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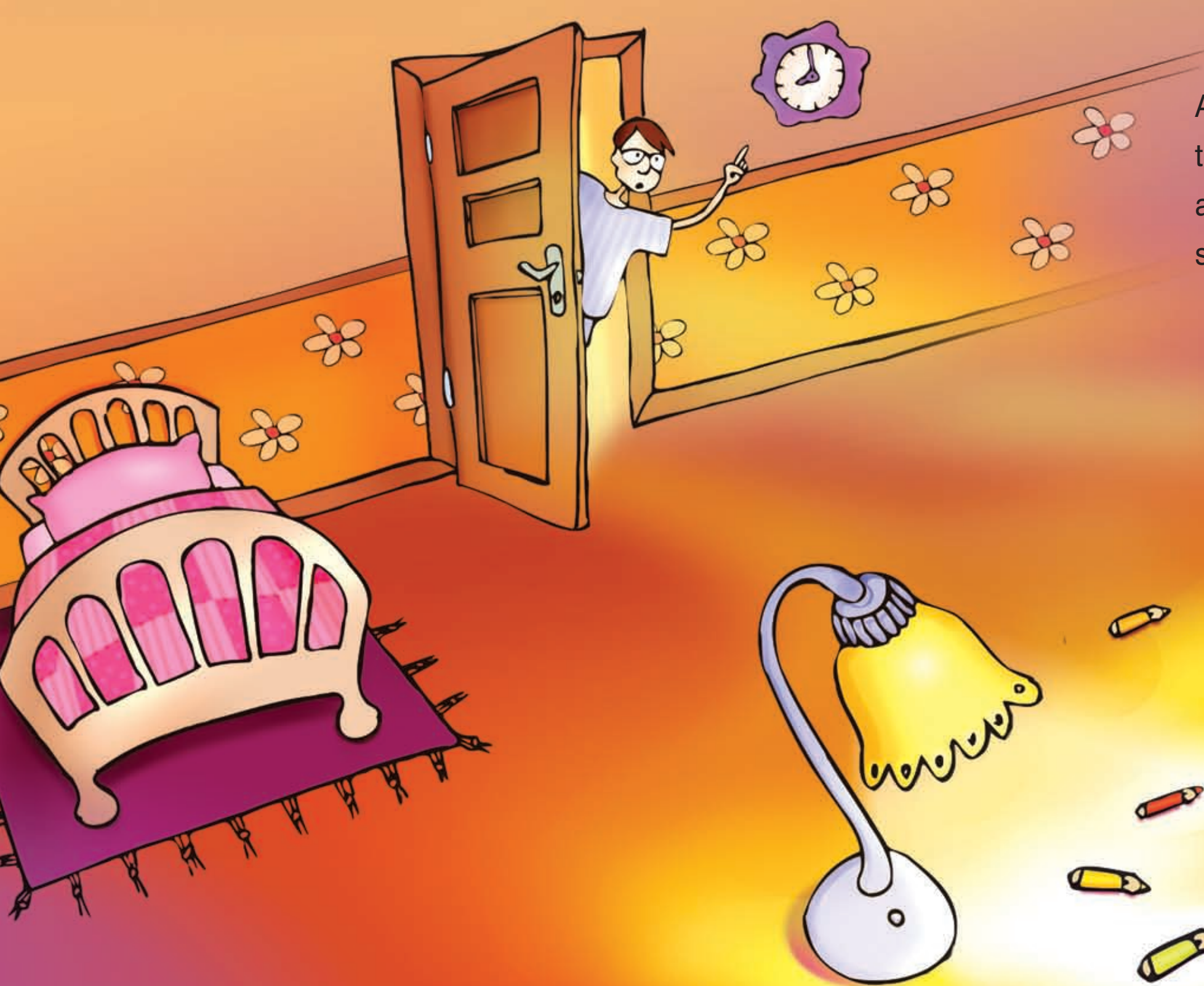
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*Dedicated to Kerri*

*My daughter who inspired me to tell this story again, and again, to her and then to all of our Grandchildren.*



Once there was a little girl who lived in a very nice house. She had her own bedroom, just up the hall from her Mommy and Daddy. She also had a lot of friends who would come over to play.

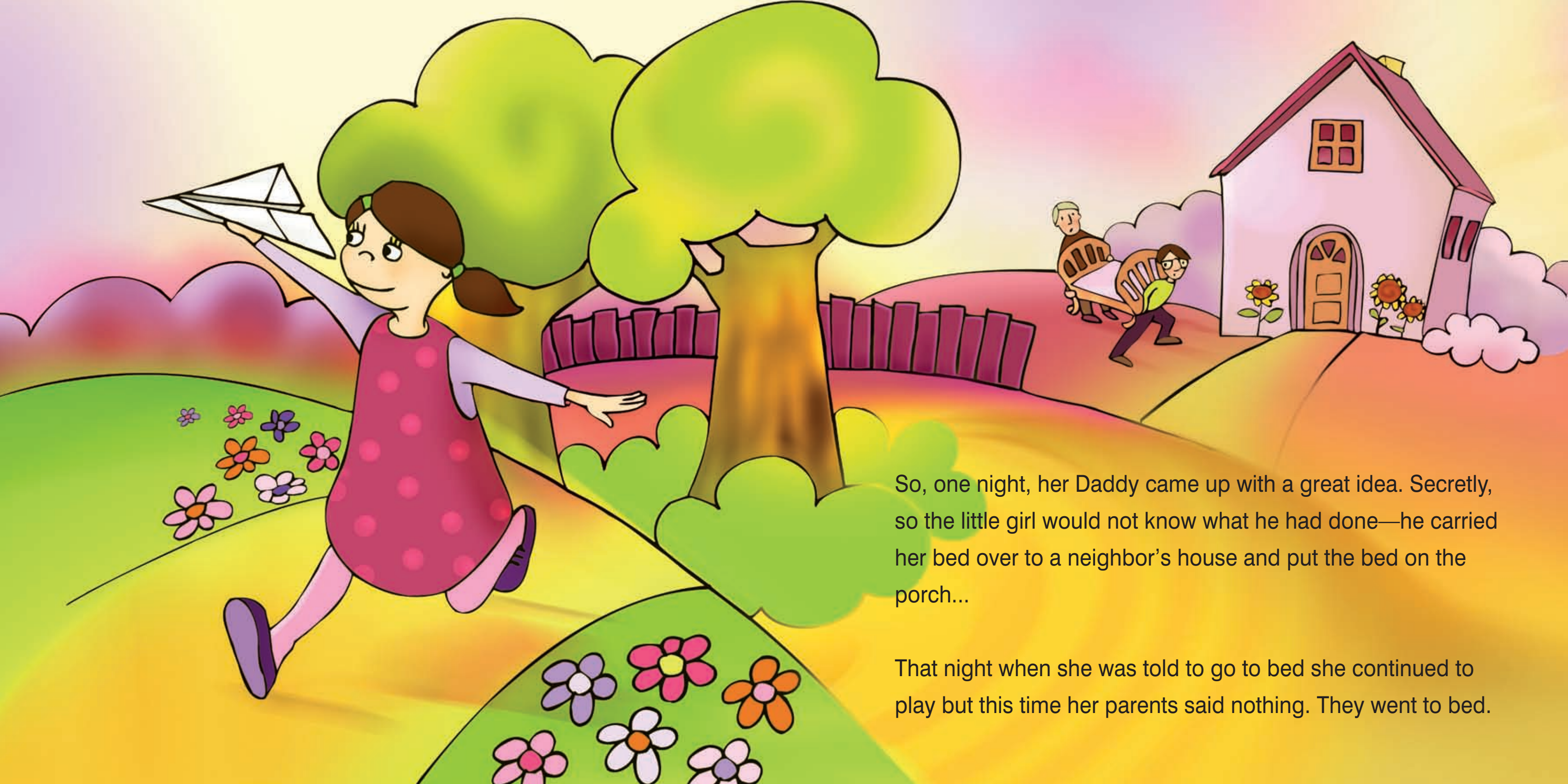


At night when her Mommy and Daddy would ask her to go to bed she would make excuses and try not to go. She was afraid she would miss something fun so she did everything she could to delay going to bed.



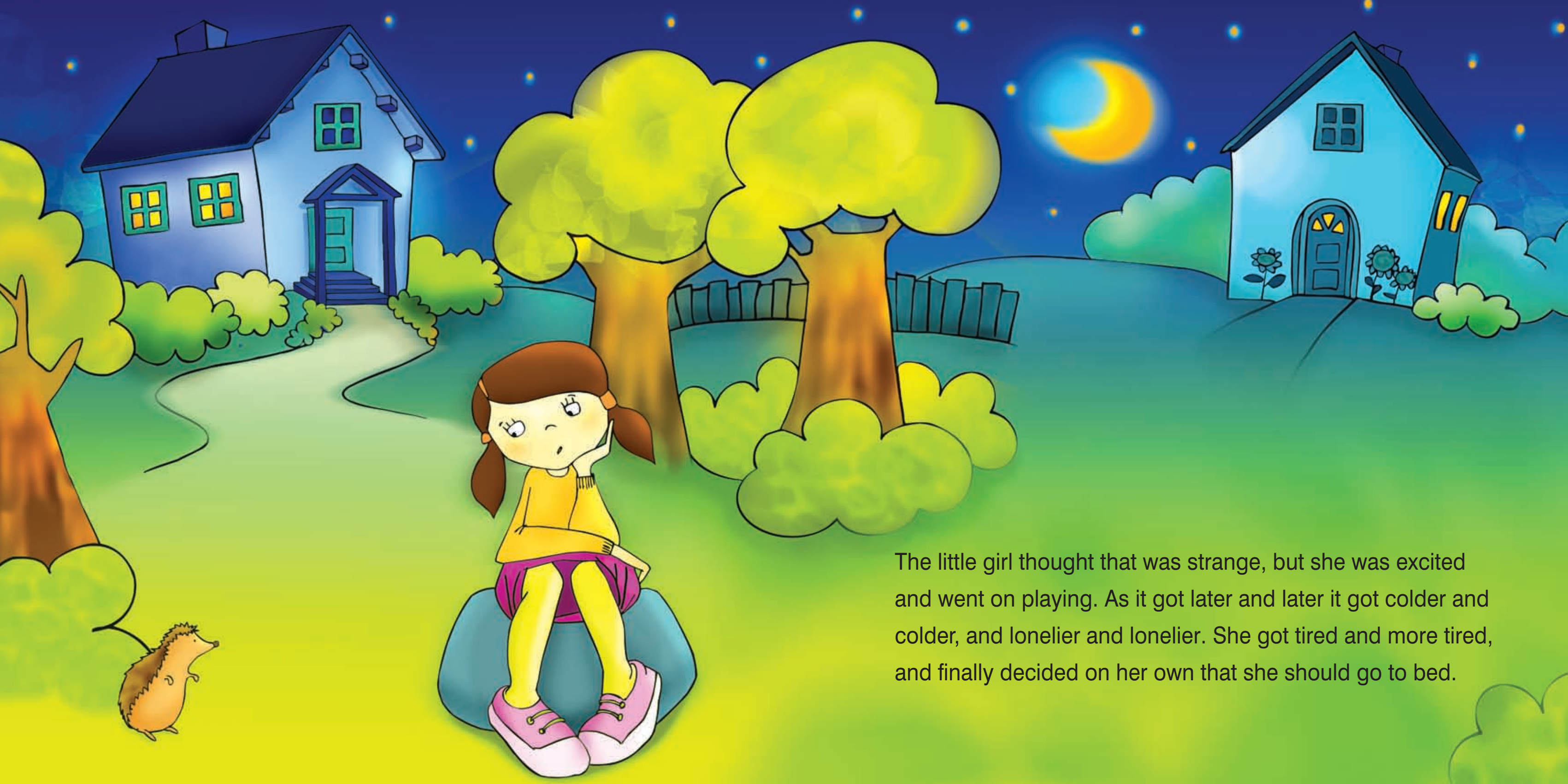
Her Mommy and Daddy tried all kinds of ways to get her to bed on time. They wanted her to get a good night's rest and be ready for the next day's activities. Her parents became very unhappy with this.



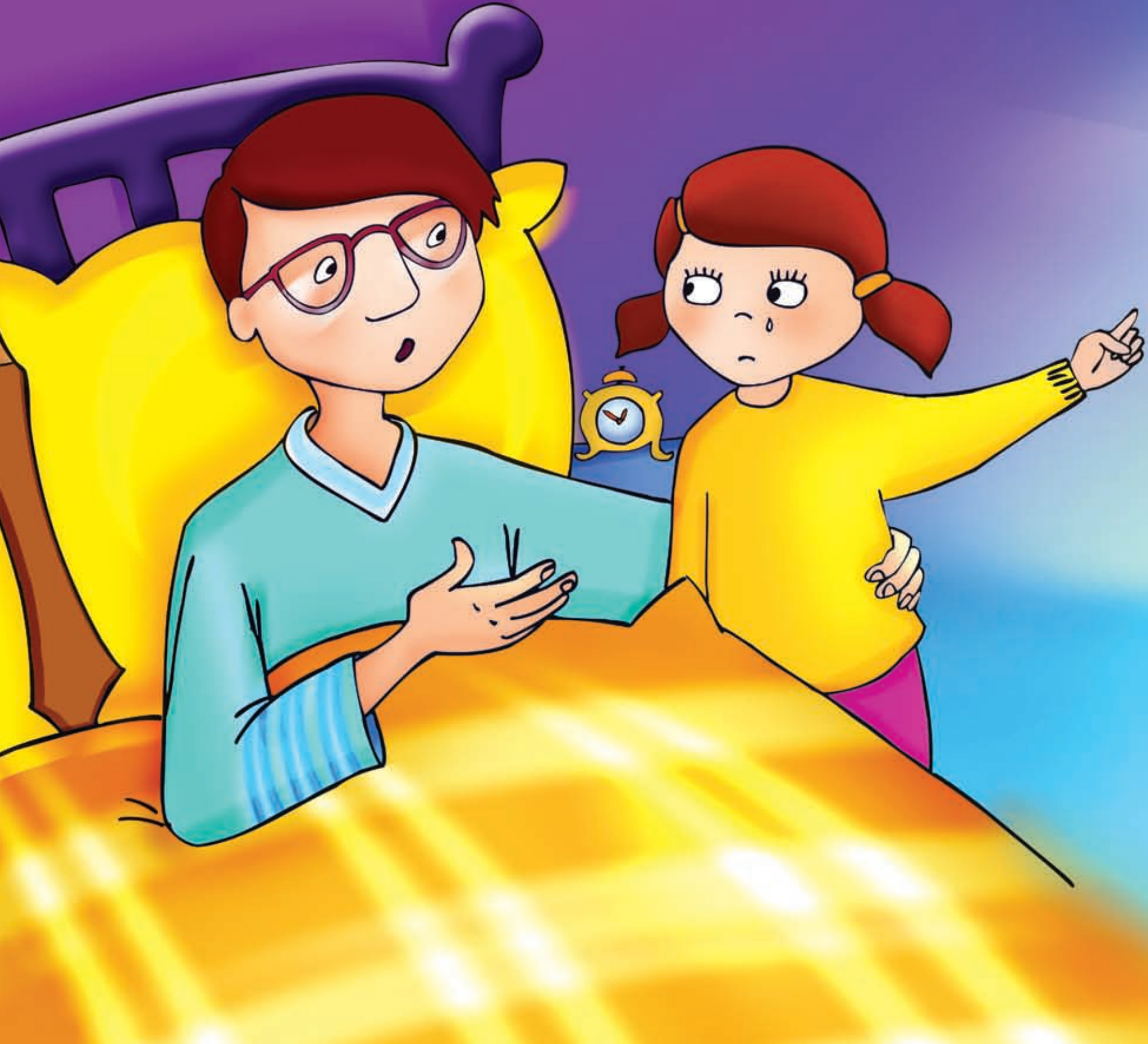


So, one night, her Daddy came up with a great idea. Secretly, so the little girl would not know what he had done—he carried her bed over to a neighbor's house and put the bed on the porch...

That night when she was told to go to bed she continued to play but this time her parents said nothing. They went to bed.



The little girl thought that was strange, but she was excited and went on playing. As it got later and later it got colder and colder, and lonelier and lonelier. She got tired and more tired, and finally decided on her own that she should go to bed.



She was very surprised when she went into her bedroom and discovered that there was no bed. She looked everywhere and could not find the bed. Finally, not knowing what to do, she shook her Daddy saying:

“Wake up, wake up!!!”

At first he pretended to be asleep... then finally opened his eyes.

“What do you want?,” he asked.

“Where is my bed? I cannot find it and I want to go to sleep.”

He explained that he had decided she did not want a bed and had thought he should give it away to another child who wanted and needed one.

“Daddy,” she said. “I am tired, and I do want a bed.”

“Well, let’s talk about it in the morning. Tonight, just crawl in here with your Mommy and I.”

And she did.





The next morning her Daddy explained that if she wanted a bed she had to agree to use it and sleep in it every night. He also explained that she must agree to go to bed when asked to do so.

She agreed and said, "I am so sorry. Now I realize how important my bed is. But where is my bed?" He told her that it was next door on the neighbor's porch, and together they would go and get it. They brought it home and set it up in her room.

After that whenever dad said, "It is time to go to bed." She readily agreed.







She would quickly brush her teeth, put on her pajamas and crawl thankfully into her nice warm bed. Sometimes when told to go to bed she would think about how fun it would be to keep playing then she remembered her promise and would get ready quickly.

At church one Sunday her teacher read a verse from the Bible that helped her to realize how important obeying her parents was. This is the verse:

“Children, do what your parents tell you. This is only right. ‘Honor your father and mother’ is the first commandment that has a promise attached to it, namely, so you will live well and have a long life.”

Ephesians 6:1 (The Message).

