



Insects Galore: Lincoln's Lullaby



"Grandpa, will you tell me a bedtime story?" Tristan asked as his grandfather tucked him into bed.

"Of course," he said.

"Can you tell me another story about Drudy and her insect friends?" the little boy said. "I really like them."

"Aha, I've thought of a perfect story," Grandpa Jake replied. "It's about Lincoln, Drudy's ladybug friend. It also happened at bedtime."



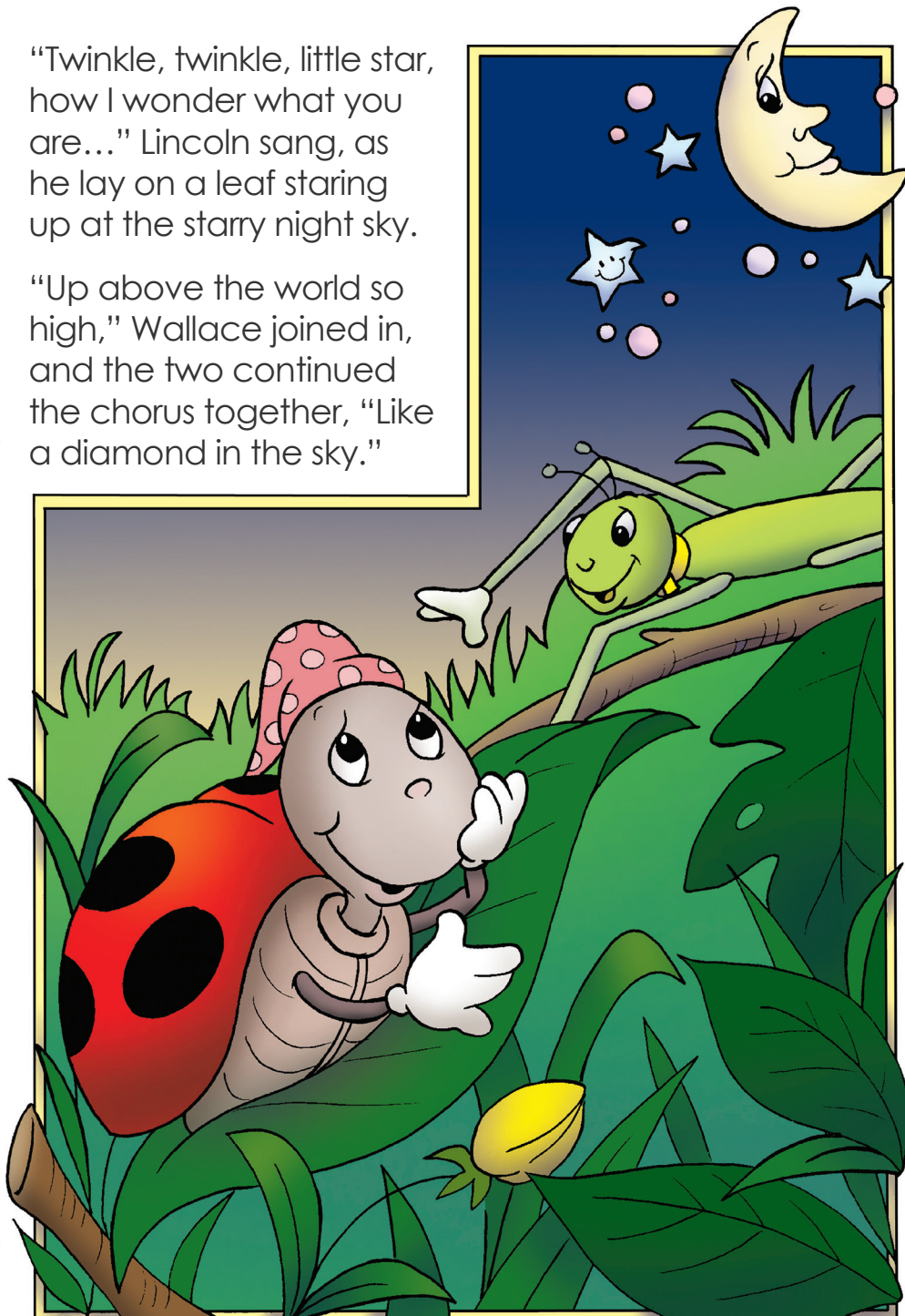
Tristan settled down while his grandfather began the story.

"One night, when little children were safely tucked in their beds, two insect friends sat together..." Grandpa Jake began.



"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
how I wonder what you
are..." Lincoln sang, as
he lay on a leaf staring
up at the starry night sky.

"Up above the world so
high," Wallace joined in,
and the two continued
the chorus together, "Like
a diamond in the sky."



Lincoln and Wallace sang the rest of the lullaby
together. When it came to an end, they were
silent. The nearby stream softly trickled and
the breeze whispered through the leaves of
the trees. There were other noises as well—
crickets chirping their nightly tune, hooting
owls in search of dinner, the frogs croaking
their melodious chorus, and the scurrying
footsteps of raccoons looking for food.

Lincoln and Wallace listened to the
night sounds and watched as the fire-
flies lit up and danced around the
pond.

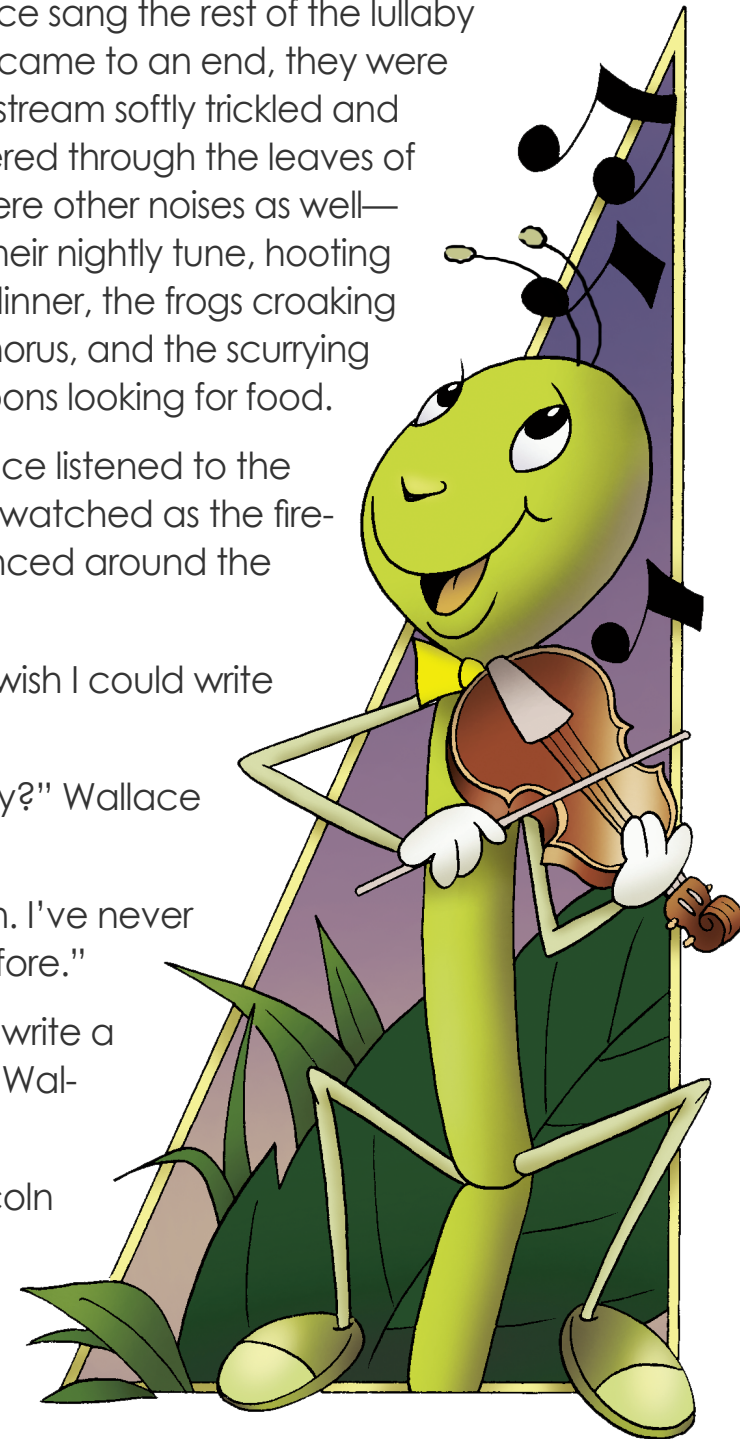
Lincoln sighed. "I wish I could write
a lullaby."

"Why don't you try?" Wallace
asked.

"I don't think I can. I've never
written a song before."

"I think you could write a
beautiful lullaby," Wal-
lace said.

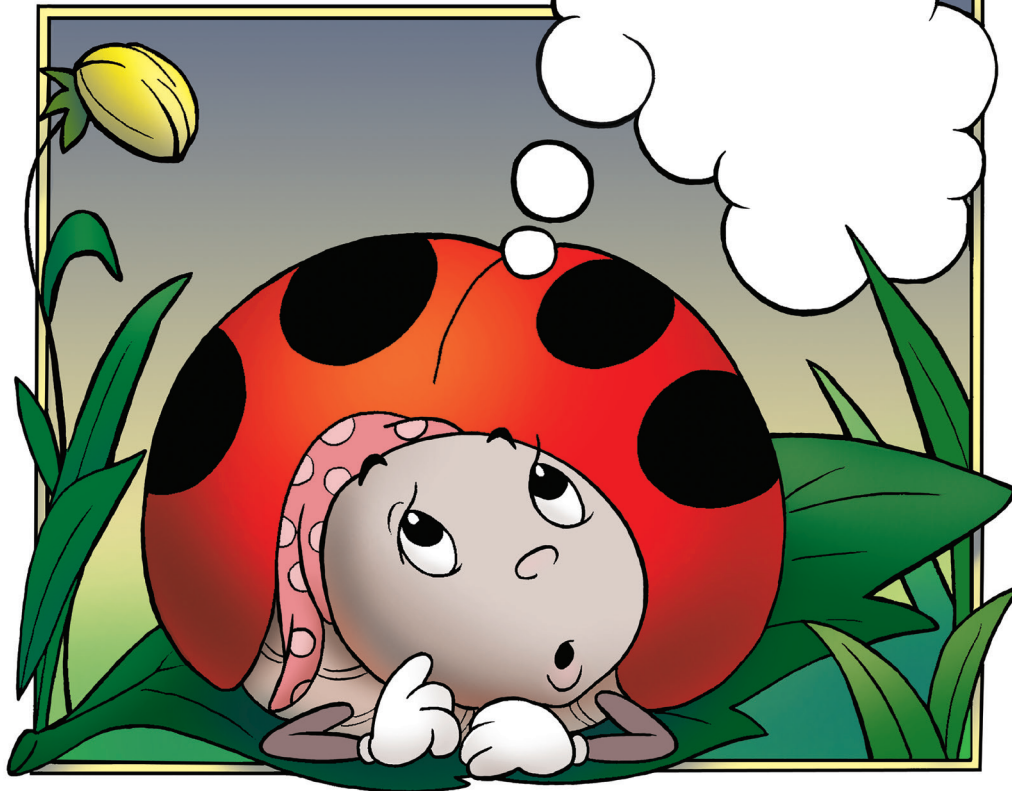
"I could try..." Lincoln
started. "I'll think
about it."



The two friends said goodnight and turned over on their leaves. Wallace was soon fast asleep; however, Lincoln stayed awake thinking about the lullaby he longed to write. *Could I really write a lullaby?* he thought. *What if I can't do it?*

He pondered it a little longer, until he too joined Wallace in restful sleep.

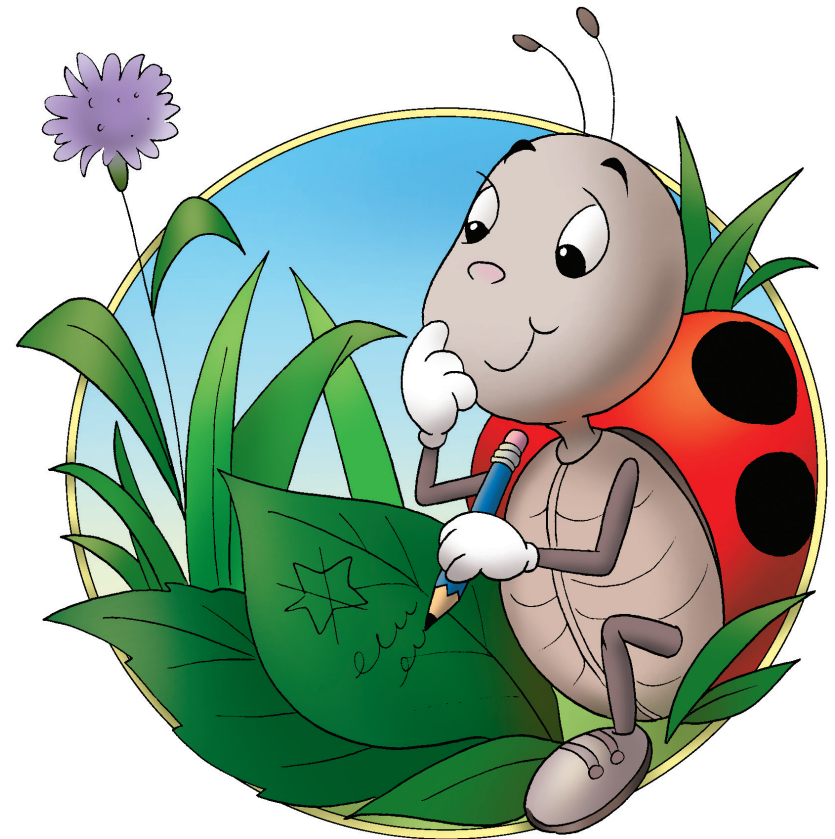
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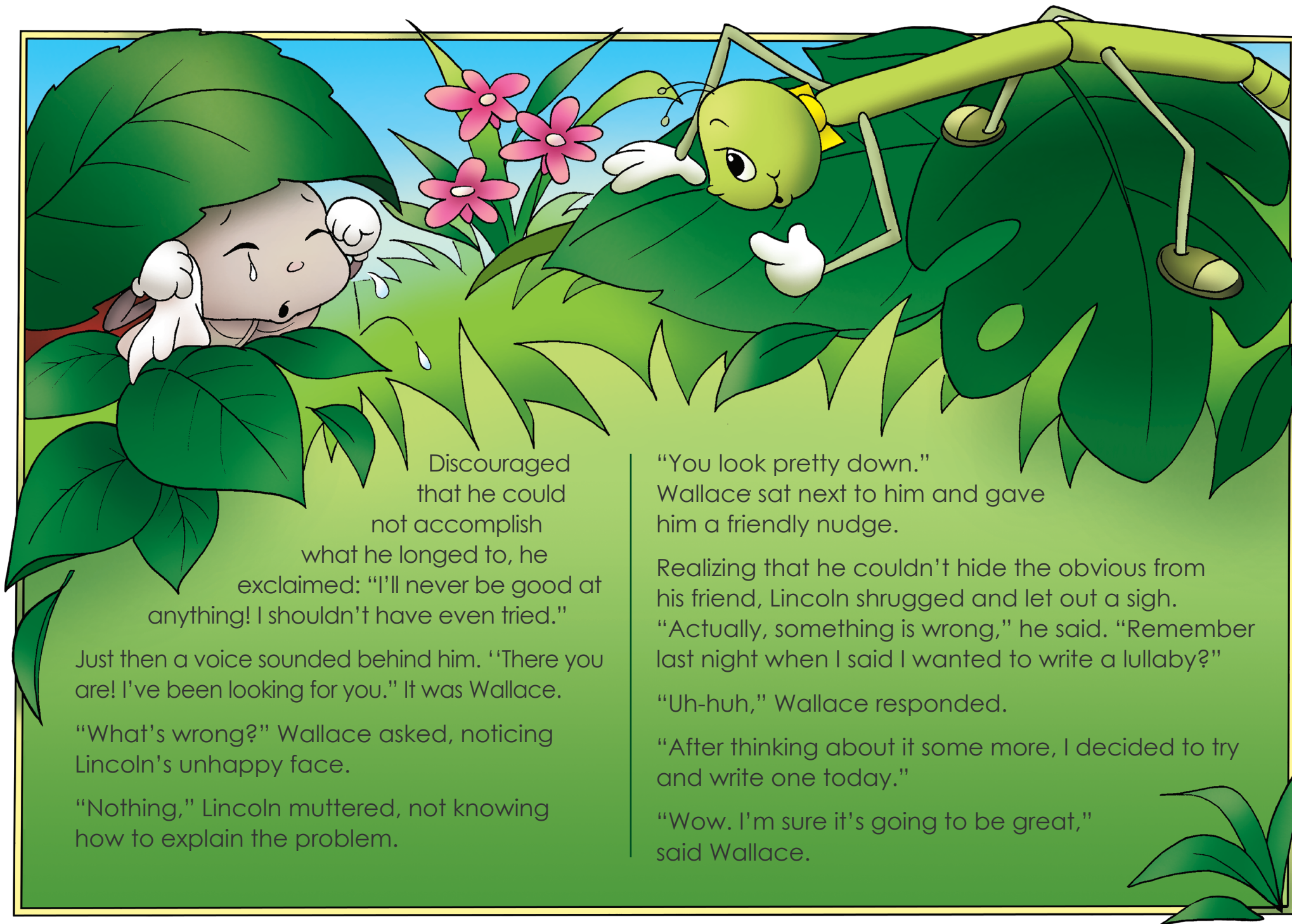


The next day Lincoln flew off to a quiet spot to give songwriting a try. Finding the perfect blade of grass for composing, he settled down and was soon deep in thought.

"What should I write it about? A star?" he said aloud, and then shook his head. "The night animals?" He scrunched up his face, disliking the idea.

"Hmmm, the dark? Night sounds?" Lincoln let out a distressed wail. "I can't even think of *what* to write my lullaby about, how am I even going to start?"





Discouraged that he could not accomplish what he longed to, he exclaimed: "I'll never be good at anything! I shouldn't have even tried."

Just then a voice sounded behind him. "There you are! I've been looking for you." It was Wallace.

"What's wrong?" Wallace asked, noticing Lincoln's unhappy face.

"Nothing," Lincoln muttered, not knowing how to explain the problem.

"You look pretty down." Wallace sat next to him and gave him a friendly nudge.

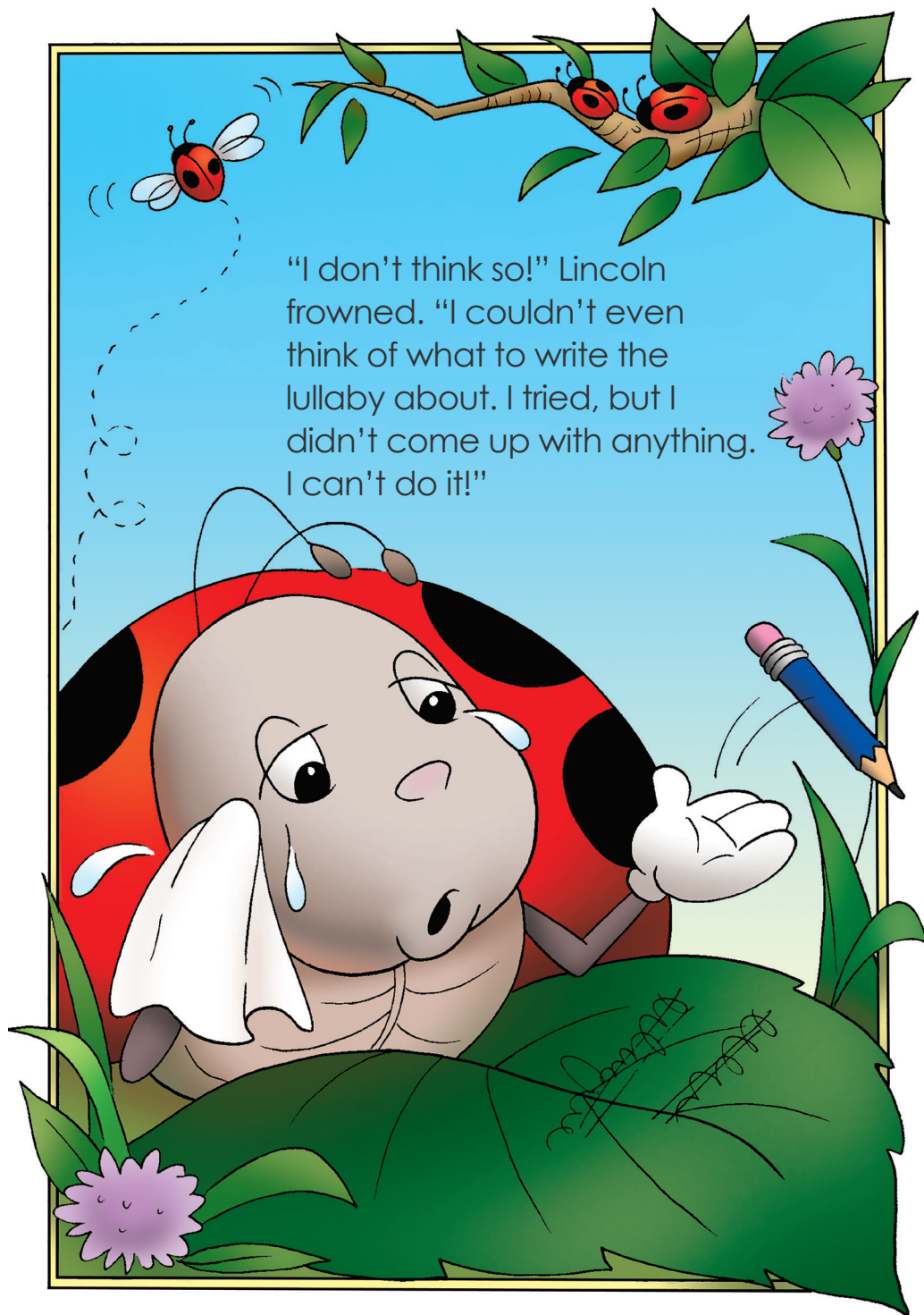
Realizing that he couldn't hide the obvious from his friend, Lincoln shrugged and let out a sigh.

"Actually, something is wrong," he said. "Remember last night when I said I wanted to write a lullaby?"

"Uh-huh," Wallace responded.

"After thinking about it some more, I decided to try and write one today."

"Wow. I'm sure it's going to be great," said Wallace.



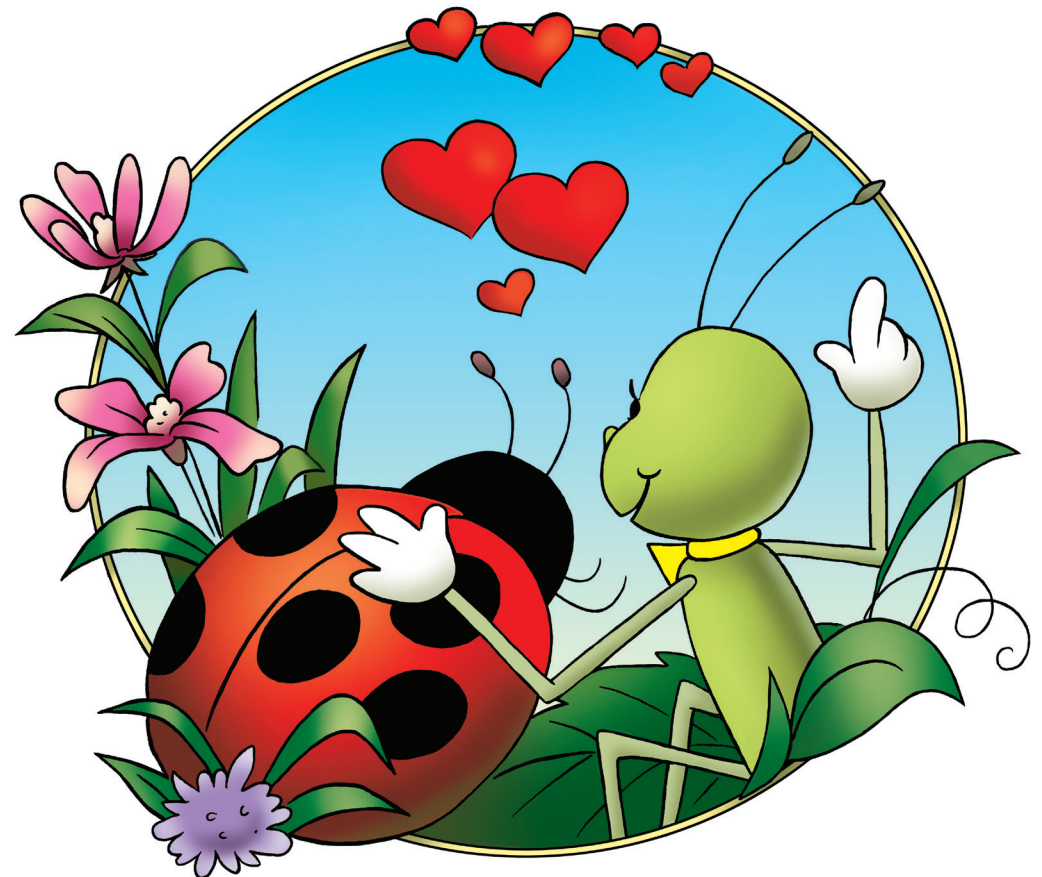
"I don't think so!" Lincoln frowned. "I couldn't even think of what to write the lullaby about. I tried, but I didn't come up with anything. I can't do it!"

"I'm sorry," his friend said. "But you can't give up. Sometimes you have to try over and over again until you get it right."

"But I can't!" Lincoln cried. "I won't be able to write a lullaby, ever!"

Wallace thought for a minute, and then turned to his distressed friend. "Did you pray and ask God to help you?" he said.

Lincoln looked down and shook his head.



"You should," Wallace said. "I'm sure He'd help you. Then, if you want, I could help you as well. I've never written a lullaby before either. It will be a first for both of us, but we can do it together with God's help."

"I like that idea," Lincoln said. "You're a good friend, Wallace."

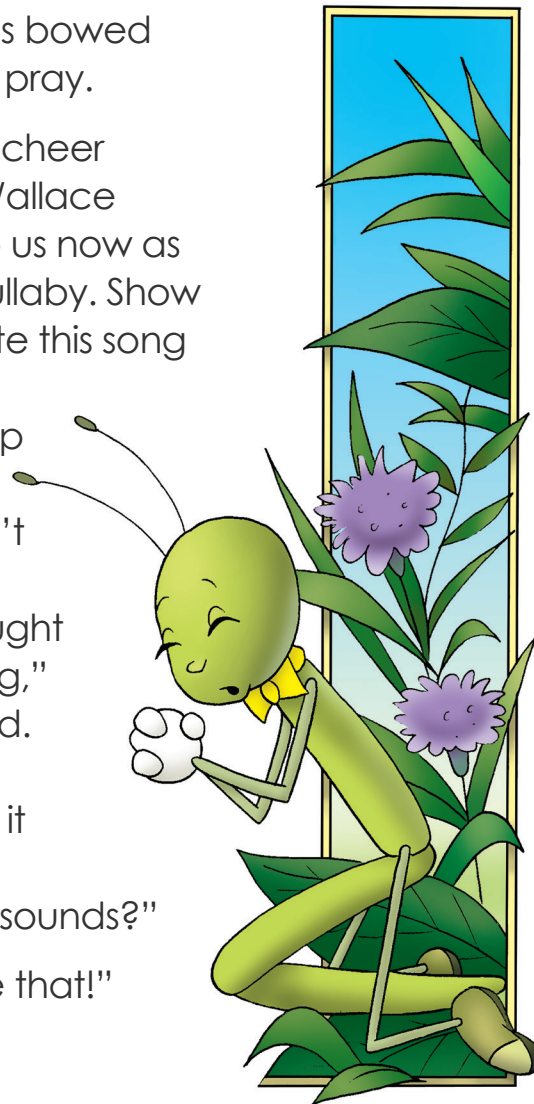


The two friends bowed their heads to pray.

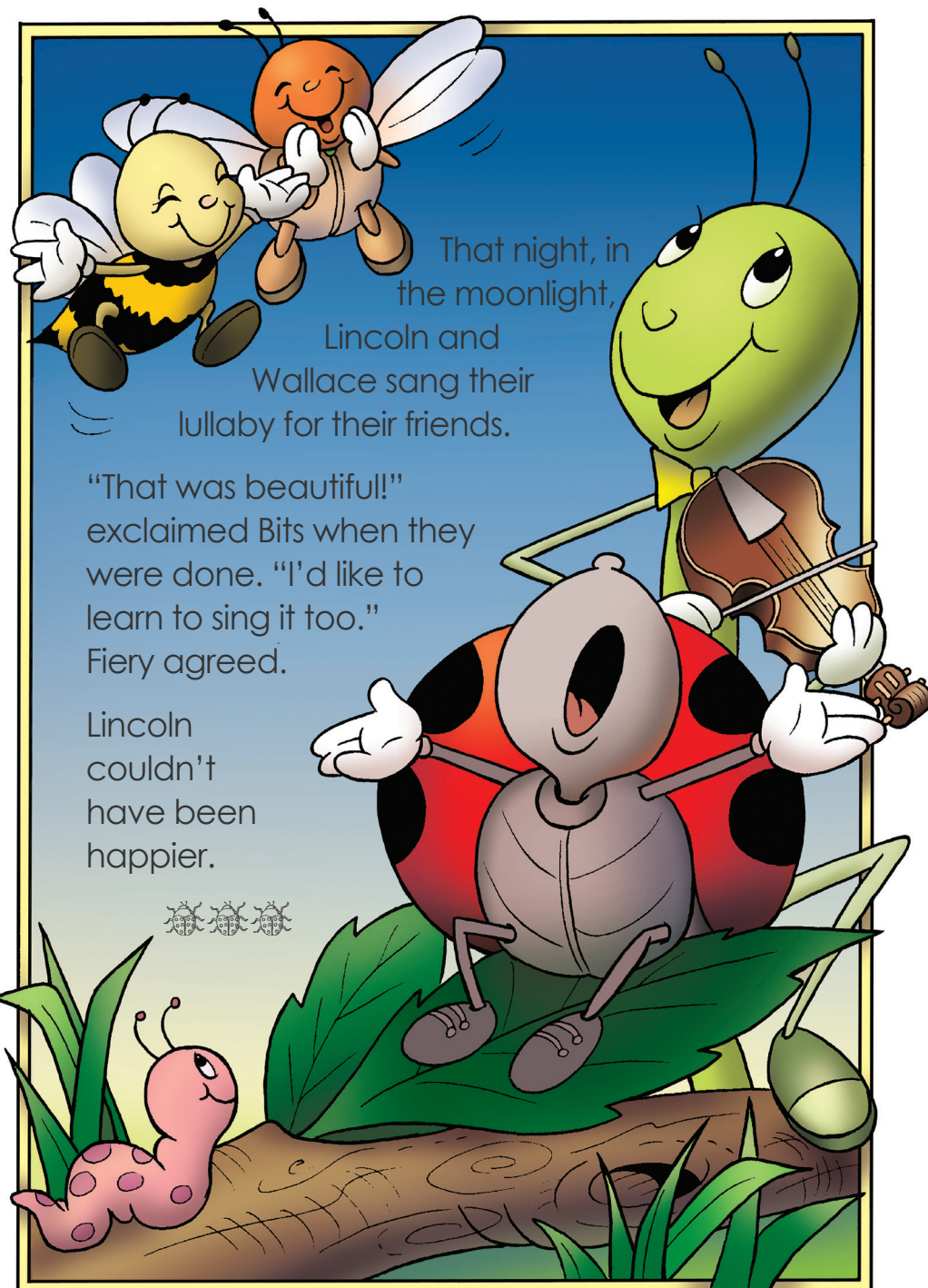
"God, please cheer Lincoln up," Wallace prayed. "Help us now as we write this lullaby. Show us what to write this song about. Also, help us to keep trying even when it doesn't seem to work. Amen."

"I thought of something," Lincoln said. "What if we wrote it about nighttime sounds?"

"I like that!"



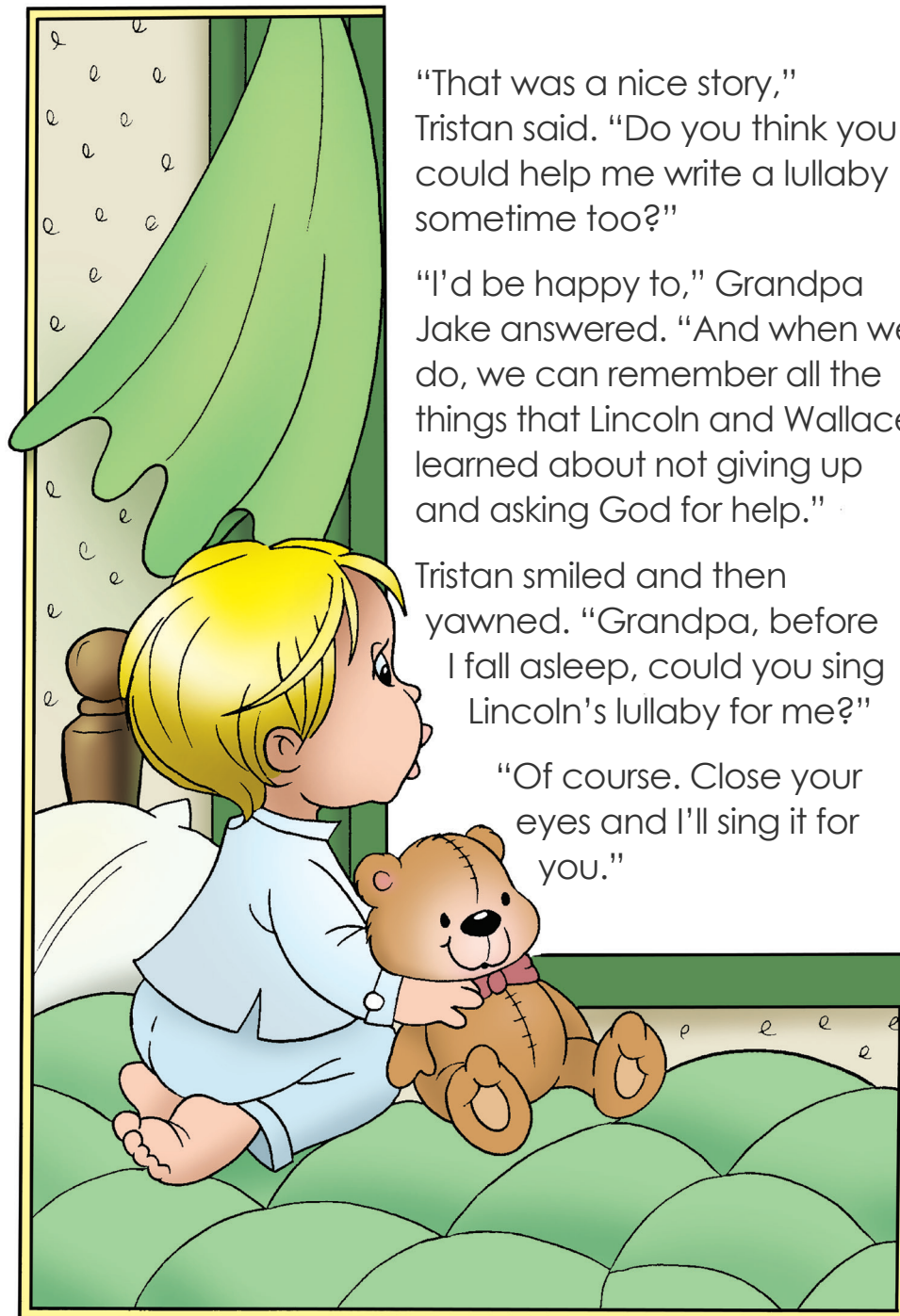
Soon the words and tune to the lullaby started coming together. Every time Wallace and Lincoln got stuck, they would bow their heads and ask God to help them, and He did. Before long, they had their lullaby.



That night, in
the moonlight,
Lincoln and
Wallace sang their
lullaby for their friends.

"That was beautiful!"
exclaimed Bits when they
were done. "I'd like to
learn to sing it too."
Fiery agreed.

Lincoln
couldn't
have been
happier.



"That was a nice story,"
Tristan said. "Do you think you
could help me write a lullaby
sometime too?"

"I'd be happy to," Grandpa
Jake answered. "And when we
do, we can remember all the
things that Lincoln and Wallace
learned about not giving up
and asking God for help."

Tristan smiled and then
yawned. "Grandpa, before
I fall asleep, could you sing
Lincoln's lullaby for me?"

"Of course. Close your
eyes and I'll sing it for
you."

A Nighttime Lullaby

When darkness covers
the sky,
And stars twinkle up on
high,
I love to listen to all the
sounds,
That nighttime brings
around.

I hear the crickets' song;
The frogs also sing
along.
Shhh, I can hear
the breeze,
Rustling the grass and
leaves.

Hush now, and listen well,
There's a nighttime tale
Told to all, near and far,
No matter where
you are.



Moral:

It's important to keep
trying, no matter how dif-
ficult or impossible some-
thing may seem. If you
ask God to help, He'll
be there for you.

