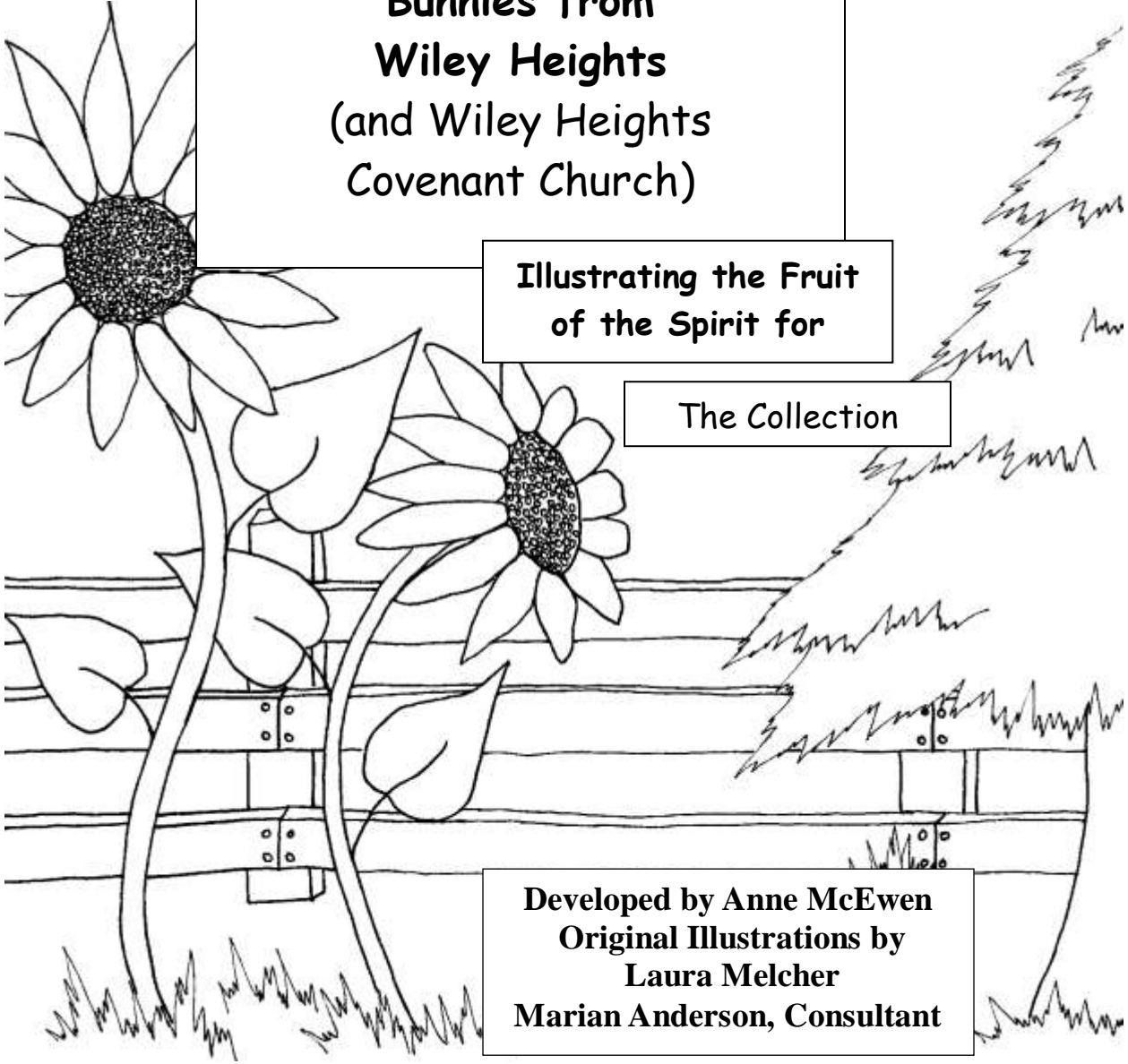


**Miss Marian and the
Bunnies from
Wiley Heights
(and Wiley Heights
Covenant Church)**

**Illustrating the Fruit
of the Spirit for**

The Collection

**Developed by Anne McEwen
Original Illustrations by
Laura Melcher
Marian Anderson, Consultant**



Welcome to the world of Miss Marian and the Bunnies from Wiley Heights! Located about 15 minutes from Yakima, WA, surrounded by orchards and other lovely farmland, we are a country church, with a long history in the area. Come out and see us!

You need to know that Miss Marian (Anderson) is a real person who lives in a real little red house out by the church. You'll find out more about her in the many stories of the bunnies, Kanin—pronounced 'Kah-noon' (that means rabbit in Swedish, I hope!) and his little brother Broder—pronounced 'Bro-ter' (that means brother in Norwegian). Actually, many of the friends you will meet in these stories are based on real people! Kanin and Broder are, really, two very special brothers I know...Isn't that wonderful?

The bag your book comes in has been lovingly fashioned out of recycled quilts, comforters, and other much loved materials. If your bag looks quilted, it may be part of a quilt that was made at our church.

We want to teach you about God's love for you and how you can share that love with others. This will be so much fun! We have 12 small books in this series of stories.

Let's read!

Miss Marian and Anne McEwen

*"But the Holy Spirit produces this kind of fruit in our lives: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control."
Galatians 5:22-23 (NLT)*

Miss Marian Gets a Surprise

Chapter one

Miss Marian was down on her hands and knees, still working on pulling last year's leaves from behind the plants in her flower bed.

"...scratch, scratch, scratch,"...she heard the sound of her small rake in the dirt. The dried sycamore leaves crumbled as she worked and their smell made her nose tickle. "Achoo!...ah, ah...achoo!" She leaned back on her knees, searching in her pocket for a tissue. Dabbing her nose, she said, "That's better, Marian," and began to work around a stubborn rosebush.



"S'cuse me."

The sound of a small voice seemed to float out of nowhere in particular, making Miss Marian jump! She leaned back on her knees again, looking around to see who was speaking.

Hmmm...no one over by the garage...no one over by the side step to the house...no one. She shook her head just a bit. "I must be getting tired. Maybe it's time for a break."

"Hey, lady? S'cuse me. Can you hear me?"

"I know I heard someone," she said to herself. She took a deep breath and said softly, "Show yourself!" Miss Marian sat quietly for a moment, just listening.

A small pile of leaves off to her right began to move! As she watched, two little brown eyes were watching her right back!

Chapter 2

Miss Marian watched bits of leaf fall away, as a small furry bunny worked first a tiny nose, then ear one and ear two out of its hiding place.

"Well now," was all she said. Somehow it did not seem at all strange to be having a few words with a small brown rabbit.

They just watched each other for a bit...and then, another bit.

And then, another bit.

Quietly Miss Marian moved just a tad, sitting down softly in the grass in front of her little visitor.

"Can I help you, little one?" she asked.

The bunny looked to the right and to the left, finally stretching his furry



neck out toward her...

"Well, I-I-I..." he stammered, "I'm scared, but my brother is stuck and I won't leave him here alone...lady, can you help?"

Miss Marian's heart did a little flip of its own! What was she doing, sitting in her yard, talking to a rabbit? She closed her eyes, taking a breath to settle herself down. She opened her eyes.

There he was, blinking at her.

Alrighty then.

Chapter 3



The little bunny was talking quickly, now.

"My brother, Broder, he has his tail stuck in the rose bush and he can't get out! I tried and tried to chew the stem, but the 'pickers' on the roses hurt my mouth. I CAN'T HIM FREE!"

Small bunny tears were close to falling out of the dark brown eyes.

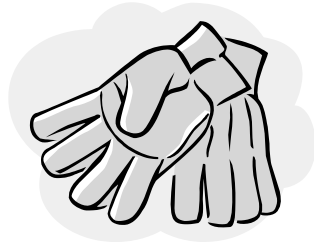
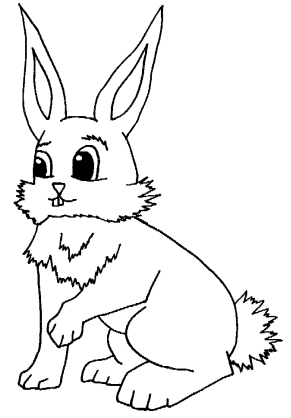
"Something told me to ask you, lady...will you help him?"

Miss Marian slowly put her hand down next to the shivering bunny. He bravely stood his ground. "I need to help my brother."

She smiled at the little animal saying, "I know just what you mean, little friend, and I'm so glad you are brave enough to ask for help. Who, by the

way, are you?"

He stepped forward a bit. "Well, I'm Kanin, and that's it! But Broder is stuck!"



Miss Marian adjusted her gloves, gently moving the determined bunny just a bit to the side.

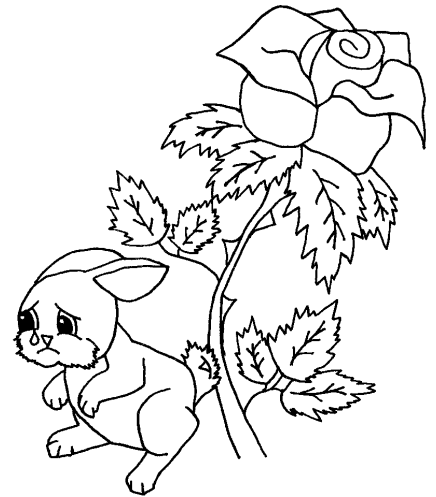
"Well, Kanin, good to meet you. I'm Marian... but, as you say, that's it!"

Miss Marian carefully worked around the back of the bush...that was not a pile of leaves - that was another bunny! Kanin moved in and touched his brother on the nose.

"It's okay, Broder. I'm right here. Just look at me and not at your tail!" He scrunched down and looked right into his little brother's eyes. Broder was shaking with fear, so Kanin moved closer. "It's okay, kid," he whispered, "Miss Marian's gonna help you. Shhhh...just be quiet."

Chapter 4

Broder was, indeed, stuck - or, actually, it was his tail, as Kanin had said. Marian carefully worked inside the branches and thorns, using her nail clippers (which she kept in her tissue pocket)



to trim the stickers away. Kanin was tapping Broder with his own paw, trying to help.

Quite suddenly, the stuck, frightened bunny brother realized that he was unstuck! He gave his tiny tail a twitch, his hind feet thumping the ground as he bounded away with joy!



Miss Marian expected Kanin to speed off after Broder, but the little brown bunny just sat for a moment and looked up at his new friend.

Lop, lop, lop, he went over to where she was sitting beside the flower bed.

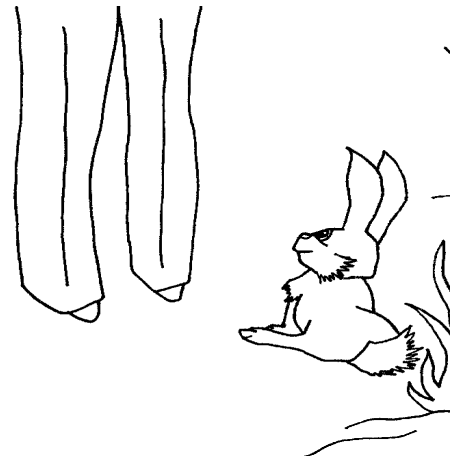
"Thank you, Miss Marian. Actually, thank you very much.

"Kanin, you are welcome very much. You and your brother must come again."

Did you know bunnies can smile?

Imagine that!

"My thoughts are nothing like your thoughts," says the Lord. "And my ways are far beyond anything you could imagine." Isaiah 55:8 (NLT)



But the Holy Spirit produces this kind of fruit in our lives: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control."

Galatians 5:22-23 (NLT)

Who Has Seen the Wind?



Who has seen the wind,
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind,
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

An old poem written by Christina Rossetti