

THE JUNGLE PIRD



PREVIEW PROGRAM ONLY
NOT FOR USE
PLEASE PURCHASE

THE JUNGLE BIRD

A CONLEY TWIN ADVENTURE

by Ellen Bunnell

THE JUNGLE BIRD is a five day adventure told aloud by one Story Teller 15 minutes each session. Each chapter ends at a mysterious moment encouraging students to return and discover how each exciting situation is resolved.



PREPARE

Read the story aloud privately before telling it to the students. Become familiar with the words and phrasing. Fill the 15 minute time period fully. Tell the story with enthusiasm. Do not rush! Allow each scene to unfold easily for the listeners. Adapt as needed for young student groups.

READ AND FLIP

Learn the story so you can tell it without reading it. **OR**, you may want to read the story as written, flipping the illustrations at the appropriate time. If you decide to read the text, glue individual sections to the back of the appropriate illustration. This allows you to read comfortably at the same time the students are looking at the picture. **OR**, take the workbook apart and place individual pictures on an easel as you read from the text.

REVIEW

At the beginning of each chapter, review the story up to that point. New students hear the entire adventure without missing important events in the story. A fresh reminder is helpful for students of all ages.

COLOR

Story illustrations are printed on white card stock. To feature details, color each illustration. Do NOT ask students to color the pages. This is a project best completed by someone who enjoys artwork and does it well. Use crayon, coloring pens, marker or acrylic paint. Color highlights on each page to make each illustration visually interesting. OR, if preferred, do not color the pages. Leave the story pictures intact in black and white.

ENJOY

This Conley Twin story is fun and mysterious. Enjoy yourself as you tell each chapter. Do not be a “ho-hum” teacher! Involve yourself in the excitement. Encourage students to come back the next day to hear the next installment. Get them involved in the story line. Prepare them for the surprise ending.

*The actual details of this 'mostly true' adventure happened in Ecuador as told by missionary **Barbara Penn Quiring**.*

*This story is dedicated to the memories of **Jim and Rita Donner** (Erie, Pennsylvania, USA) who had a vision to help Ghanaians build a small hospital in Ankaase, Ghana, Africa. Their Christian faith and dedication during their retirement years boosted a worldwide effort resulting in Ankaase Faith and Healing Hospital. If you visit Ankaase today, you will meet many children named 'Jim' and 'Rita' to honor the nurse who delivered them in the small hospital. You will see a place of faith and healing! www.mfhhospital.org*

THE JUNGLE BIRD

CHAPTER ONE



ILLUSTRATION 1: "I can't believe it. Do you mean it? Truer than true? Both of us?" Chip and Clare Conley were joyfully jumping up and down in their Shadow River Inn living room. Since mom and dad purchased the town's old fashioned Bed and Breakfast, it had been all work and no play. There were always beds to make, dishes to wash, leaves to rake and furniture dusted. Today, the biggest surprise of their lives was being revealed by their parents and their precious grandmother, lovingly called "Gramanda".

"Believe it! It's truer than true!" Gramanda was grinning ear to ear. She waved several sets of airline tickets under their noses. The jumping up and down, the dancing, the shouting was so loud that the old hound dog on the porch jumped into the grass to avoid the noise made by the happy family.

Jack and Elise Conley, parents of Chip and Clare, called for calm. Mom said, "Sit down and let us explain where you are going and why you are going." As everyone settled into comfortable, antique furniture, the story unfolded.

Dad smiled, "Your grandmother thinks it is time for both of you to visit a place that means a lot to her. When your grandparents were missionaries they served the Lord in a small village in Ghana, Africa. The name of the village is Ankaase (*pronounced: "On-kaw-zee"*). It is in a remote jungle area many hours from Accra, the capital city of Ghana. ."

"Africa! The Dark Continent! Jungle Heaven!" Chip crowed. "Wait 'til the guys at school hear that I'm going to Africa!"

Clare added, "I love the word—Africa! Land of lions, leopards, monkeys and...and...and...big snakes! Hey, there aren't going to be any big snakes are there, Gramanda?"

Gramanda said, "There are big snakes but you will be fine. Ankaase is a beautiful village. It is on the edge of a large jungle. The people of the village speak English. They never leave the area so information about the modern world does not get to them. They don't know much about America. Seeing people from other places is a special event for them."

"Why do you want to go to Africa now, Mom?" Jack knew his mother was anxious to visit the African village but the details were vague.

"I got an email from my old friend, Dr. Jim Donner. He has begun a brand new hospital called the Ankaase Faith Healing Hospital. The people are grateful but seem mysteriously afraid. They will not speak of it to anyone. They fear retaliation from the local medicine man. Dr. Donner thinks the old folks who remember your grandfather and me may tell their story so he can help them. It must be serious for Dr. Donner to call me out of retirement. It's too bad Grandpa is not here to go with me."

The twins hugged their grandmother and said, "Grandpa John is with the Lord. We'll take his place the best we know how. You know how good we are at solving mysteries. We might be a big help."

Gramanda laughed, "Why do you think I want you to go with me. I cannot think of anyone better at putting clues together. This is a whopper of a mystery! And I don't mind having the company on such a long journey."

"When do we leave?" asked Clare.

"How fast can you pack your suitcase,"replied mom. "Let's make sure you have lots of hot weather clothes. It's summer in Africa...and it is very hot."

The following weeks were filled with the hustle and bustle of packing, medical exams (including a few shots), updating passports, getting permission to miss school and saying goodbye to friends. The time flew so fast that Chip and Clare didn't even think about getting homesick.

Finally the day arrived! "Let's go," shouted dad. "The plane isn't going to wait. We have one hour to get to the airport!" The suitcases were packed and stacked in the trunk of the car. With tickets in hand, Gramanda, Chip and Clare climbed into the backseat for their final comfortable car ride for some time to come. Fortunately, they didn't know that at the time.

The family held hands in a tight circle in the middle of the airport to whisper their last goodbyes. Dad prayed, "Lord, we are asking You to take care of our little family while we are apart. Keep my mother, Amanda Conley, and our children, Chip and Clare Conley, safe. Don't let anyone or anything harm them. Send people to guide them on this African journey of a life time. We trust You with their safety as they travel and serve you. In Jesus' name, Amen."

"Amen," breathed the group. "It's time," reminded Gramanda. "We must find our seats on the airplane. Jack and Elise, keep praying for us, we will send messages if we can. We will see you in a few weeks."



ILLUSTRATION 2: "Africa, Here we come!" shouted the twins to the delight of their fellow travelers. Sitting on the tarmac the jet airliner sparkled in the bright sunshine. Friendly stewardesses guided travelers to their seats, made each person comfortable as they checked tickets.

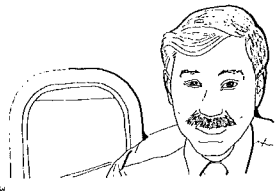
The pilot welcomed everyone aboard. Safety instructions were announced. The jet taxied to the point of take off and then....up, up and away! Sitting three across in the jumbo jet, they decided to take turns sitting near the window.

Laughing and holding hands, Gramanda said, "Look at us. We're the three musketeers! Friends forever we will be!"

"Yeah," laughed Chip, "One for all..."

"...and all for one!" responded Clare as the threesome placed their hands one on top of another in a show of solidarity.

ILLUSTRATION 3: A man sitting across from the Conleys leaned into the aisle, "You three certainly seem to be having a wonderful time. Is this your first trip to Africa?"



Gramanda smiled, "I was a missionary in Ghana many years ago but this is the first trip for my grandchildren. We're going on an adventure."

"An adventure! My goodness, that does sound exciting. My name is Joe Craig. I work in Ghana as a pilot for a small airline out of Accra, the capitol. I'm on my way back from a short vacation in the states. You'll understand if I'm not quite as excited you are to get back. We've been having some problems with groups of villagers who keep destroying our landing strips. I guess they want to farm the area. I'm tired of the hassle."

"I'm sorry Captain Craig," said Clare. "Do you fly tourists around the country?"

"No," replied the man, "I deliver medical supplies, missionaries, teachers, sick people and food. I meet wonderful people along the way. Here's a tip. The latest fad for a greeting in the local villages is to wave your hand close to your face, smile and say, 'Jamba'. If you do that, they'll think you are local folks."

"Thanks," said Chip. "We'll practice. I think we have plenty of time as we cross the ocean."

Soon a delicious lunch was served. In the middle of the in flight movie, the twins dropped off to sleep. Gramanda had an opportunity to speak to the pilot quietly. "Seriously Captain Craig, is there any danger taking my grandchildren to Ankaase? I won't do it if there is unrest in that area."

He considered her words carefully, "Well, Mrs. Conley, I don't think you will have trouble. The medicine men in a few of the villages are getting their people stirred up over some local legend. The result doesn't seem to be aimed at tourists or missionaries. Of course, you never know what will happen. I'd be very careful. Keep an eye on the twins and don't go into the jungle alone."

"Sounds like good advice," she said slowly. "I hope I'm not going to be sorry I answered the call for this little journey."

The hours wore on as the plane winged its way across the Atlantic Ocean, stopped for refueling and continued to their final destination, Kotoka Airport in Accra.

ILLUSTRATION 4: Chip and Clare finally caught their first glimpses of the continent of Africa as the jet broke through the clouds and the pilot told the passengers to look out their windows at the beautiful savanna, jungles and deserts below them. The sun was radiant and the colors brilliant as the twins fought for the privilege to sit next to the window.



As the plane descended the travelers exclaimed in delight at the sight of a distant elephant herd bathing lazily in a muddy water hole, giraffes galloping across the plain, zebras grazing on brown grass and huge birds flying everywhere. "They look so small," said Chip. "It will be exciting to get a closer look. Do you think we can go on a safari, Gramanda?"

"I think that can be arranged," she replied. "I called a small safari company before we left the states and made reservations for a photographic safari next week. You'll love it and you won't have to kill any of the animals."

"That's a relief," said Clare. "I don't think I could kill one of those beautiful animals. I'd much rather take their picture. I'm a little afraid, Gram. I've heard scary stories about Africa. The people won't try to eat us, will they?"

Gramanda laughed, "Why Clare, where did you hear that? Of course not. Cannibals tend to hurt only enemies from other native tribes and then only rarely long ago. Land disputes are more common. You can relax."

"Yeah, Clare. Relax. Who would want to eat you anyway. Your skin is too tough," teased Chip. "They'd have to cook you a long time. It's not worth it."

Just then the lights blinked for landing. Seat belts in place, the trio held hands as the plane descended for the final approach. Lower, lower and then...touch down! The plane glided smoothly to a stop in front of a modern terminal: KATOKA AIRPORT. WELCOME TO GHANA.

"We're here! We're actually in Africa," whispered the twins. "I can't believe it," said Chip as he snapped pictures as quickly as possible. "What a story when I get home."

The Conleys were directed toward a custom agent who checked every nook and cranny of their luggage to be sure they were not carrying anything into Ghana that was not allowed. Soon they looked for Dr. Donner who was to meet them. They spotted a pleasant looking gentleman dressed casually. He was displaying a handwritten sign stating, AMANDA CONLEY.

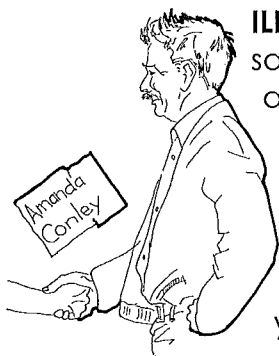


ILLUSTRATION 5: "Dr. Donner! Jim! It's me, Amanda! You look just the same as I remember. Has it been 30 years?" She reached her arms around the big man's neck and gave him a huge hug which he returned with enthusiasm

"Amanda, how wonderful to see you again. I didn't know if you would recognize me. I've gotten a little older, a little grayer and a little bigger around the middle. You, however, are just as pretty as you were when you arrived as that scared little missionary all those years ago. I have enjoyed your letters through the years, Amanda.

⁵ I'm so sorry about John's death. "

The twins waited shyly as the fond greeting was exchanged between two friends. They could hardly imagine Gramanda as a young, scared missionary. This older man seemed very interested in her. They didn't know she had been writing letters to a *man*. They suddenly felt very protective of their sweet, little grandmother. Who was this guy anyway?

"Well, well", he broke into their thoughts, "...and who do we have here? Let me guess. Chip and Clare, the famous Conley twin detectives. I am honored to finally meet you young folks." Dr. Donner smiled and soon they were shaking hands, completely won over by his contagious cheerfulness. They would sort out their feelings later.

As the luggage was loaded into Dr. Donner's jeep by an African driver, Dr. Donner gently helped Gramanda into the front passenger seat. "It's worse than I thought, Amanda," he said. "I'm glad you came. Ankaase is filled with frightened people who will not leave their homes. I don't understand it. We have to figure it out."

Chip and Clare climbed on top of the luggage and held on tight as the driver careened his way through the modern highways. They made their way into the deserted edges of town and farther into the countryside where Ghanaians walked with large bundles on their heads. Strange animals shared the dirt road and hot dust flew everywhere. Chip wondered privately what they were getting themselves into. He thought, "Oh, oh, have we gone too far this time?"

CHAPTER TWO



ILLUSTRATION 6: Eventually the dirt road gave way to a two lane path. The jeep bumped harder as the African driver tried to avoid the largest of the dry pot holes. Gramanda held onto the handle and Dr. Donner held his pith helmet on his head with his free hand. Chip and Clare held onto the luggage rack and each time they bounced, they shouted "Woo—ow, Woo-ow!"

Dr. Donner finally tapped the driver on the shoulder and motioned him to pull over to the side. The jeep sputtered to a stop and the little group crawled out holding their necks and backs. No one spoke for a moment and then everyone broke into laughter. What a ride! It was as good as any roller coaster the kids had ever experienced.

"Wow!" said Chip, "Is that how everyone drives in Africa? I thought I was going to fall out the back end over the top of the suitcases."

"Whew," whistled Clare, "I was ready for a break. I bounced all over the place. Are you okay, Gramanda?"

"Yes," groaned their grandmother, "I'm fine but I'll never be the same. My stomach is turned upside down. Just give me a minute and I'll be ready to get back in and continue our jeep journey."

"You misunderstand, Amanda," smiled Dr. Donner, "We don't get back in the jeep. From here we walk into the village."

"Walk!" shouted all three Conley's. "How far is it and how do we get our luggage there?"

"Two miles straight through the jungle. Our handy dandy driver will lead the way with a machete to cut away brush and scare away wild animals while we hand carry the luggage. I hope you didn't bring a lot."

Clare nudged Chip, "I just brought everything I own. How did I know I was going to have to carry it through an African jungle."

Chip looked at the pile of suitcases in the jeep. He calculated that two miles under the weight of that luggage was not going to happen easily. He started unloading the suitcases. Gramanda picked up two of the heaviest cases. She carried them a few feet before the weight tossed her to the ground. Dr. Donner grabbed those cases and the kids picked up as many as they could. That still left three or four pieces of luggage sitting beside the road.

The driver walked around the jeep and studied the dilemma. "No fear," he said in broken English. "I have idea. Friends nearby. They carry burdens for American money."

Gramanda answered, "Yes, I can pay American money if you get our luggage to the village. Call your friends."

The man turned toward the jungle and blew a series of short, sharp whistles. Before long, village men came out of the brush by twos and threes. Eventually there were ten men smiling and bowing and finding a piece of luggage to carry on their heads.

"I never would have known anyone was in that brush," said Clare. "They were watching us the whole time. Gramanda, this is scaring me. Is it too late to go home?"

"I'm afraid so, honey," soothed Gramanda. "Make the best of it. I wouldn't have brought you here if there was any real danger. Dr. Donner won't let anything happen. This is the adventure part of our trip."

By the time they finished their conversation, the luggage was bouncing down the jungle trail on the heads of the men. Dr. Donner was busily engaged in native conversation with the cheerful guide. There was no choice but to hurry and catch up to the odd looking jungle caravan.

The heat was oppressive and big bugs flew around their heads as they hiked the two mile trail. Chip and Clare didn't mind the heat. They took pictures and enjoyed every unique sight and sound. Large, colorful birds screamed from tall trees and small animals scurried away as the group passed. The men chattered in their native language and from the front they heard Dr. Donner's loud, cheerful laugh.

Gramanda walked with the agility of a much younger woman. The twins had nothing to fear. Her health was excellent. She was more than ready for an African hike. She encouraged the twins to keep up the pace. It was not wise to get too far behind the men. Being lost in Africa didn't sound like a great way to begin a trip.

ILLUSTRATION 7: Chip and Clare noticed as they approached a village of thatched huts, small children running to greet them. There were boys and girls of all ages, wearing a variety of colorful clothing, singing in English as they greeted the missionaries and their crew:



*"We are marching in the light of God,
We are marching in the light of God.
We are walking in the light of God.
We are walking in the light of God.
We are singing for the Lord is our Light.
We are singing for the Lord is our Light.."*

Their native voices were clear and pure. Their faces reflected an innocent joy that thrilled Amanda and her grandchildren.

"This takes me back so many years," she said. "I taught the villagers this song when Grandpa John and I came to work with the people of Ankaase. They remembered and they passed along the words to their children and to their grandchildren. Do they know what the words mean?"



Dr. Donner put his arm around Amanda and said, "Some of them remember. I come here to teach them how to love the Lord. These children need to know who Jesus is.

ILLUSTRATION 8: I have a surprise for you. Look!" As Amanda turned to her left, she saw an old woman walking toward her leaning heavily on a crooked cane accompanied by her elegant, elderly husband, Chief Peter.

⁸ "Tangee! Peter!" she cried. "I'm so glad to see you!" Amanda began to cry as she ran to hug her old friends. The woman hugged Amanda like she would never let her go.

They were like two young girls crying and holding hands and jumping up and down. The villagers heard the singing, crying and commotion. They hurried from their huts to watch the strange sight. Tangee wore a colorful cloth dress wrapped around her dark, slender body and slung over one shoulder. Her feet were bare. Gold and brass bracelets, earrings and necklaces clinked as she moved. Peter stood proudly at her side, regal in his brightly colored cape.

The men placed the suitcases in a neat stack near the center of the village and melted out of sight. Dr. Donner joined Chief Peter and the women and translated words that Amanda could not remember in their native language and communicated words that Tangee could not remember in English. Years disappeared as the friends asked every question they had stored up over time.

"Where is your man, Mama Manda?" asked Tangee. Amanda gently informed her of the death of their favorite missionary. Amanda asked Tangee about her family. She was happily married to village chieftain, Peter Kimba. Their many children were grown with families of their own living in the village. Most of the boys and girls gathered around them were her grandchildren. One little girl stood beside her grandmother and gently pulled her wooden cane to get her attention.

"Oh yes. You must meet littlest family baby. I remembered you much and spoke of you often to my children. Her given name is Little Tangee Amanda Conley. We call her "Baby Manda".

Amanda reached down and gathered the little girl in her arms as Chip took a picture. Tears flowed again and even Dr. Donner was genuinely touched by the scene before him. Women came to show the group to a small hut where they would sleep. The luggage was carried inside and Chip and Clare got their first look at a native hut. Thin sleeping mats were rolled up along one wall. The dirt floor was packed down tightly and swept clean. The thatched roof kept the room cool. A pitcher of water and one bowl sat on the floor in the middle of the humble room.

"This is great," said Clare. "It is so...so...Africa! No wonder you loved it here, Gramanda. The people truly love you. It is a beautiful place right in the middle of the jungle."

Several women entered the hut and took each visitor by the hand leading them outdoors to a simple area where cooking fires were heating pots of cabbage soup and small flat rounds of bread. The smell was appetizing. The children remembered for the first time that they had not eaten since their last meal on the airplane. They were suddenly very hungry.

Carved wooden bowls were filled with soup. No eating utensils were in sight so the group sat in a circle on the ground and sipped from the sides of the bowls. The women brought pieces of the bread to the guests on large leaf platters. While wide eyed children watched, the missionaries bowed their heads and prayed for the food and for the dear people serving them.

The arrival of the old missionaries and strange looking pale children was cause for celebration. It seemed as if every man, woman and child of the village was present. As the group ate, they were serenaded with soft tribal songs and old hymns from years gone by. Some were sung in English some in the Ghanaian language.



ILLUSTRATION 9: Suddenly a young man ran into the center of the village pointing to the sky. He was shouting, "Da Ju-Ju Bay, Da Ju-Ju Bay!" Every villager raced to their individual huts as fast as their bare feet could carry them. Tangee hobbled to her hut while only briefly glancing apologetically at Amanda. The surprised guests were left alone in the middle of the empty village looking at each other and wondering if they should run for cover.

PREVIEW PROGRAM ONLY
NOT FOR USE
PLEASE PURCHASE

CHAPTER THREE



ILLUSTRATION 9 (Repeat): Dr. Donner translated the strange message. "Henry said, 'The Jungle Bird, The Jungle Bird!' I don't know why they are so afraid of a simple bird. They sent their best hunters into the jungle to kill the bird. So far none of them have been successful. They say it is like nothing they have seen. The feathers are blue and it has a red beak and wings that move so fast they cannot be seen.

The Jungle Bird's voice screeches like an eagle. The medicine man has everyone convinced that it eats people and then spits them out. They call it 'Cannibal Bird'. It must be a large parrot. African parrots are brightly colored and they screech. I haven't seen it but the story has spread far and wide."

"Why I am here?" asked Amanda. "I can't find the bird. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to urge the people to come out of their huts. Talk to them about faith in Jesus. Calm their fears. Many of the villagers have left in sheer terror." Dr. Donner stared into Amanda's eyes. "Can you do it?"

Amanda looked around the empty village, shook her head and said, "The question is, 'Can anybody do it?'"

Chip and Clare jumped up and asked, "May we be excused to find that boy, Henry, who ran through here? Maybe he can tell us more about the jungle bird."

"Do not go into that jungle! You must stay in the village at all times. I am serious. You have no idea of the dangers and you haven't been here long enough to adjust to the heat. If you see the Jungle Bird, hide." Amanda shook her finger at the twins with her sternest expression. "You got it, Gram," they said in unison and ran quickly before she could change her mind. The boy ran in the direction of a small animal corral so Chip led the way.



ILLUSTRATION 10: Just as he thought, the young man was standing near a twig fence gazing into the clear blue sky.

"Jamba," said Chip as he waved his hand close to his smiling face. "I understand that's the way to say hello around here."

The boy looked at both visitors and laughed, "Jamba! I am Henry Kimba. Welcome to Ankaase. You have come at a most dangerous time."

¹⁰ "Henry, you speak English," the twins said together. "That's great! Maybe we can be friends and solve this mystery."

"No mystery," replied Henry Kimba. "There is a huge jungle bird living above our trees. I have seen it myself as it swoops low and eats people."

"Aw, come on Henry. That would have to be some big bird. Aren't you exaggerating a little? There must be something you're missing. Even if the bird is big and mean, he's probably just scaring people and not actually eating them." Chip tried to calm the boy but could see that there was some truth to the tale. This explained the reaction of the entire village who also had seen the bird and were convinced of danger.

"Could you take us to see the bird," asked Clare? "I'd like to take a picture of it to show my family in America."

"No! No! I will not put you in danger. You are guests at my home. My grandfather chief would be very unhappy if I lose pale children in jungle. You help me pray to the great god of birds to protect us from this awful thing." Henry's fear caused his voice to tremble and his body to shake. "I will take you to medicine man. He will convince you of danger."

"Henry, we are Christians. We do not believe the words of your medicine man or the great god of birds. We believe in the one and only God of *all* creation. Peace comes when you believe in God's Son, Jesus. We may not have all the answers but we know Who can help us with every problem."

Chip's words tumbled one after another trying to get Henry to abandon local legend and worshipping false gods. "I just met you but surely you have heard these words from Dr. Donner. He comes to tell Ankaase about Jesus. My grandmother, Mama Manda, told the same truth to your grandparents years ago."

Henry nodded, "Yes, I have heard the words of Doctor Donner but I do not believe in the Christian God. I cannot believe because I have seen the jungle bird with my own eyes. I have not traveled as you. This is my home forever. I see what others in my village see. That is truth. Medicine man is truth."

Chip and Clare began to understand the powerful challenge missionaries faced when presenting the message of Jesus to people of different cultures. Africa was modern in many ways but many outpost villagers clung to ancient traditions. Jesus stories were just tales to pass the time by a camp fire. Even after all these years and the efforts of several dedicated missionaries and African believers, doubt remained. The medicine men ruled the villages with iron fists of fear.

"What if we prove to you that the jungle bird is not as dangerous as you think. Would you change your mind and believe in Jesus?" Chip asked.

"Chip," said Clare in shock. "I don't think you should do this. What if Henry is right?"

"Henry. Let's make a deal," continued Chip. "I will pray to The Christian one and only God in the name of Jesus and you pray to the great god of birds. We will know the truth by who's prayer is answered."

Henry considered the offer. He was aware that his grandmother, Tangee, was a Christian God believer. She encouraged him to believe but he was a stubborn boy and would not bow to the will of a woman. Maybe this was the time to stop her nagging. He would trust the great god of birds to come to his aid and then tell the village that the Jesus stories were not true. After all, was he not preparing to become Chief of Ankaase one day? This would prove his power and leadership.

"Agreed," said Henry solemnly. "Let us each pray to his own god. I go first. 'Great god of birds, I ask you to destroy this jungle bird, the cannibal bird, da ju-ju-bay. I come to honor you and find truth. Do this for future Chief of Ankaase.' There! Now you pray to your Christian God and we will see who's God is truth."

Chip bowed his head and prayed a few thoughtful words, "Dear Heavenly Father, I do not know the truth of this situation. I only know the fear of these people. Help us find The Jungle Bird and solve the mystery. Do not allow anyone to be killed by the bird. We want to know the truth. Touch Henry Kimba so he will know You are real. In Jesus' Name, Amen."



ILLUSTRATION 11: "I have changed my mind. I take you into the jungle to find the bird. Come." Henry headed for a small trail between some large rocks and green leaves. "Hurry. I will not wait."

Clare replied, "Gramanda said we must not go into the jungle. I won't disobey her and I really don't want to get lost."

"We'll only be gone an hour or so. Don't you want to see the bird? We'll get a photograph and find out what kind of bird is causing so much fear. I am sure it's just a big parrot or colorful raven. Gramanda will understand and all will be forgiven. I bet she would do the same thing. Hurry up. Henry already disappeared."

"This is against my better judgment," whined Clare. "I'm afraid to let you go alone. Wait for me!" The twins disappeared into the dense brush behind Henry. And that is how Chip and Clare Conley got lost in the African jungle.



ILLUSTRATION 12: Back in the village, Amanda Conley and Jim Donner were renewing their old acquaintance. It had been many years since they had seen each other but letters of the work in Ankaase, Ghana came often and Amanda was glad to see him again.

"You haven't changed one bit," teased Amanda. "I'd recognize those blue eyes and that loud laugh anywhere. I often wondered why you stayed with the mission after your dear Rita died."

"Ah yes, I will always miss my Rita but what was there for me to do but to stay with the Ghanaian people I love. I have a secret to tell you, Amanda. I am finally going home to the United States. The mission group has asked me to become their stateside director and I have agreed. Who better to spread the word of Ankaase Faith Healing Hospital? It is a wonderful challenge!"

Amanda looked at him with admiration, "That is good news, Jim. When do you leave?"

"I say goodbye in two weeks. The people do not know yet. I was hoping to resolve this issue of the jungle bird before the new missionary family arrives. That is why I thought of you. I know how much Tangee admires you. She will listen to you and maybe you can convince the families of Ankaase to trust in the Lord instead of living in fear."

"Is that the only reason you sent for me?" Amanda eyes twinkled as she winked at Dr. Donner's red face. "Your letter said you missed me and wanted us to talk. We have written so many letters that I feel I know you better than my best friend."

"It's true Amanda, I do want to talk to you but it can wait. Let's speak to Tangee. Maybe we can make some progress. I can't think of anything but killing the jungle bird right now."

Sitting outside Tangee's hut, the three old friends talked quietly in a mixture of English and Ghanaian, reliving old experiences and praising the Lord as only true believers can do when they have been apart for so many years.

Finally the conversation turned to the village fears. No one interrupted them because every man, woman and child remained in their huts. Cows began to cry for lack of milking. Cooking fires died out for lack of tending. Children cried with restlessness from being cooped up in their small, dark homes. Still, no one dared move until the all clear call was sounded.

Tangee said, "See what this evil jungle bird has done to our people? They tremble in fear. The medicine man comes to release them from their huts when he desires. No one questions his wisdom. The jungle bird has controlled us too long. It must die."

Dr. Donner replied, "Yes Tangee, the bird must die but the people must also see that the medicine man is controlling them. He gives them fear and not peace. They can have peace if they trust Jesus."

Amanda added, "Why haven't the people followed in the footsteps of Jesus since I left? There were so many believers. Where are they?"

Tangee touched Amanda's hand softly and said, "Mama Manda, many have died and gone to heaven to be with Jesus. Some moved into cities or into other family villages. It was so long ago. Now many young people have forgotten and the medicine man tells them The Christian God is a lie!" She shook her head sadly, "It was so long ago, Miss Manda, so long ago."



ILLUSTRATION 13: Suddenly a loud drum was heard. Rattles shook and a scream from a frightening looking man startled Amanda. He shouted in Ghanaian as he danced through the center of the village. The bright colors of the feathers on his armband shimmered in the sunlight. His voice was deep, powerful and demanding. Families began emerging from their huts. They stood in terrified silence as he danced and sang.

Tangee said, "That is Mobutu the medicine man. He has come to cleanse the ground. He is giving permission for the people to continue life in the village. He promises protection from da ju-ju-bay. He will protect them for the price of one cow today. Someone must give him a cow in the name of the village. Yesterday, he wanted gold coins and the day before he demanded live chickens. We will give it," she sighed, "We always do."

When the deal was struck, Mobutu disappeared. Chatter and laughter filled the village once more. Children played and sang, mothers washed clothes and cooked and the men prepared to hunt. The change was amazing.

ILLUSTRATION 14: Amanda looked around for Chip and Clare. They were nowhere to be seen.



"I told the children not to go far. I wonder where they are. Chip! Clare! Come back! It is time to prepare for dinner. Chip! Clare!"

A small boy approached Amanda and said in broken English, "Boy and girl go into bush with Henry Kimba. They stay long time. Not come back. Da ju ju bay maybe eat boy and girl." With those words, he turned and ran back to his mother as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"Oh no," cried Amanda. "I told them not to go into the jungle. It will be dark soon. What should I do?"

CHAPTER FOUR

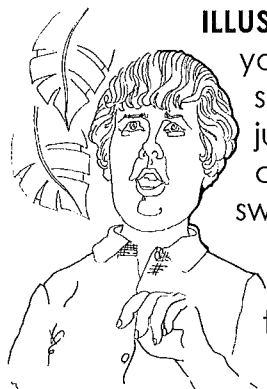


ILLUSTRATION 14 (Repeat): "Chip! Clare! Come back this minute. I know you can hear me! Don't make me come in there!" Amanda was standing at the huge pile of rocks and green leaves gazing down the jungle trail where the three children had last been seen. No cheerful call answered her. The only sounds were chattering monkeys and the swish of the large jungle leaves.

"Jim, help me look for them," Amanda begged. "We have to get into the jungle and search."

Dr. Donner hugged her shoulder and said, "My dear, there is no way we will find them. They must come back on their own. Henry Kimba knows this jungle. He has lived here all his life. He'll bring them back. And I must say, those two are going to get a well deserved punishment by the look on your face. Come now, remember what it was like to be young and full of adventure in your soul. They're looking for that jungle bird, 'da ju ju bay'."

"But what if the bird finds them," she questioned. "How will I ever explain this to their parents and live with myself if they are eaten by a bird?"

"Pray, Amanda. Just pray. Trust Chip and Clare and trust Henry's survival abilities. They'll be back. Come with me for that little talk I've been wanting to have with you." Jim and Amanda turned reluctantly from the trail and, hand in hand, walked toward a beautiful waterfall where children were bathing and mothers were washing clothing on the rocks. It was time to talk.



ILLUSTRATION 15: Meanwhile in the jungle, Chip and Clare were having trouble keeping up with Henry Kimba. He was fast! He cut his way through bushes and made trails where there had been none. They felt the oppressive heat and were bitten repeatedly by the biggest mosquitoes they had ever seen. Clare was feeling more than a little guilty for disobeying her grandmother.

Chip was determined to solve the jungle bird mystery. No dumb bird was going to scare him. "Come on Clare, Gram will never miss us. She is busy making 'googly' eyes at Dr. Donner. Stop whining and move faster. We're going to lose Henry and it looks like he is hot on the trail of that bird." Chip dragged her by the arm and called for Henry to wait for them.

"Henry, wait!" called Chip. "Henry, where are you?" No answer. The only sound was the distant chopping of brush and the sound of the treetop birds. Chip and Clare stopped and looked around. Every bush and tree looked the same. The trail behind them closed in and the trail before them was invisible. Within moments it dawned on both of them. They were lost in Africa.

"I told you we should obey Gram," cried Clare. "But no, you're a big shot. You said, 'We'll only be gone an hour or two. Don't you want to see the bird? We'll take a picture!' Now look at the mess we're in. So help me, Chip, I could kick you!"

"Now, now, sister, let's not resort to violence," joked Chip. "It's just like you to panic. We've only been lost for one minute and 30 seconds. Give me at least another minute to think. Think, think, think. How do we get out of this? Hmm, think, think. I know! Let's call Henry. He'll hear us for sure with your big mouth!"

That's just what they did. On the count of three, they shouted, "Henry Kimba! Henry Kimba! We are lost!" The birds and animals in the trees hushed at the sound of these loud human voices. Chip and Clare listened quietly but no one responded to their call.

Clare sat down where she was and began crying, "I'm scared Chip. What if there are snakes in here? What if it gets dark? What if we never find our way out?"

"We'll pray," answered Chip as he sat down beside her. "The Lord knows where we are even if no one else does. 'Lord, help us to find our way. We know you are taking care of us even when we make stupid mistakes. Give Clare strength and courage and give me wisdom to figure out what to do.

Thanks, Lord. Amen.'"

Chip hugged Clare and they sat quietly waiting for God to answer their prayer.

Minutes ticked by as Chip and Clare sat in silence in the middle of the jungle. The sun would be setting soon. Dangerous animals would be prowling and hunting in the dark. No food was available and the answer to Chip's prayer did not seem to be coming.



ILLUSTRATION 16: Meanwhile back in the village, Jim and Amanda settled into a small nook near the water fall to have their important talk. Jim took Amanda's hand and said, "Amanda, you have been a dear friend and letter writing pal for 30 years. With your John and my Rita in heaven, we are left alone to face whatever problems earth gives us. Why should we do it alone? I am going to be brave and ask, 'Will you marry me' when we get back to the states?"

"Why, Jim, what a pleasant way to spend an afternoon. Shall I keep you in suspense? Or, shall I tell you that I love you very much and will be more than happy to marry you. I think the Lord will bless our lives together. I can't wait to tell the children! The children! I've been so busy being happy, that I forgot they are still lost in the jungle!"

Meanwhile back in the jungle, Chip and Clare found a banana tree and were gratefully eating the sweet fruit. They reminded each other that rules of being lost included **Rule Number One:** Stay where you are and let the searchers find you. **Rule Number Two:** Don't panic, and **Rule Number Three:** well, they couldn't remember Rule Number Three but it probably had something to do with eating bananas and staying put. It didn't matter. They were going to stay where they were and call for help every five minutes. That was the plan and it was working well. They remained in place, ate bananas and shouted until their throats were sore. The problem was that there didn't seem to be any searchers in the immediate area.

The twins admitted to each other that something had to happen soon or they would be spending the night in the jungle. They wondered how Henry could have been so cruel as to have left them in this situation in the first place since he first thought better of guiding them into unfamiliar territory.



ILLUSTRATION 17: Just when Chip had decided that a little panic and a little more prayer were in order, a loud sound came from the jungle and a streak flew by them. Coming fast behind the streak was Henry, running as fast as he could. "Henry, stop!" Shouted Chip. "We've been lost. Stay here." He tackled Henry using his best football form. Henry fell at Clare's feet, panting and pointing back from the direction he had just come.

"I saw it, Henry. I saw it. It was the jungle bird, wasn't it? It flew right by us!" Clare was jumping up and down, shouting for Chip to get his camera ready in case it came back.

Henry was breathing heavily, "No, no, that was not the bird but I found the real jungle bird! Come! Come now! You have to see it before it flies away. It had people in it's claws and it was eating them! Now you will believe me. Run! Come! We must save them!"

At this point, the twins were happy that the bird they saw seemed to be a cheerful creature. They were not convinced that they actually wanted to see this man eating bird. Maybe the wiser choice would be to return to the village, get hunters and Dr. Donner and come back later. That's what they thought. What they actually did was chase after the already running Henry. Their fear of being left in the jungle again was more serious than doing battle with the jungle bird. Henry ran. Chip ran. Clare ran.

Within minutes they broke out of the jungle and into a grassy, open area. Henry pulled Chip and Clare into the tall grass and whispered, "Be quiet. Look. Now you will believe the great god of birds is with me. You cannot deny the truth of the medicine man when you see with your own eyes."

The twins laid on their stomachs and gazed into the distance. What they saw took their breath away.

CHAPTER FIVE



REPEAT ILLUSTRATION 14: Meanwhile back at the village, Dr. Donner and Amanda gathered a group of hunters to lead them into the jungle for a full scale search. Chip and Clare would not be safe overnight without food, protection and gear.

Their grandmother was so angry and anxious that she hurried the men through their preparations with the energy and skill of a woman half her age. Within minutes the villagers and the old missionaries were ready to enter the jungle at the same point where the children disappeared earlier in the day.

"Amanda," cautioned Dr. Donner, "You must slow down and be calm. Once we find the kids you can cut loose with all your frustration but for now reserve your strength for the hike."

"I know, Jim, but Chip and Clare are my responsibility. I'm beginning to believe the stories we have heard of the evil jungle bird. What if by some miracle they discover this bird. What if they get hurt?"

The hunters led the way down the well worn path. Alert spear carriers guided Amanda and Jim. Poison tipped dart shooters were close at hand in case the jungle bird attacked the group. Within an hour one guide carried empty banana skins he found on the path to the couple who laughed nervously. "Well, at least Chip and Clare ate fresh fruit for dinner. Judging by the number of peels, their stomachs are full".

"I'm glad to see that smile, dear," said Jim. "I told you they will be safe. Henry has chopped a typical path through this area with his knife. It appears he is still in control. We're looking at a situation where three foolish kids think they are going to save the world. I think they are only a few minutes ahead of us."



REPEAT ILLUSTRATION 10: Meanwhile back with the kids, Henry was gloating over his obvious victory. The great god of birds answered his prayer and led them straight to Da Ju-Ju Bay.

Now he would be a worthy chief and the medicine man would honor his leadership with many blessings. Henry peeked through the long grasses at the most beautiful yet most dangerous bird he had ever seen. It perched in the middle of a huge field. The mammoth bird was mysteriously quiet for the moment. Its sleek feathers were brilliant blues, silvers and reds shining in the bright sunlight.

Its threatening beak was bright red and when it was about to fly, it screeched a warning. Its crafty eyes slanted as it stared straight ahead. Its huge black claws were planted firmly in the grass. A small group of people walked slowly, steadily toward the jungle bird. They carried cases filled with gifts and seemed to experience no fear. Henry pulled his knife from its sheath and shouted to the people, "Run! Get away! You will be eaten if you do not run!"

REPEAT ILLUSTRATION 15: Chip pulled Henry back down into the grass and looked at him in shocked, total silence. When he could finally speak, he said, "Henry Kimba, is this the jungle bird you have been looking for? Is this the bird that has caused all the trouble in Ankaase?"

Henry nodded and in his excitement scrambled to his feet. He was convinced he could save the people if he could get to them quickly. Chip tackled him and brought Henry crashing down next to him once again. "Stop Henry. Let me talk to you. Let me help you understand."

¹⁵ Clare was rolling on the ground holding her stomach and laughing loud and long with tears streaming down her face. "The Jungle Bird! Da Ju Ju Bay! Oh, this is rich! I can't believe I fell for it. I can't wait to tell Gramanda.

Chip, help me. I can't stop!" She continued to laugh until her sides ached and her laughter turned into short little hiccups. Chip ignored her and focused on Henry, "Henry, listen to me. Your jungle bird is not a bird at all.



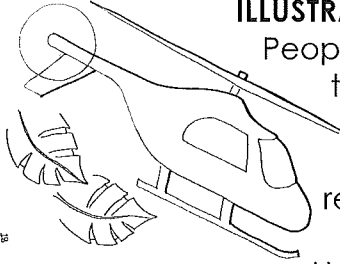


ILLUSTRATION 18: "It is a helicopter! An airplane! It doesn't eat people. People get inside because they want to travel to a faraway place. Look, they are not afraid. They want to get inside. There is no danger to you or to your village. The medicine man has been lying to you, Henry. He has been keeping your village in fear for his own selfish reasons. Please Henry, you must believe me!"

Henry responded, "I don't believe you. Let me go. I must save the people before they are eaten." This time Chip let Henry go and watched as he ran across the grassy field shouting warnings in English and Ghanaian. Clare pulled herself together and joined Chip as he jumped to his feet and followed their new friend.

It must have been quite a sight to the pilot and passengers of the large helicopter. A young native boy racing toward them waving a machete and screaming warnings in two languages followed by two young Americans determined to beat him to the steps of the aircraft.

As the threesome neared the helicopter, Henry slowed down and looked, really looked, at what he thought had been a dangerous bird. It did not have feathers but instead was made of metal. The claws were long metal runners. The slanted eyes that seemed so sly were windows with a man sitting inside. The red beak was decorative paint identifying the company.

What appeared to be beating bird wings now rotated wildly and gleamed in the sunshine. Upon closer examination, Henry became convinced that he and his village had been deceived. He remembered reading about these machines. People climbed inside and the machine flew in the air to take them to distant cities. How could he have forgotten?

Chip caught up to Henry and put his arm around his shoulder, "Please, let's talk about this Henry. Let me explain."

"No explanation necessary," replied Henry sadly. "I have been foolish. My people have been led astray by a man who wants to keep us in the bush and ignorant of modern life. There is no great god of birds. I should have believed Grandmother Tangee. Jesus is worthy of our praise. The Christian God is the One True God."

A distant clamor interrupted the conversation. "Chip, Clare, Henry, stop! We're coming!" The kids turned to see Gramanda, Dr. Donner and several large men staring across the field. The men were cringing in the tall grass pointing at the jungle bird. As they ran, they took in the scene before them. The plane, Henry, the passengers. Suddenly it was abundantly clear to them. The jungle bird story was a deceitful plan by the medicine man to keep the innocent village in fear and dependent upon him.



ILLUSTRATION 19: As they approached the airstrip, the pilot met them. "Hey," he exclaimed. "I know you! Didn't I meet you on the flight from the states?" It was Joe Craig, the pilot who sat with Amanda, Chip and Clare. Here he was in the middle of the jungle doing the work he had described earlier.

"Captain Joe!" shouted the twins, "We're so glad you're here. Maybe you can explain to Henry and the men from Ankaase that you mean no harm. Show him the helicopter. He thought you were a jungle bird trying to destroy his village."

Joe told how he and other pilots flew over the area to protect wild life, deliver medicine to local clinics and fly sick patients from rural locations to the Hospital. It didn't take long to convince Henry to take a short flight with Joe Craig. Who would have thought that Henry would willingly be "eaten" by the jungle bird and enjoy the experience. What a story he would tell his Ankaase family that night and the best part is that the story was true.

While Henry was flying, Dr. Donner and Amanda told the twins their good news. "There will be a wedding in the family, kids," blushed Amanda, "and it's my wedding to Jim! We hope you are as happy as we are."

Chip and Clare jumped into their grandmother's arms crying, "You are such a precious Gramanda that we don't mind sharing you at all. In fact, this news is so big that you probably forgot that we disobeyed you and got lost in the jungle and found the jungle bird and solved the mystery, right?"

"Wrong," said Gramanda, "Now that you mention it, no more wandering until you are safely back at Shadow River and I have a feeling your parents will have a little more discipline to deal out at that time."

That night as Gramanda and the twins shared their love for Jesus around a campfire, they were privileged to lead many of the adults and children to Jesus. This time when the children quietly sang,

*"We are marching in the light of God,
We are marching in the light of God.
We are walking in the light of God,
We are walking in the light of God.
We are singing for the Lord is our Light,
We are singing for the Lord is our Light."*

They understood the words and believed that Jesus would make a difference in their lives.

The medicine man's evil deeds were made public and he was sent away in disgrace with whatever he could carry. No longer would this village be blinded by evil and frightened by lies. A new day had dawned and it was going to be bright.



ILLUSTRATION 20: As the evening ended and the last embers of the fire glowed, Henry said, "Thank you for telling me about The Christian God. I believe Jesus is my Savior who will take me to heaven someday. I will never tire of telling my children and my children's children the story of the Jungle Bird and how I was tricked by sin in the days of my youth."

And all the people said, "Amen".













PREVIEW PROGRAM ONLY
NOT FOR USE
PLEASE PURCHASE

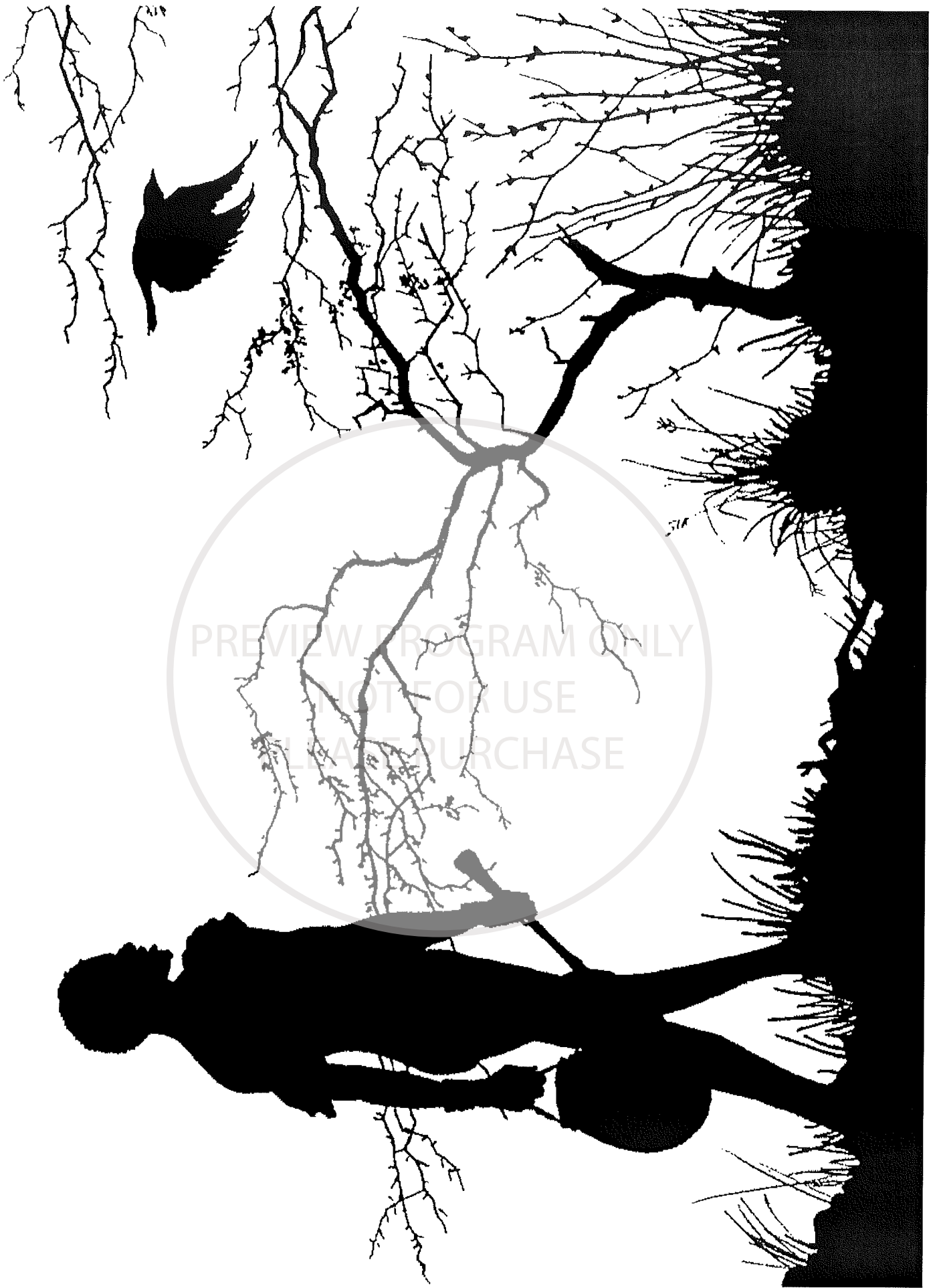






PREVIEW PROGRAM ONLY
NOT FOR USE
PLEASE PURCHASE







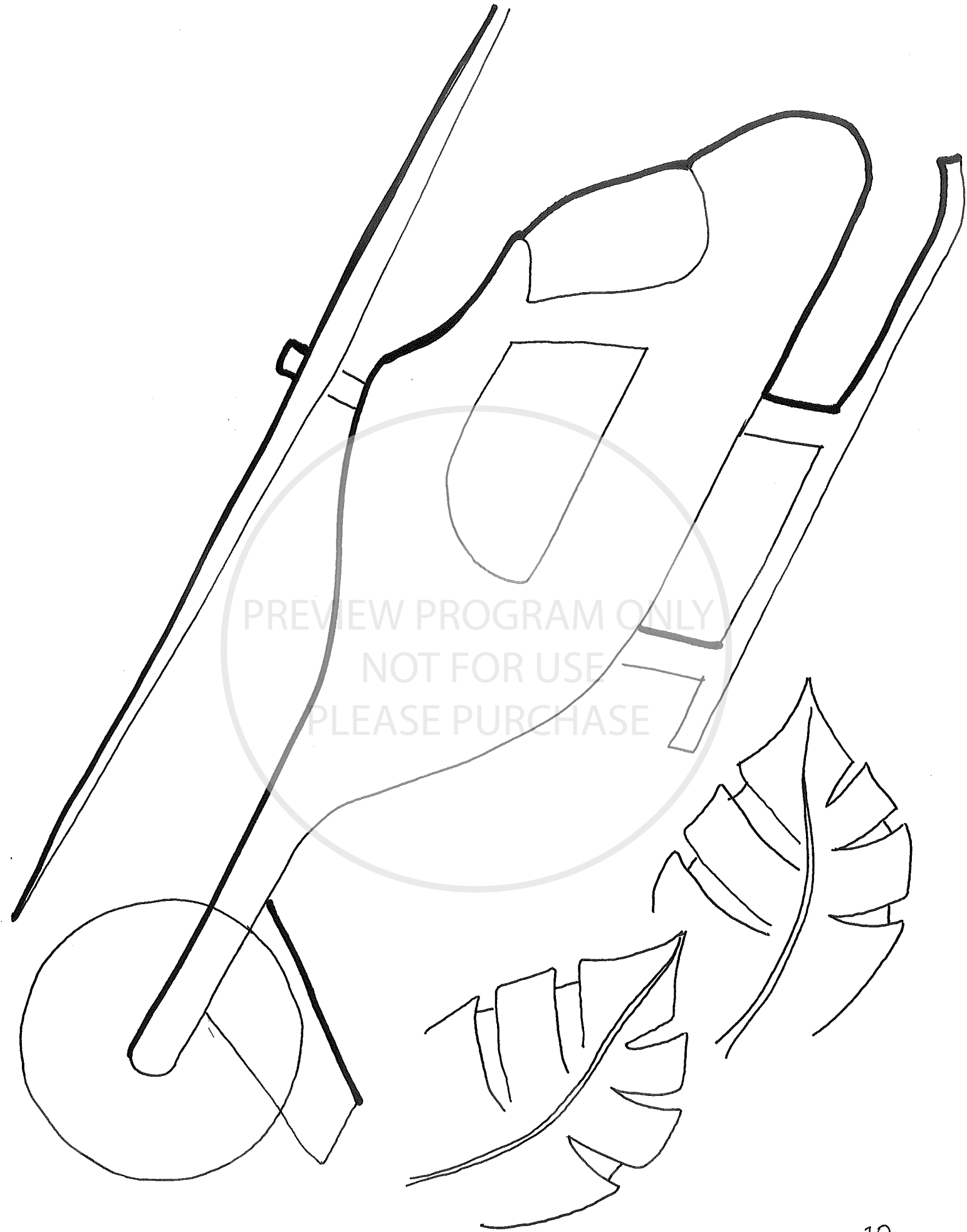












PREVIEW PROGRAM ONLY
NOT FOR USE
PLEASE PURCHASE



