

MIRIAM

Book 1

A CHILD'S BIBLE KIDS

Katheryn Maddox Haddad

Northern Lights Publishing House



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**NOTE: The author used one-syllable words as much as
possible. Longer words were sometimes hyphenated to help
the child pronounce them.**

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1 ~ Big Sister

Miriam, 3 years old, turned in circles on the sandy street in front of her family's home.

"I've got a baby! I've got a baby!" she said in her best sing-song voice.

"Don't either," the neighbor boy chimed in. "You're just a little girl. Little girls don't have babies. Only big girls do."

Miriam stopped swinging around and put her hands on her hips. "I'm a big girl."

"Are not," the boy said.

"My daddy said I'm a big girl."

"Are not. I'm 6 and I know those things."

"Well, I'm free years old and I'm smart."

"There you are," a big daddy voice said.

Miriam, with her black curls and rosy little-girl cheeks, looked in the direction of the voice, grinned, and held up her arms.

"You shouldn't be out in the street by yourself," Amram said as he swept her up in his big strong arms.

"Daddy," Miriam cooed, "he said I'm not big enough to have a baby, but I am, aren't I, Daddy?"

"Who told you that? Our whole family has a baby now."

Miriam, grinned big, looked around, and the neighbor boy was gone.

Amram took his daughter back into the home his family had owned since the good times long ago when Israelites were loved in Egypt.

"Oh, do you hear that wailing?" He said as he set Miriam back on her own

two feet.

Her eyes got big and she spoke in a growly big-girl voice. "Yeah. That's our baby Aaron, and he's mad."

"Well, we shall have to fix that," Yach-Abed called out from a nearby room above the tiny baby wail.

Miriam skipped into her mother's room and stopped next to her bed. She grinned as she looked down at the family's new little person who was still doing his best to wail with his tiny voice.

"I think your baby brother needs you to hold him and kiss him on both cheeks."

"He needs me, Mama?" Miriam asked.

"Oh, indeed, he does. Now sit on the cushion here and I will hand little Aaron down to you."

Miriam obeyed. Her grin was now gone and she got a serious look on her face.

When the new baby was settled in Miriam's lap, she promptly kissed him on both cheeks. She brushed his wispy silky black hair away from his forehead and sang. As she did, baby Aaron looked up into her eyes and stopped crying.

After a while, she stopped singing because baby Aaron was now fast

asleep.

"Mommy," Miriam whispered, looking up at her mother. "Can I always take care of him?"

"Oh, I am de-pend-ing on it. You are a good big sister. When he gets older, you can even play with him."

"Even when he's as big as Daddy?" Miriam asked.

"Maybe," Yach-Abed replied with a grin. "If he isn't taking care of you by then."

THINK & DO

1. Do you have a younger brother or sister? Are you sometimes mad that it takes more time for your parents to take care of it than it does to take care of you. Why do you think that is?
2. In what ways can you help take care of your younger brother or sister so your parents will have more time for you?