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## Chapter 1

# Not Made to Fly

“Brenda,” Mama said, “Alexia is coming to stay with us today.”

“Goody,” Brenda cheered. “We always have fun when she comes.”

“Just be sure your fun is safe,” Mama said. “Sometimes Alexia gets ideas that aren’t wise.”

Soon Alexia came bouncing in the door, full of energy and ideas.

"What do you want to do?" Brenda asked.

"Let's swing," Alexia said. She liked being outside. She did not like quiet playthings like dolls or books.

"Let's play the ring toss game," Alexia said when she got tired of swinging.

Brenda set the ring toss game on the lawn. The girls took turns trying to throw plastic rings over the wooden stakes.

"I'm no good," Brenda said after Alexia won two games.

"You're good," Alexia said as she plopped a plastic ring on Brenda's head. "You're an angel."

Brenda laughed and flapped her arms like wings. The girls ran around the lawn flapping their arms and pretending they were flying angels.

"Watch this," Alexia said. She climbed up on the picnic table. Then she jumped off. She landed on the ground, laughed, and jumped again.

Brenda followed Alexia and jumped off the picnic table too. It was great fun pretending they were flying angels, but they always tumbled to the ground in seconds.

"We need parachutes," Alexia said. "What can we use for parachutes?"

"I don't know," Brenda said. She had never thought of such a thing.

"I know," Alexia said. "We can hang plastic grocery bags over our shoulders. When we jump, they will fill with air, and we will float to the ground."

Brenda got four grocery bags from the place Mama kept the empty ones. The girls put one bag over each of their shoulders and jumped off the picnic table.

"That didn't work," Brenda said when she landed on the ground.

"There wasn't enough time for the bags to fill with air," Alexia said. "We have to get up higher so the bags get more air. Go to the top of the sliding board."

Brenda forgot what Mama had said about safe play. She climbed to the top of the sliding board and jumped. She flapped her arms, but the bags did not fill with air. She landed with a thump.

"OW! OW!" Brenda cried. "My foot hurts!"

Alexia helped Brenda stand up and hop into the house.

"What were you doing?" Mama asked when she saw Brenda hopping on one foot.

"We were trying to fly," Alexia said.

"The only way we can fly is in an airplane," Mama said as she helped Brenda sit on a chair. "Our bodies weren't made to fly."

"Then how can birds fly?" Brenda asked.

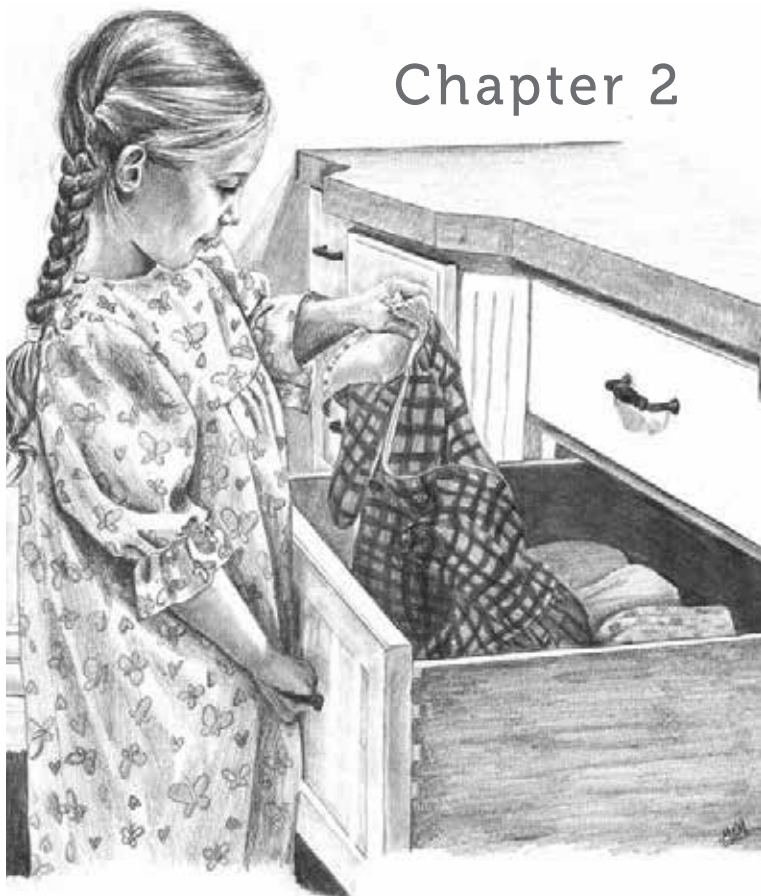
"Birds can fly because they are lighter than other animals. Their bones are hollow. God gave them big lungs and strong muscles too. An airplane is built much like a bird. It has a pointed nose, smooth body, wings, and a tail. After it takes off, the wheels are tucked up just like a bird pulls its feet up when it's flying."

Mama looked at Brenda's foot. "You may have sprained your ankle," she said. "I'll put some ice on it, and you must sit with it propped up."

"I guess that's the end of flying." Brenda sighed. She wished now she had remembered Mama's advice.

"Yes," Mama said with a twinkle in her eye. "Flying is for the birds."

## Chapter 2



# Question-Box Beth

“Happy birthday!” Mama said when Beth appeared in the kitchen, still wearing her nightgown.

“Where are my new clothes?” Beth asked.

“New clothes?” Mama was puzzled.

“I’m five now,” Beth explained. “I can’t wear four-year-old clothes.”

## Chapter 17

# How Big Is God?



“Well, Trevor,” Daddy said as he pushed his chair back from the supper table. “Do you want to be a farmer boy and help me plant the garden?”

“Sure,” Trevor said. Being Daddy’s helper made him feel older than seven years old.