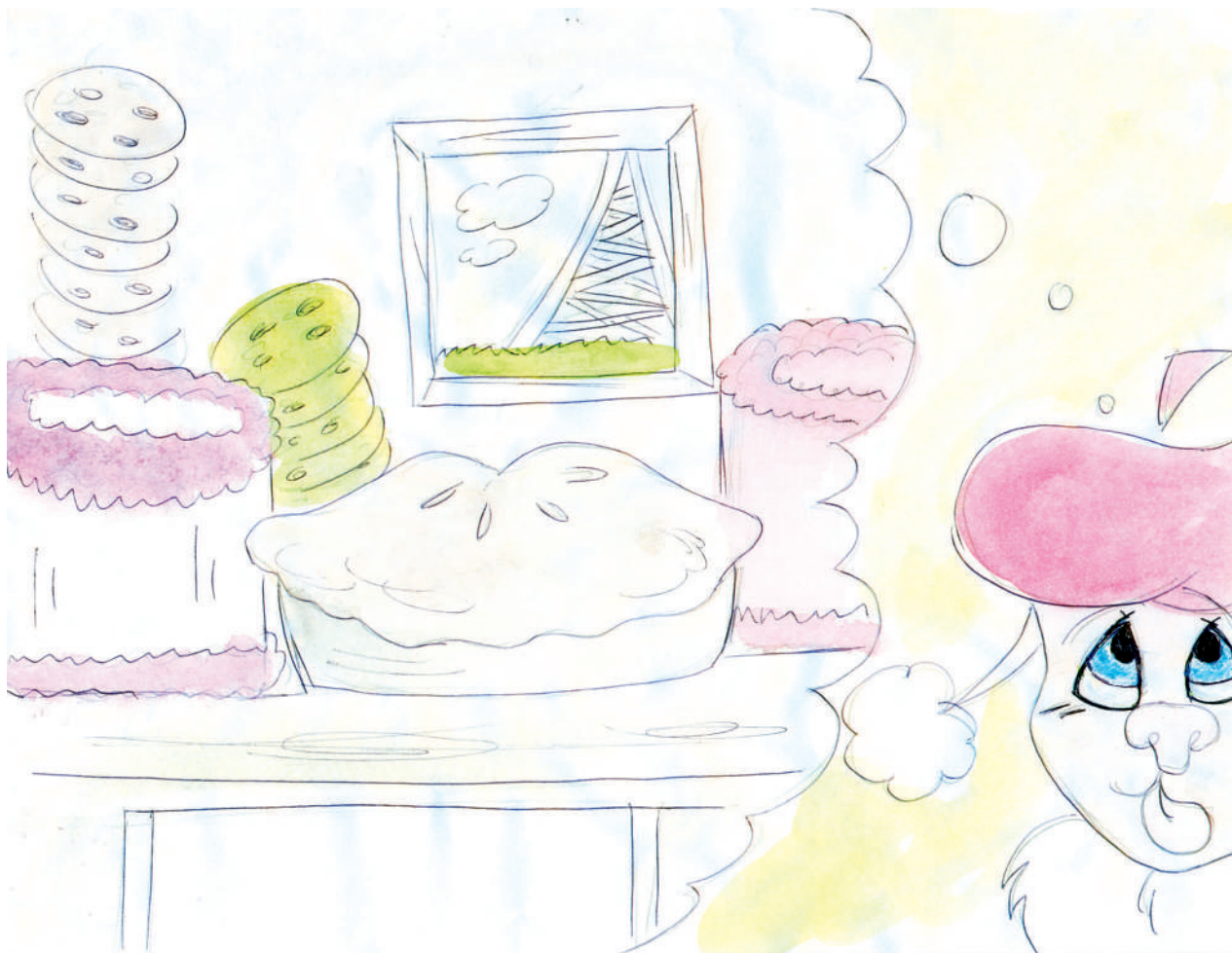
My mom laughed, “You are silly, Gussy, for growling at me.
I buy your food.”



“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.”

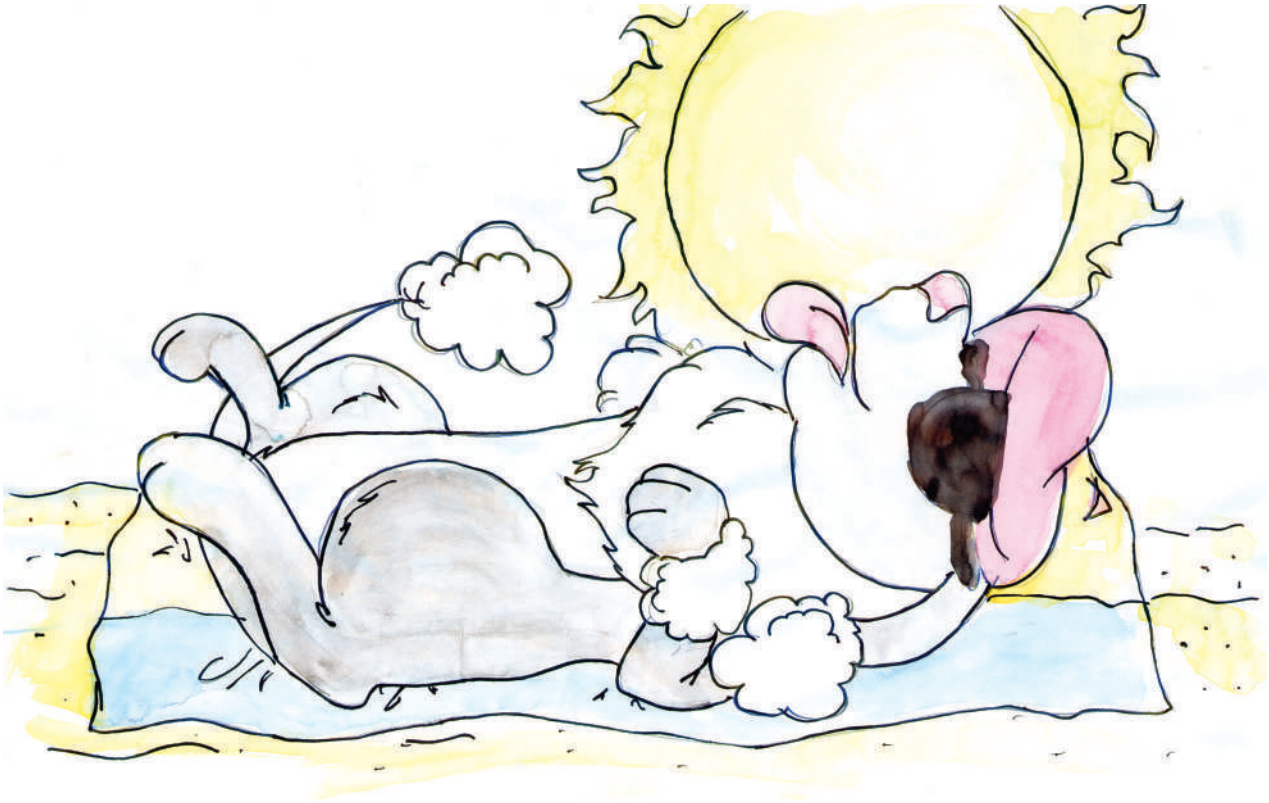
“Bones! Yuck. That will not do,” Gussy whined.

“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.

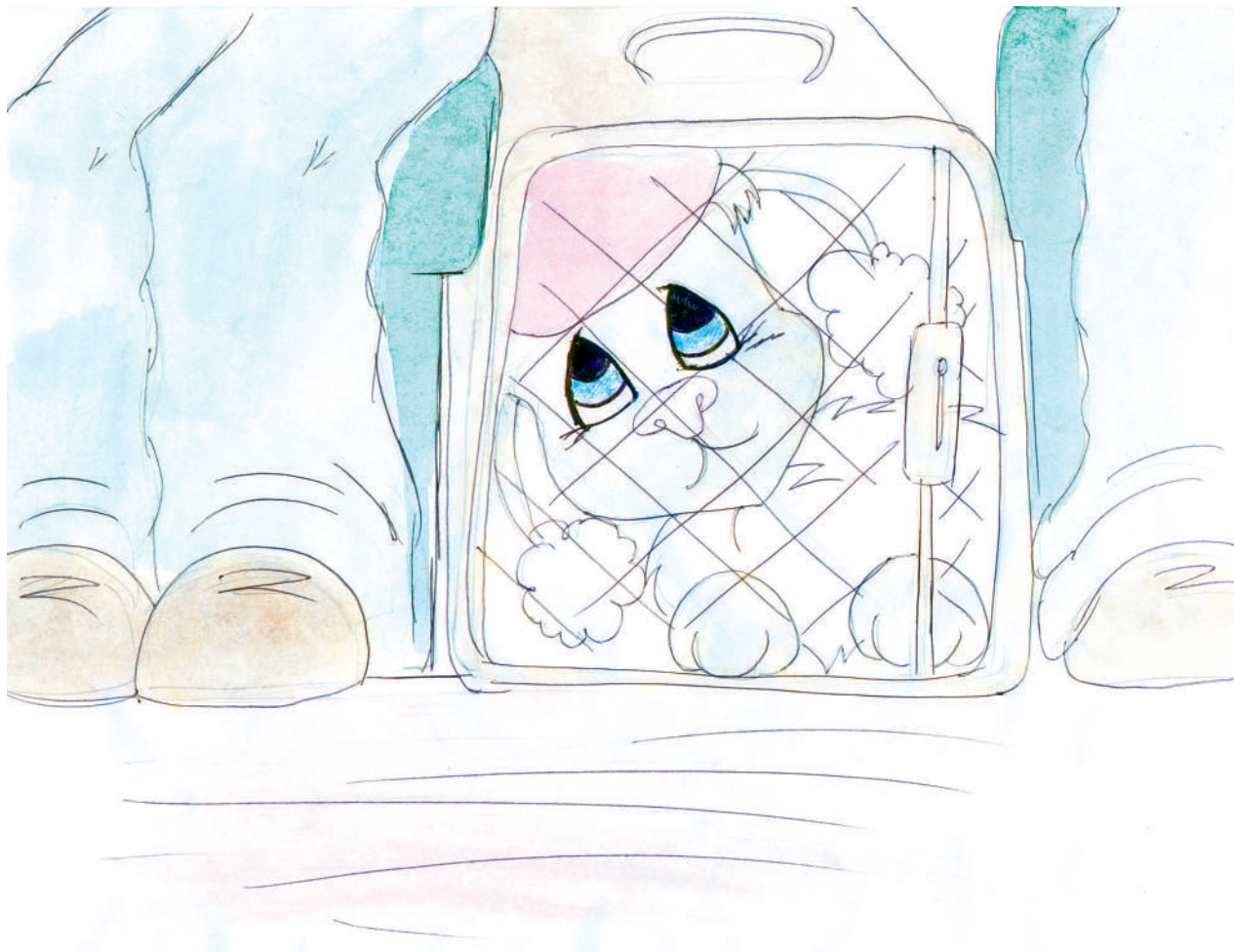
But he started to frown, as the sun went down.

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.

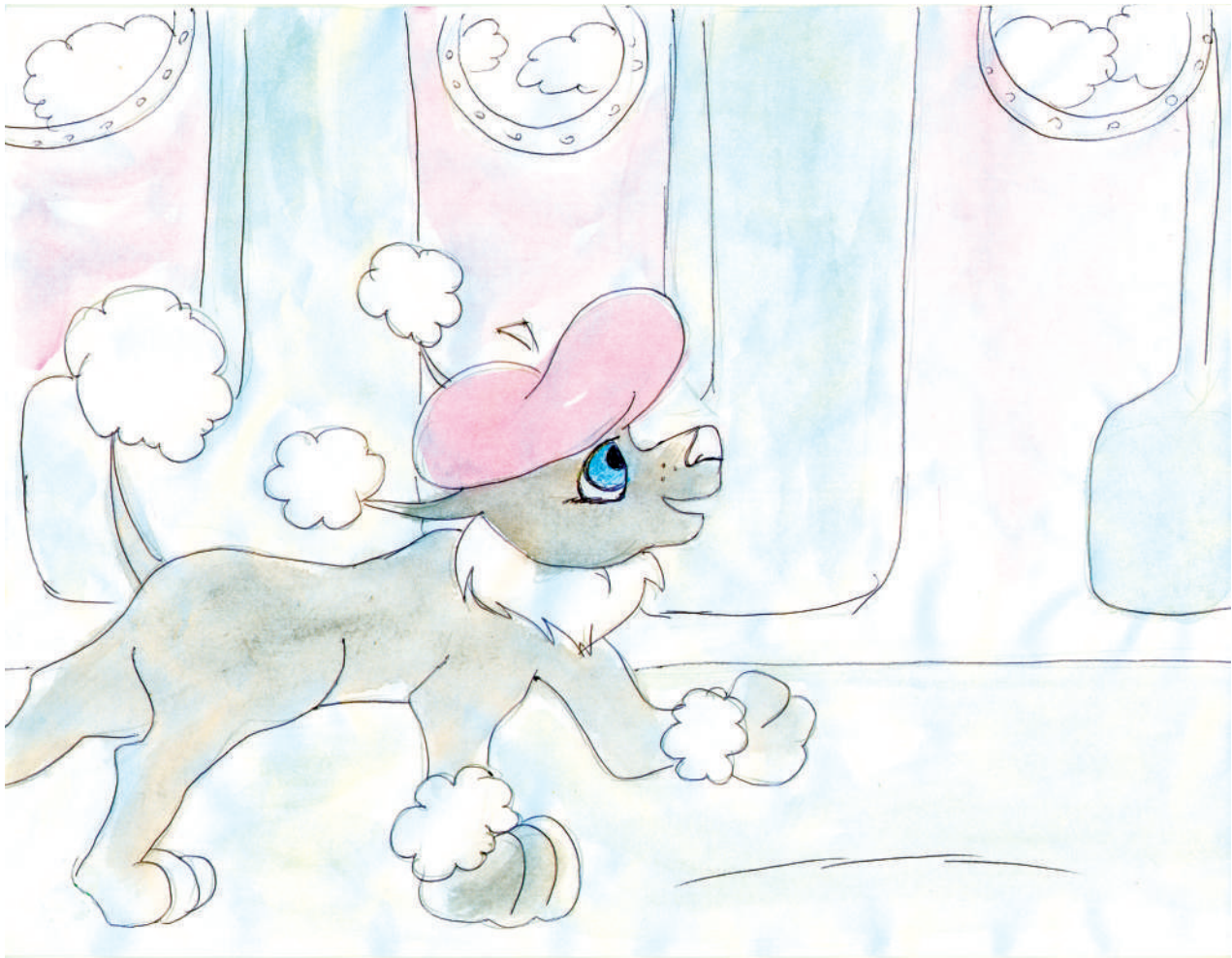
He was in a special doggy carrier bag.

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.

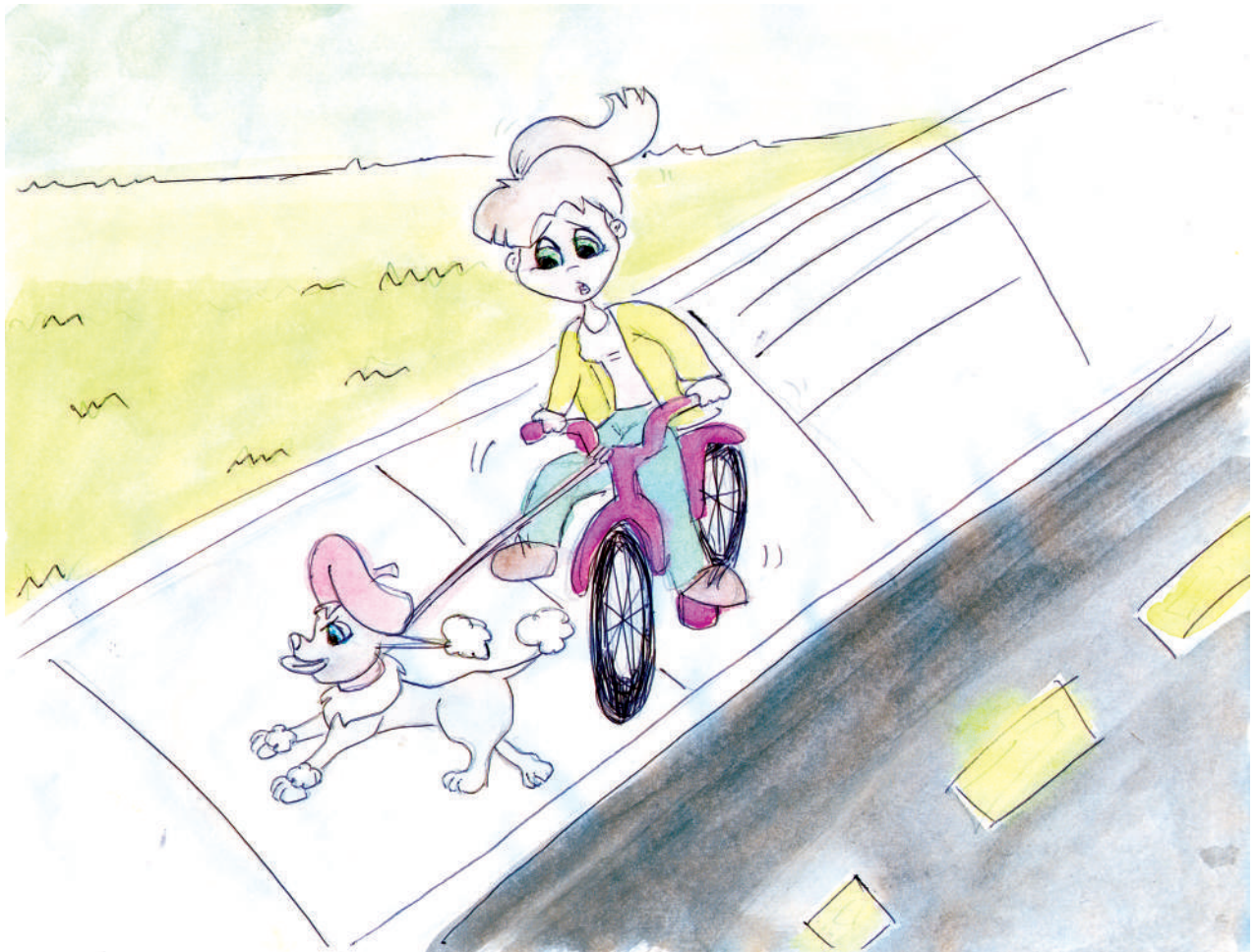
“Why are your treats in the basket of wash?” my mom asked.

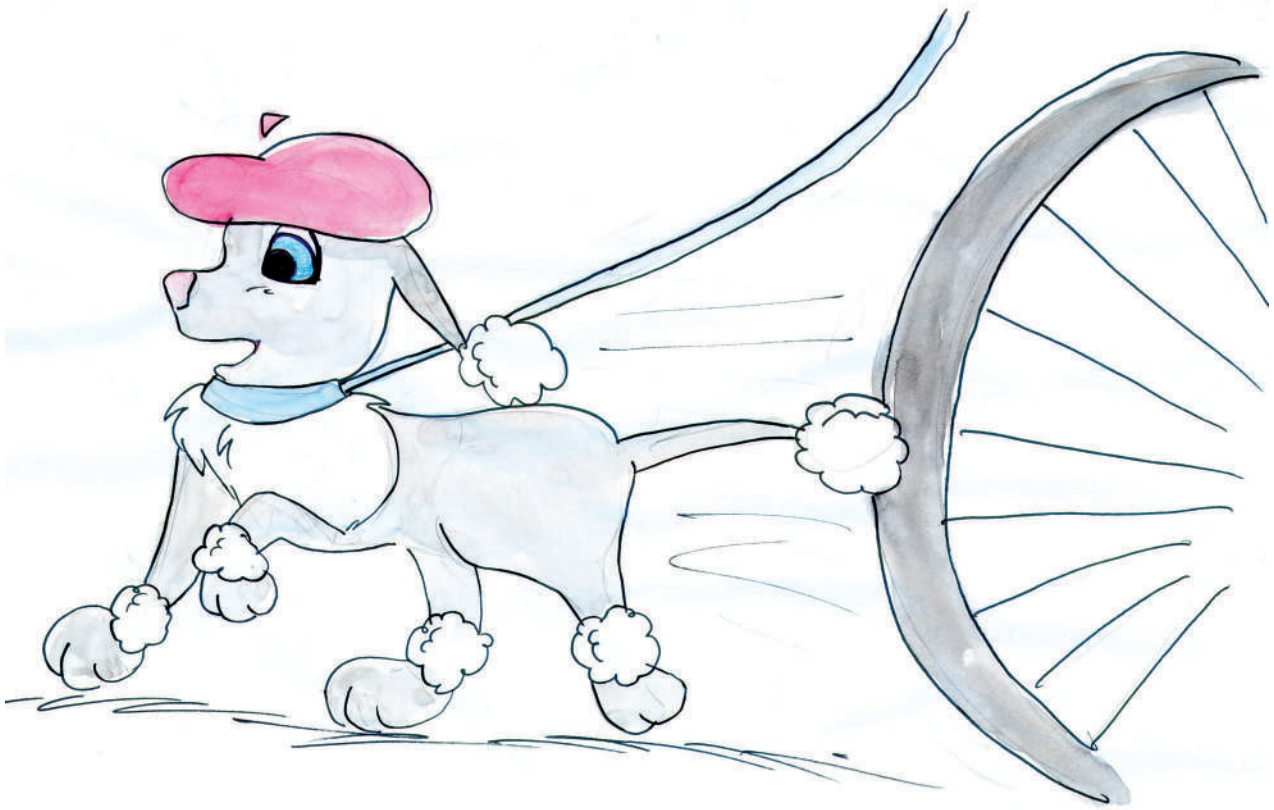
“Because I want them to be clean and shiny,
like the top of French cake,” he said.

“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.”



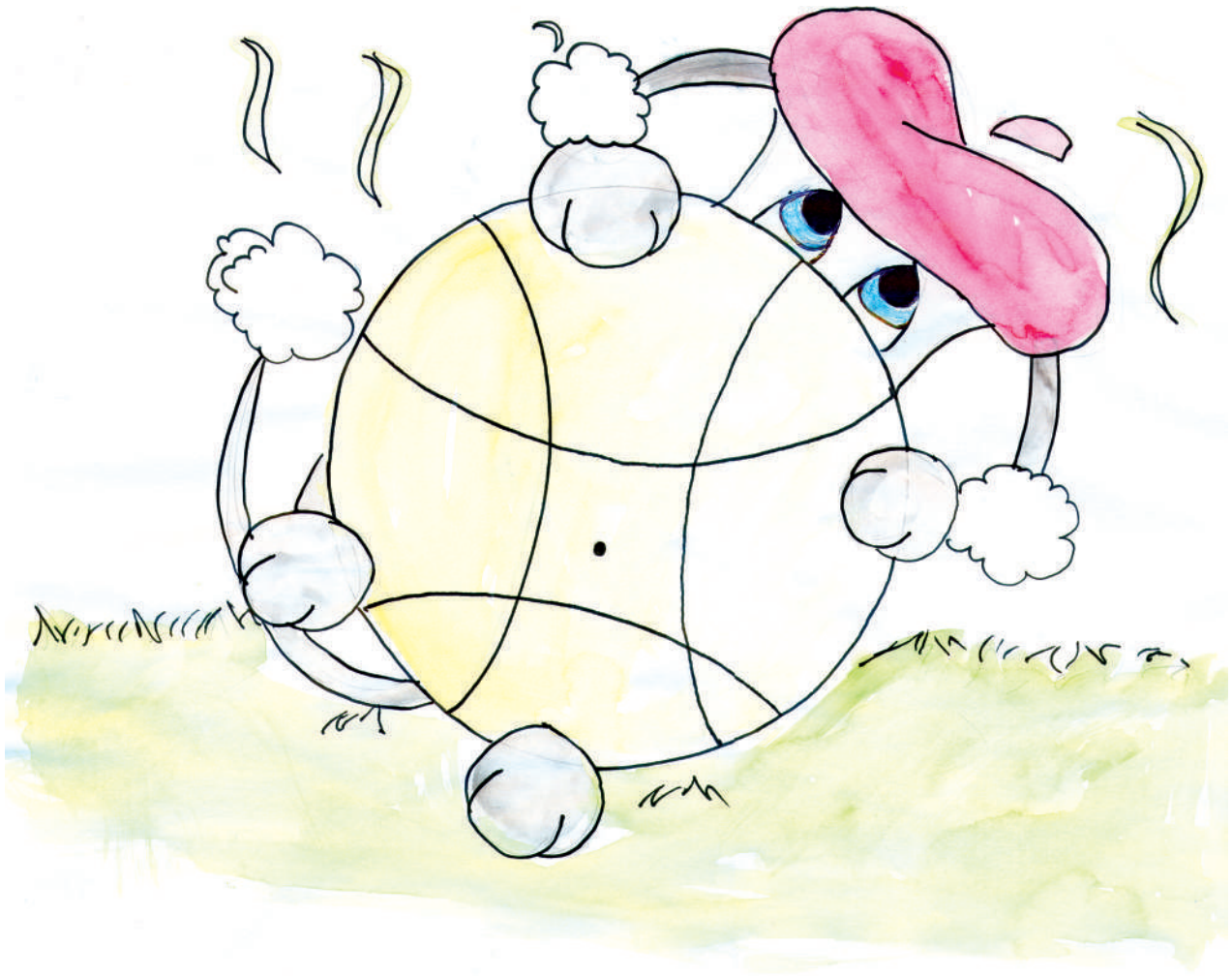
My dad heard this and started to laugh.

“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.

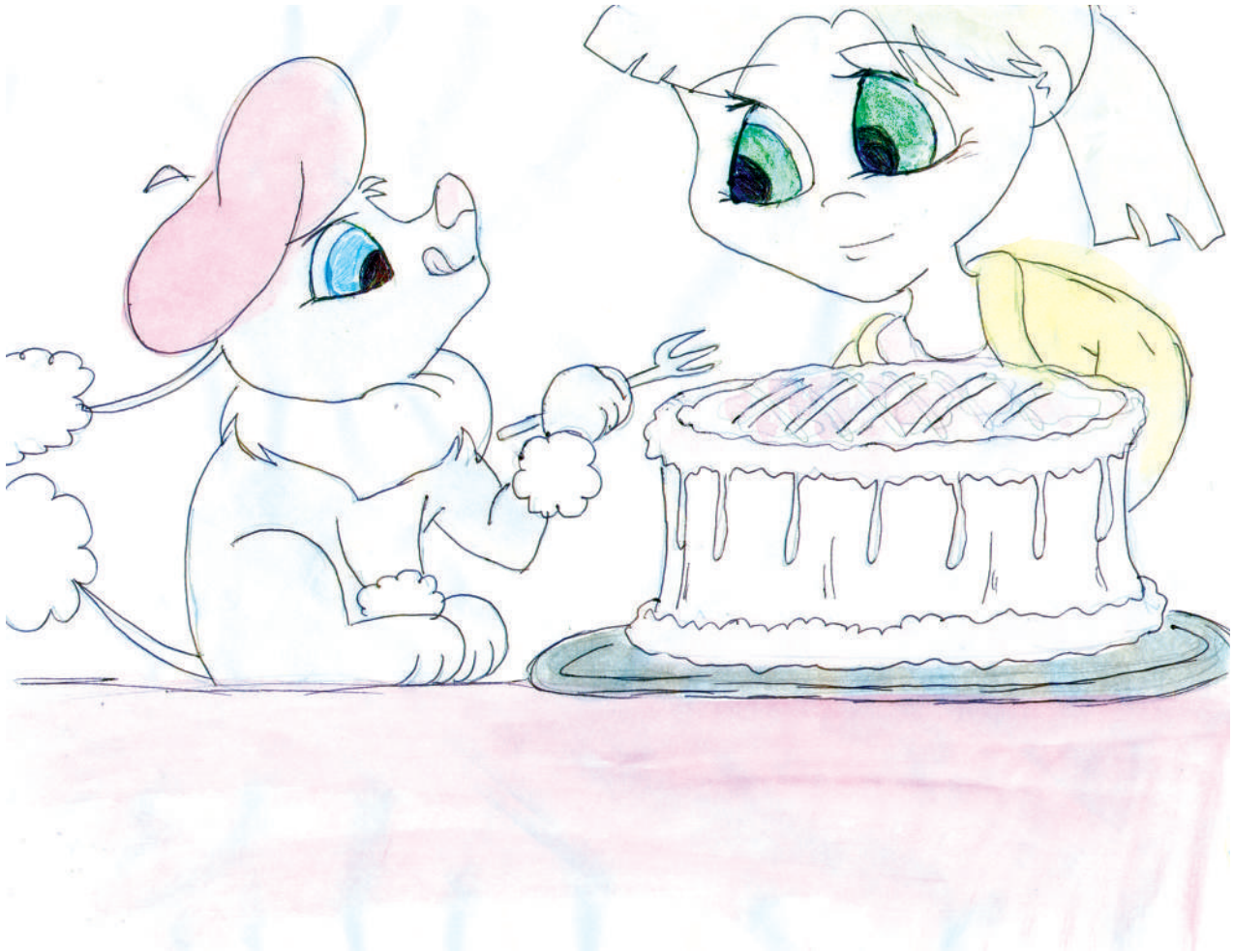
Gussy asks that the spice be “just right.”

“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.”



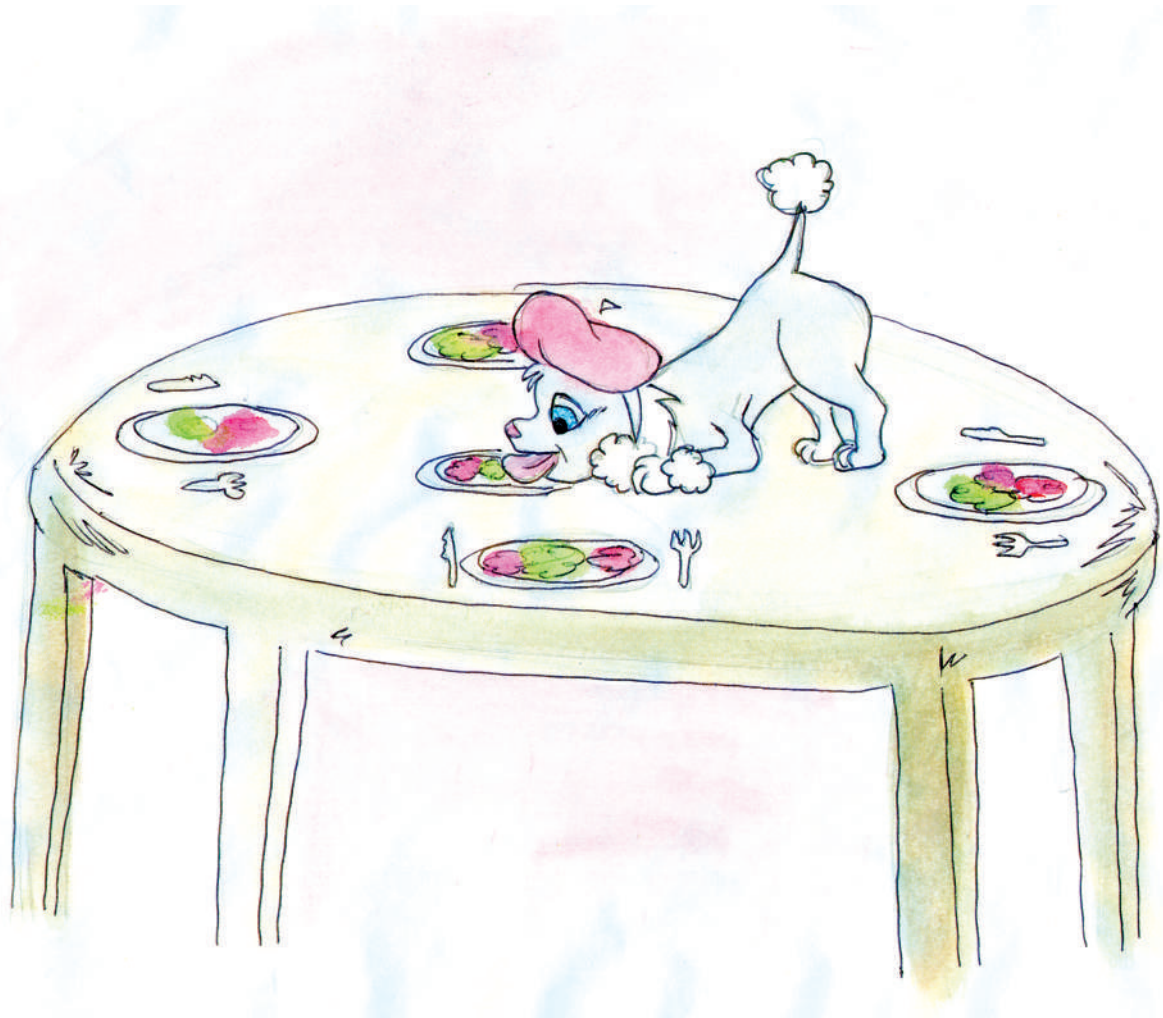


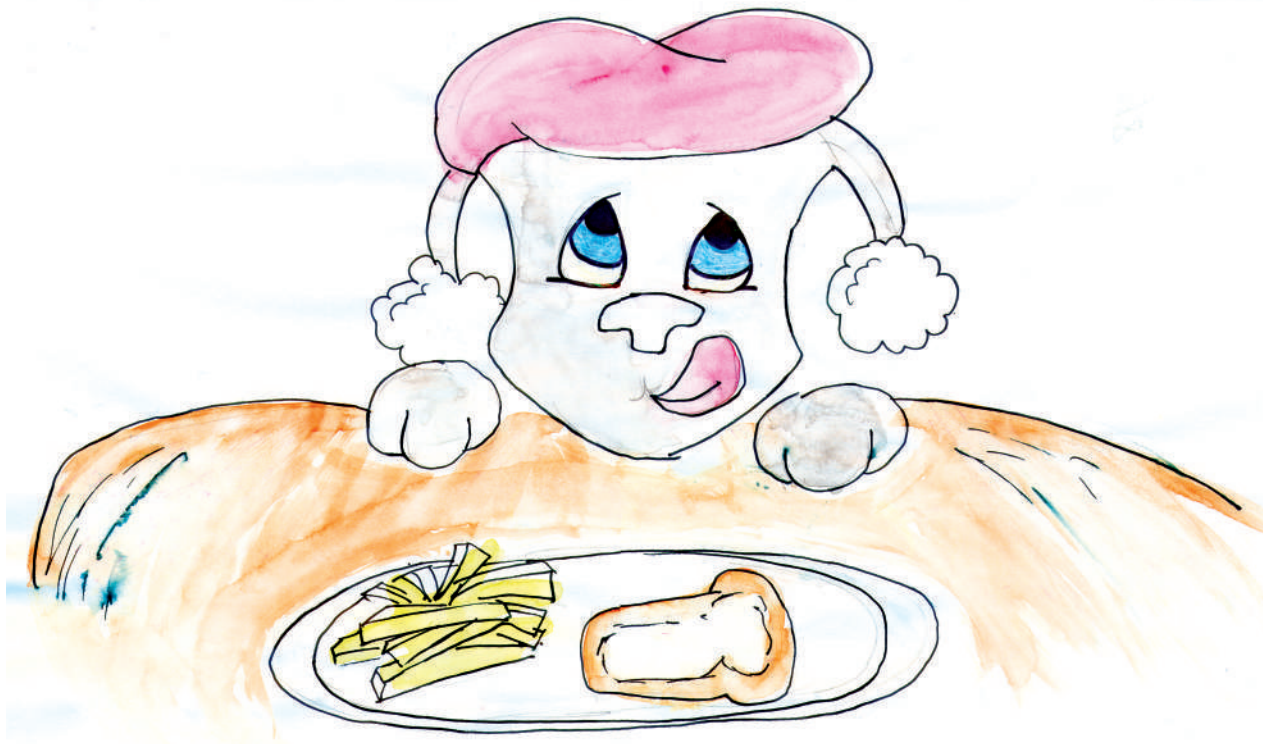
My mom shook her head.
She said, "I do not know what to say.
You are handsome, but you are a dog."

"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.



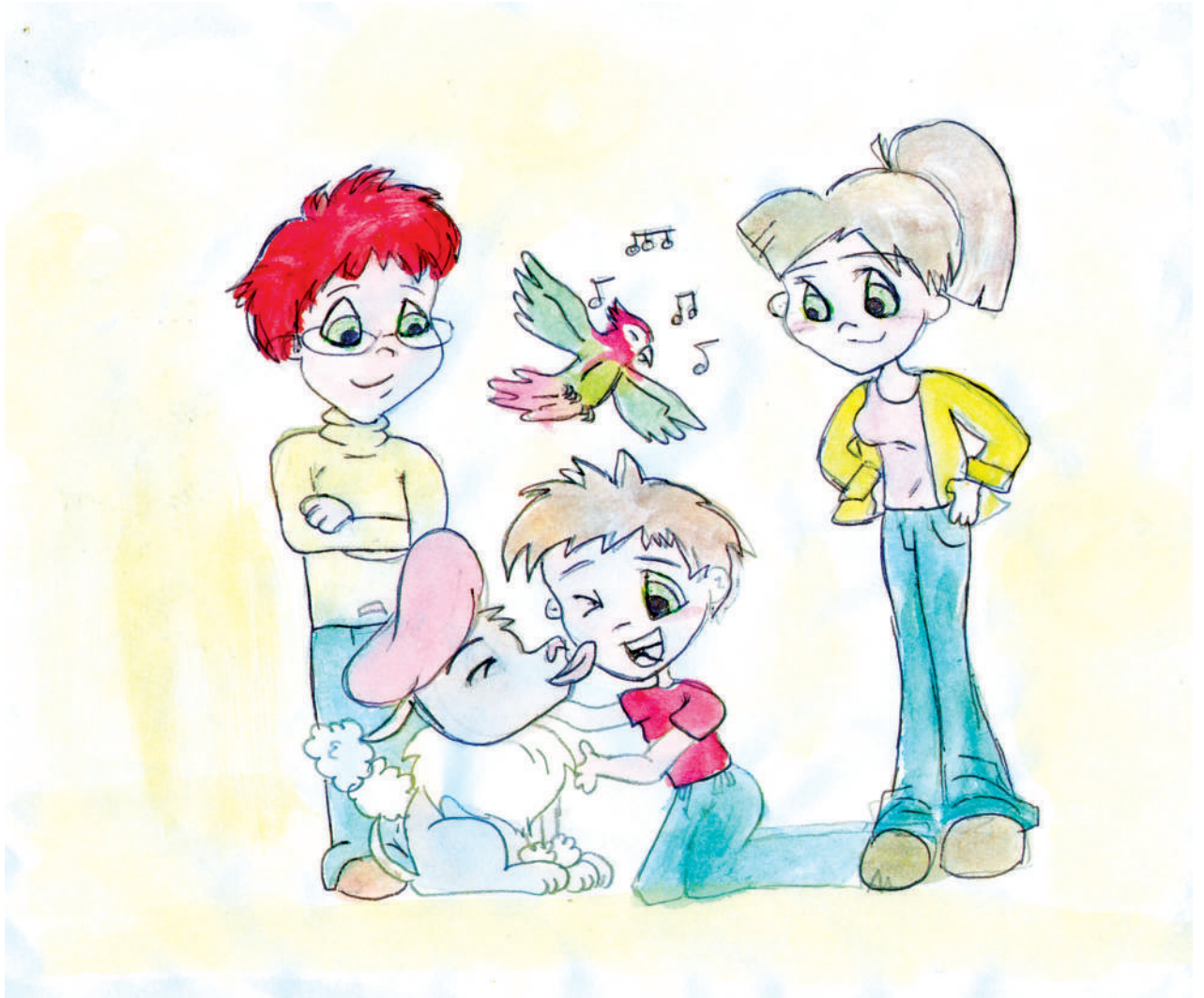


He jumps up and down.
And runs all around.
He treats me nice.
So I do not care if he is a little fussy.

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

If I Could Fly



If I could fly,
I would fly high.



I would fly so high,
that you could not see me in the sky.



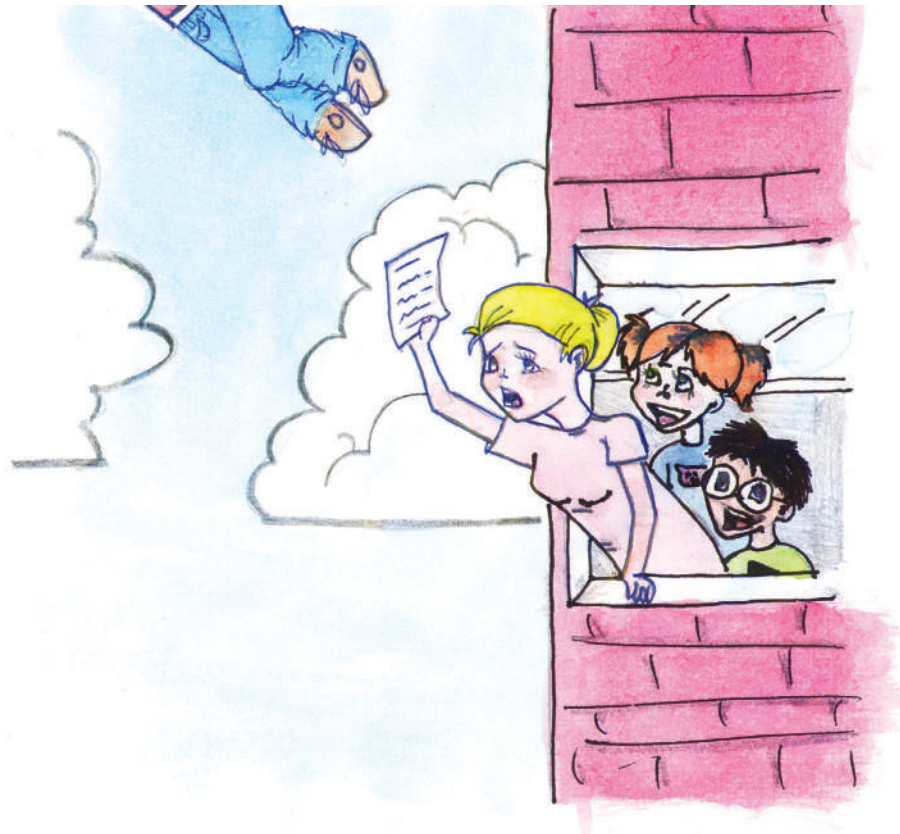
I would fly above trees and leaves.



I would fly above bugs.



I would fly so high,
I would not be able to do my homework!

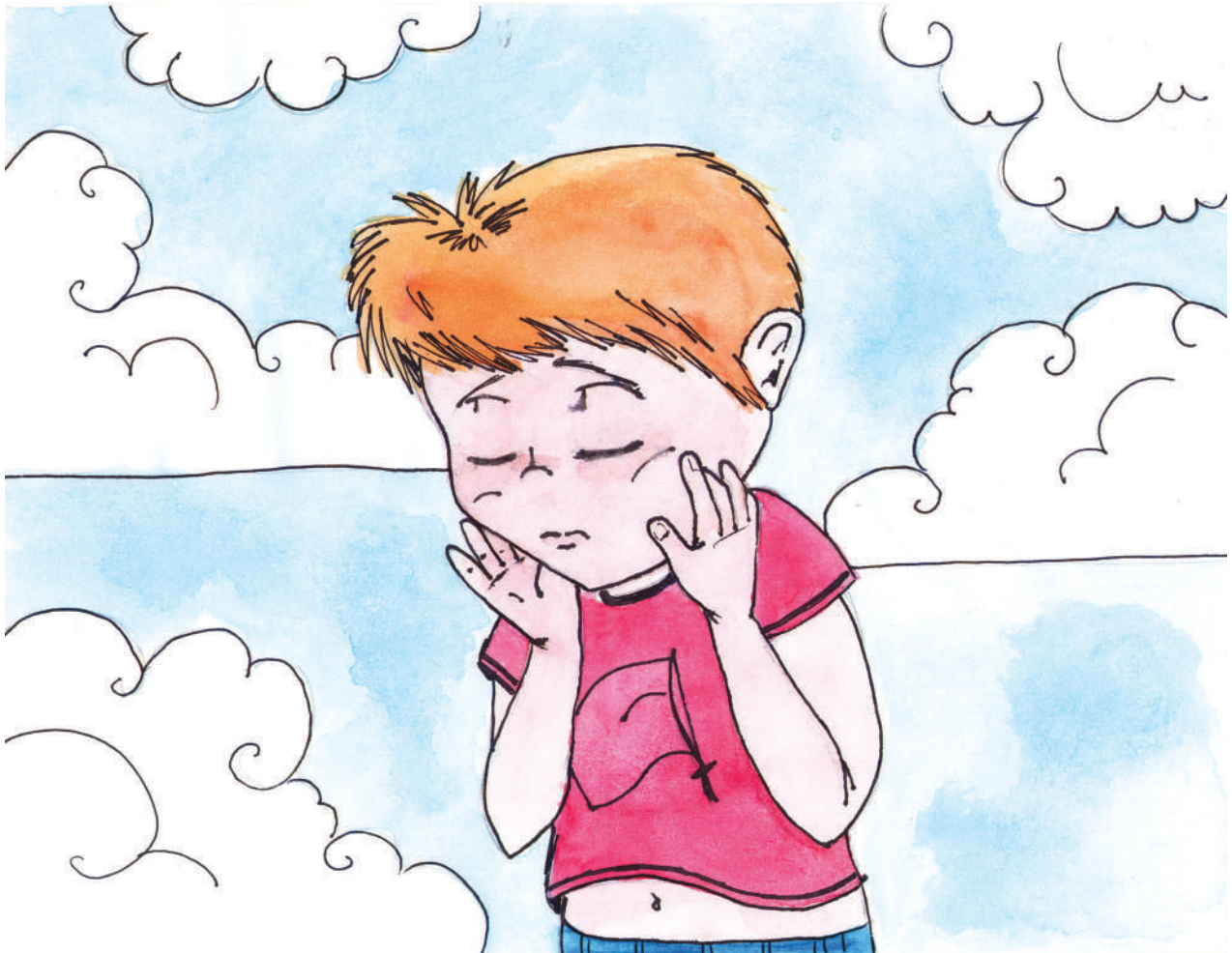


I would fly with the birds and sing with them.

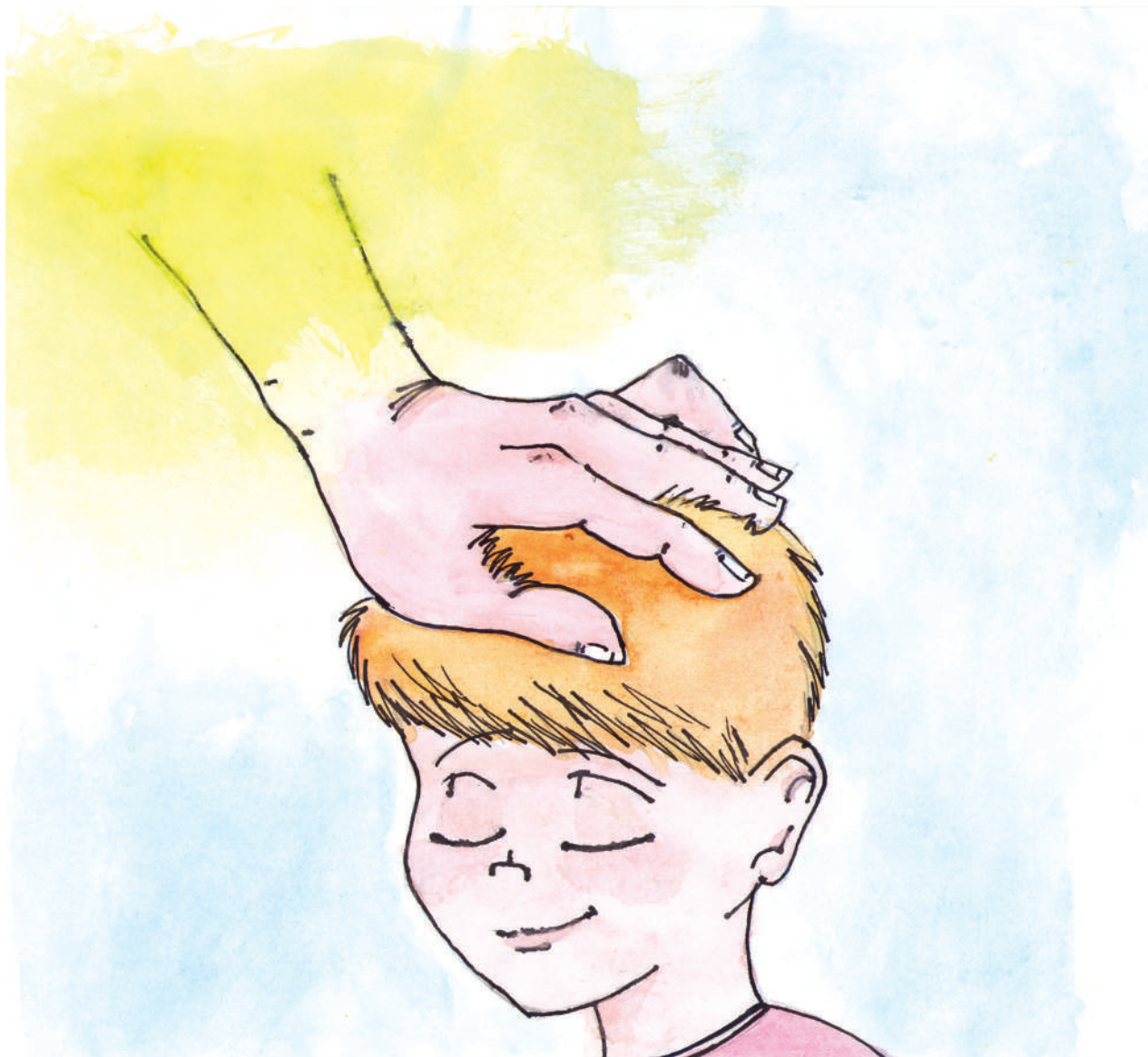
I would fly above the clouds, so high, I could see air planes above me!



If I could fly that high, it would be fun for a couple of days.
But then I would feel alone, because
no other children could play in the sky with me.



If I could fly, I would fly so high I could touch God.



If I could fly, I would fly high.
But then after flying for hours,
I would get hungry and tired.



So I would start flying lower.
I would start flying home.



If I could fly, I would fly low at dinner time.

I would flap my feet so quick that I might lose my shoes.

But I can catch my shoes, as I cruise!

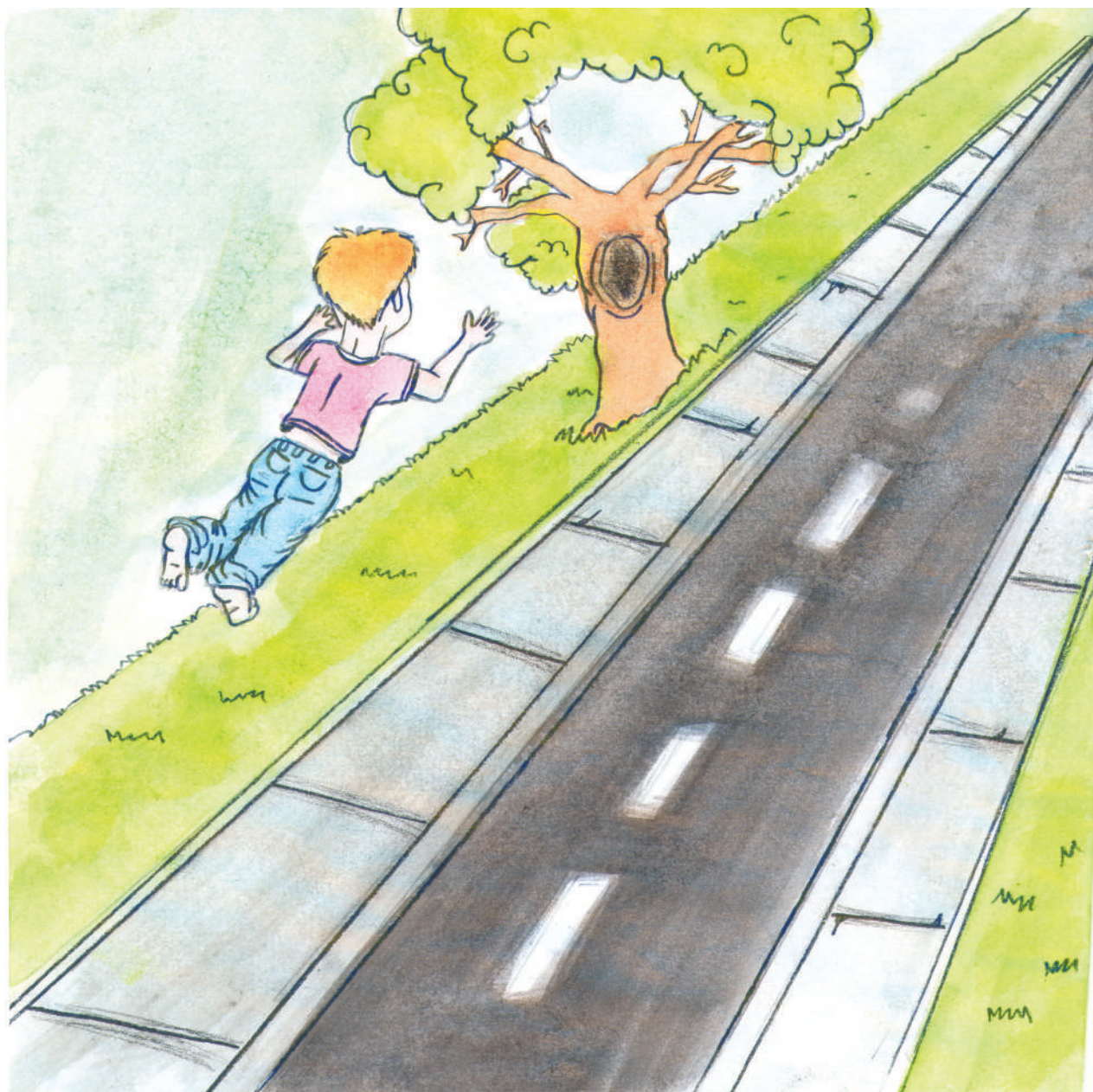


I love to fly down above the trees.

I love to fly between branches and touch leaves,
as I fly on my way home.



If I could fly, I would fly as long as could be.
Then I would fly and rest in a neighborhood tree.



I would see what I could see,
high up in my neighborhood tree.



If I could fly, I would still fly home.
I would obey my parents.
And come home when they called for me.



I would go home before it was dark,
because if I could not see, I might bump into a tree.



When I fly, I feel free.

I am happy.



I hope you sleep well tonight.

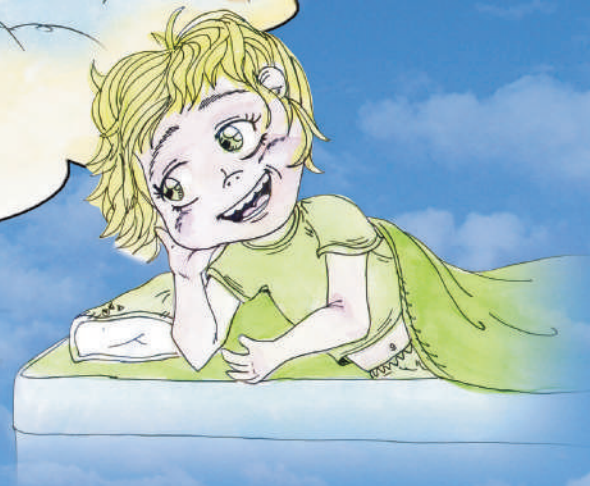
I hope you dream happy dreams ...

Dreams where you can fly as high as me!

The End

Maxy's Amazing Adventure

A Dog's Wonderful Afterlife



Maxy was my best friend.

If I was moody or mad, he forgave me.



If I played with my other friends, he did not get mad at me.



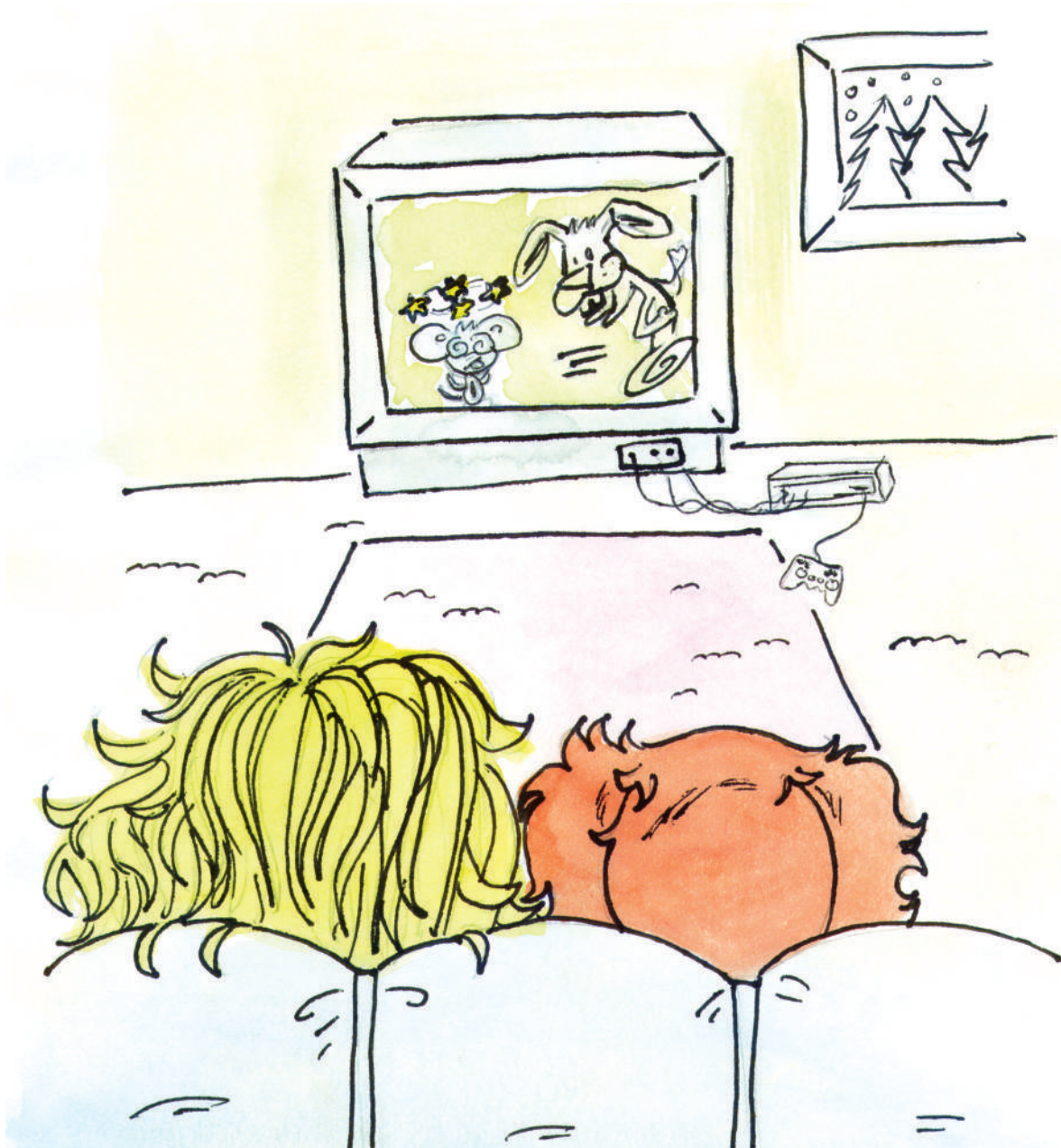
If I was late feeding him, he was still happy to be fed.



Maxy loved to play catch.



He liked watching TV with me.
He loved to cuddle next to me.
I loved the feel of his warm fur.



He was so friendly, he would lick my neck.
It was not gross. It was fun.

Then something really bad happened. Maxy got sick.

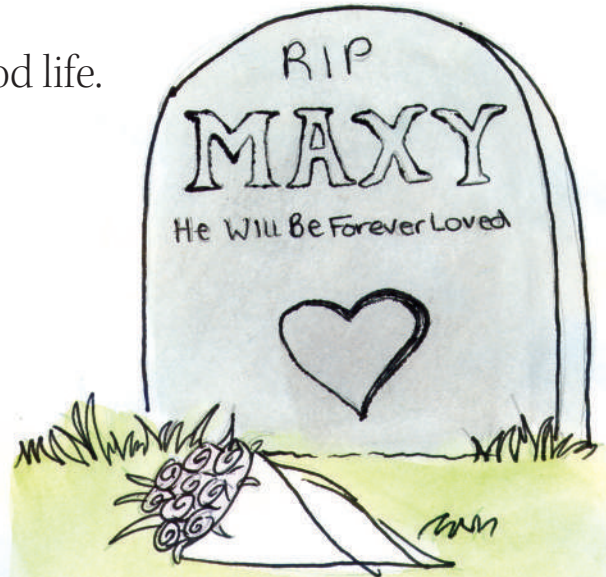
Then he died.

The Doctor said Maxy did not have any pain.

I guess that was good, but I just wanted my Maxy back.

My Dad said, "You gave Maxy a good life.

Maxy knew you loved him."



But I just wanted Maxy back.

I wanted my special friend.

That weekend we went to Church. They talked about Heaven.

“Did Maxy go to Heaven?” I asked my Mother.

“Yes,” she said.



That night I had a dream.



It was all about Maxy.

Maxy was running and playing with other dogs and cats.



In my dream, he was playing with other people who had died.
He was playing with my Grandfather and my Aunt Helen.
My Grandfather and Aunt Helen were chasing Maxy
very fast and playing tag.
Then Maxy was sitting on top of my Grandfather's head!
Then he started dancing on my Aunt Helen's bed.
She had pretty, long blond hair.
Grandfather and Aunt Helen were laughing and giggling.
No one was sad or mad.



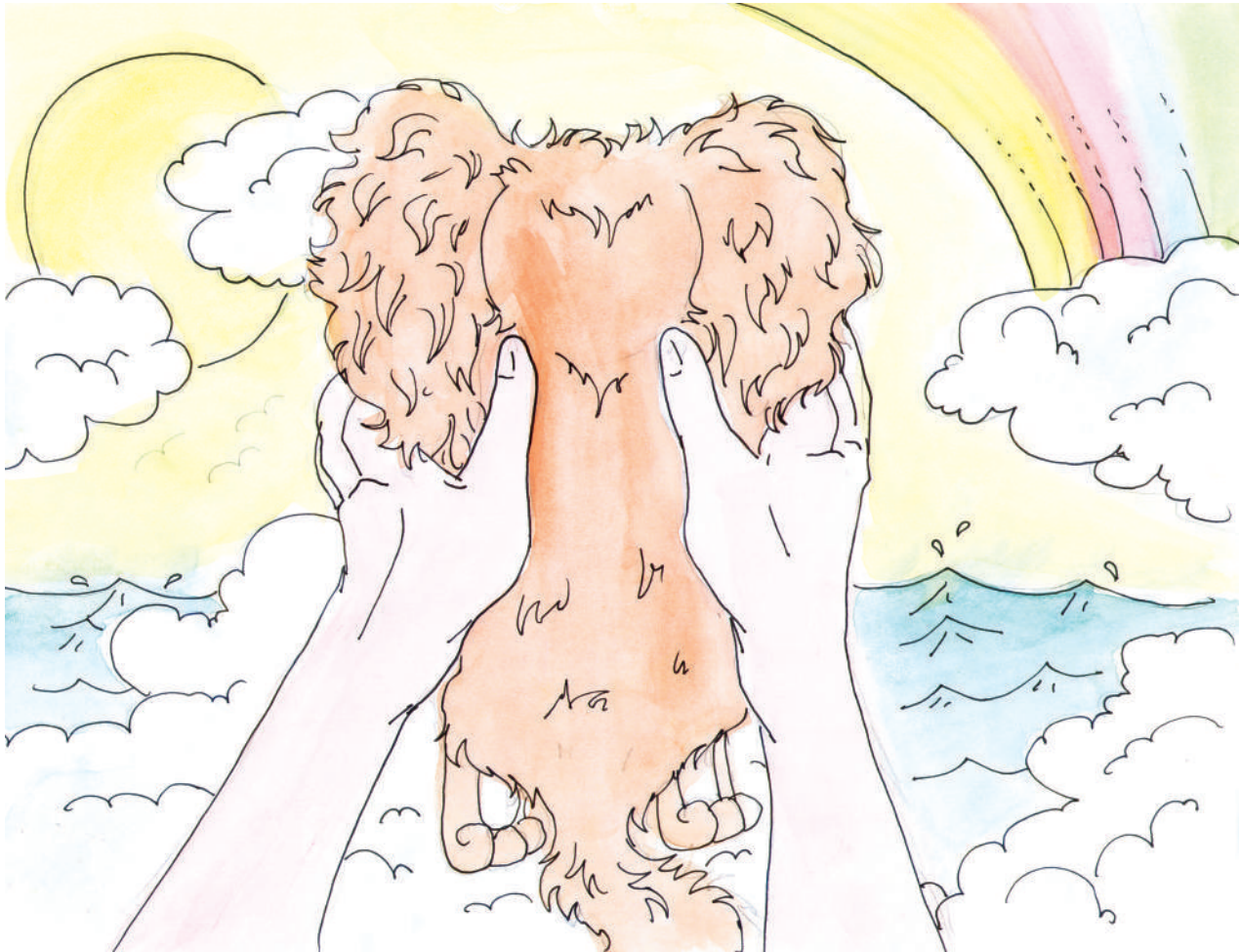
All of Maxy's animal friends were in my dream. Muffin the cat and Betty the bird were there. They were all hanging on my Grandfather.
My dream was so real! It was like being awake!

Then, I heard a strong, friendly Voice call out,
“Maxy, my dear lovely little Maxy, come sit on my lap.”



The Voice made Maxy very happy.
He ran to the Voice.

It was God!



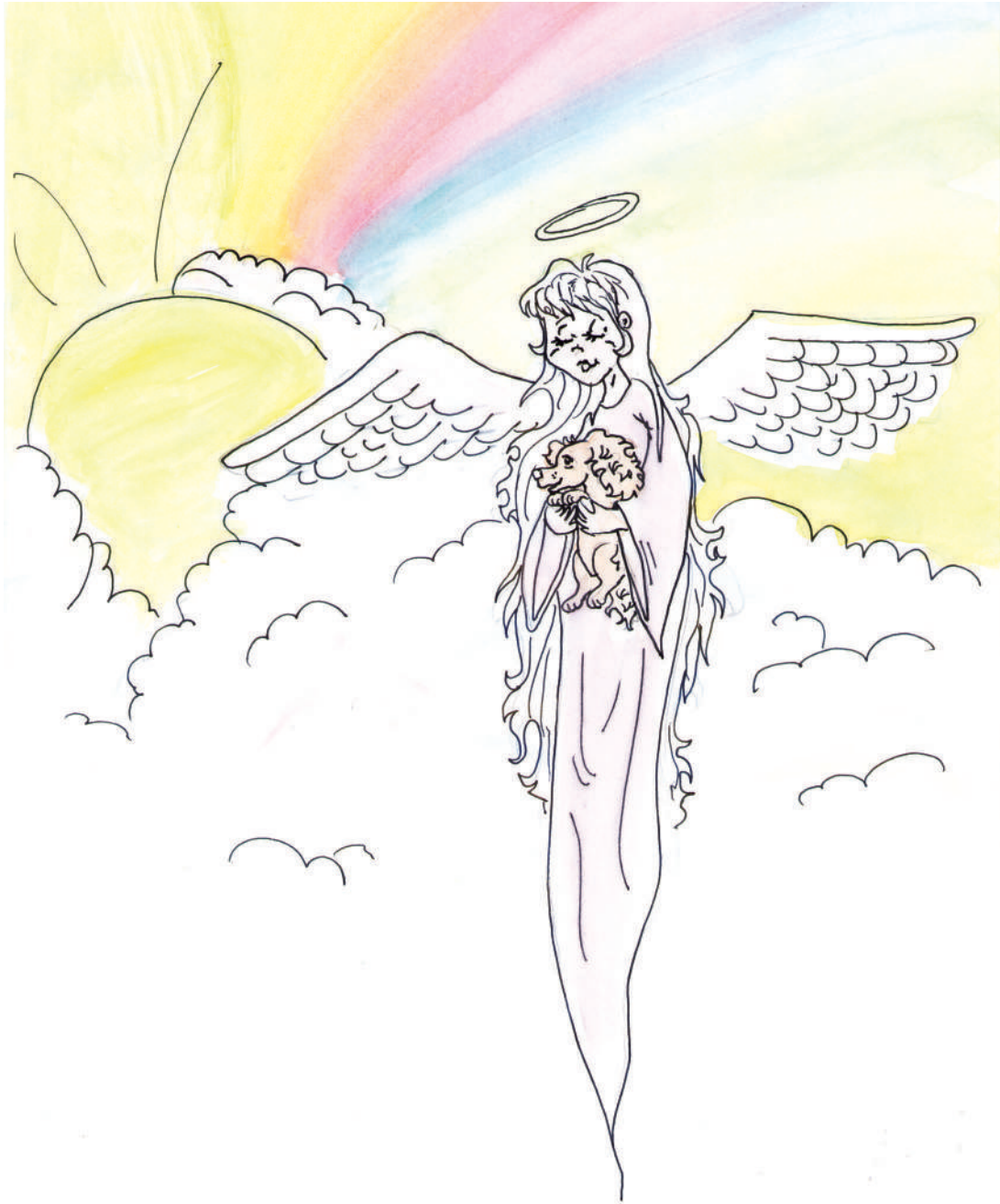
Many lovely things were there with God.

Maxy saw nice friendly people, and pretty birds and fish.

He also heard wonderful, pretty music.

Everything Maxy loved was with God.

All the people and angels were very kind to Maxy.



I could tell Maxy felt very loved. Most of all — GOD LOVED HIM!
Maxy was very happy.

Then I woke up.

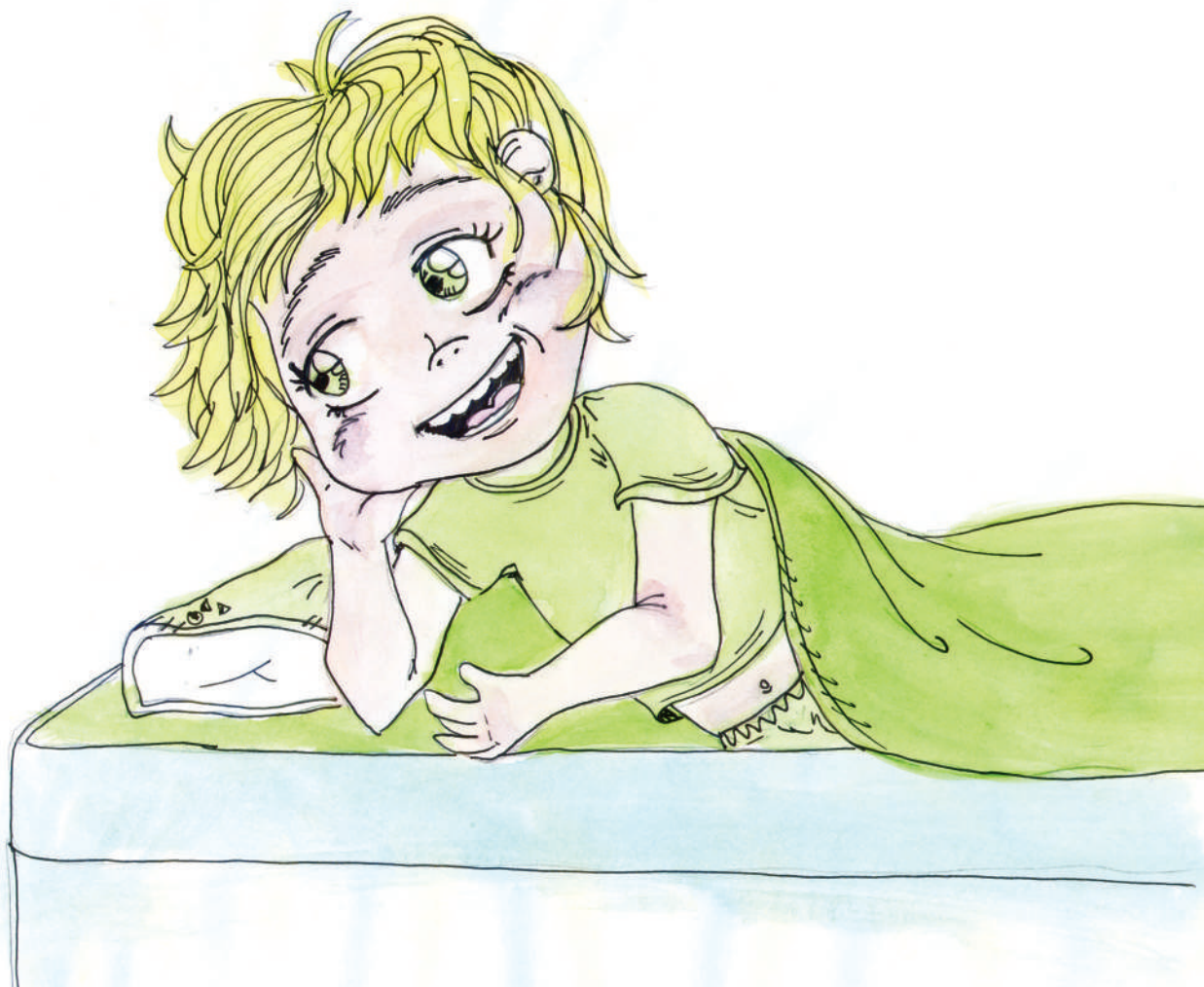


My little sister was awake in the next bed.
She asked me, “Do you miss Maxy?
Do you think he is happy?”

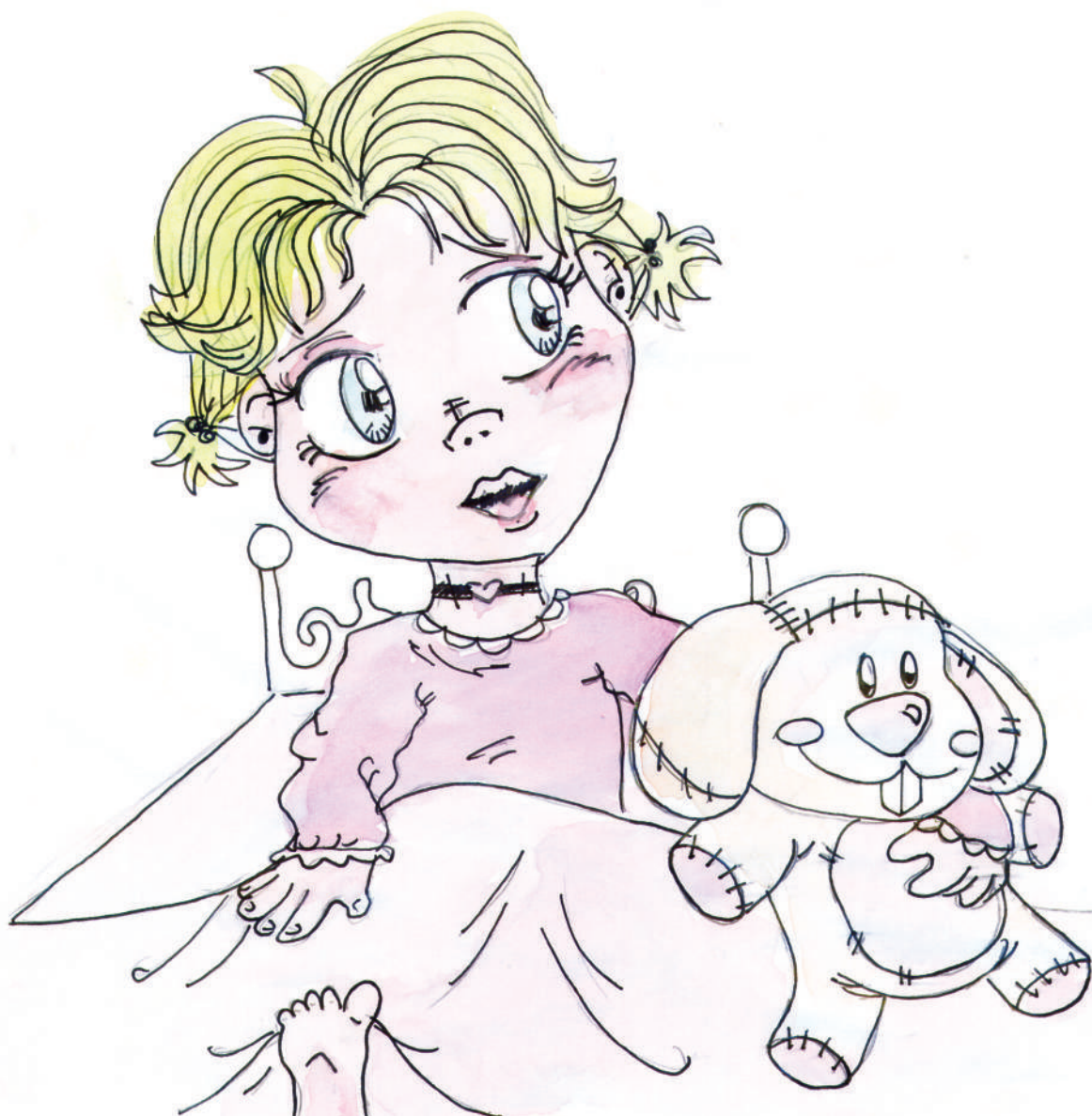


“Yes, I think Maxy is very happy,” I told her.

“He is so very happy. He is with God!”



“Do you think I will ever see him again?” my sister asked.



“Yes,” I said, “I think God is keeping Maxy for us.
All good things, all good people, and all good pets are in Heaven.”
My sister smiled and hugged me close.



We are happy Maxy is still alive.
We miss him, but we are glad we will see him again someday.

The End

The Amazing Dolphin Boy



By James Schaller, M.D.

Watercolors by Jamie Joyce

Joey walked along the shore at White Sands.
He had just moved there with his mother.
And he had no friends.



“Please God,” he prayed. “Please bring me someone to play with.”



Joey saw kids playing football in the distance.
He went down to the beach hoping to join in the game.



“Can I play?” Joey asked softly.

“No,” the biggest boy replied.

And so Joey walked on by himself.

He looked out at the waves with tears in his eyes.



As Joey looked at the waves,
he saw a little dolphin swimming in the deep water.
He sat and watched the amazing dolphin swim back and forth.
The dolphin was fast. He was very fast.

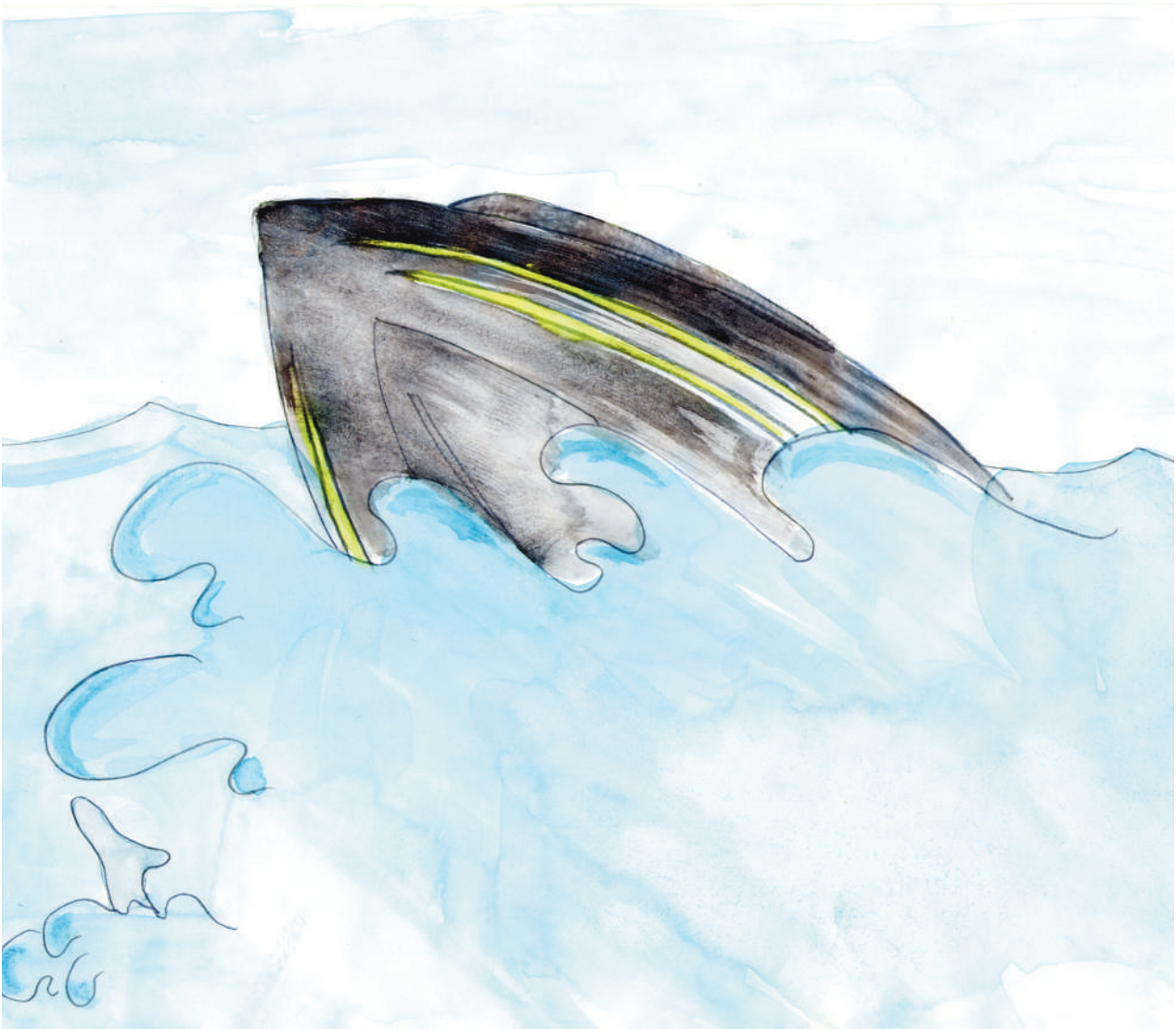
Joey decided to call him "Streak."
He was waving at Joey with his small flipper.
So Joey waved back.
The boy liked Streak and drew a picture of him in the sand.



Then a large yellow and black racing boat shot up the coast.

It was showing off by racing too close to shore.

The large boat made a huge wave, which spun the little dolphin around and around, and threw him on the hard beach.



“Whaaaa!

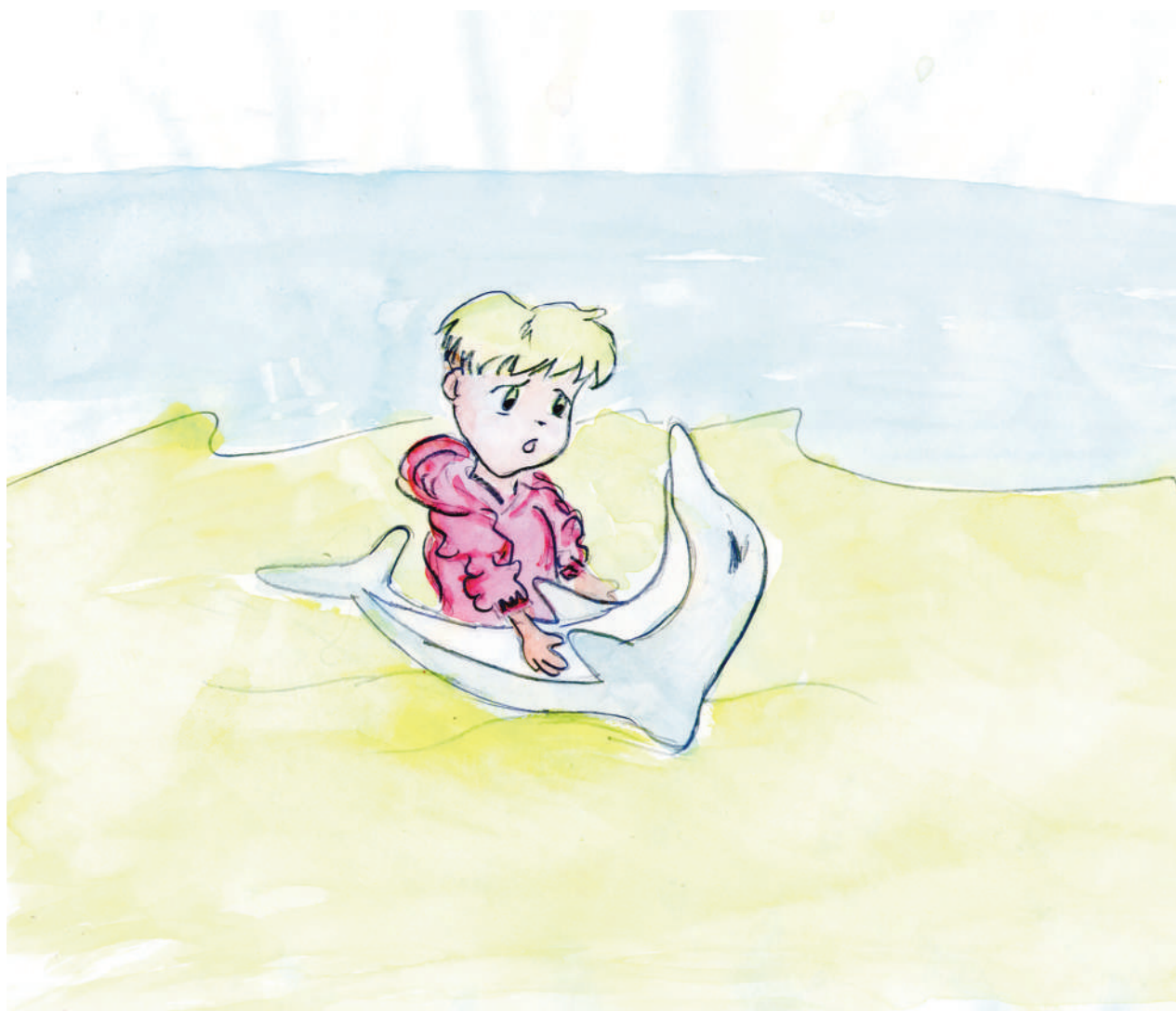
Whaaaa!”



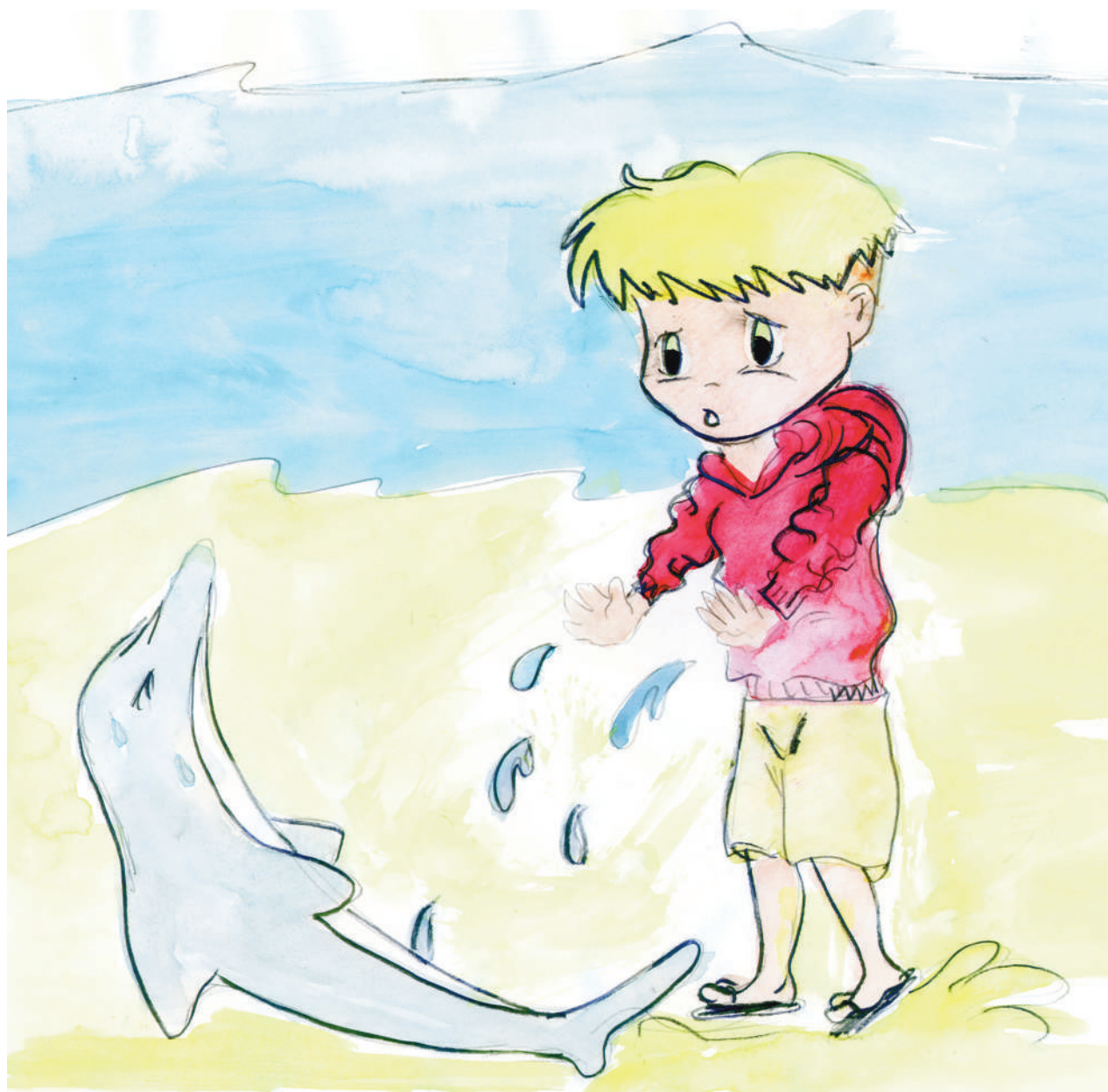
What is that sound?" Joey thought, looking up from the sand.

"Oh, no!" he yelled.

It's Streak!



Joey ran to the dolphin's side and splashed water on his drying skin. Then he grabbed Streak's small tail and pulled him into the water.



“Ah ah ah aaah, ah ah ah aaah,” the dolphin sang. As he shot out of the water, and flew over Joey into a wave.

Streak obviously seemed happy to be saved and in the water again.



Streak turned back and swam up under Joey, and lifted him out of the water with his powerful tail.

The boy grabbed the dolphin's top fin for balance.

Then Streak took off—in a streak!

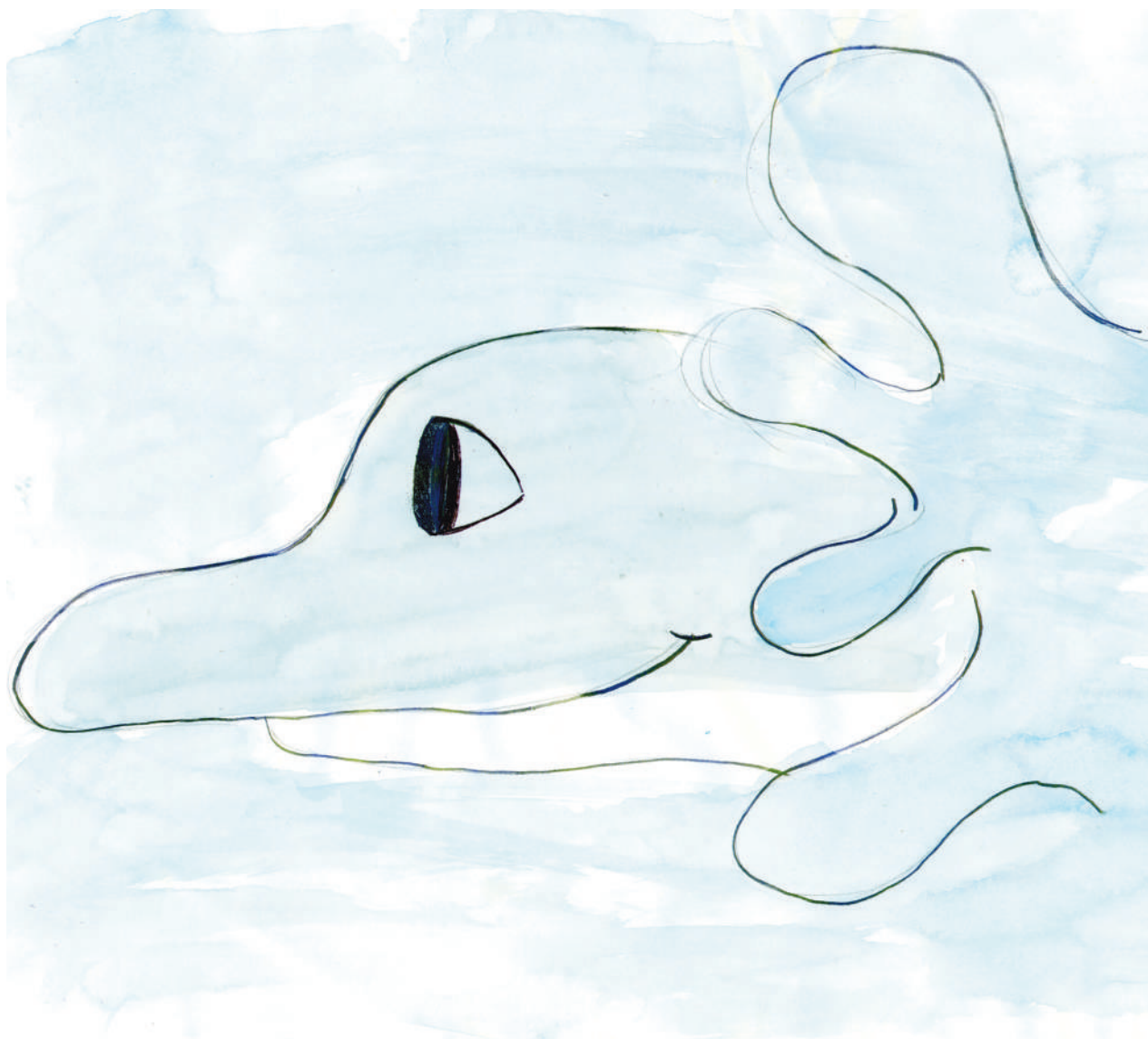
Wow!” Joey yelled as Streak blasted through a large wave spraying water everywhere.



Streak was fast.

He was very fast.

He was almost too fast.



Streak taught Joey some dolphin games.

They played Moon Shot.

They went swimming quickly along the bottom,
and then shot up through the water toward the sky.



Then they played Find the Flounder,
looking for fish on the bottom and chasing them.



But Joey loved the game Water Dance most of all.

Streak danced on top of the water with his tail,
then crashed backwards with Joey holding on tight.

When they fell backwards, Joey laughed so loudly his ears hurt.



Soon the kids playing football looked up from their game.

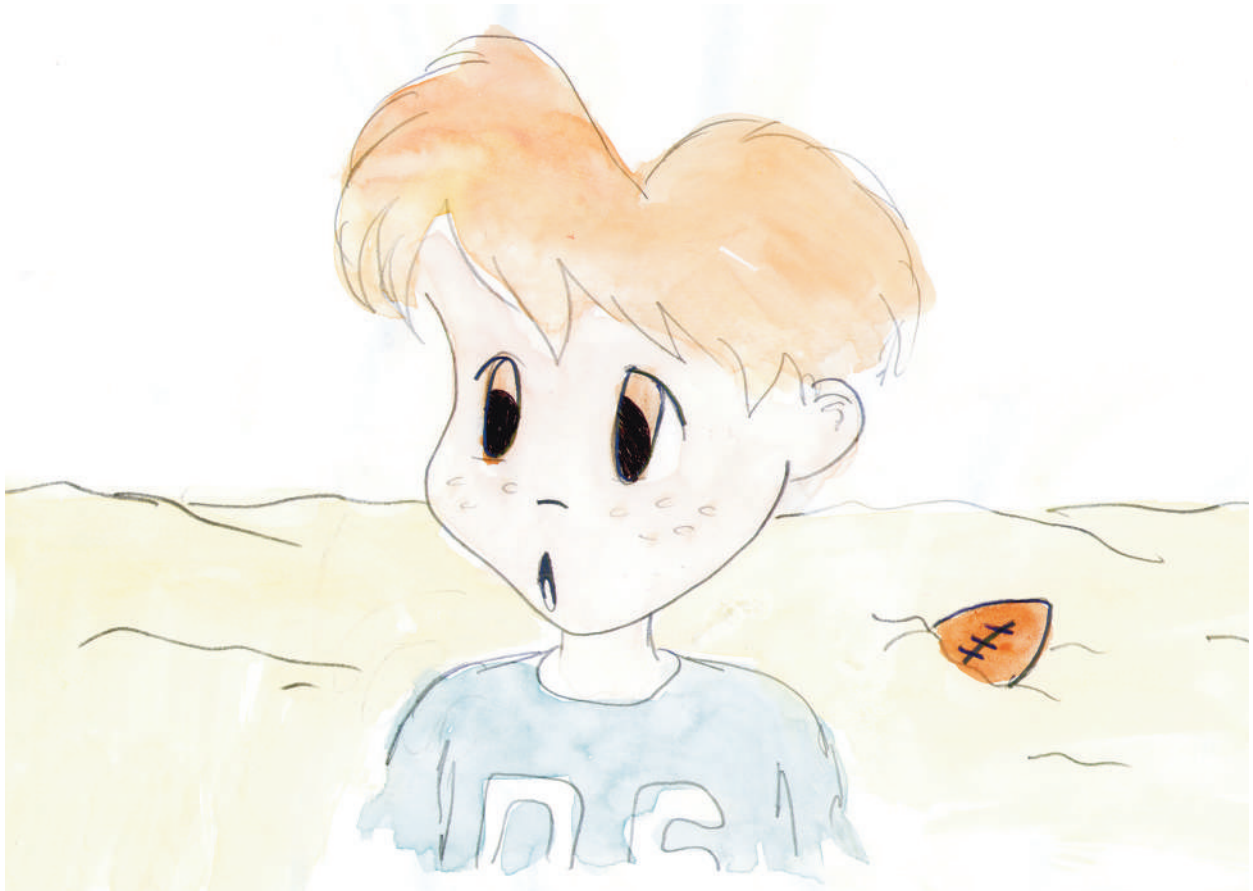
They could not believe their eyes!

A small boy was speeding through the top of the water — sitting on a wild dolphin!

It was that new kid!

Joey flew through the ocean on the back of the wild dolphin.

The other kids just stared.



Finally, both Joey and Streak were tired.

Joey hugged Streak goodbye and swam to shore.



The kids from the game swarmed around him.

“Can I ride your dolphin?” the biggest boy wondered.

“Yeah,” another asked. “Can I get a try?”

Joey simply told how he had made friends with Streak.

They all listened closely.

And as Joey left for dinner, one of the smaller boys called out.

“Come play in our game tomorrow.”

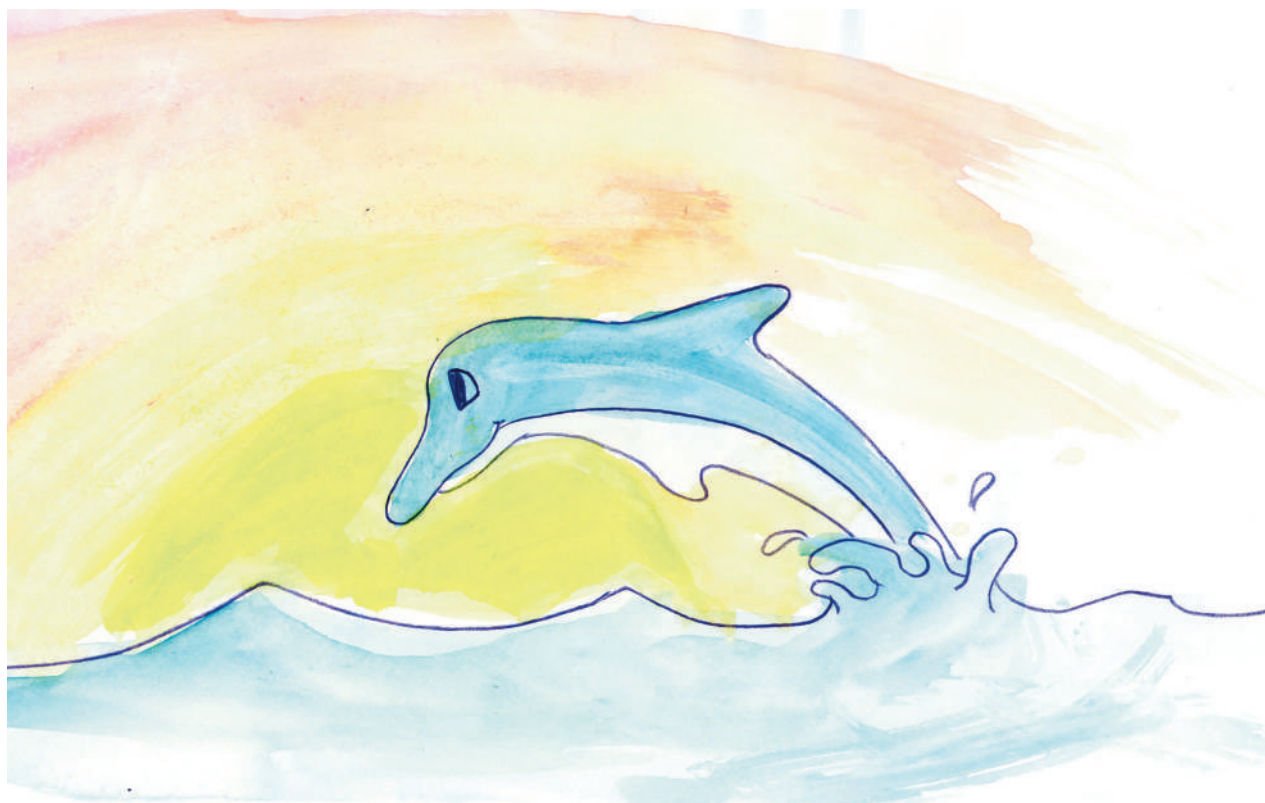
And Joey nodded.



As Joey walked home, he remembered his prayer.



“Thank you, God, for giving me Streak.”



And then Joey said, "Thank you, God.
You are my very best friend."

And Joey walked home with a smile
because he was not alone anymore.

The Beginning





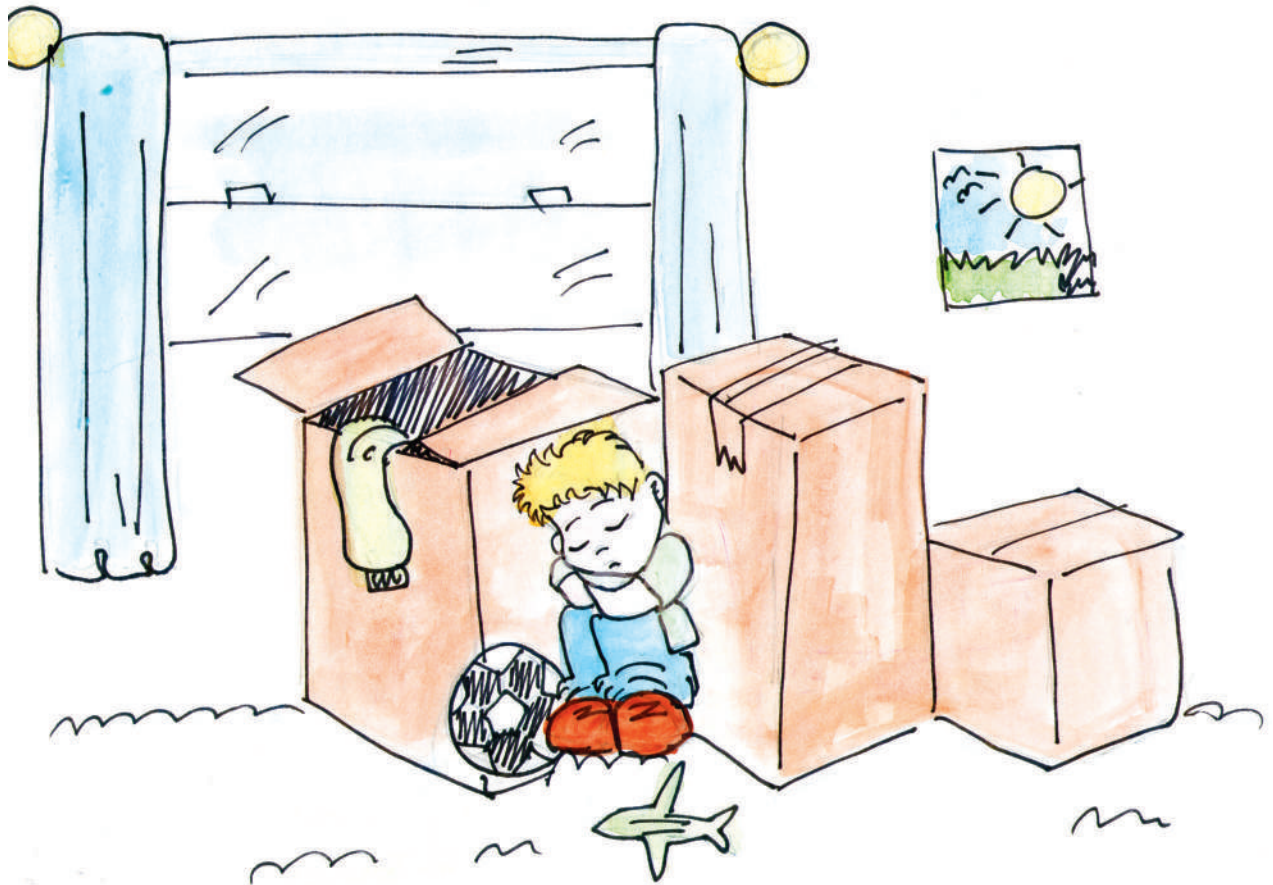
I am moving in a few months.

I do not want to move.

I have good friends.

I like my school.

So I do not want to move.





I like my friends.

One of my friends is Zach.

We ride bikes and play video games.

Tom is also my friend.

But he is too risky.

Sometimes he tries to impress girls by doing dangerous things.

YUCK!

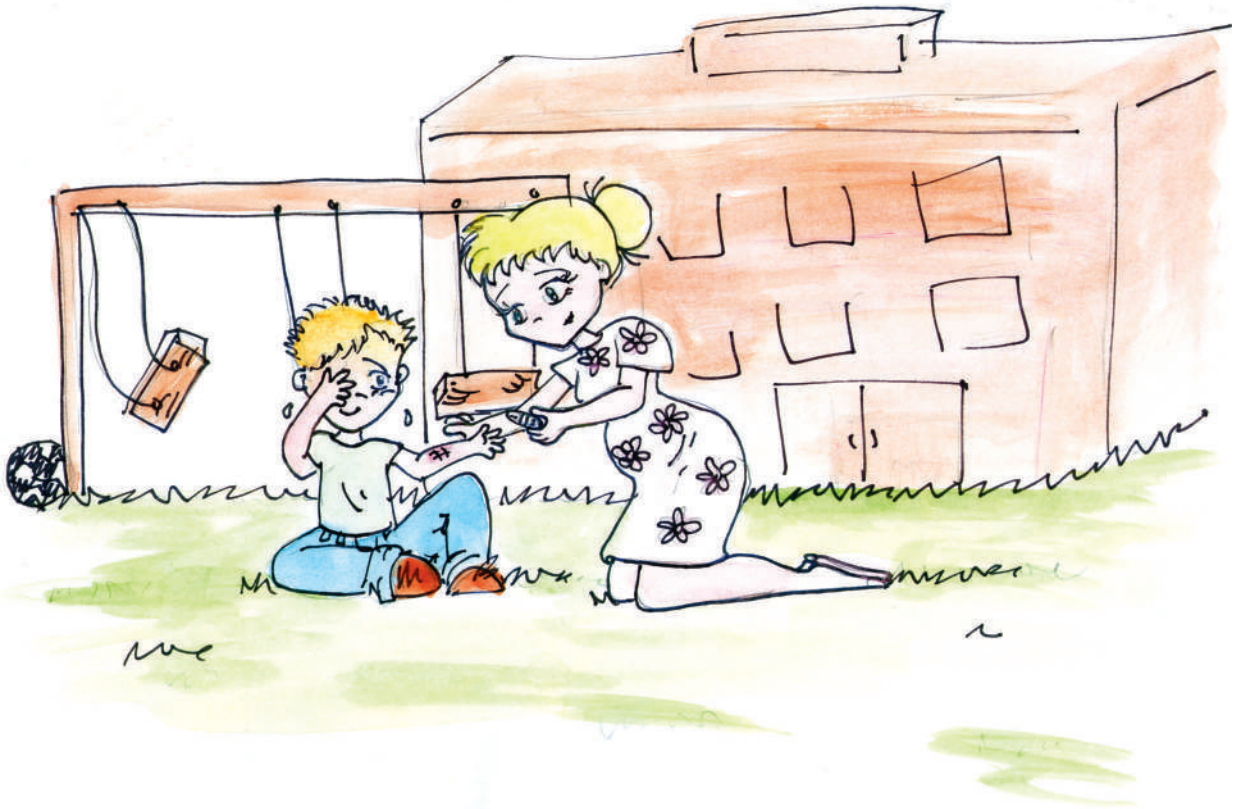
I like my school.

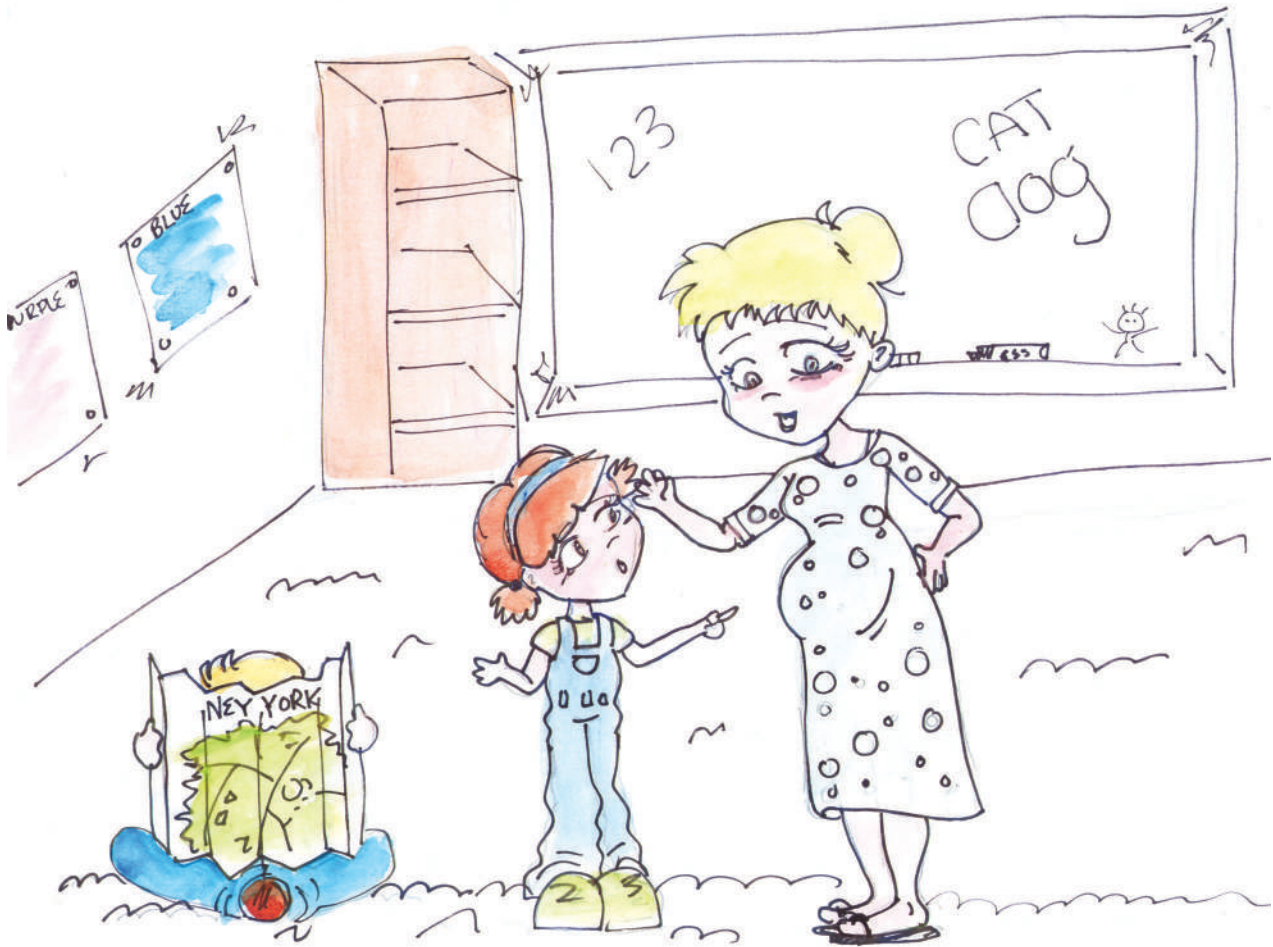
I have a great teacher, "Mrs. Chris."

She is kind to me.

If I get hurt, she takes care of me.

She does not let anyone hurt me.





Mrs. Chris is having a baby.
So she will be leaving my school soon.

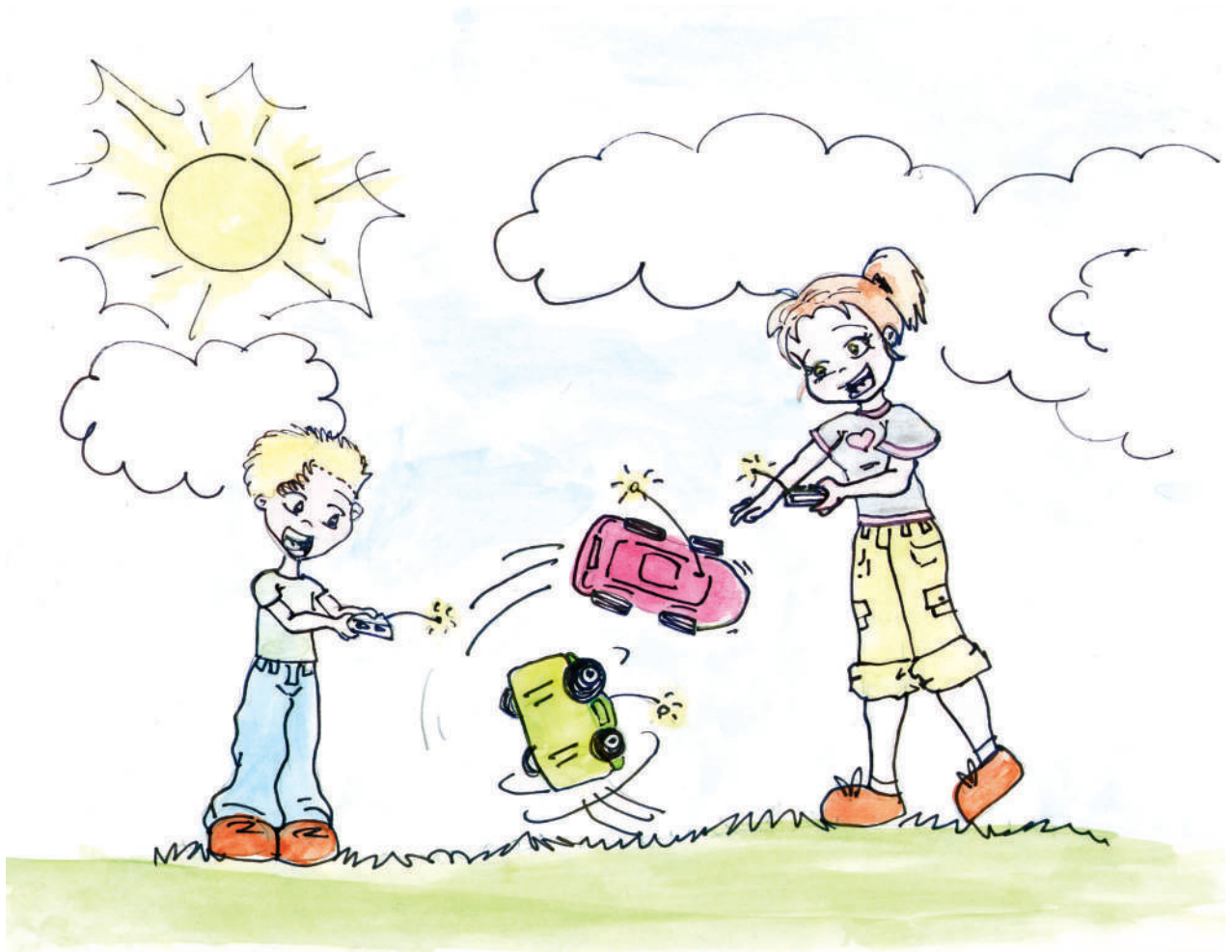
Jamie is my babysitter.

She is a ton of fun.

She plays with me.

If I am sad, she cheers me up.

I enjoy her.



I will miss my school.

I will miss my friends.

And I will miss Jamie.

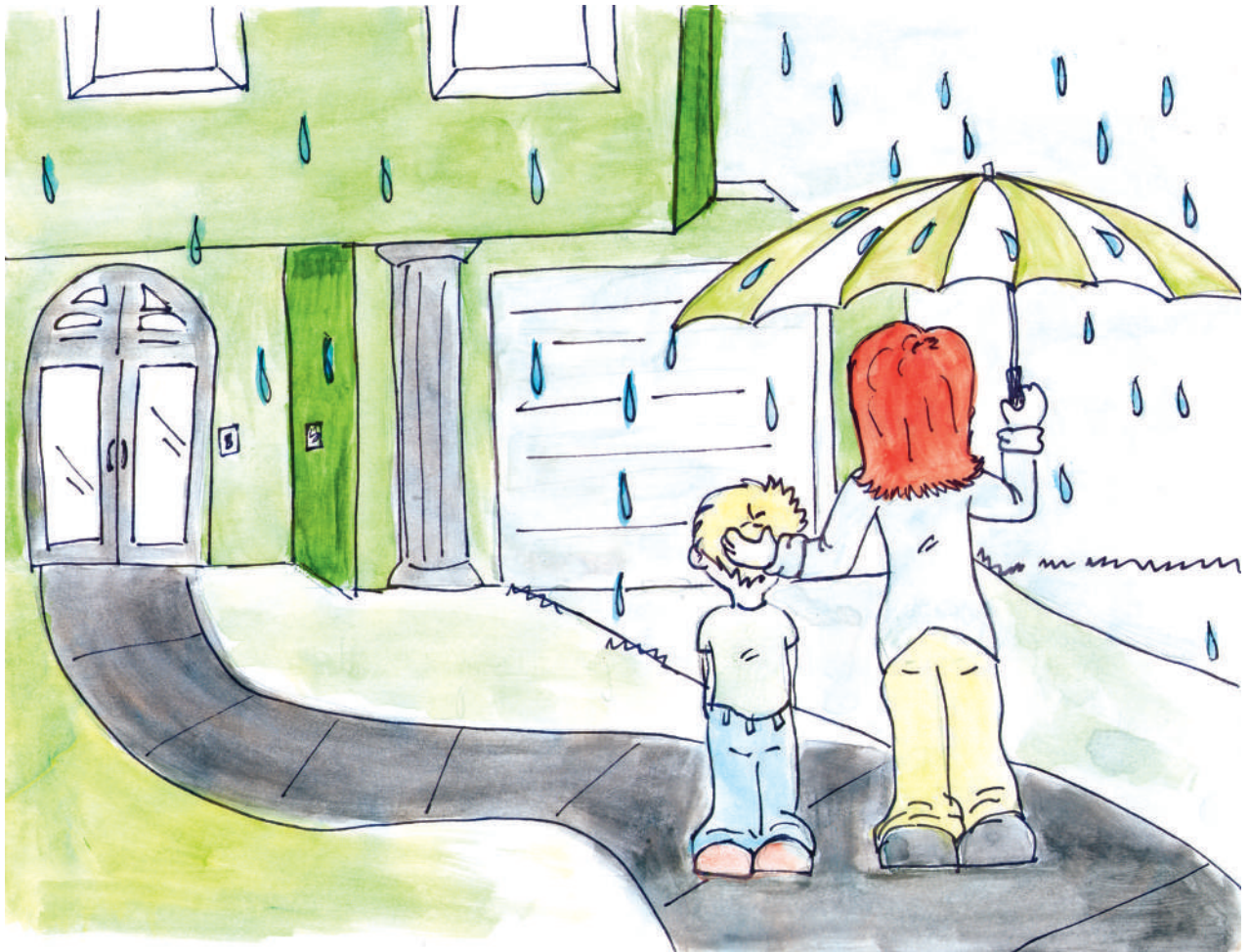


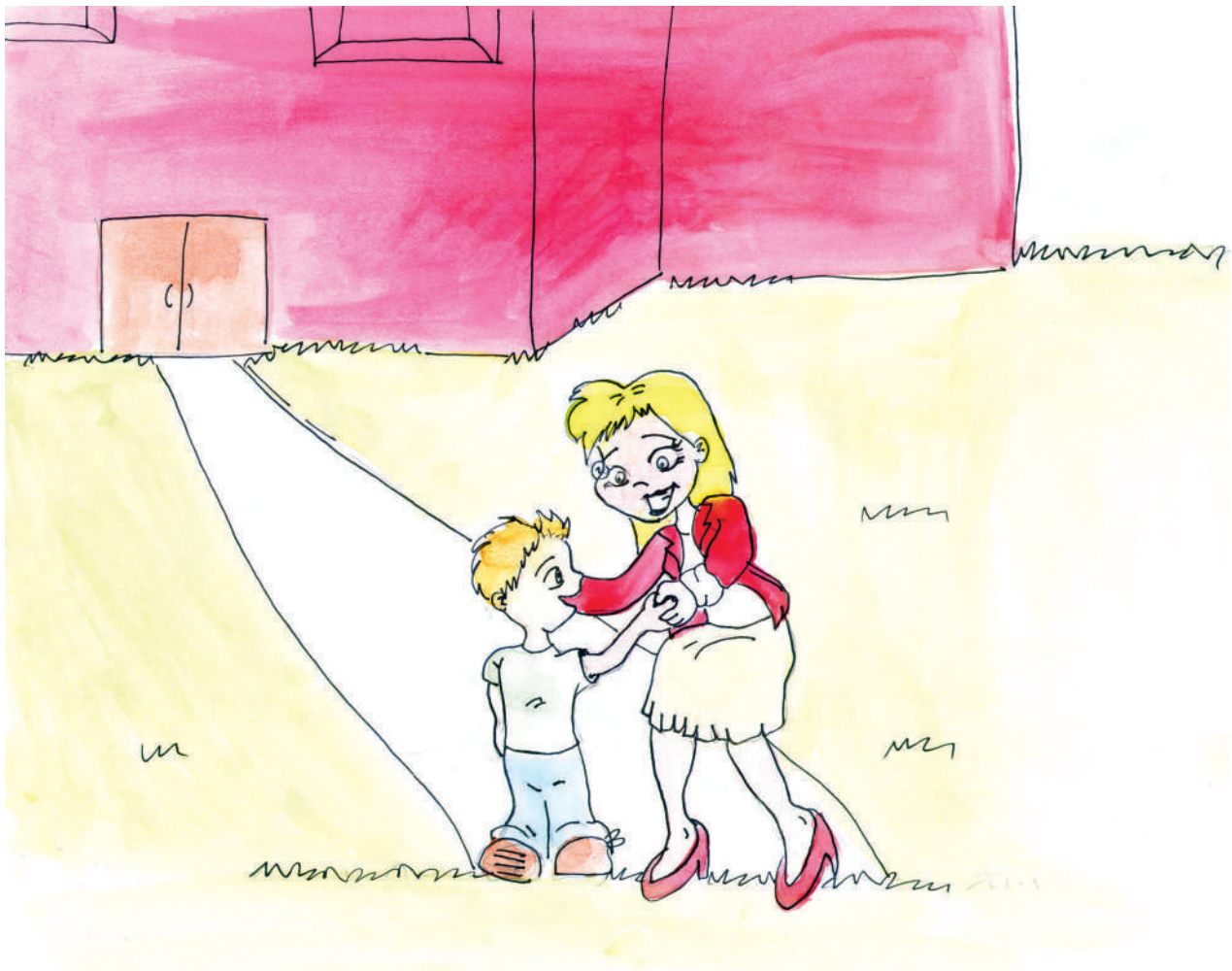
I REALLY do not want to move.

This stinks!

I have good friends and a good school.

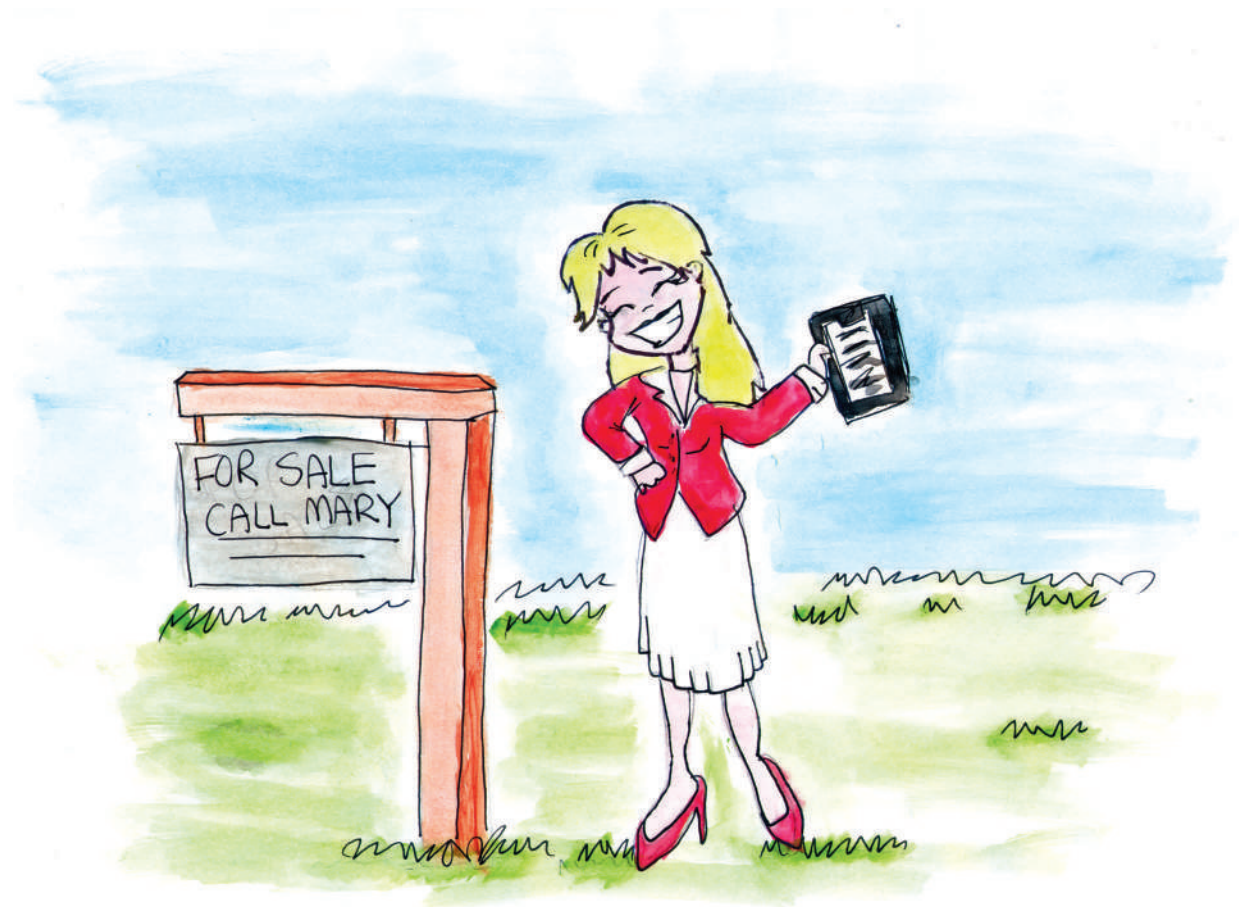
And the house I live in now is just fine.





Mom and Dad took me to our new home today. We met Mary.

My Mom said Mary is a “moving lady.”





Mary the moving lady does not work on a moving truck.
She helps a family sell their home and buy a new home.

Mary is really fun.

She treats me well.

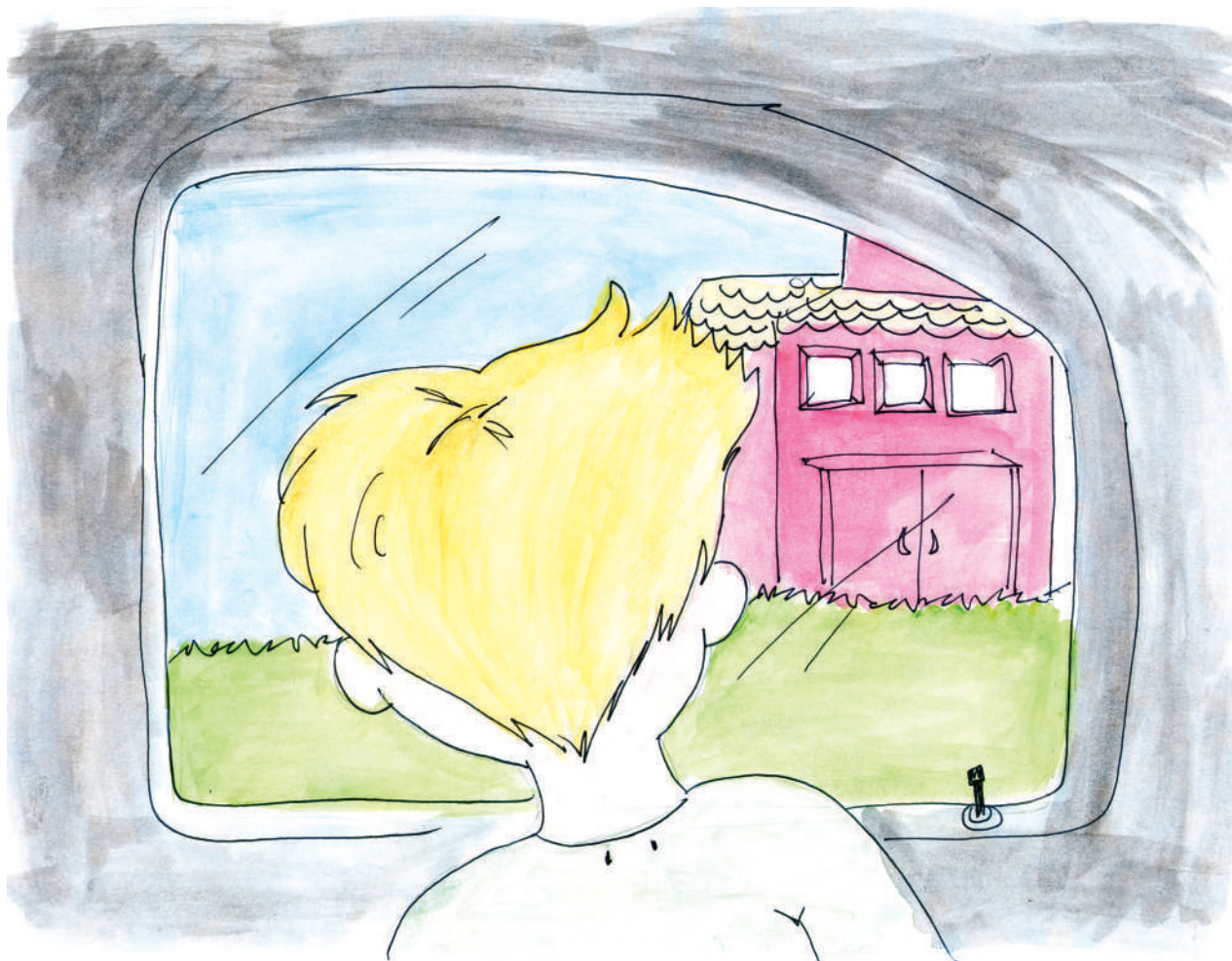
She shook my hand and smiled at me.

Mary asked me how I was feeling

I think she cares about my feelings.



Mary drove my family on the streets around my new house.
She showed me some neat things.



We saw some kids playing on our street.

Mary stopped the car, and said, "Hello,
do you need an extra player for your game?"

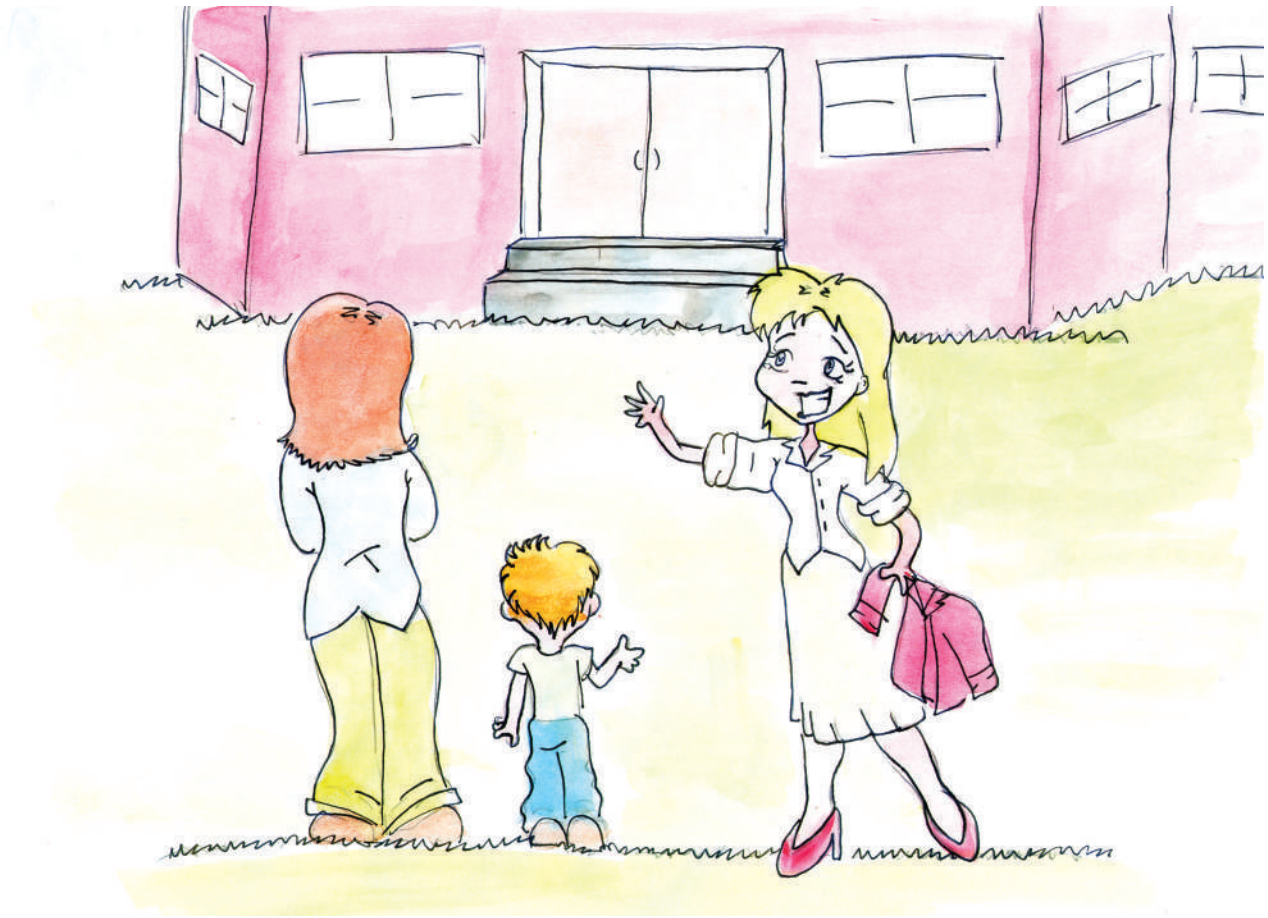


I did not want to play.

But then Mary introduced me to all the kids, and they were nice.

We played for a few minutes and it was fun.





Mary told my Mom how to get to my new school,
and then she left for lunch. She was going to eat “a horse.”

I did not think that was very nice, since I like horses.

But Mary said she was just kidding.

She was just saying she was very hungry.

“I have never eaten a horse,” she said.

I was glad to hear that.



I met Mrs. Roberts, my new teacher.

She was happy to see me.

I asked, "Do you have room for a new student?"

She smiled and said, "There is always room for a new student.

The more the merrier."

That made me laugh.

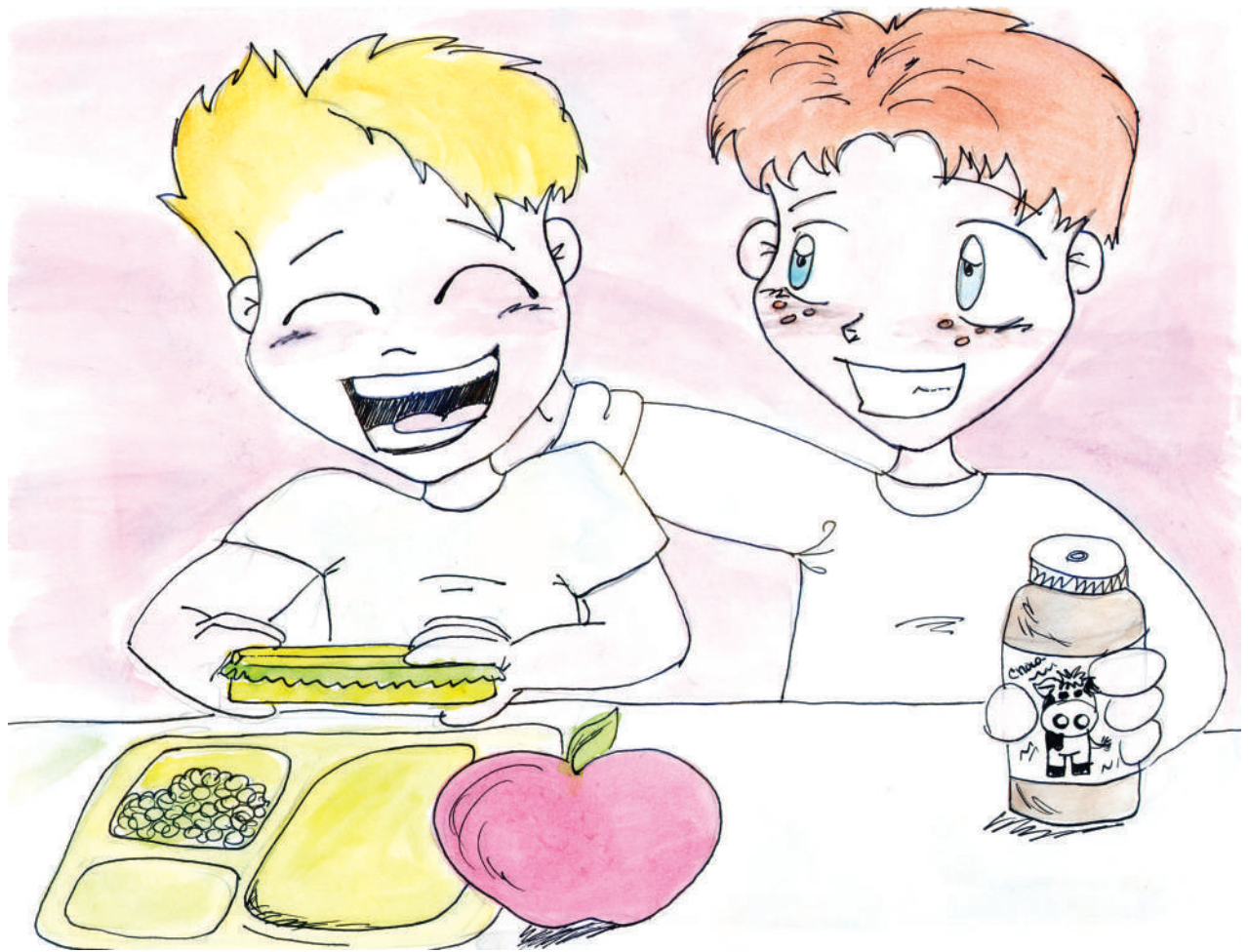
I met some of the kids in my class.

We played during recess.

The kids were really fun.

They taught me new games.



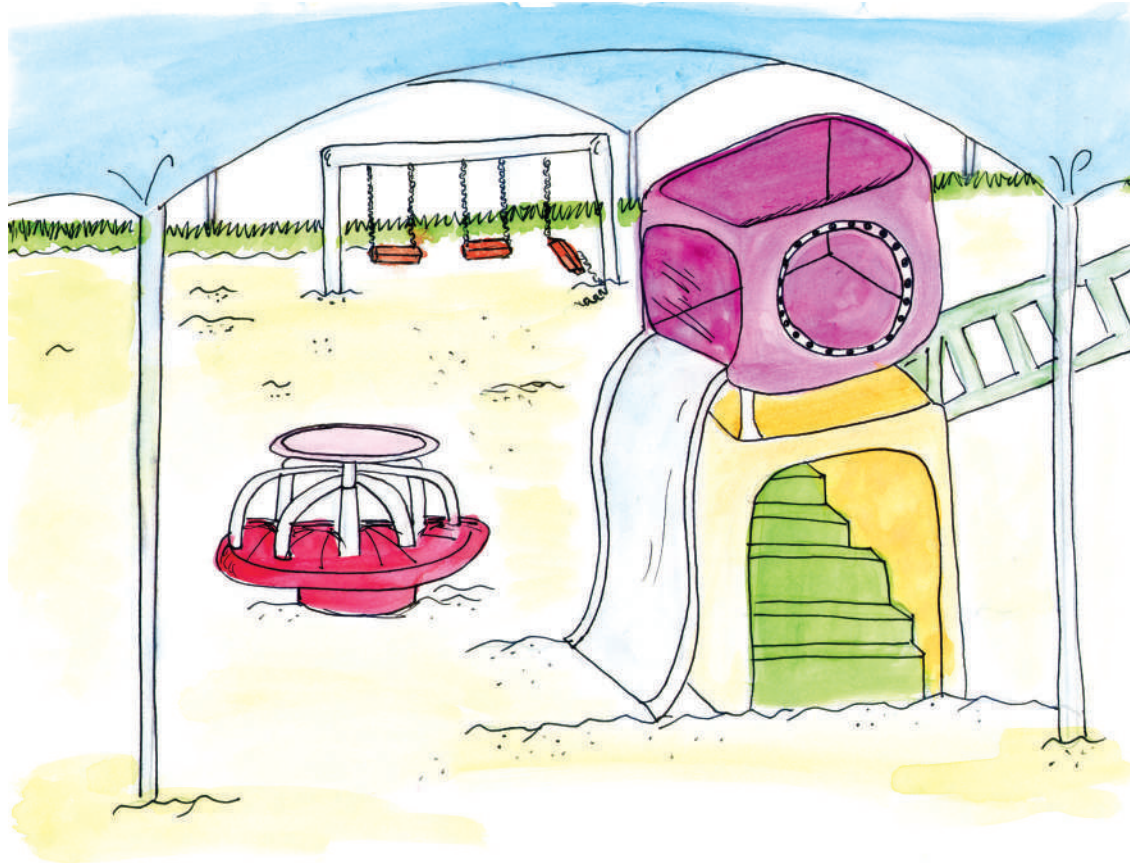


I ate lunch with the kids in my class.

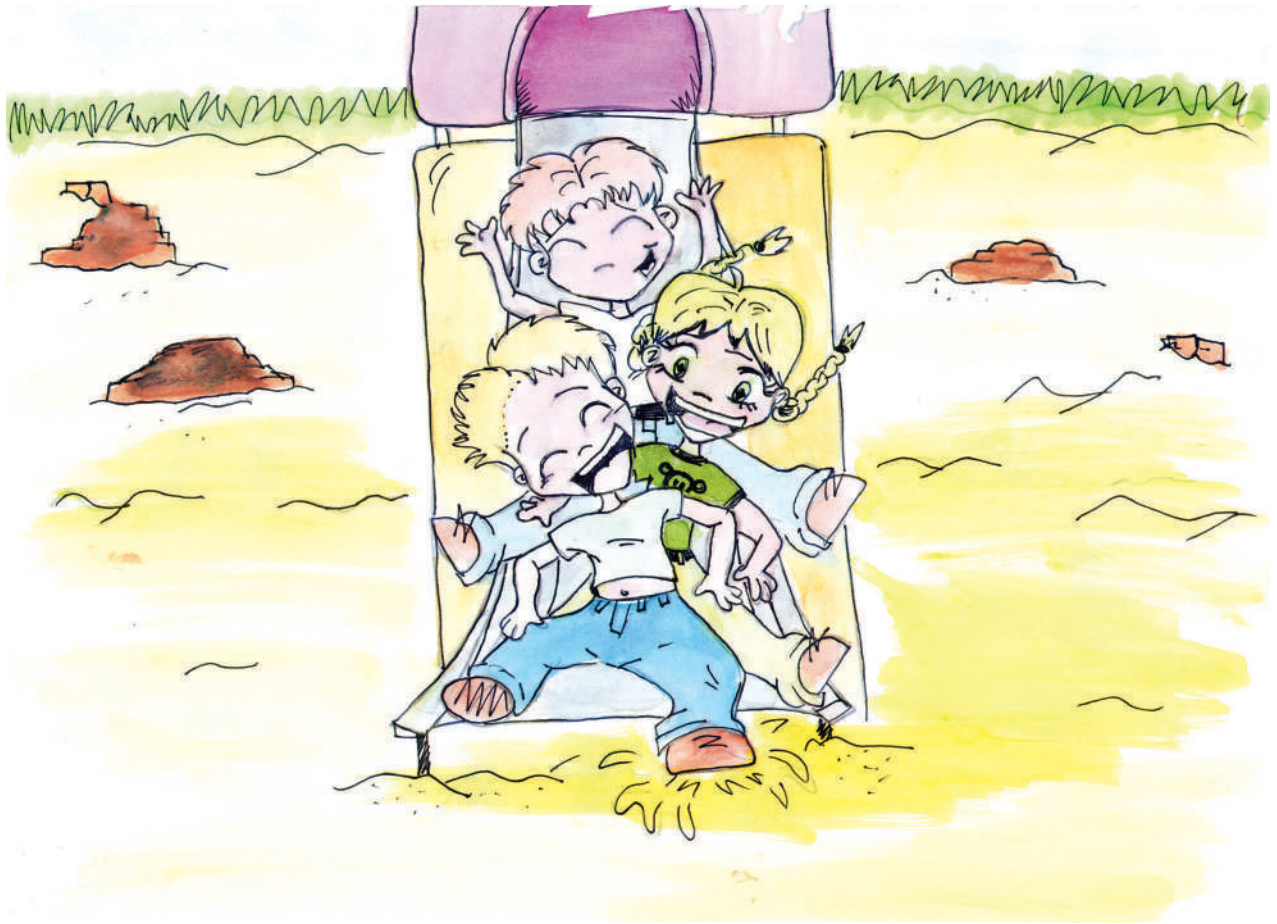
The lunchroom was very clean.

The lunch lady was also nice.

After going to my new school,
My parents drove back to my new home.
We stopped at a pretty playground.



Mary met us at the playground after lunch.
Mary told me this nice playground was close to my new home.
She pointed to my house up the street.
“Neat,” I said. It was really close to my home.
The playground had a slide, a whirly thing, monkey bars and swings.
It had everything. The playground even had a cover to block
the hot sun or rain.



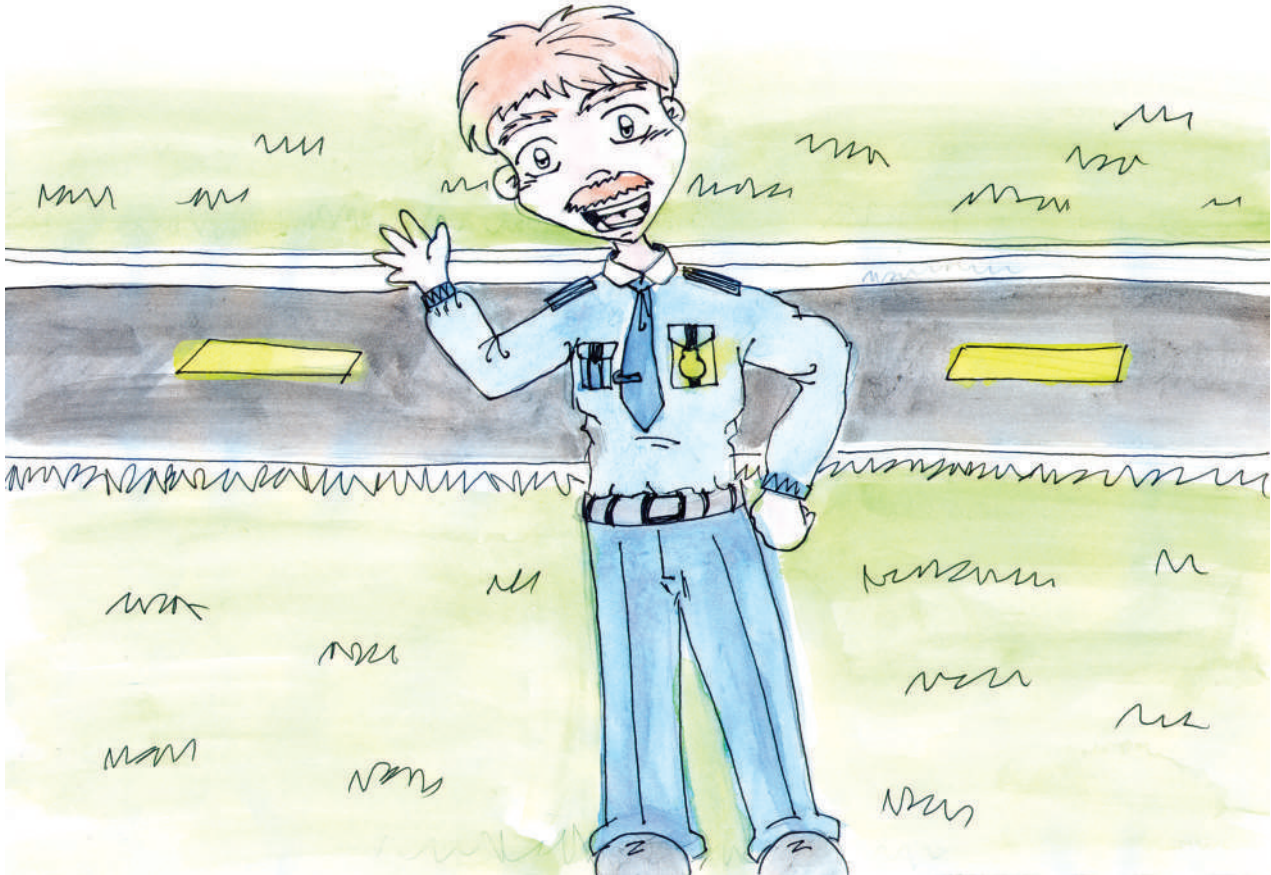
Mary asked my parents if I could play at the playground.
They said, "Yes. Just for twenty minutes while we talk to Mary."
I played on the slide and met two friendly kids.

After I played, we drove up the street.

We parked in front of my new home.

A policeman lived down the street from my house.

Mary said, "Officer John makes sure no bad kids come around."



Officer John waved to Mary and she waved back.

Mary said, "I sold him his home.

He lives right down the street from you."

Mary said, "Officer John has a really nice daughter and a really nice son."





Then Mary said, “Hey, look over there!”

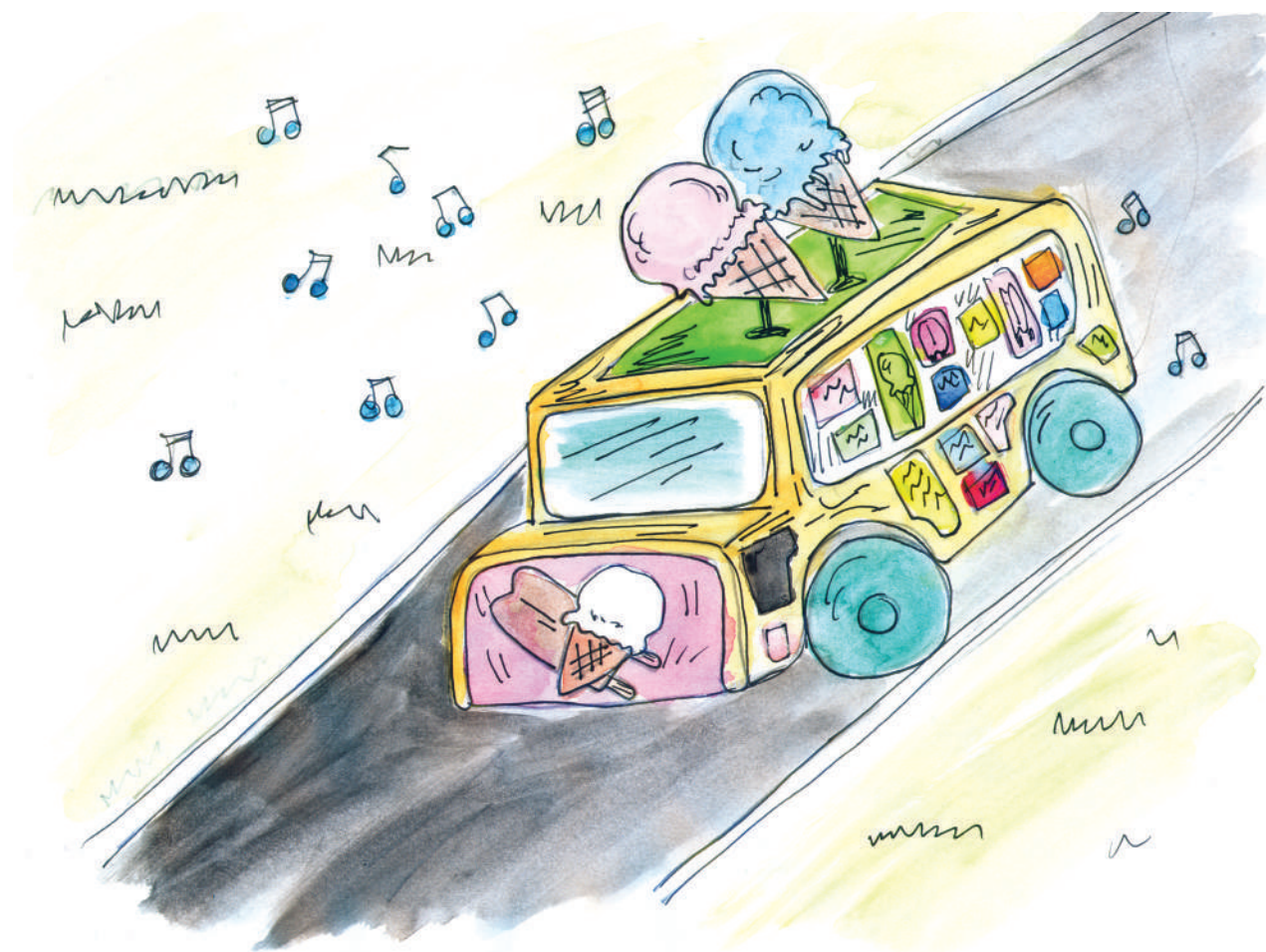
She pointed at a wild rabbit eating.

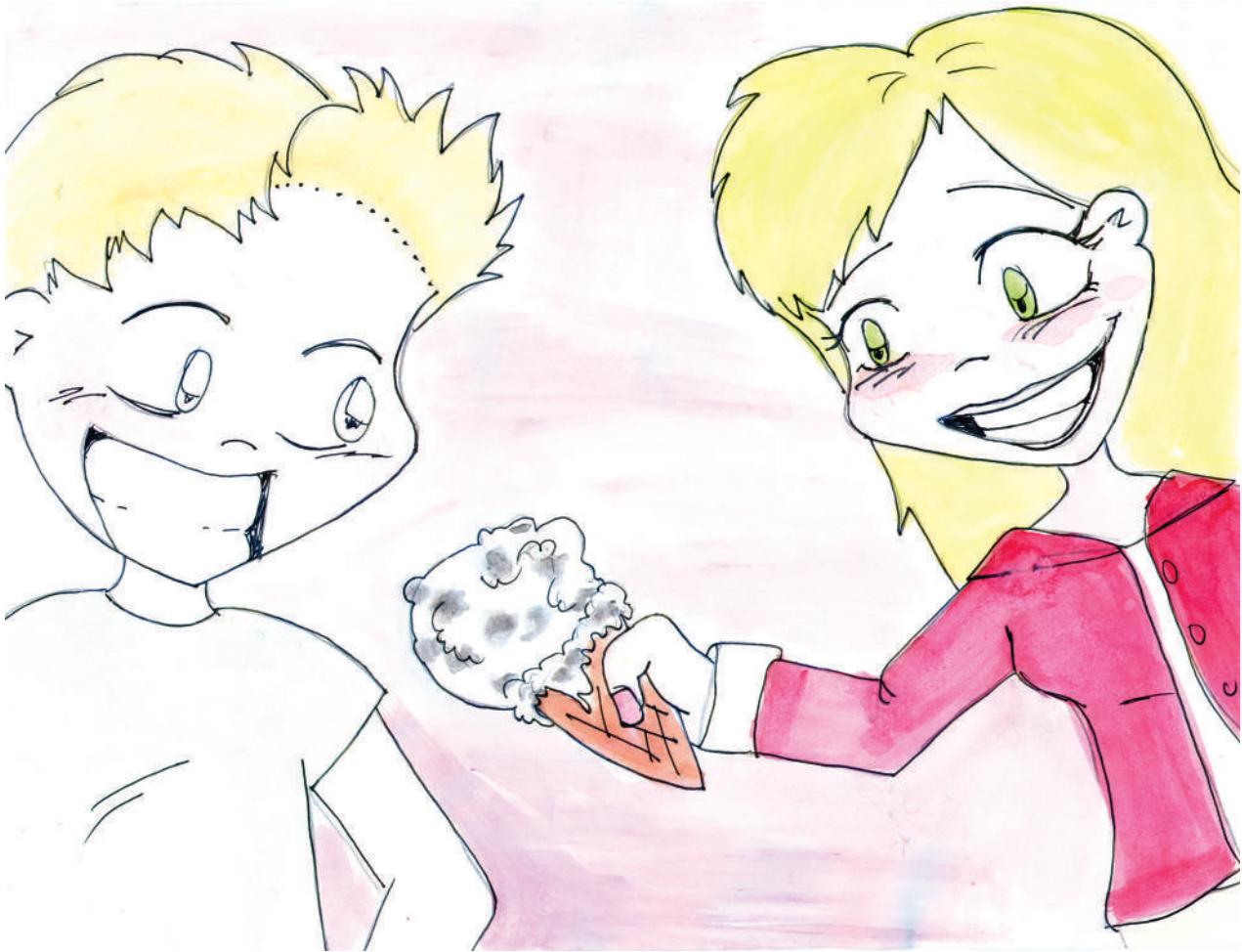
It was totally cute.

I like rabbits.

I want a rabbit as a pet for my next birthday present.

Then an ice cream truck came down our street.





Many kids ran to the truck to buy ice cream.

Mary bought me an ice cream cone.

It tasted really good.

It was great ice cream.

While I was eating my ice cream, our new mailman walked by.
She was friendly.

“Hi.” I said.

“Hello. Are you moving here?”

“Yes.” I said.

Do you have a mean dog?” She asked.

“No.” I said.

“Good. I will enjoy delivering your mail.” She said.





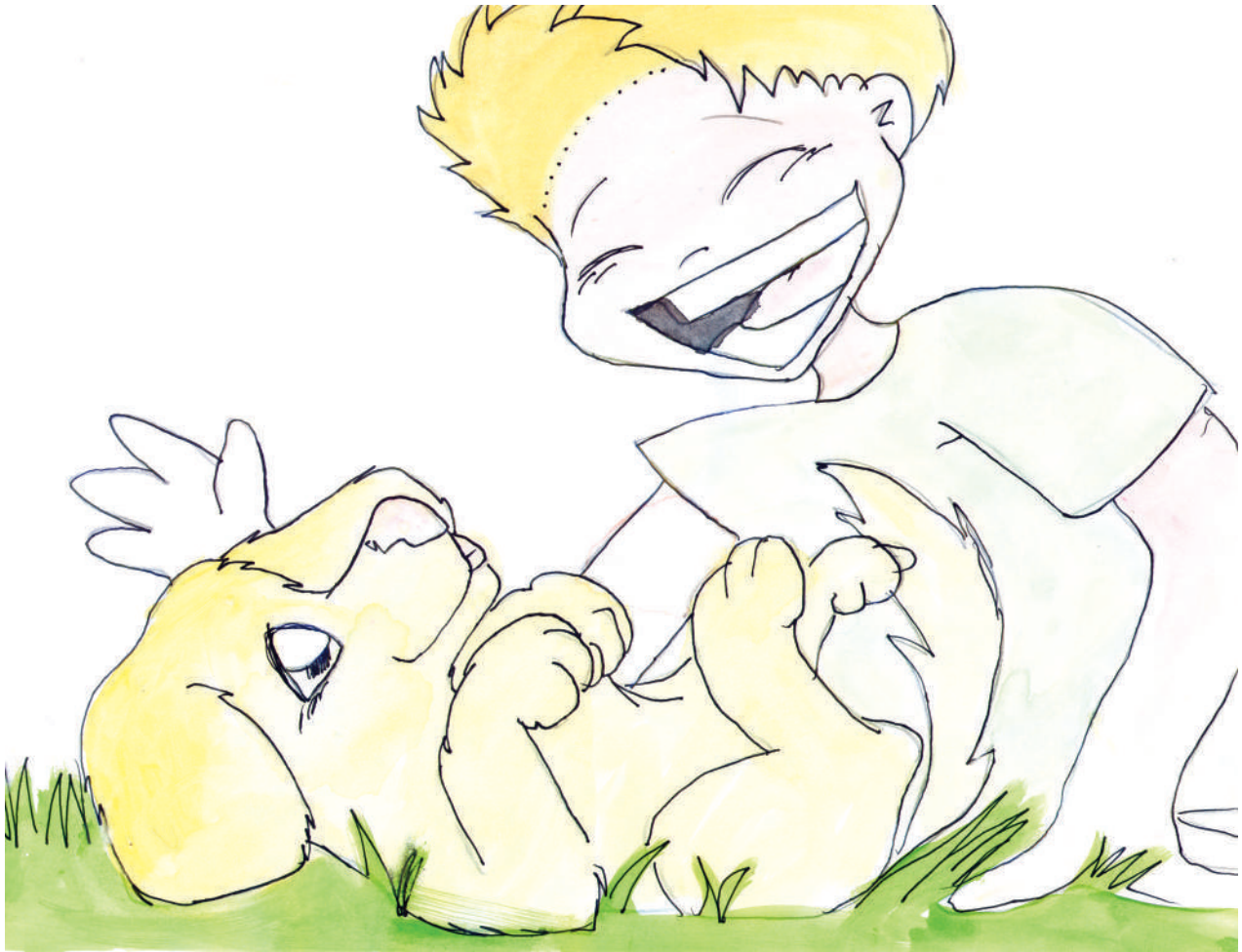
Speaking of dogs, I saw a little gold puppy near our new house.
He was not made of real gold.
But he had pretty gold hair.

The gold puppy is Mrs. Jones' puppy.

She lives next door.

She waved to Mary and my family.





Mary and my family walked over and said, “Hello.”

I pet the puppy as he rolled on his back.

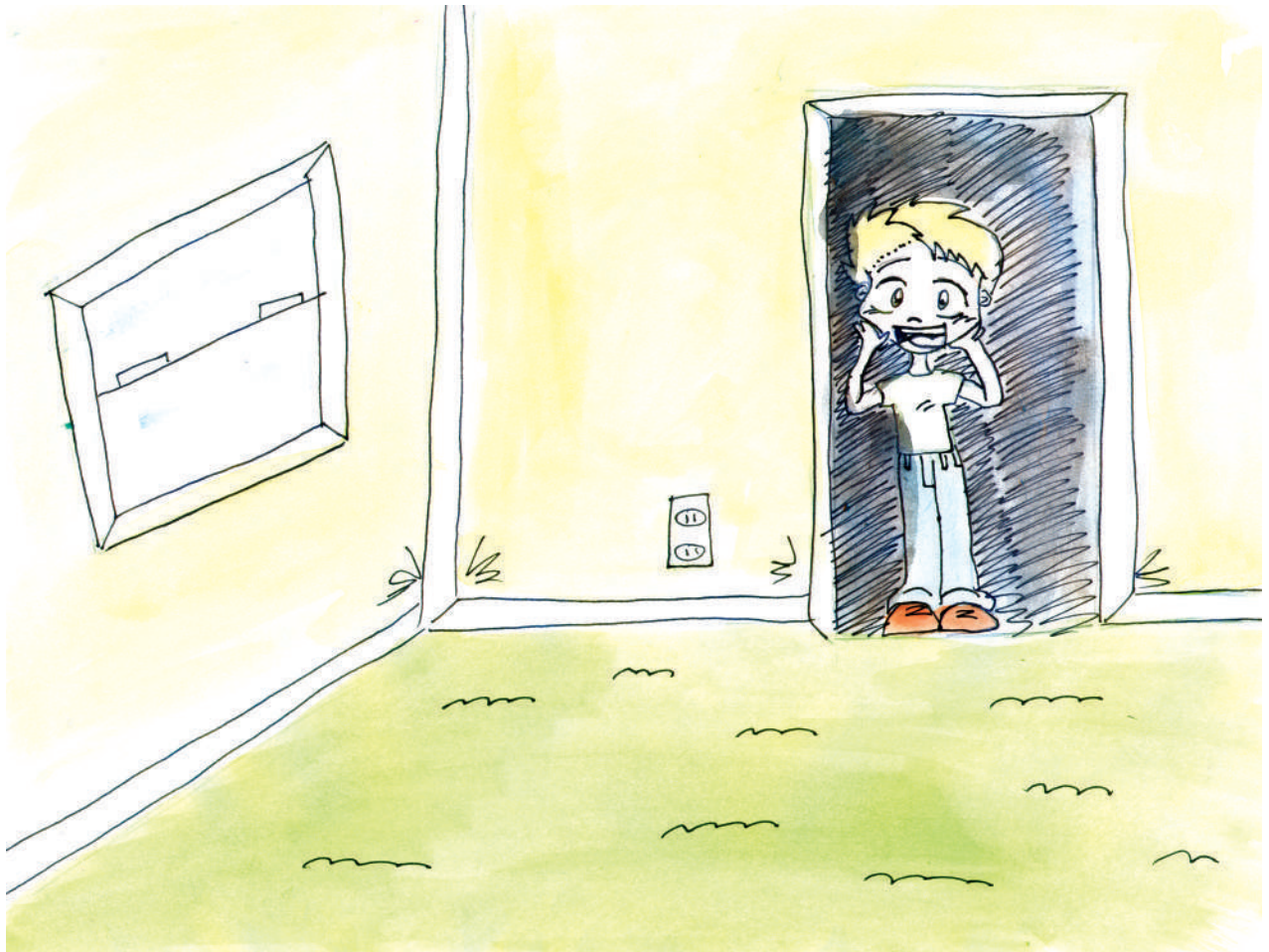
His name is “Speedy.”

He is cute, friendly and fast.

After petting Speedy, I went in our house.

Mary and my parents showed me my new room.

My bedroom had plenty of space for my toys.



While I was looking at the house, my Aunt Judy came by.
She gave me a big hug and a squeeze and said,
“I am so happy to see you. I love you so much!”
She is a nice lady, but she lives far away.
So we only see her two times a year.



“I am so glad you are moving here.” She said to me.
“Now I can see you every week.”
I like my Aunt Judy. She is funny and calls me “Honey.”
I was glad to hear I would see her so much.

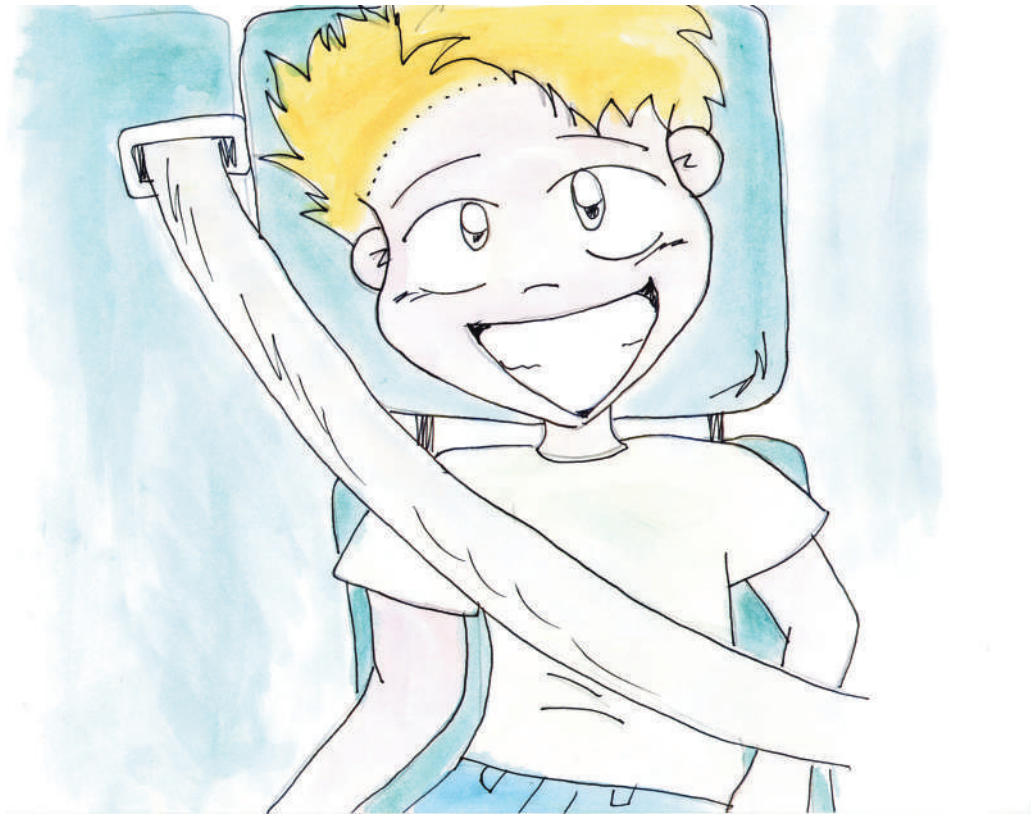
Then we left our new home.

My family started to drive back to our old home.

In the car I thought about the day.

I think my parents are right.

I will like moving here.



As I drove home in the car,

I was not worried about my move.

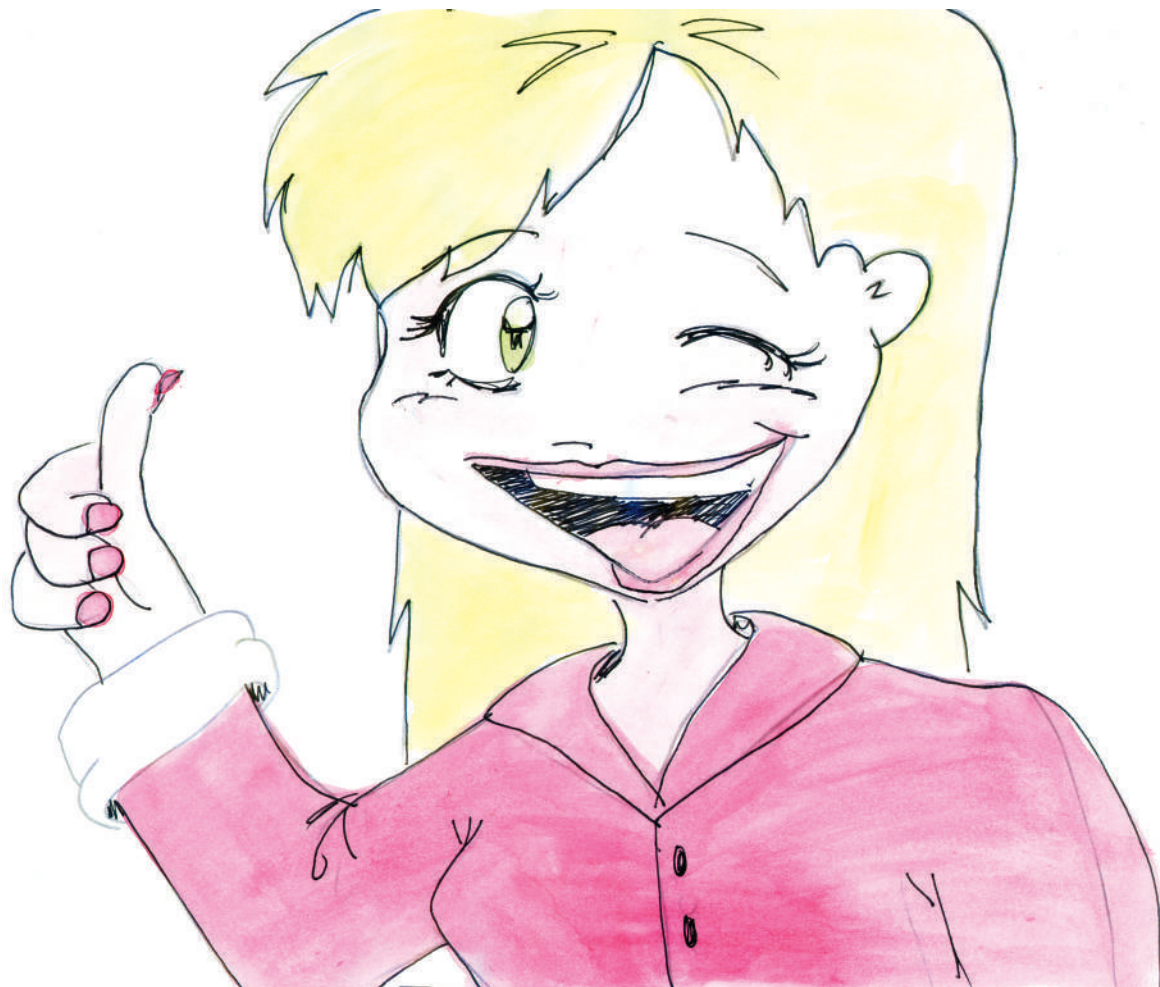
I even wanted to go back and play.

So boys and girls, both near and far,
If you are moving by truck or by car,
One thing I know,
One thing is true ... Moving is fun.



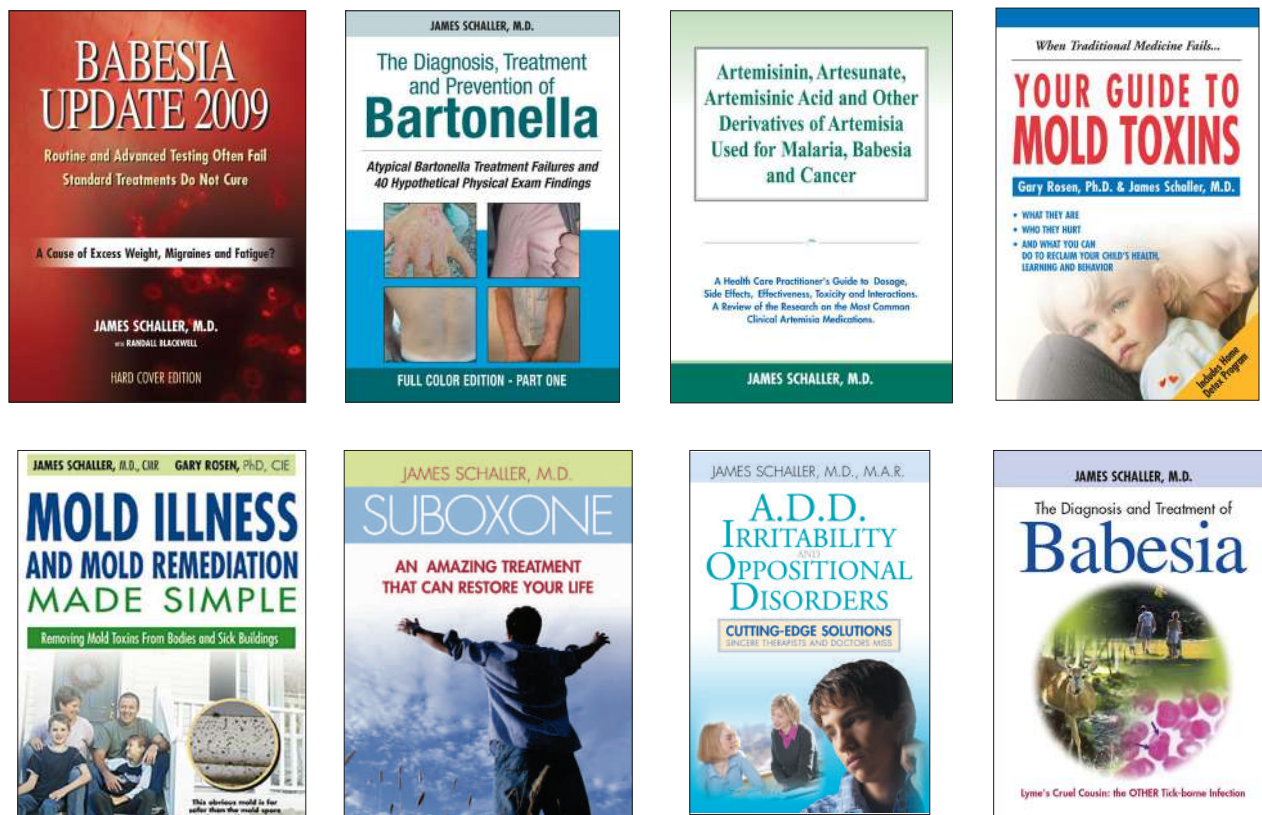
If you are moving with your family,
A family that really loves you...
Then you will be just fine.

I bet after my move I will say what Mary the Moving Lady says,
“You will like your new home a ton.
Moving is fun!”



The End

“Top Doctor of America” and theologian, James Schaller, helps suffering from the following sample, advanced and readable medical books:



Doctor Schaller is the author of 27 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:

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