



# BE THE ONE!

## The Todd Beamer Story

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### NOTE TO THE TEACHER

Display each illustration where indicated in text, laying volume aside when the story line continues beyond the picture.

## INTRODUCTION



### Show Illustration #1

In just a few days it would be Christmas 2001, but Lisa didn't feel like celebrating. *Very slowly* she set a box of decorations on the coffee table. Three-and-a-half-year-old David waited impatiently. His Christmas stocking was in that box! And he wanted that stocking hung on the mantle so it could soon be stuffed with Christmas goodies.

Three months before, a very evil plot had disrupted more than their little Beamer family. Terrorists had taken over four different U.S. air-

line flights and crashed them, first into New York's Twin Towers, then into the Pentagon in Washington, and into a deserted field in western Pennsylvania. By the end of the day over 2,800 people had died.

During that terrible Tuesday in September, known as 9/11 (nine eleven), ordinary people had suddenly become heroes—Lisa's husband, Todd, among them. Todd had been no more "special" than the others who had tried to turn back the terrorists and keep things from becoming worse.

Lisa was proud of what her husband had done. Perhaps it would be easier to celebrate Christmas if she again thought through why Todd had been so *ready* to be useful to God.

## Chapter 1

# BE THE ONE: Seek God's *Know How*—Do the Right Thing



### Show Illustration #2

As a youngster, Todd had a creative, busy mind. He concocted ways to make happen what he liked and change what he didn't—such as going to bed on time.

One bedtime, Todd put away his toys, put on his pajamas, and even brushed his teeth. But when he knelt beside his bed to pray, he stalled.

"Thank you, God, for my bed . . . and curtains . . . and carpet . . . and bathtub . . . and walls, and . . ."

When Mom opened her eyes and saw Todd scanning the room for more ideas, she stopped him from praying around the whole house.



### Show Illustration #3a

Todd was smart enough to stop trying to fool Mom during bedtime prayers. But he didn't lose his respect for prayer. His family had taught Todd that God loved him and cared about Todd's every need.

So when he and five-year-old Keith Simpson couldn't find the frog they'd been playing with, they agreed: "At supper tonight, let's ask God to help us."

No sooner had Todd arrived home than Mrs. Simpson called Todd's mom.

"Tell Todd that Keith couldn't wait till supper; so right after Todd left, he went to his room to pray. Then he went out back . . . and there was the frog!"

For Todd, that answer to prayer was as big a *miracle* as Jesus healing a blind man or raising Lazarus.

But even if Todd appreciated God's help with some problems, he decided to take care of others by himself—like piano practice. One day, he got so bored with the same old routine that he lay down on the floor, lifted and lowered first one foot and then the other, and slowly picked out each note of the annoying song with his toes!

In a nearby room, Mom heard a strange new touch. She came over to look.

"Todd," she sighed. "Whatever are you up to?"

Todd did have a serious, intense side though. Sports brought that out. As a nine-year-old, he joined Little League and for a while enjoyed switching between playing shortstop, center field, and pitcher. But one day when he was 12, during a very tight game, pitching suddenly was less fun.

"Todd!" the manager signaled. "Hustle out . . . take the pitcher's place."

*Me?* Todd worried, running onto the field. *It's the last inning . . . bases are loaded . . . two outs.*

Out on the pitcher's mound, he felt pressured to perform. *I gotta strike that guy . . . out!*