



**New Millennium**  
SCHOOL BOOKS

Story by Jan May

### BIGGER THAN A BLIZZARD

Kurt whipped two snowballs at Amy and stuck out his tongue. “Take that!” he shouted.

“Missed me by a mile!” yelled Amy ducking. The freezing winds wrapped around them like a cold blanket of ice.

Kurt shivered, “I’m going in for hot chocolate.”

Kurt and Amy’s cheeks were red from the cold as they kicked off their boots in the hallway. “The radio said we could be in for a blizzard,” called Mom from the kitchen. “I need to go and check on grandma.”

Amy glared at Kurt. “Please Mom,” Amy yelled back. “Don’t leave me alone with that little twerp.” Kurt made a face and stuck his tongue.

Amy marched down to the kitchen in her socks.

“I don’t like how you and your brother haven’t been getting along.” said Mom.

Amy looked down and shuffled her feet. “I don’t like how he gets into my stuff.” It was so much easier to get along when he was younger, she thought. Now, his number one job in the world was to annoy her.

“I think your brother just wants your attention, you two used to get along so well.”

Mom seemed to understand but she looked worried. “I’m packing a blizzard box for Grandma,” she said. “Let’s see, I have 6 cans of soup, a can opener, a jar of peanut

butter, and one of jelly, a loaf of bread, a flashlight with batteries, and 2 gallons of water.”

Amy sat her hot chocolate down on the counter. She pulled a Ziploc bag out from the freezer and dropped it into grandma’s box. “And Amy’s famous sugar cookies!” she smiled.

“We can’t forget those,” Mom smiled back. “Well, I guess that’s it.” Kurt ran over to Mom to hug her goodbye. “Listen to your sister,” she said rustling his hair. She picked up grandma’s box and headed out to the garage. She gestured her head for Amy to follow her. Amy closed the garage door behind her. “What is it Mom?”

“Blizzards can be dangerous. Put some batteries in the radio and keep listening. Don’t let Kurt go back outside, this is frostbite weather. I should be back in forty five minutes.” Amy frowned. “Mom put her hand on Amy’s shoulder “Don’t worry honey, God is bigger than a Blizzard. He’ll keep us safe.”

Amy took a deep breath and sighed. “Yes, but is He bigger than my desire to clobber my brother?” she said under her breath.

Kurt had his nosed pressed on the patio door when Amy came back in. “Let’s go out and make snow angels.” He said excitedly.

“Not now!” snapped Amy.

“You spoil all the fun,” he said frowning.

Amy bit her lip. What would she do if a blizzard came and Mom was away? Amy jumped up and sat on the kitchen counter and swung her legs back and forth nervously. “Lord,” she prayed, “Show me what to do.” All of a sudden she got an idea.

Amy dashed out to the garage and brought in the thermal sleeping bags and the camping flashlights with batteries and set them on the kitchen table. She carefully ladled out the rest of the hot chocolate from the pan into a thermos then took out a loaf of bread and made 6 yummy fluffer-nutter sandwiches. “There,” she said stuffing them into her pack.

“What are these for?” asked Kurt, sliding across the kitchen floor in his socks. Amy’s heart melted. All of a sudden it didn’t matter that earlier this morning Kurt had gotten into her craft box and dumped out all the glitter. Right now they needed to band together.

“We might play a game later,” said Amy shoving some chocolate bars in her pack. The radio announcer interrupted them.

“Expect blizzard temperatures of thirty below zero and twelve inches of snow by midnight. Everyone should stay indoors.”

Amy picked up the phone and dialed Mom’s cell phone. “Hello!” said a voice frantically on the other line. “Amy is that you?” The phone started to crackle. “Grandma’s sick ... “Cracking on the line...

“Mom?” said Amy pacing across the kitchen floor, “Mom!” A muffled voice came across the line.

“Amy, I need to stay with her ...” The phone went dead and all the lights in the house flickered off. Amy’s heart started pounding as she dialed Mom’s cell phone again. This time a busy signal buzzed in her ear.

Kurt came racing in from the family room. “Yikes! Who turned out the lights?”

“It’s Ok,” said Amy trembling, trying not to show that she was afraid. “It’s just the storm. Remember I said we might play a game?”

Kurt’s eyes were wide as he grabbed onto Amy’s shirt and shivered. “We’re going to be campers up in the mountains,” said Amy.

“Like when me and Dad and Grandpa went?” asked Kurt.

“Yep,” said Amy taking a deep breath. Here, take this flashlight. You can even be the scout leader and show us where to camp.”

Kurt and Amy both grabbed a sleeping bag as Kurt marched off looking for a good place to camp. Here said Kurt, stopping in between the wall and the green flowered sofa. "Between these two trees," He said pretending.

"Good job, scout," she said saluting. We will be snug and warm in this corner away from the windows, thought Amy.

As they unrolled their sleeping bags, Kurt's stomach rumbled. "I'm hungry!"

"Let's see what I have in this pack," said Amy tossing it over to him. Kurt opened the pack.

"Fluffer- Nutter sandwiches, Yum and chocolate!" Kurt shoved several bites into this mouth and shivered. "It's getting cold in here. "

"Remember the thermal underwear mom bought us to camp in last fall? Come on," Said Amy, "Ill race you to the upstairs closet. "

As the flashlight's gentle glow led the way, Kurt and Amy raced up stairs to the closet. She took out the thermal underwear, the hats and socks. "Here," she said throwing some over to Kurt. Let's put it all on, it might snow in the camp tonight."

All bundled up, Kurt disappeared into his bed room and came out with his comforter over his shoulder and art supplies under his arm. "We can build a tent and draw," he said with a big smile. Amy ran and got the comforter off her bed, too and together they slid down the stairs laughing and shouting, "Here comes the Blizzard Express!"

After they made a canopy with their comforters, Amy got an idea. "Last year in our class, Mrs. Stratford showed us how to make placemats using Christmas cards." She picked up a card. "First you take the cards, trim them up with some scissors and glue them on a large piece of construction paper like this. Next, you write a poem about Christmas using your five senses to glue in the middle. For example," she said

“Christmas Looks like...a baby laying in a manger on a starry night,’ said Amy writing.  
“Christmas smells like...”

“Warm sugar cookies baking in the oven!” blurted Kurt.

“Yum!” said Amy. “Tastes like...”

“That’s easy,” said Kurt, “Grandma’s Sweet Chocolate fudge melting in my mouth!”  
Amy laughed.

“When we are all done, we can ask Mom to laminate them.”

“I’m making one for Grandma,” said Kurt gluing on an angle with gold wings.

“I think she will really like that.” smiled Amy.

The wind and snow continued to beat against the house outside, but they were so busy making placements, that they didn’t have time to worry about the storm.

Around ten o’clock Kurt yawned and rubbed his eyes, “I’m tired.” He snuggled down under his bag and tried to zip it up. “It’s stuck.”

Amy leaned over and zipped him up. “There you go squirt,” she said rustling his hair.

Kurt closed his eyes. “You’re the best sister ever.”

Amy’s face turned red. She had been so mean to him lately. She really did love him. The phone rang, it was Mom; she was coming home. She snuggled into her sleeping bag, and zipped it up. An amazing peace came over her. “Lord, thank you for keeping us safe tonight. You *are* bigger than a Blizzard. She rolled over and a smile spread across her face. And you really *are* bigger than my desire to clobber my brother.”

THE END

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Jan May's  
New Millennium Girl's  
Christian Novels



**Isabel's Secret** is a book for 8-12 year old girls that kept my ten year old captivated. She couldn't wait for me to review it—she snatched it and read it in a day, she is now *re-reading* it! This is a great book about culture and a girl's dream. My daughter said she'd give it more than five stars if she could. ~Author Laura Vernet Hilton

I enjoyed **Isabel's Secret** a lot! I like Isabel's motto: "Winner's never quit and quitters never win, because I serve the mighty God that lives deep within." **Isabel's Secret** is an exciting book to read! This is a great set of books and very unique. If you have a girl who likes writing, reading, and/or paper dolls, I highly recommend these books! ~The Old Schoolhouse Magazine

"I'm always on the lookout for positive, adventurous books for my kids - especially ones with characters who possess a strong and growing faith. Unfortunately, those are not very easy to find. But recently I hit the jackpot when Jan May sent me a copy of her newly released book, **Callie's Contest of Courage**, and I was most impressed." ~Amy Bradsher, Homeschool Parent and Blogger at Nest in the Rock

**Callie's Contest of Courage** is a wonderful book about family, friendship, adventure, joy, faith, hope, love, and honesty. It captured the interest and attention of my daughter who is developing her own relationship with God. It nurtured her faith in Christ." Tracy Masters, homeschool parent and blogger

Horses. A Colorado ranch. Two best friends. One with a secret. What a great set-up for a middle-grade novel! Isabel proclaims throughout the book, "Winners never quit and quitters never win, because I serve the mighty God that lives deep within!" With fast-moving, engaging prose, an interesting mystery, and spiritual themes, **Isabel's Secret** would make a delightful gift for any eight-to-twelve year old girl. ~Author and Award Winning Journalist, Meadow Rue Merrill

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