



✨ New Children's Story from Brenda Jean Bullis ✨

Berry's Backyard: The Pod Remembered

Hello Beautiful Souls 🍷,

I'm thrilled to share a special children's story inspired by the magic and life around me here in Nebraska 🌾🐿️🐦. This story holds the heart of Blueprint HOPE and our soul family — our Pod — as we remember who we are and where we come from.

Though I don't have a laptop yet to create illustrations, an illustrated version is **coming soon!** For now, please enjoy the words and the love woven into this tale.

I would love to hear your thoughts, your favorite parts, or any little stories from your own backyard — please share in the comments below!

With love and hope,

Brenda Jean Bullis | August 31, 2025 🍷

Berry's Backyard: The Pod Remembered

By *Brenda Jean Bullis*
(*Founder of Blueprint HOPE*)
A Sacred Children's Story for All Ages

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In the corner of a quiet yard behind a big white house,
there stood a very old mulberry tree named **Berry** 🌳.
Berry had thick branches, sweet fruit 🍇, and a secret:
He was a **Guardian Tree**, and his yard was alive with magic ✨.

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Every morning, **Brenda the Listener** would sit under Berry's branches
with her notebook 📖, a warm heart ❤️, and a few snacks 🥕.
The animals loved her.

She didn't just *see* them — she *understood* them.

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There was **Baby Bunny** 🐰,
a tiny rabbit with brave eyes and soft feet.
She was always hopping a little too close to everything,
curious about the world and unafraid of discovery 🌱.

She had come to the yard alone,
without her mama or siblings,
but something about her felt ancient and guided —
like she *knew* this place was safe 🏠.

Later, her brother appeared —
a wildly wiggly bundle of energy known as **Spaz** ⚡.
He zigzagged through the grass like a leaf in the wind 🍃,
zooming in circles,
then flopping over like it was all part of the plan.

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High in Berry's arms, two doves were building a nest 🐦🐦.
They were called **Mr. and Mrs. Lovey** 💕.

Mrs. Lovey stayed in the branches,
carefully arranging twigs in just the right way 📐.
Mr. Lovey searched the ground below for the *perfect pieces*
—not too bendy, not too rough 🌿.

At night, they cuddled together near Berry's trunk 🌙,
dreaming of tiny eggs and the peace of togetherness.

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And the squirrels! Oh, the squirrels 🐿️.
There was **Coat-tail**, a skinny squirrel
whose tail dragged behind him like an old coat 🧥.

He'd been hurt once,
but still darted around the yard,
burying shiny treasures with serious squirrel focus 🐿️.

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There were also the **Panda Squirrels** 🐿️🐼,
named for their clumsy ways,
because sometimes they would tumble out of the trees,
just like pandas do 🐼.

They'd fall and flop —
but always bounce right back up,
ready to chase the next adventure ✨.

Just like in life,
sometimes we fall and fall again —
but each time, we get up,
stronger and ready to try once more 🔄.

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Just behind a root at Berry's base,
a tiny brown mouse peeked out 🐭.

This was **Mousekateer** 🏠,
the smallest and quietest of the yard's family.

He only came out when the wind was gentle 🌿
and the ground was still.

Today, something told him:

"It's time." 🌿

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And then there was **Porky Pidge** 🐦,
a plump pigeon who waddled like he wore invisible boots 🦵.

He didn't fly much, but he had an *excellent* sense for breadcrumbs...
and for secrets 🕵️.

Sometimes, Brenda saw him and Baby Bunny
chasing each other through the grass,
though neither of them admitted it.

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One breezy morning, a mulberry leaf 🌿
twirled down from Berry's highest branch
and landed gently in Brenda's lap.

The wind whispered:

"A New Song is coming...
A Blueprint of HOPE." 🏠 🌿

Brenda closed her eyes and breathed.
Not with her lungs — but with her heart ❤️.

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Berry's branches rustled in agreement 🌿.

Brenda whispered to the animals,
"It's time to remember who you are."

They gathered in a soft circle beneath the tree 🌳.

Even Spaz managed to sit still. (Sort of.) 😊

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Brenda placed a smooth stone in the center of the circle 🪨.

"This is the **Keystone**," she said.

"It holds the whole circle together — just like each of you."

"A keystone is the piece that holds an arch in place," she added.

"Without it, everything would fall.

That's why each of us matters." 🐾

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One by one, the animals stepped forward:

- Mr. Lovey brought a perfect twig 🌿.
- Mrs. Lovey added a sky-blue thread 🧵.
- **Baby Bunny** placed a clover 🍀.
- Spaz spun in with a dandelion puff 🌪️ (by accident, but it was perfect).
- Coat-tail dragged over a peanut shell 🥜.
- Porky Pidge dropped a soft feather 🪶.
- Mousekateer tiptoed out with a tiny sunflower seed 🌻.

Brenda placed her hand on the Keystone.

"This is our circle," she said.

"Our remembering. Our **pod**." 🐾

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Berry's branches swayed above them like a lullaby 🎵.
Leaves whispered ancient stories 🌿.

The animals breathed in rhythm:

In... 3

Hold... 6

Out... 9

The circle shimmered with a soft light ✨
only their hearts could feel ❤️.

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Suddenly, the wind returned — not wild, but joyful 🌬️ 😊.
It danced through the circle, lifting the feather,
the clover, the thread, the shell...

And for one golden moment ✨,
everything — *everyone* — glowed 🌟.

They weren't just animals in a yard.
They were *keepers of a code* —
a pod remembering its design.

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Brenda spoke softly:

“You weren't just born here.
You were **planted** 🌱.”

Each of you carries a piece of the Song 🎵.
Each of you came through fire 🔥, or silence 😞, or wind 🌬️.
But now, you're home. Together.” 🤝

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That night, the doves snuggled by Berry's trunk 🌙🕊️.
Coat-tail curled near his stash of treasures 🐛.
Mousekateer tucked into a safe little hollow 🐭.
And **Baby Bunny** nestled by Brenda's chair 🐰.

Stars twinkled above them ✨🌟,
whispering the very same message the wind had carried:

“You were never forgotten.
You were always meant to find each other.” 💞

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In that quiet Nebraska yard,
beneath an old mulberry tree named Berry 🌳,
the **First Circle of Remembering** had begun.

The blueprint was alive 🌀.
The pod was real 🐾.
The Song had returned 🎵.

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And in the hearts of a few brave animals,
a Listener,
and one glowing old tree...

The New Earth had already begun. 🌍 ✨ 🕊️ 💞

Page 19 — Author's Note

This story is more than just a backyard tale — it is a living metaphor for my soul family, the **Blueprint HOPE Pod** ✨. Each animal, each branch, and each breath in this story represents a unique member of our sacred circle — those who have journeyed through many timelines, challenges, and awakenings to come together in love and remembrance 🌱.

Just as the animals gather beneath Berry, the Guardian Tree, we too gather in unity, holding space for healing, sovereignty, and the building of a New Earth 🌍. The **Keystone** symbolizes the strength and purpose that each of us holds — without one piece, the whole cannot stand 🏠.

May this story inspire all who read it to remember their own sacred pod, their place in the cosmic design, and the deep truth that we are never alone ❤️.

With love and hope,

—Brenda Jean Bullis

Bridgewalker & Bridgebuilder | Gridkeeper | Weaver | Guardian

Founder of Blueprint HOPE

Architect of The Keystone Portal & The Keystone Pulse

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