

TIFFANY'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

By Synthia Robinson-Pack

Tiffany opened the front door and ran up the stairs. I must get to my room before Mom sees me, she thought. She will be so upset if she finds out.

She knew that her mother would listen to what had happened and would believe her, but she was ashamed of the events of the day. Tiffany closed her bedroom door quickly. She could hear her mother singing her favorite hymn as she climbed the staircase and walked past her door. She could hear the phone in her mother's bedroom ringing. Now I will have a few minutes to clean myself before Mom sees me.

She slipped out of her torn dress and put on a pair of jeans and her red sweater. She walked into her bathroom and washed the tear streaks off her face. Looking into the mirror, Tiffany felt alone and afraid. Pulling the leaves and grass from her hair, she thought of the friends she had left behind in Ohio. Those were real friends she thought. . . my friends!

"I know Mom says it takes time to make new friends," groaned Tiffany, "but it's been almost a month since we moved here and I still don't have any. Maybe Amy is right, maybe I am too stupid."

Amy Watkins. She was one of Tiffany's classmates. The meanest person in the whole school. The one who had ruined Tiffany's day and her dress.

She could hear Amy calling her those terrible names. . . Stupid, Crybaby Blevins, Little Miss Snobby. She could see the other children standing around watching as Amy tried to make Tiffany fight her.

Oh, why couldn't she have been brave? She could have called Amy names too. Why didn't she fight back when Amy pushed her around, finally knocking her on the playground and hitting her over and over? I guess I must be a chicken, she thought.

Tiffany's horrible memories of the day were interrupted by a knock on the bedroom door. "Tiffany, dinner will be ready in half an hour, honey. Don't forget to wash your hands before coming to the dinner table."

"Yes, Mother,"replied Tiffany as she went over to the door and turned the lock quietly so her mother wouldn't hear. She returned to the bathroom and brushed the short hair that curled around her head. Her mom told her that her hair looked like angel's hair. Amy's hair looks like a witch, she fumed, I should have told her that.

Tiffany felt guilty about thinking such a mean thought. "God, I know it's mean to think such things, but she's such a mean person," she prayed. "God, You can't love someone that mean, can You?"

Inside her heart though, she knew that God loves everyone. Their Sunday School lesson last Sunday had been on God's love. Mrs. Kelly smiled when she read their memory verse, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

"Aren't you glad God loves everyone?" she asked "even when we misbehave? If He only loved people that were kind, then a lot of people would never be saved. But God loves us all so He gave His only Son that anyone who believes in Him would not die in their sins but have everlasting life'. Isn't God's love wonderful?"

Jason Felds raised his hand as he blurted out his question without waiting, "Mrs. Kelly, does God love people who kill people, and beat up on kids, and tattle on others too?"

"Oh yes Jason. God loves them all, because He knows that sin is what makes people mean. Remember last week's verse 'We all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' We all were born with sin and the only way we can get rid of that sin is to ask Jesus to forgive us. When we do that, He covers our sins with His blood that He shed on the cross for

Copyright © 1996 by Synthia Robinson-Pack. All rights reserved.

everyone. In the Bible it says 'For the wages of sin is death.' God knew that we could not pay the price for our sins. He knew that the only way we could be saved is if Jesus came to the earth as a man, never sinned while He was on the earth, died on the cross for our sins, and defeated death by rising from the grave."

Tiffany wanted to ask some questions, "Mrs. Kelly . . ." The buzzer went off, rudely interrupting her. "Well children, I know that you have more questions so we will continue this lesson next Sunday."

Tiffany picked her Bible off the desk and headed back into the sanctuary to sit with her parents. Next Sunday, that's forever to have to wait for my questions to be answered, she mused. I wish I could just walk up to God and ask Him.

Tiffany stopped daydreaming and looked at the clock on the table beside her bed. She looked down at the torn dress in her hands. Only fifteen more minutes before dinner, I better find a hiding place for my dress.

She looked under her bed. No, Mother always checks under my bed to make certain I haven't hidden a mess there. She looked in her dresser drawers. No, Mother will find it when she does the laundry and puts my clean clothing away. She looked in her closet. I can't hang it up, she will see it when she hangs up my clothes, she thought. I know, I'll put it in my

Copyright © 1996 by Synthia Robinson-Pack. All rights reserved.

blanket chest. She won't look there. Tiffany opened the chest, and lifted up the first blanket. She placed the dress in the chest, covering it with the blanket she had removed. She carefully looked to make certain the dress was hidden completely. There, now no one will ever know.

Dinner was a quiet, relaxed dinner. Tiffany was so glad that her parents didn't notice her silence tonight. She picked at her food, sliding it around on her plate so that they didn't realize that she wasn't eating. Mother and Father were busy talking about their problems of the day, plans for tomorrow, and Father's new boss. She asked to be excused from the dinner table. Her parents merely nodded.

Tiffany went to her room and started on her homework for the evening. She had a lot of homework but she didn't mind because it kept her from thinking about Amy. She finished her homework in time to get ready for bed. Quietly slipping into bed, she mumbled a quick prayer for God to forgive her of her sins and to punish Amy for being so mean.

Her mother came to tuck Tiffany into bed. "Remember to say your prayers, Honey," she reminded Tiffany.

"I already have," mumbled Tiffany "and will Amy ever get it from God."

"What did you say?" asked her mom.

"I already said my prayers," replied Tiffany. "Thank you for reminding me though."

Tiffany was awakened with the sunlight glaring through her bedroom window. She could hear her mother yelling from the bottom of the stairs, "Tiffany, time to rise and shine, Honey."

Tiffany jumped out of bed, put on her clothes, and quickly ran a hairbrush through her golden curls. She raced down the stairs to the kitchen table where breakfast was ready. If I hurry, I can be at school and in the classroom before Amy leaves her house. she decided. Swallowing her food in huge mouthfuls, she choked on a piece of toast.

"Tiffany, remember your table manners young lady." warned her mother. "I don't know why you are in such a hurry, but you had better slow down for your breakfast."

Tiffany wiped her mouth with her napkin, finishing her last bite. "Yes ma'am."

Grabbing her books, she ran out of the kitchen door and through the yard. She could hear her mother yelling something but she didn't have time to stop. A few more minutes and Amy would be here.

Her legs moving as quickly as they could, she ran down her street, past the convenience store on the corner, and onto the playground. "I'm glad I live close to the school", panted Tiffany "I don't think I could run anymore."

Tiffany looked around the schoolyard, the place where all the school children has stood by and watched as Amy called her names, pushed her around, and finally had beaten her. The feelings of shame and fear crept around her body, feeling like a monster waiting to devour her. She wondered how the other kids would treat her today . . . like the loser, the chicken that she was. She hoped that they would not remember yesterday's events, but she knew they would remember.

Laura and Carol, two of the girls in her class, walked past Tiffany. "Hi Carol! Hi Laura!" Tiffany yelled. But Carol and Laura ignored her and leaned over to each other and started whispering. No, she was right. They did remember.

Tiffany walked into the huge stone building that housed the schoolrooms. As she walked into class, she could feel the children staring at her as they leaned over to each other and whispered. She wanted to know what they were saying but she was afraid to ask. It probably wasn't very nice.

The day at school seemed to last forever. Amy kept strutting around the school and playground, staring at Tiffany and calling her names.

Copyright © 1996 by Synthia Robinson-Pack. All rights reserved.

Tiffany stayed close to her teacher, afraid to get too far away from her and too close to Amy.

After school was over, Tiffany grabbed her books and ran home as fast as she could. "I hope I can make it home before she catches me," she prayed. She barely missed a car pulling out of the parking lot of the convenience store. The driver of the car honked his horn and yelled at her. She kept running though, afraid to stop.

She ran until she was in her front yard. Safe at last. She knew that Amy would not come into her yard. Amy didn't want to be anywhere where adults could help her frightened victim.

Tiffany stopped on the front porch and tried to get her breath back. Then she slowly walked into the house, up the staircase, and into her bedroom.

Oh no! Her mother was standing in Tiffany's room and she had the torn dress in her hands. Tiffany stood in the doorway, wanting to run away but knowing that she had to stay.

"Tiffany, do you want to tell me what happened?" asked her mother.

Tiffany looked at her mother and burst into tears. "I know that I should have told you about the dress Mom, but I was ashamed to tell you," she sobbed.

Tiffany's mother grabbed her around the waist and pulled her close, holding her locks of hair in one hand and her waist with the other. A few minutes later, after her mom had calmed her down, Tiffany started to tell the horrible story piece by piece. Her mother only interrupted her occasionally to ask her questions: "How did you feel?", "What did you do?" Then finally the question that Tiffany has dreaded the most: "Why didn't you tell me?"

Tiffany looked into her mother's face. She realized how hurt and disappointed her mother must be. Tiffany had always been able to talk to her parents when she had a problem, asking for their advice, support and prayers.

"Mom, I wanted to be a big girl. I wanted to take care of myself, like you do." she replied.

Her mother sat down on the bed and motioned for Tiffany to sit beside her. She leaned over and pulled Tiffany close to her. "No matter how old you are, or how big you get, you will always need someone." she whispered. "I'm almost forty years old, Tiffany and I still need someone to help me deal with life. Luckily, I have your father who is a wonderful, caring person to share my problems. I also have someone who cares and helps me whenever I have a problem whether it's big or small . . . Jesus."

Tiffany turned her head up to her mother. "What do you mean?" she replied. "He's up in heaven. I need someone to help me who is here, not way up in heaven. Besides, He's too busy to worry about me."

Tiffany noticed a smile creeping on her mother's face. "Oh, Tiffany. God's never too busy to help us. He cares so much about you that he has the hairs on your head numbered . . . do you know how many hairs there are on your head?" she asked.

"No way!" laughed Tiffany. "It would take me forever to count them."

Her mother laughed with Tiffany. "Tiffany, do you remember last week when you were riding your bike and that car almost hit you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, have you ever thought about why that car missed you?"

"Yeah, sometimes," Tiffany answered. "I don't know how that car didn't run over me. I mean, I was surprised when I had landed over in Morris' yard without anything but some bruises. I thought I would wake up dead."

"Well Tiffany, the reason is that God has His hand on you Honey. Nothing can happen to you unless God allows it to happen. God has special beings that help Him take care of us, fight the Devil, and do everything else

Copyright © 1996 by Synthia Robinson-Pack. All rights reserved.

He does. Every Christian, whether they are young or old, has angels who protect and help them." her mother explained. Tiffany's mom was quiet for a moment. "Tiffany, I know you didn't share your problem with your parents, but did you share your problem with Jesus?"

Tiffany lowered her head again. "No, I didn't. I guess I was too ashamed to even tell Him," she replied.

"Well, why don't we take this problem to Him?" asked her mother.

Silently, the two bowed their heads. Tiffany's mother began praying "Dear Jesus, Tiffany needs Your help. . ." She then told Jesus all about Amy picking on Tiffany. "Jesus, we also ask that You would help Tiffany to be a good Christian and witness for You during this difficult time. Amen."

Tiffany felt a peace flow through her body. She knew that it was Jesus telling her that He would help her.

Her mother reminded her, "Tiffany, you can trust Jesus. He will take care of us, if we just ask."

Tiffany jumped out of bed the next day and got ready for school. She ate all of her breakfast, taking her time so she wouldn't get choked on her food. She gave her mom a good-bye kiss and walked out the back door. She walked down the street, past the convenience store on the corner, and

Copyright © 1996 by Synthia Robinson-Pack. All rights reserved.

over to the playground. She had a few minutes before the first bell would ring, signalling that it was time to go to class, so she decided to swing for a while.

Tiffany looked all around the playground. She couldn't see anyone around, but she knew that she wasn't alone. "Oh Jesus," she prayed. "I know that Your angels are with me. I can almost feel their wings around me."

Suddenly, her quiet, wonderful prayer was interrupted by a scream. Without looking around, she knew that it was Amy behind her. Without warning, Amy landed on the ground beside her.

"How did you know that I was going to push you off?" Amy asked.

"I didn't know," Tiffany said smiling.

"How did you trip me then?" the angry bully questioned.

"I didn't trip you. I don't have to do anything, I have my angels taking care of me," boasted Tiffany.

"What angels? I don't see anyone. You're crazy!" screamed Amy, as she swung her right arm around to hit Tiffany's face.

The swing missed Tiffany. Amy's body was forced around and down onto the ground from the unsuccessful blow. Amy picked herself off the ground and glared at Tiffany. "How did you do that?" she screamed at the top of her lungs. "You made me fall! You made me hurt myself!" she whined, as she looked at the scrapes on her knees from the dirt schoolyard.

"I told you I don't have to do anything" boasted Tiffany. "My angels will take care of me like Jesus promised."

Amy cocked her head and looked at Tiffany. "Who's Jesus?"

Tiffany began to tell Amy about Jesus, how he was born to Mary, died on the cross, rose again, and was sitting in Heaven watching after His children.

"I want to be His kid," cried Amy. "I want Him to take care of me too."

Tiffany told Amy how to be a child of God. She helped Amy pray a prayer asking Jesus to come into her life and invited her to church Sunday.

"Let's go to the nurse and get her to fix your knees," smiled Tiffany.

Amy smiled and reached out for Tiffany's hand. Tiffany grabbed Amy's hand. As they walked to the nurse's office, the two new friends in

Jesus talked about spending the night at each other's house, the boys in school, and Jesus.

TIFFANY'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

*Synthia Robinson-Pack
7519 South Altus Drive
Jacksonville, FL 32211
(904) 743-2394*

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Tiffany's Guardian Angel is a story designed to help children deal in a Biblical manner with situations they may face. These questions are meant to assist you to start a conversation with your child about the following issues. Please take time to allow the child to think about each question and then answer it.

- i) Dealing with Problems: Have you ever had a problem like Tiffany's? If so, how did you handle it? Did you try to hide it? How should you have handled it?
- ii) Talking About Problems: Is there someone who you can talk to when you have a problem? (Parents, grandparent, brother, friend. . .) Do people talk to you about their problems? Do you ever talk to God about your problems? Why should we tell God our problems?
- iii) God Loves Every Person: Did you know that God loves everyone, whether they are nice or mean? Do you love people, even if they are mean? How can we love people who are mean? What does the Bible have to say about loving others?

TIFFANY'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

*Synthia Robinson-Pack
7519 South Altus Drive
Jacksonville, FL 32211
(904) 743-2394*

- iv) Ignoring Others: How do you think Tiffany felt when the kids at school wouldn't talk to her? Have you ever had someone treat you like that? How did it make you feel? What did you do? Have you ever treated someone else like that? How did you feel afterwards? Why shouldn't we treat people like the kids treated Tiffany?

- v) Bullies: Do you know anyone who is a bully? Have you ever had someone bully you? What did you do? What should you have done? How did you feel? Have you ever bullied someone else? Why did you bully them? How did you feel when you did it?

- vi) Parents and Their Feelings: Do you think Tiffany's mother was angry because Tiffany did not tell her about the dress? about Amy? Do you think Tiffany's mother was sad because of what had happened? How do you think Amy's mother would feel if she knew what had happened? What do you think she would do? What would you do if Amy was your daughter?

TIFFANY'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

*Synthia Robinson-Pack
7519 South Altus Drive
Jacksonville, FL 32211
(904) 743-2394*

- vii) Prayer: After Tiffany and her mother prayed, how do you think Tiffany felt? How do you feel after you pray? How much should each person pray? How much do you pray?

- viii) Angels: Did you know that God uses angels to help us? How do you think an angel can help people? Can you think of a time when an angel may have helped you or someone you know?