



## ✨ 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.

An illustrated version is **coming soon!** For now, please enjoy the words and the love woven into this tale.

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*

### **Page 1**

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 .

### **Page 2**

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.

### **Page 3**

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.

## Page 4

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.

## Page 5

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 .

## Page 6

There were also the **Panda Squirrels**  .

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 .

## Page 7

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." 

## Page 8

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.

## Page 9

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 .

## Page 10

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.) .

## Page 11

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." .

## Page 12

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**." 

## Page 13

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 .

## Page 14

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.

## Page 15

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." 

## Page 16

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." 

## Page 17

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  .

## Page 18

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**  
Founder, Blueprint HOPE  
Architect, The Keystone Portal

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**Blueprint HOPE**  
<https://blueprinthope.com>