

BOY AFRAID

Author: Rose-Mae Carvin

Illustrators: Sandra Jarrett, Nancy Geltmacher

Proofreader: Sharon Neal

Colorization, PowerPoint Presentation, Typesetting and Layout: Patricia Pope

© Bible Visuals International, PO Box 153, Akron, PA 17501-0153

Phone: (717) 859-1131 www.biblevisuals.org

All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America.

International copyright regulations apply. No duplication for resale allowed.

No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission except where indicated.

Bible Visuals is a not-for-profit ministry that exists to produce and provide visualized curriculum to ministry partners worldwide for the purpose of *Helping Children See Jesus!*

NOTE TO THE TEACHER

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

Scripture to be studied: Psalm 4:8; 91:11-12; 139:1-12; Proverbs 3:24; Matthew 18:10

There was once a boy who was afraid. He wasn't afraid of things like getting in fights. Nor was he afraid of bugs 'n snakes 'n such. Guess what! Johnnie was afraid of the dark. Yes, he was, even though he was a big six-year-old.



Show Illustration #1

It was only when it was dark that Johnnie was afraid. He wasn't afraid of walking along streets where there were lights here and there. But then that couldn't be called *really* dark, could it? And it was this *really* dark which made Johnnie afraid. Like when he had to turn the light off in his room when he got into bed. Then the room got really dark and

Johnnie was afraid.

This was the reason Johnnie tried to stay up as long as he could. Of course, most boys and girls like to stay up as long as they can—even when they are not afraid of the dark. But Johnnie was terribly afraid of darkness.

So every night when Johnnie's mother called, "John! Bedtime!" he did everything he possibly could to keep from going to bed—like taking as long as he could to put away his toys and games. Or doing a little more homework. And—when he finally had to go upstairs—he went as slowly as he could.



Show Illustration #2

When his mother said, "Go a little faster, John," he replied, "But, Mom, I'm counting the steps."

"Well count a little faster then. And go a little faster, John. I'm sure you know how many steps there are."

"Yeah. But I always forget. I can't seem to remember."

Mother sighed. "Well, boy, you'd better get going—and fast. Don't forget to take your shower and brush your teeth. And be sure to say your prayers. Good night, John."

Mother shook her head, but she smiled. You see, she didn't know the real reason Johnnie went so slowly. She never guessed how terribly afraid of the darkness he was.

After at least one more trip downstairs to get a drink of water (because the water in the bathroom "tasted awful"), Johnnie finally *had* to get into his bed—in the dark.



Show Illustration #3

He always turned down the covers, knelt beside his bed and began to pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should . . . If I should . . ."

Johnnie choked up and trembled when he came to the words, "If I should die." You see, Johnnie was not only afraid of the dark. He was even more afraid of dying. It seemed to him the two went together.

Finally Johnnie managed to finish his prayer. Then he opened his window a little, shut his door, turned off the light and ran to his bed. Somehow Johnnie seemed to be able to find the bed, even in the dark. He knew exactly how many running steps he needed to take.

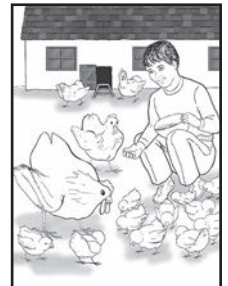


Show Illustration #4

He made a dive under the covers, pulling them up over his head. That way he felt a little safer. But even then Johnnie would lie there a long time trembling—because he was afraid. Every night the same thing happened.

Summertime finally came and school was over until September. Johnnie went to the farm to visit his grandparents. He always liked to go there. He enjoyed wandering over the fields and helping his grandfather with the farm work. "There are many things a six-year-old boy can do on a farm," Grandfather said.

Show Illustrations #5, 6 and 7



Things like caring for the cats and dog; getting from the cellar the potatoes and canned foods Grandmother needed; feeding the chickens and the fluffy little peeps. When he finished