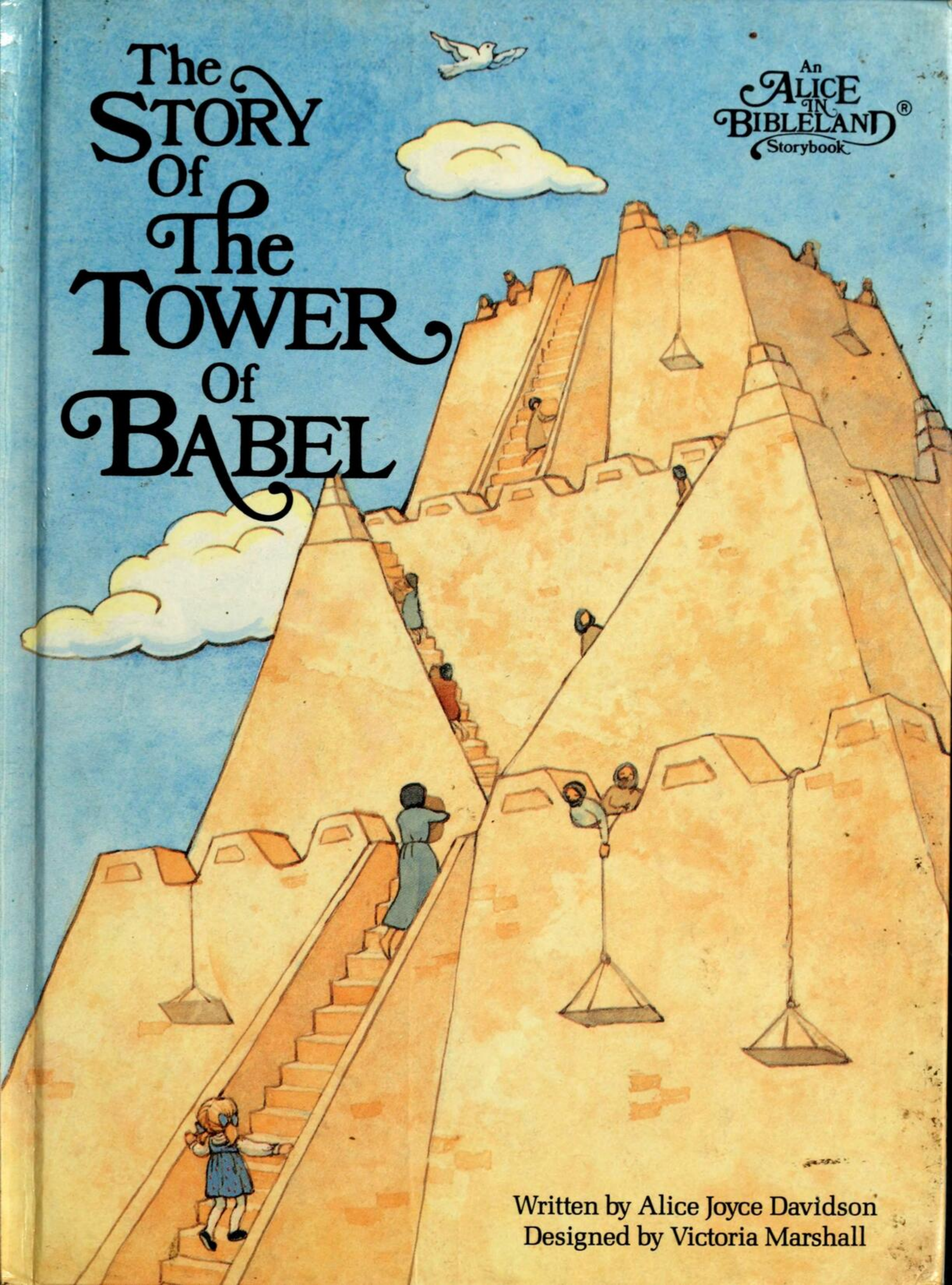


# The STORY Of The TOWER Of BABEL

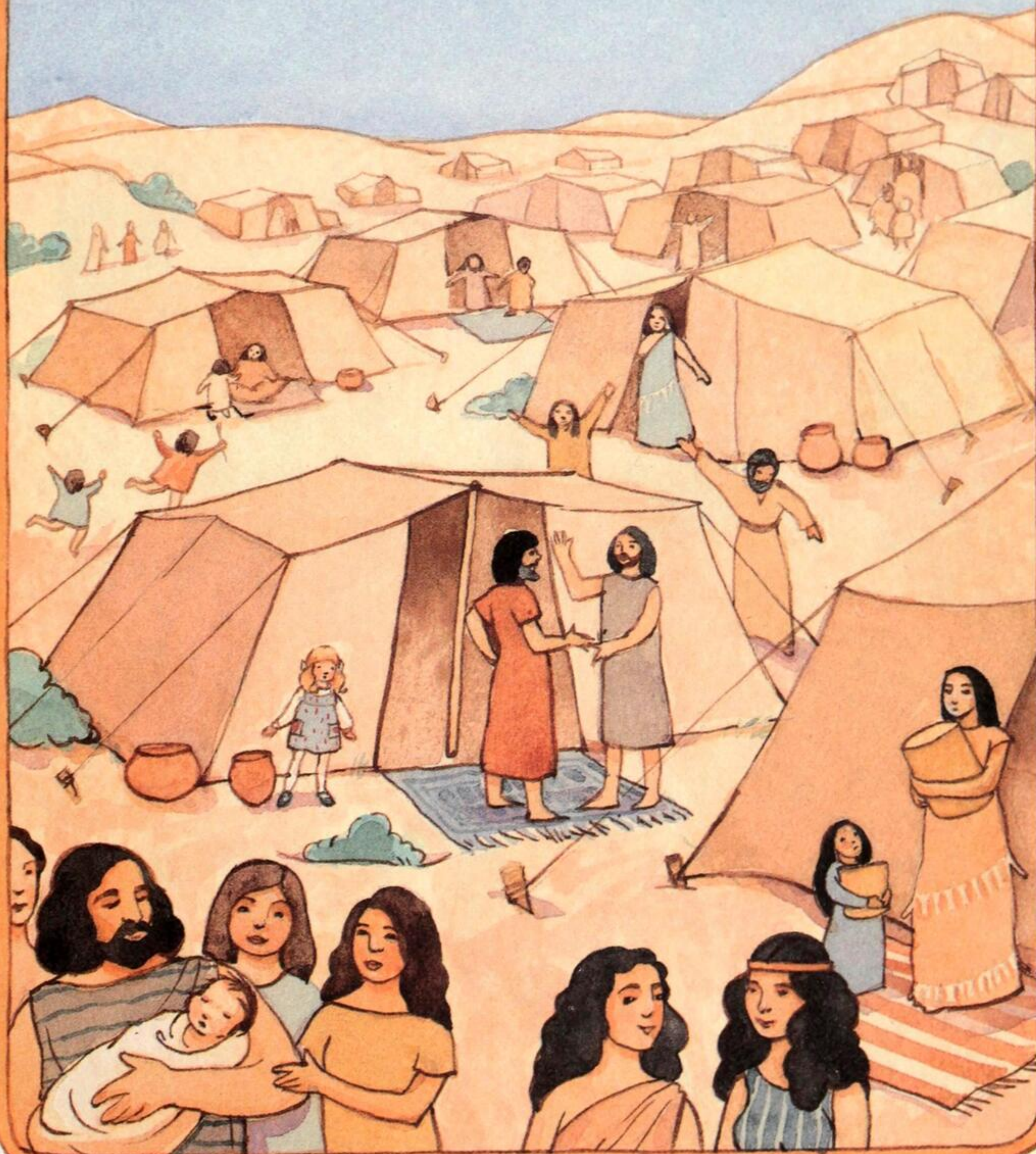
An  
**ALICE**  
IN  
**BIBLELAND**®  
Storybook



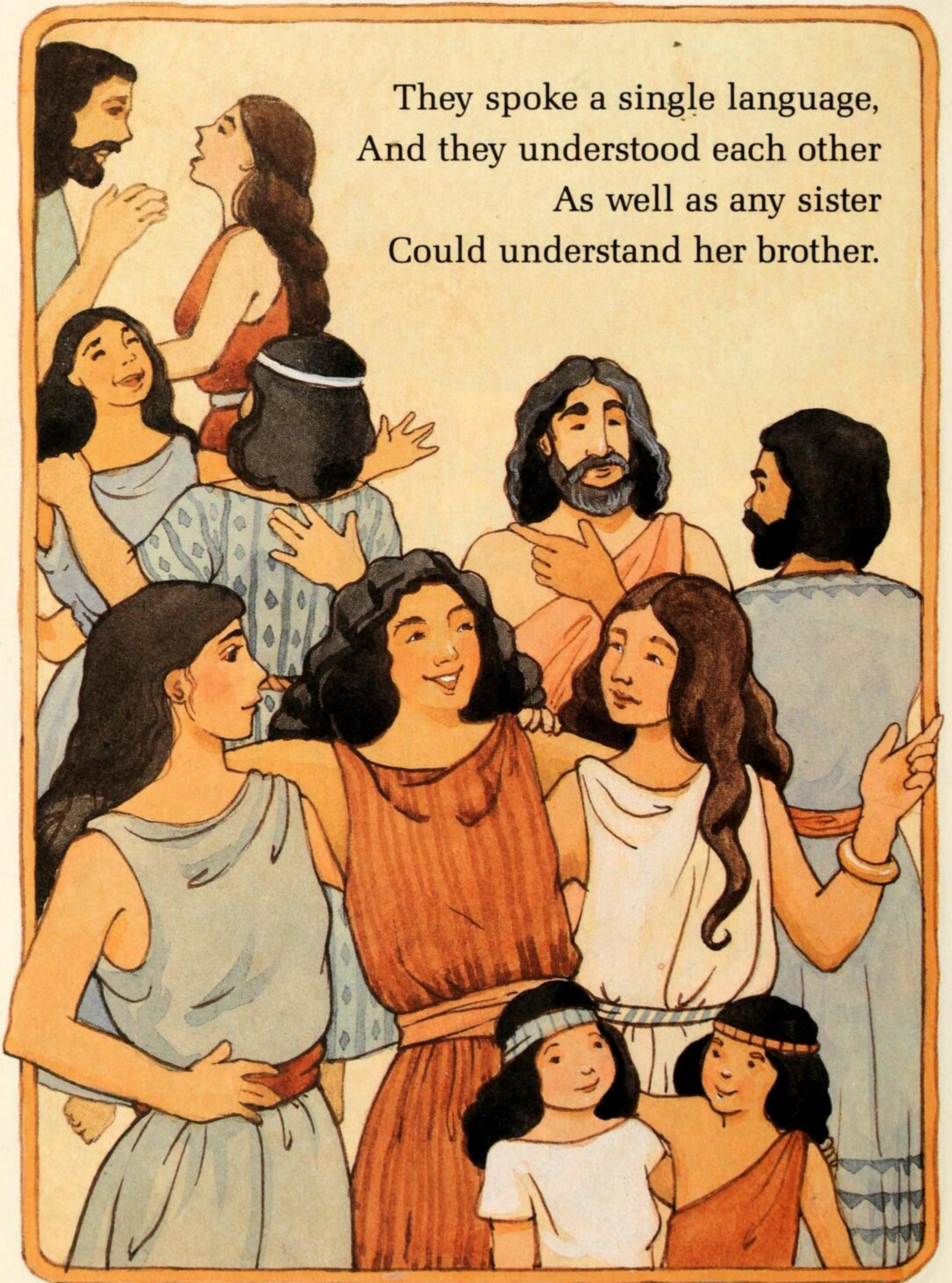
Written by Alice Joyce Davidson  
Designed by Victoria Marshall



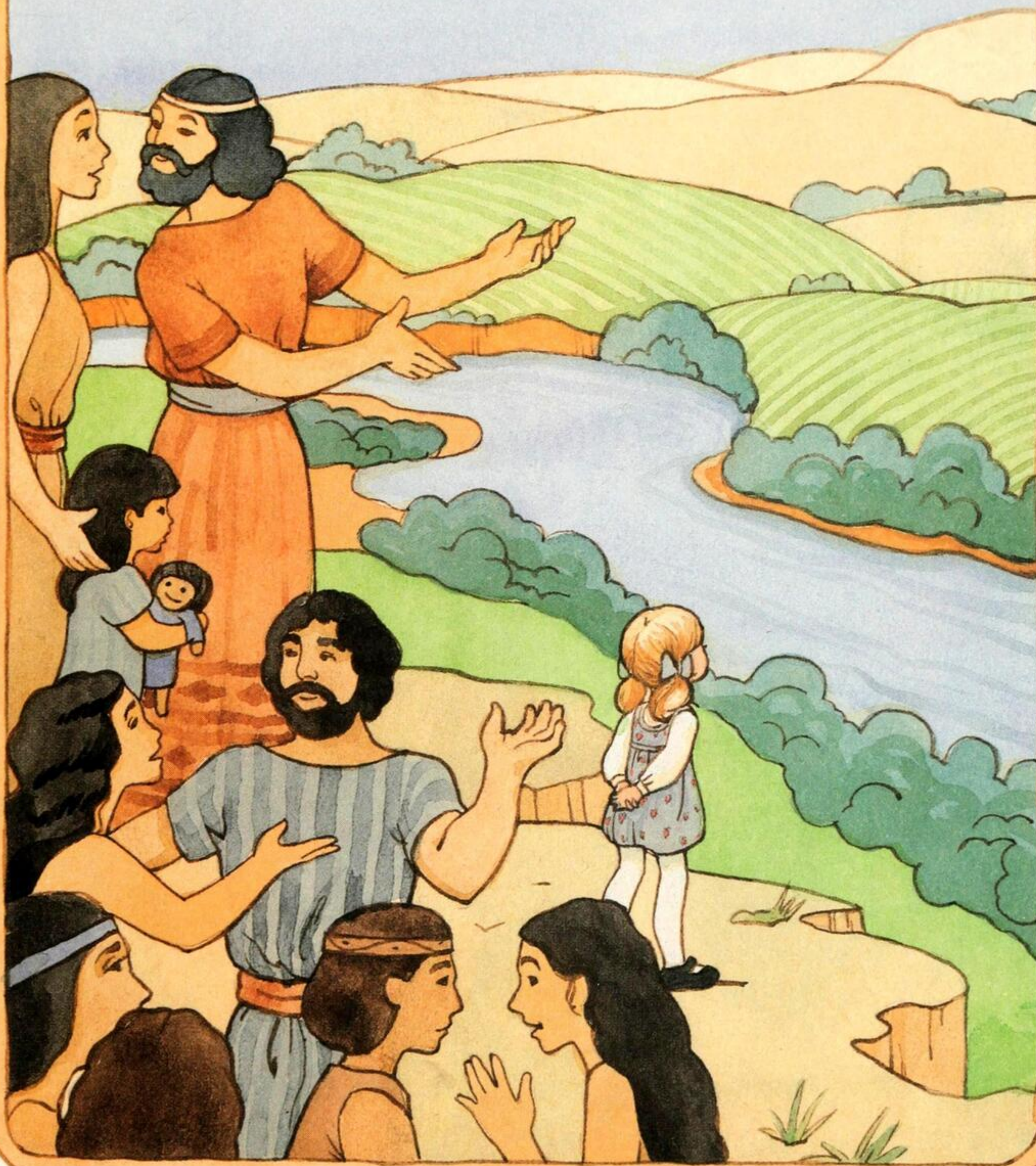
There were cousins by the dozen,  
By the thousands, even more,  
And with each year the family grew  
Still bigger than before.



They spoke a single language,  
And they understood each other  
As well as any sister  
Could understand her brother.

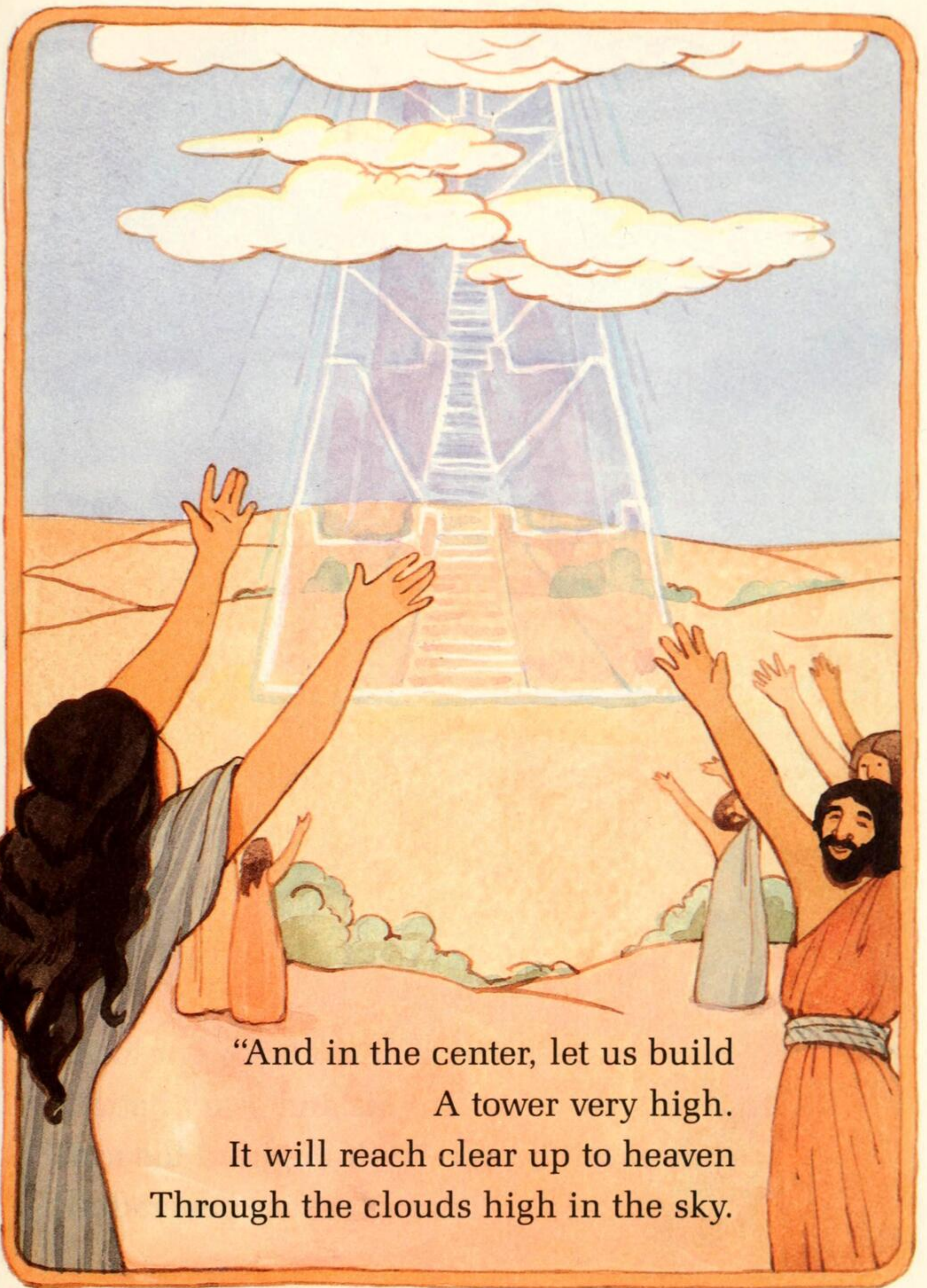


They roamed around the desert  
Until they found a place one day,  
A valley they called Shinar,  
And thought they'd like to stay.

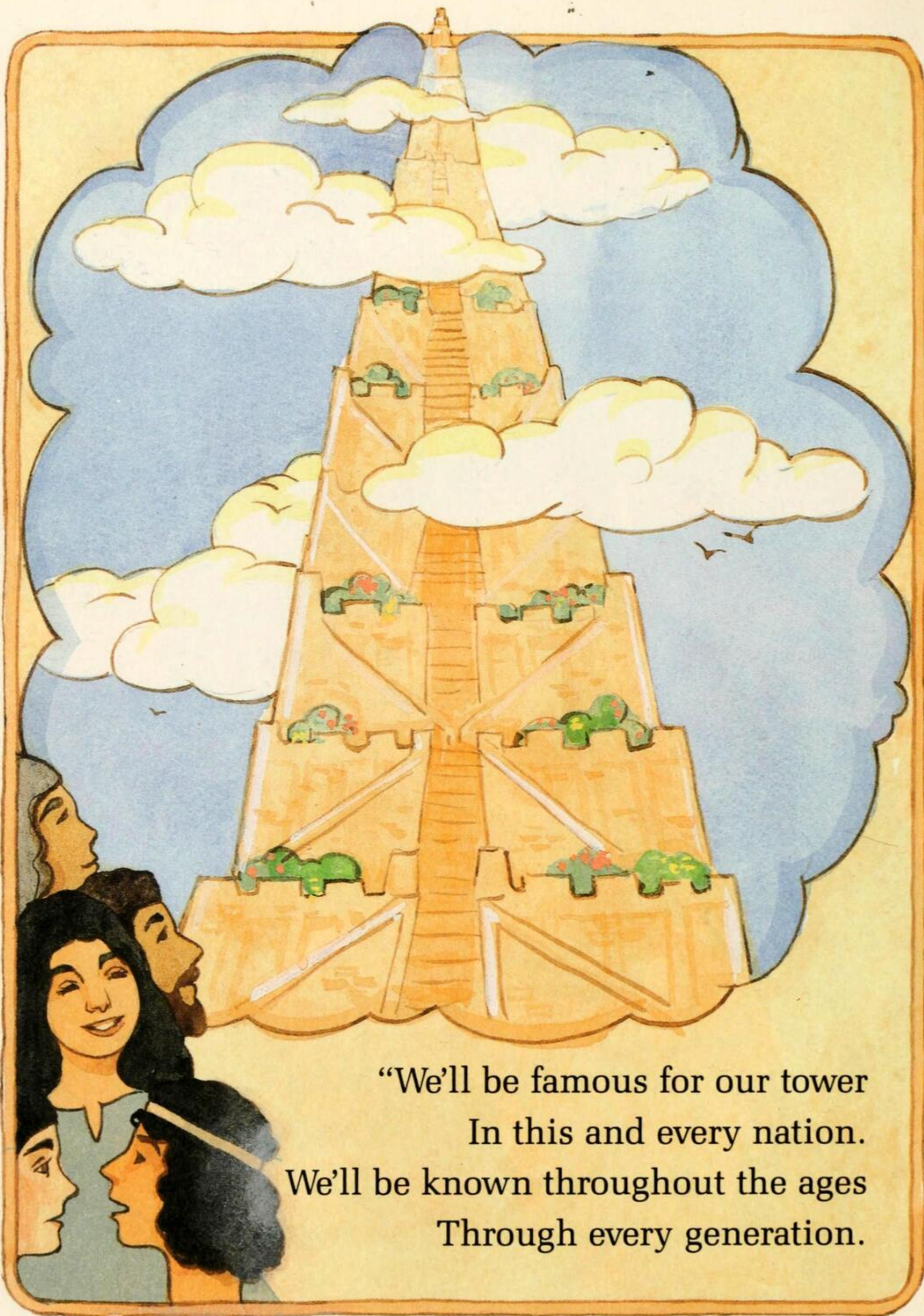


“We’ll build a city,” they agreed,  
“The finest to be found.”  
For bricks, we’ll use the orange clay,  
There’s plenty in the ground.



An illustration of the Tower of Babel. A tall, multi-tiered stone tower rises from a sandy landscape, reaching into a blue sky filled with white and yellow clouds. In the foreground, several people are shown from behind, their arms raised in a gesture of awe or prayer. On the left, a woman with long, dark, curly hair wears a grey robe. To her right, a man with a beard and a red robe also has his arms raised. Other smaller figures are visible in the background, all looking up at the tower. The entire scene is framed by a simple orange border.

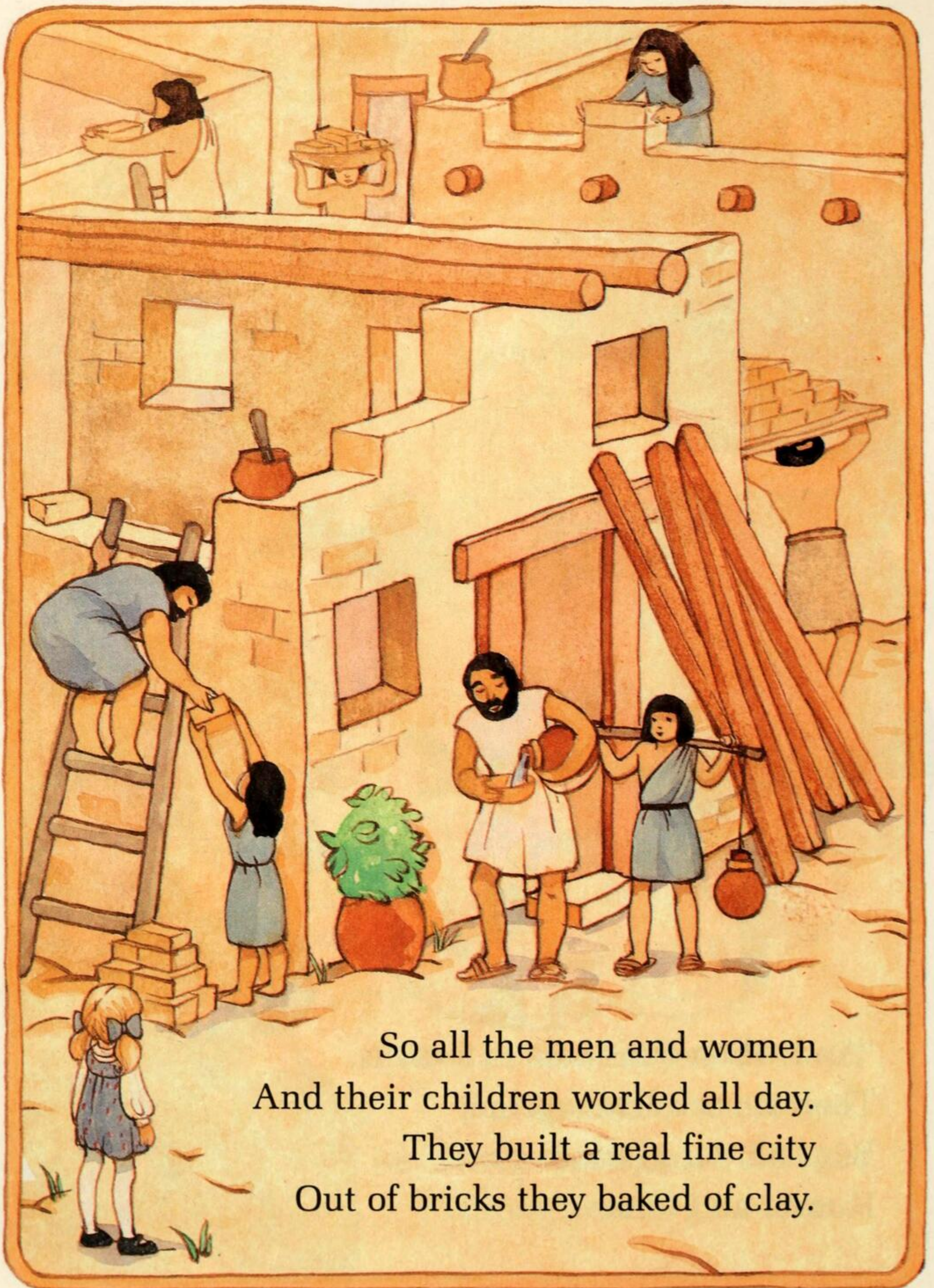
“And in the center, let us build  
A tower very high.  
It will reach clear up to heaven  
Through the clouds high in the sky.



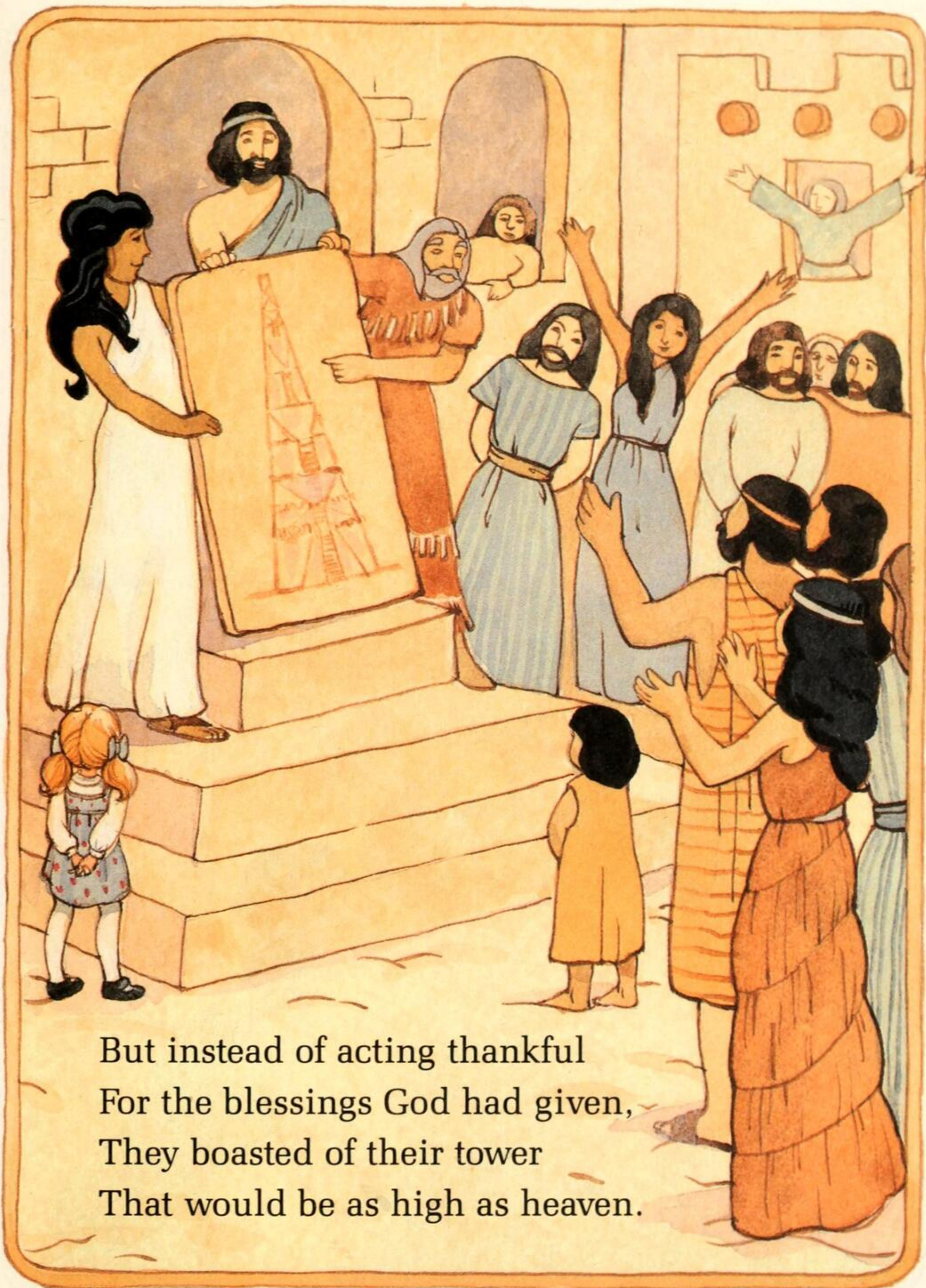
“We’ll be famous for our tower  
In this and every nation.  
We’ll be known throughout the ages  
Through every generation.



“And when our name is famous,  
Then we can live together  
Beneath our glorious tower  
Forever and forever.”



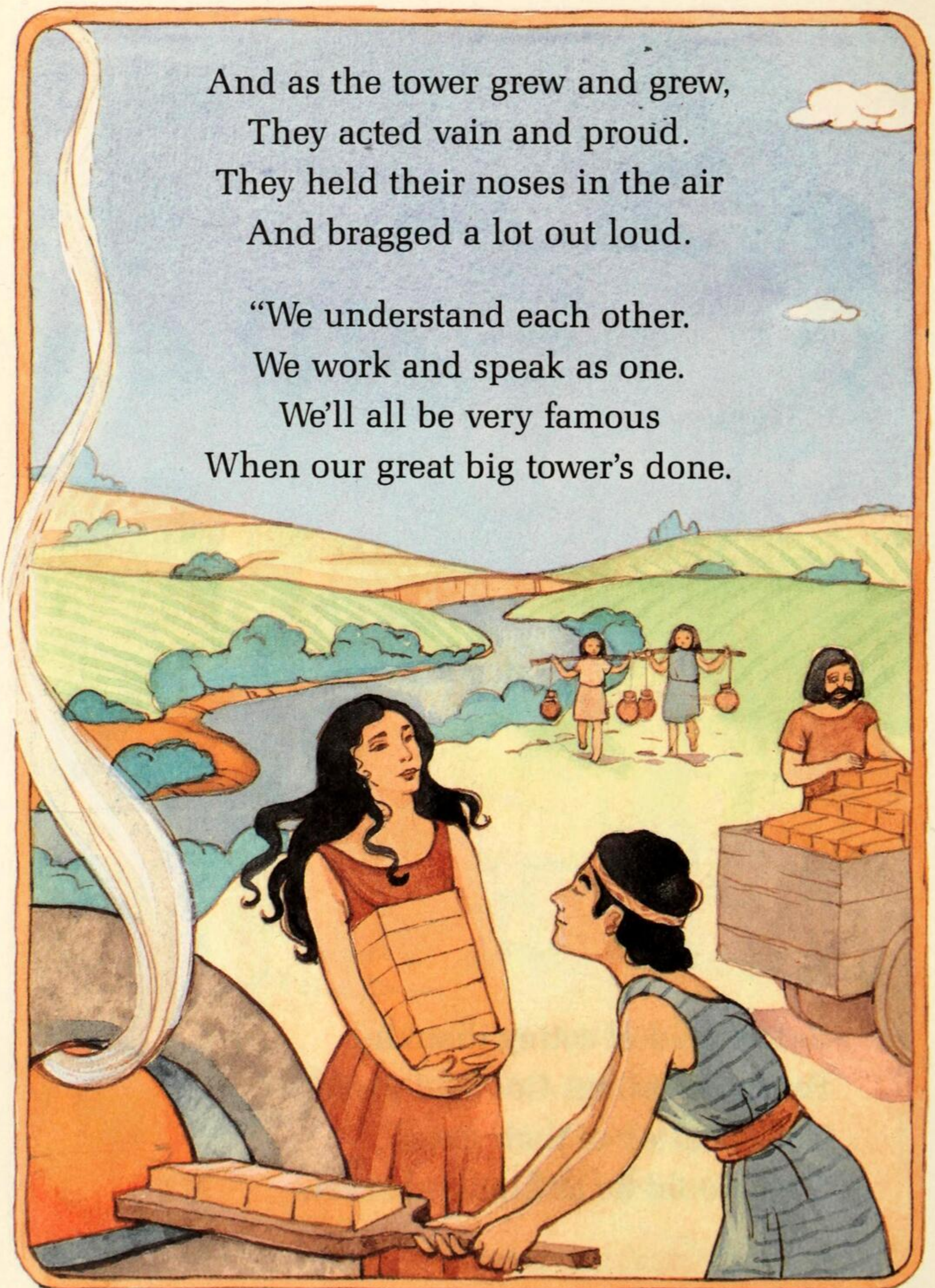
So all the men and women  
And their children worked all day.  
They built a real fine city  
Out of bricks they baked of clay.



But instead of acting thankful  
For the blessings God had given,  
They boasted of their tower  
That would be as high as heaven.

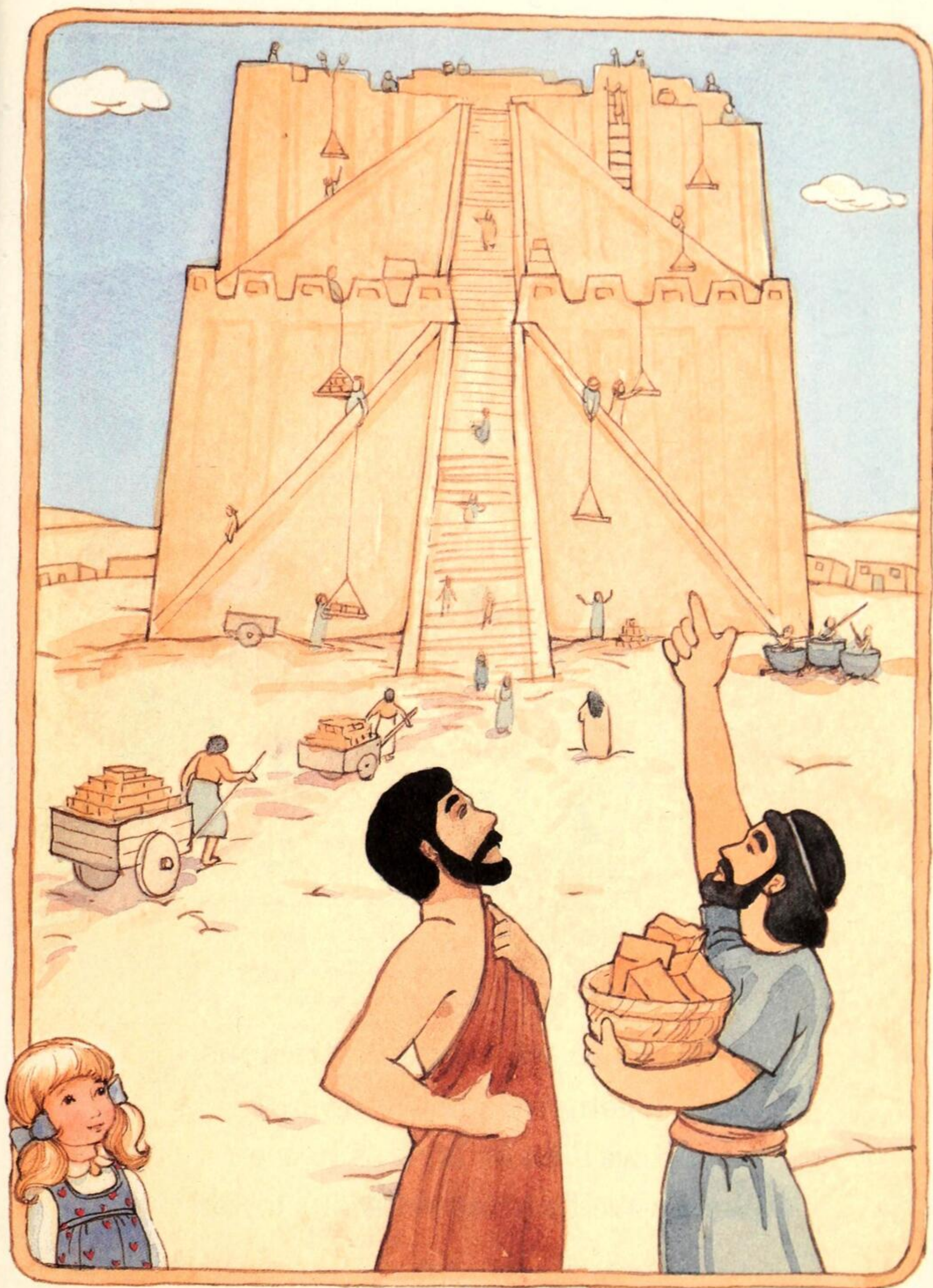
And as the tower grew and grew,  
They acted vain and proud.  
They held their noses in the air  
And bragged a lot out loud.

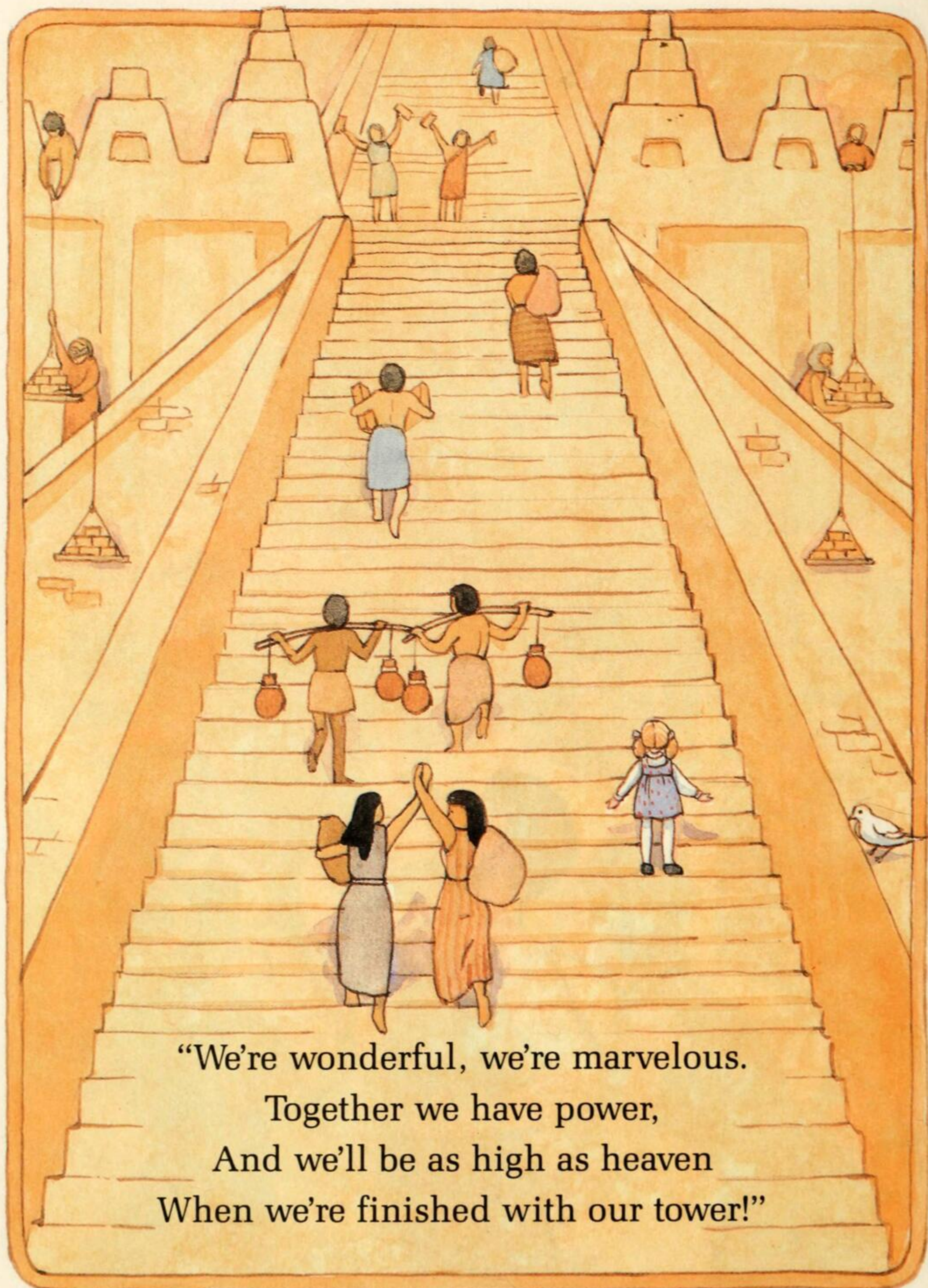
“We understand each other.  
We work and speak as one.  
We’ll all be very famous  
When our great big tower’s done.



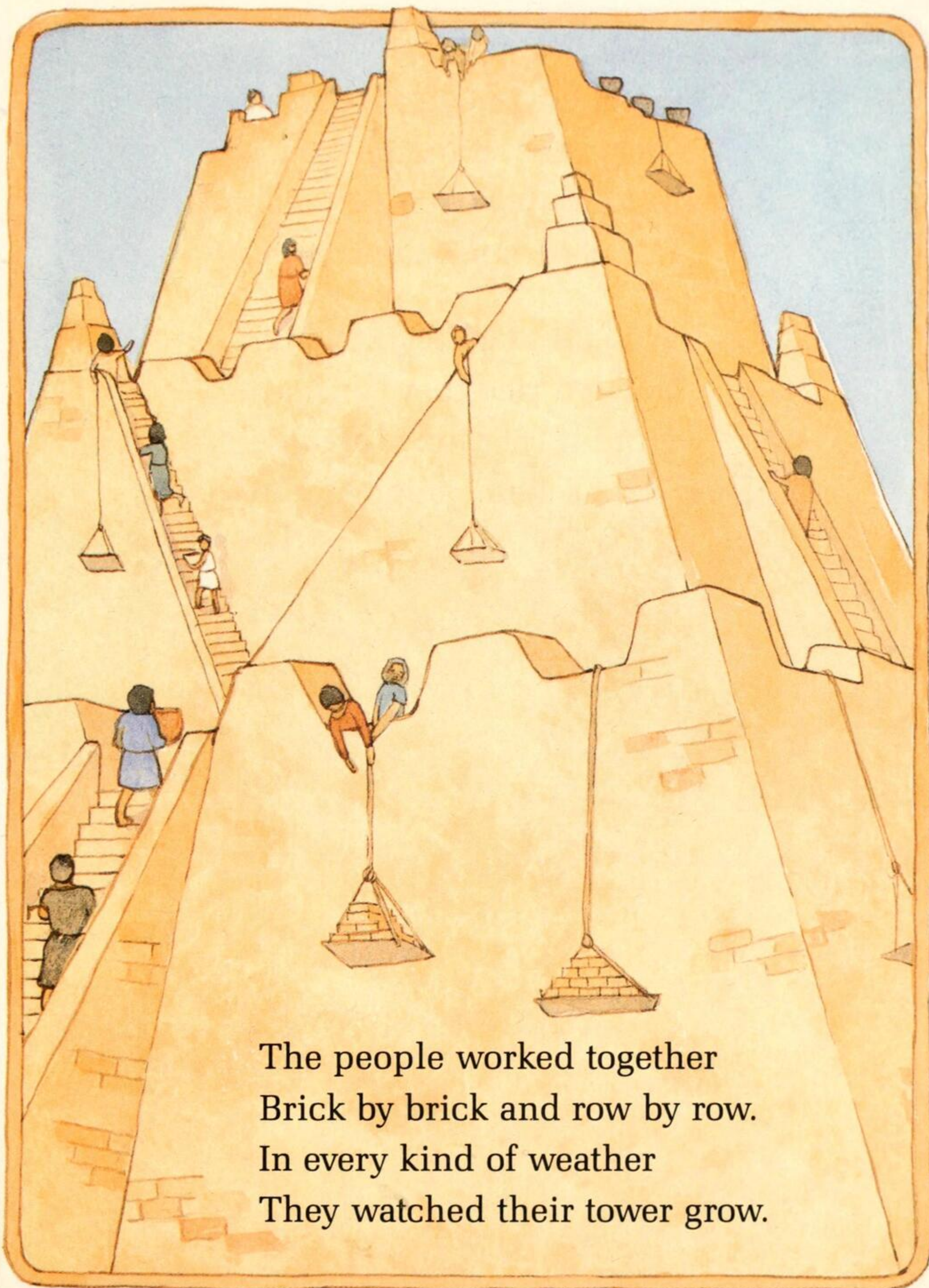


This  
Book  
Belongs  
To \_\_\_\_\_





“We’re wonderful, we’re marvelous.  
Together we have power,  
And we’ll be as high as heaven  
When we’re finished with our tower!”

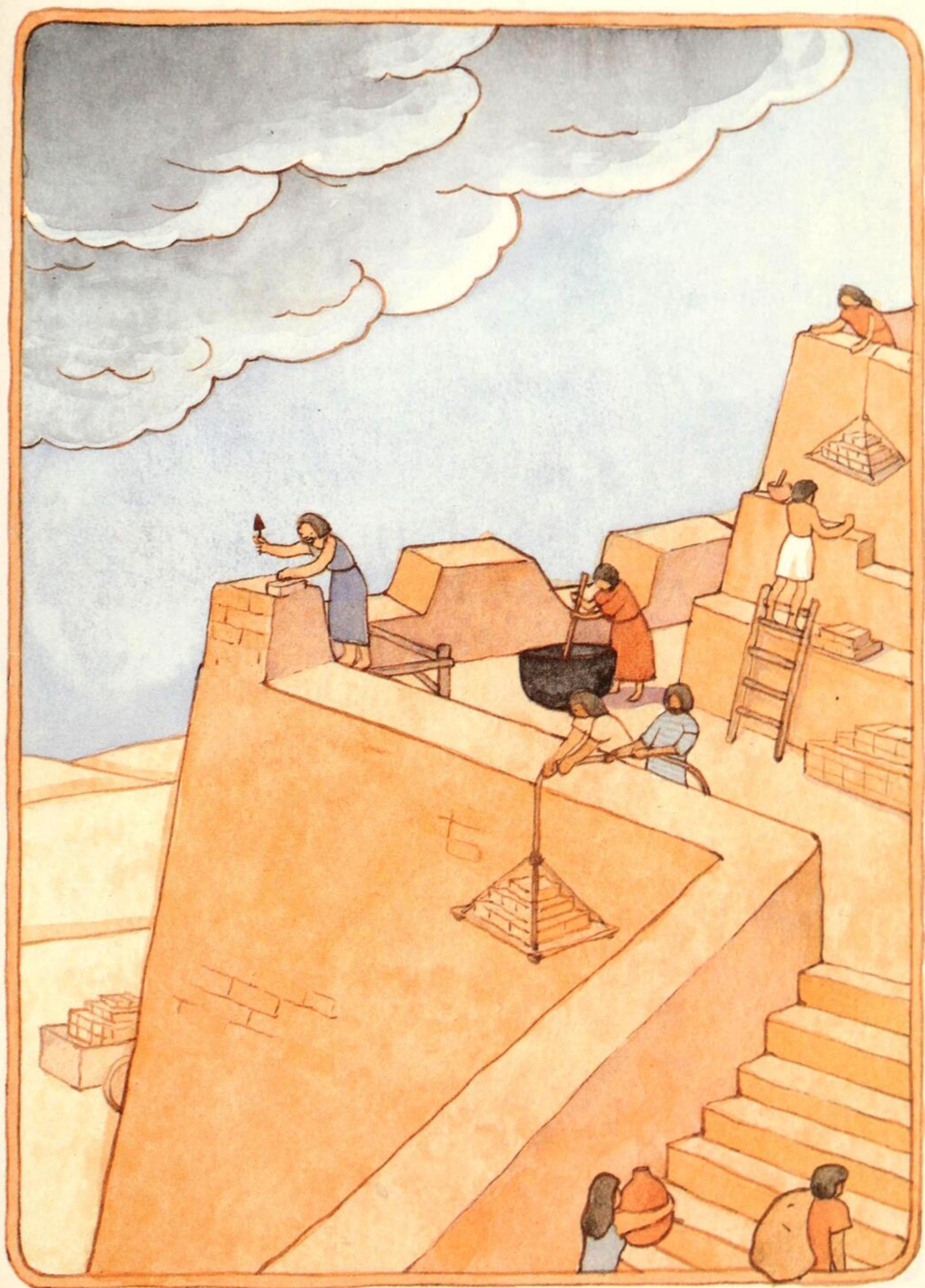


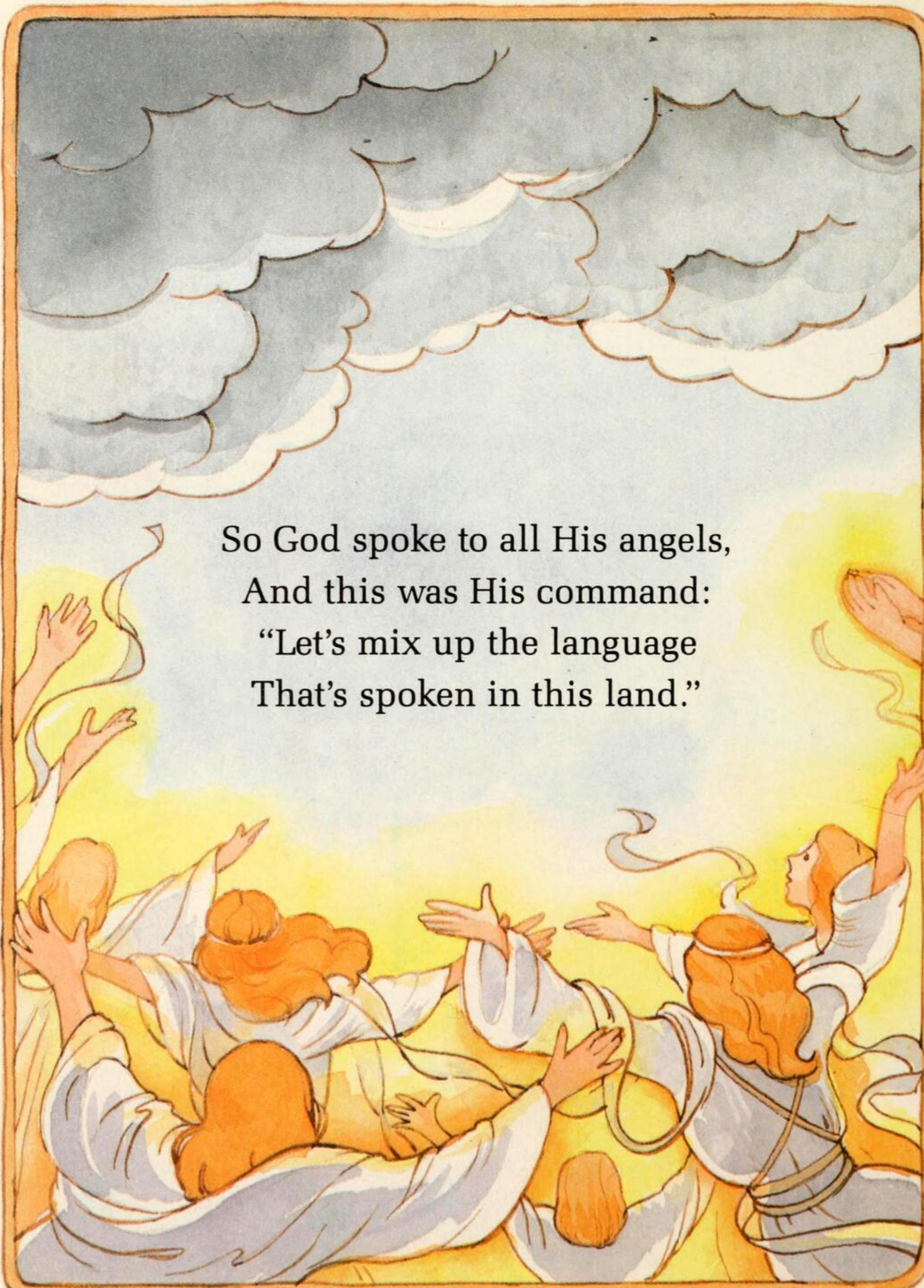
The people worked together  
Brick by brick and row by row.  
In every kind of weather  
They watched their tower grow.

God saw their prideful, boastful ways  
As they worked up on the tower.  
Because they spoke the same language,  
The people felt their power.

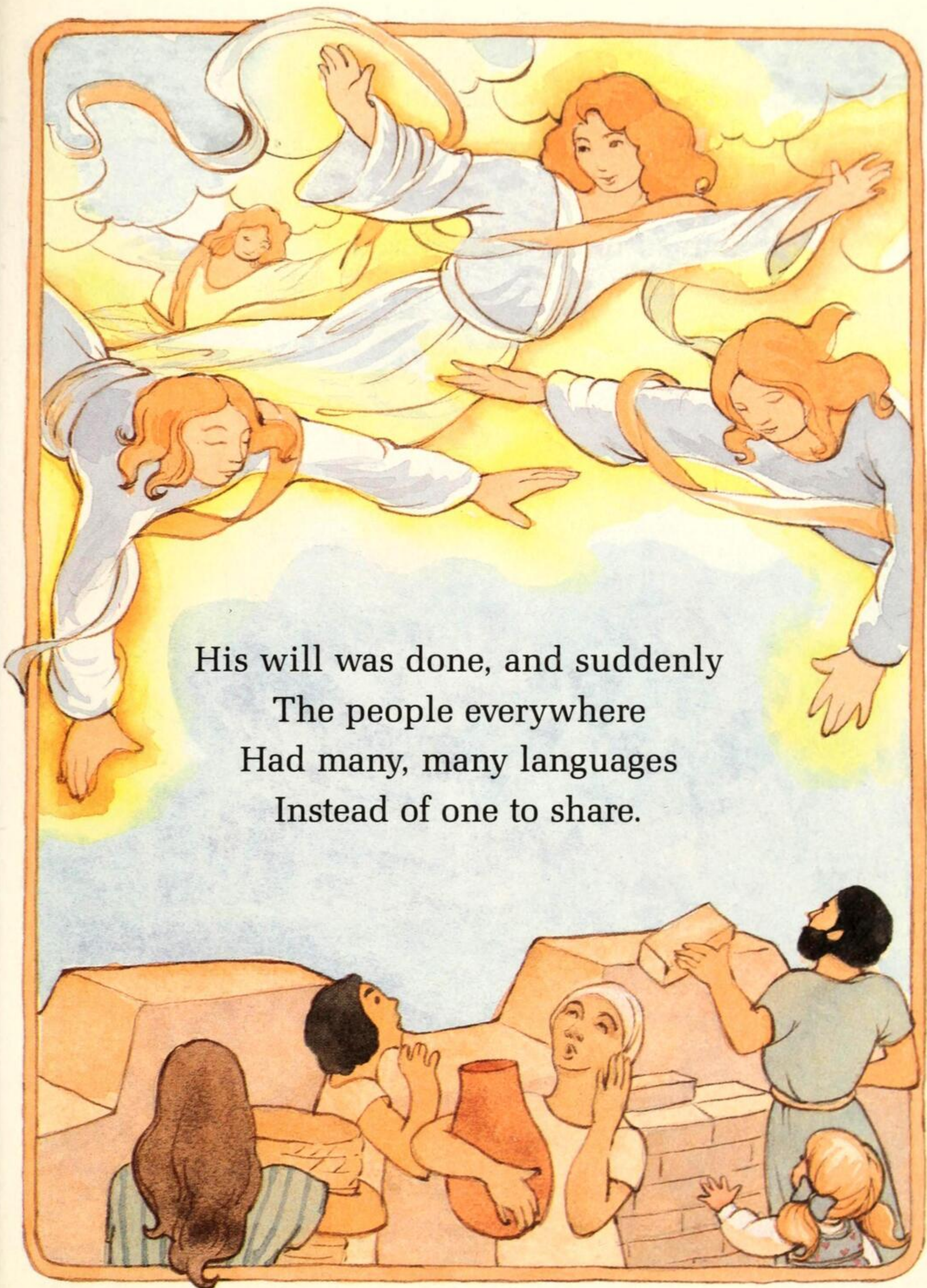
And all that they imagined,  
God worried they would do.  
And if He didn't interfere,  
Their vain scheme might come true.





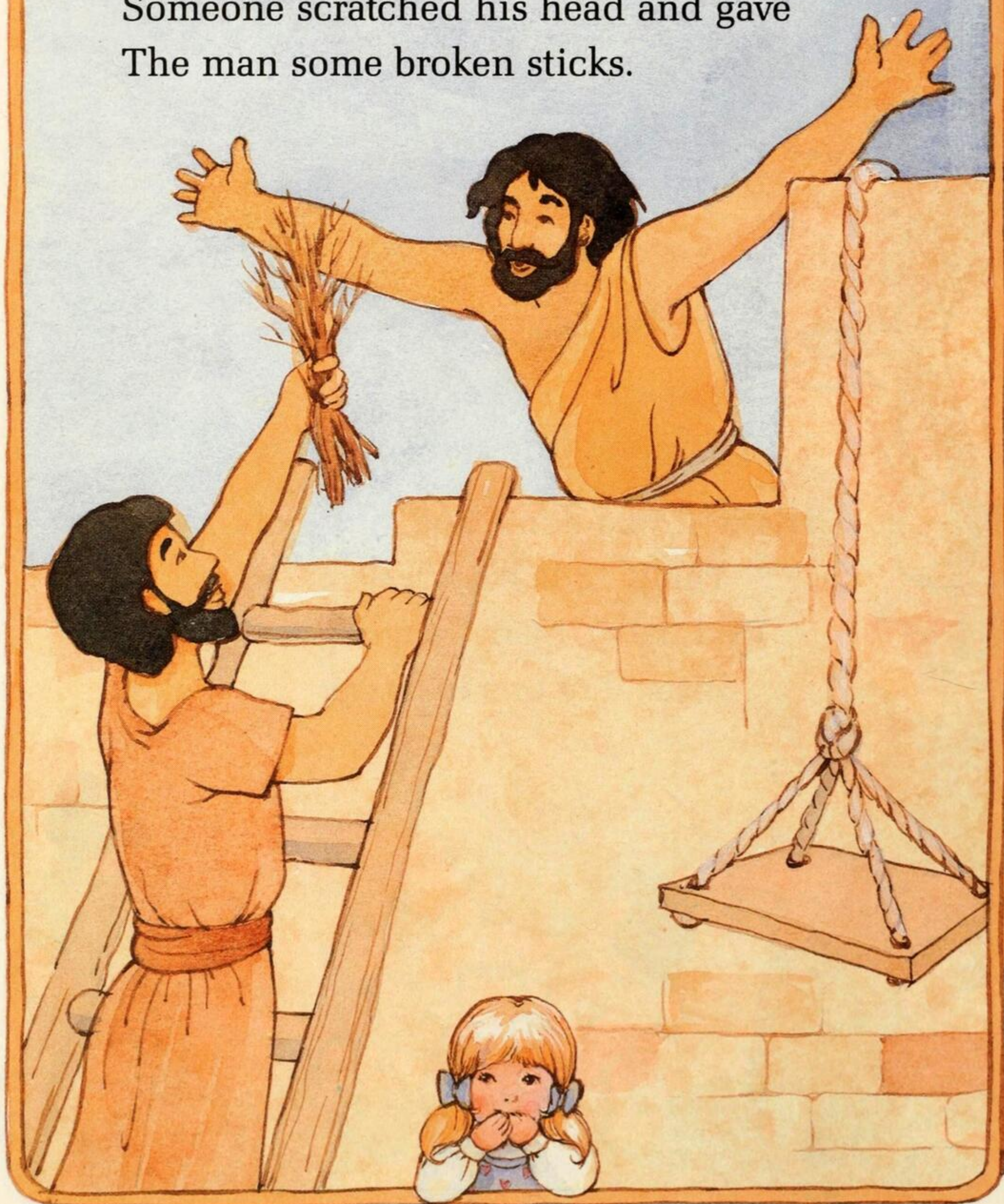
An illustration of several angels in a heavenly setting. The angels are depicted with long, flowing white robes and large, voluminous orange-red hair. They are shown in various poses of praise, with their arms raised and hands open. The background is a bright yellow, suggesting a divine light or fire. Above the angels, there are large, stylized grey clouds with white outlines. The entire scene is enclosed within a simple orange border.

So God spoke to all His angels,  
And this was His command:  
“Let’s mix up the language  
That’s spoken in this land.”

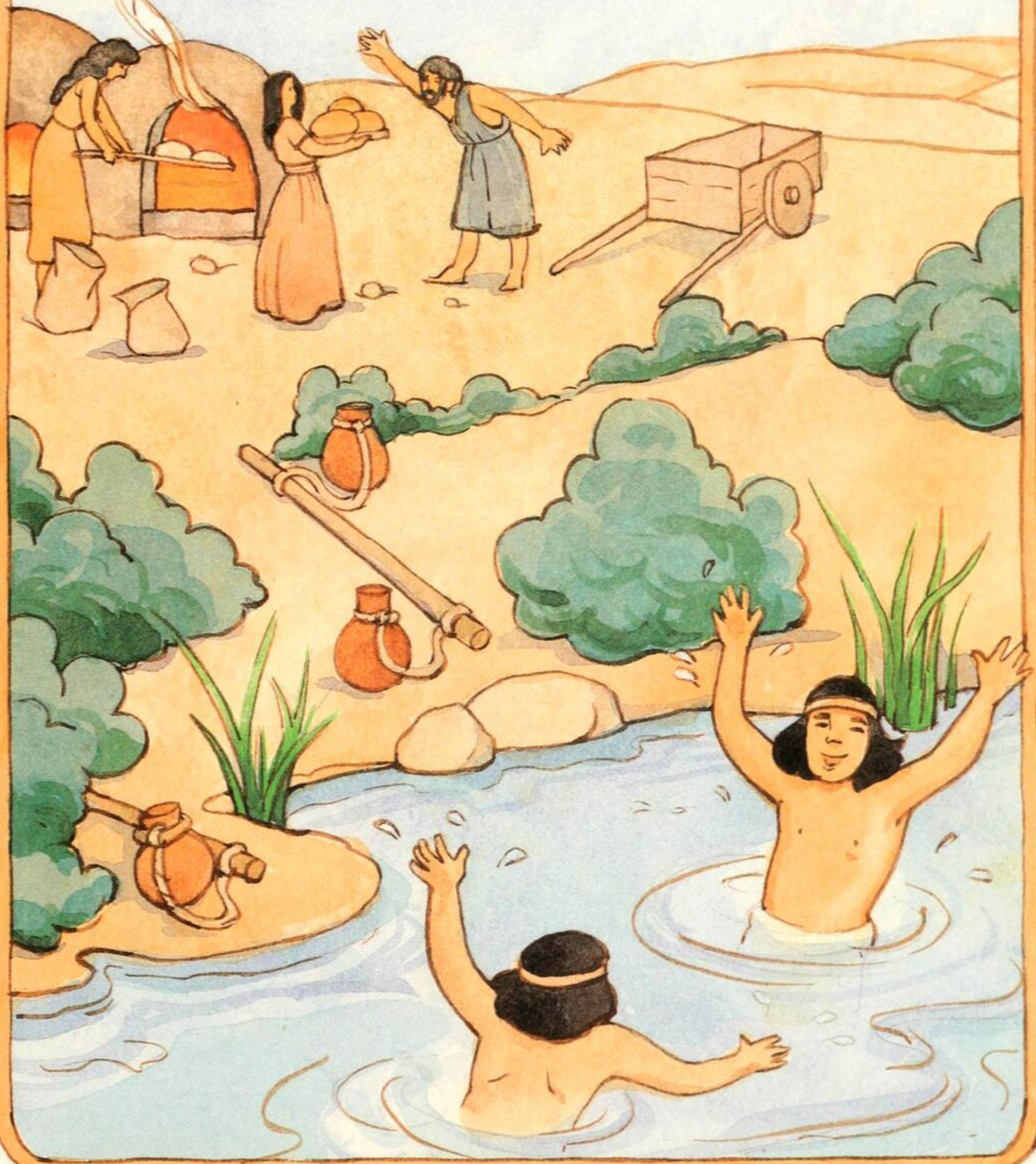


His will was done, and suddenly  
The people everywhere  
Had many, many languages  
Instead of one to share.

“De bricka, ricka,” one man said,  
Which meant, “I want more bricks.”  
Someone scratched his head and gave  
The man some broken sticks.

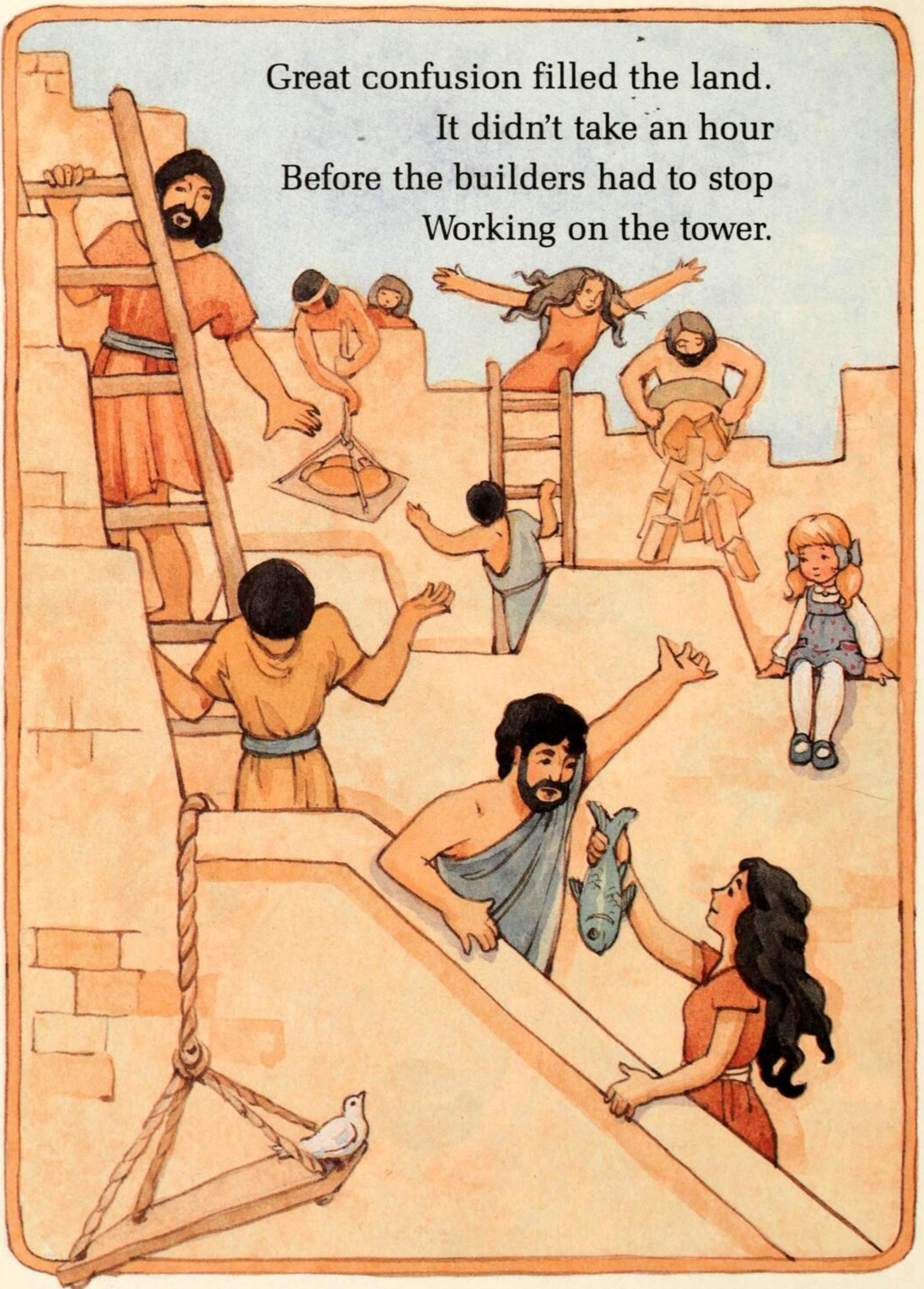


The women baking bricks heard wrong,  
And started making bread.  
The boys who carried water  
All took a bath instead.

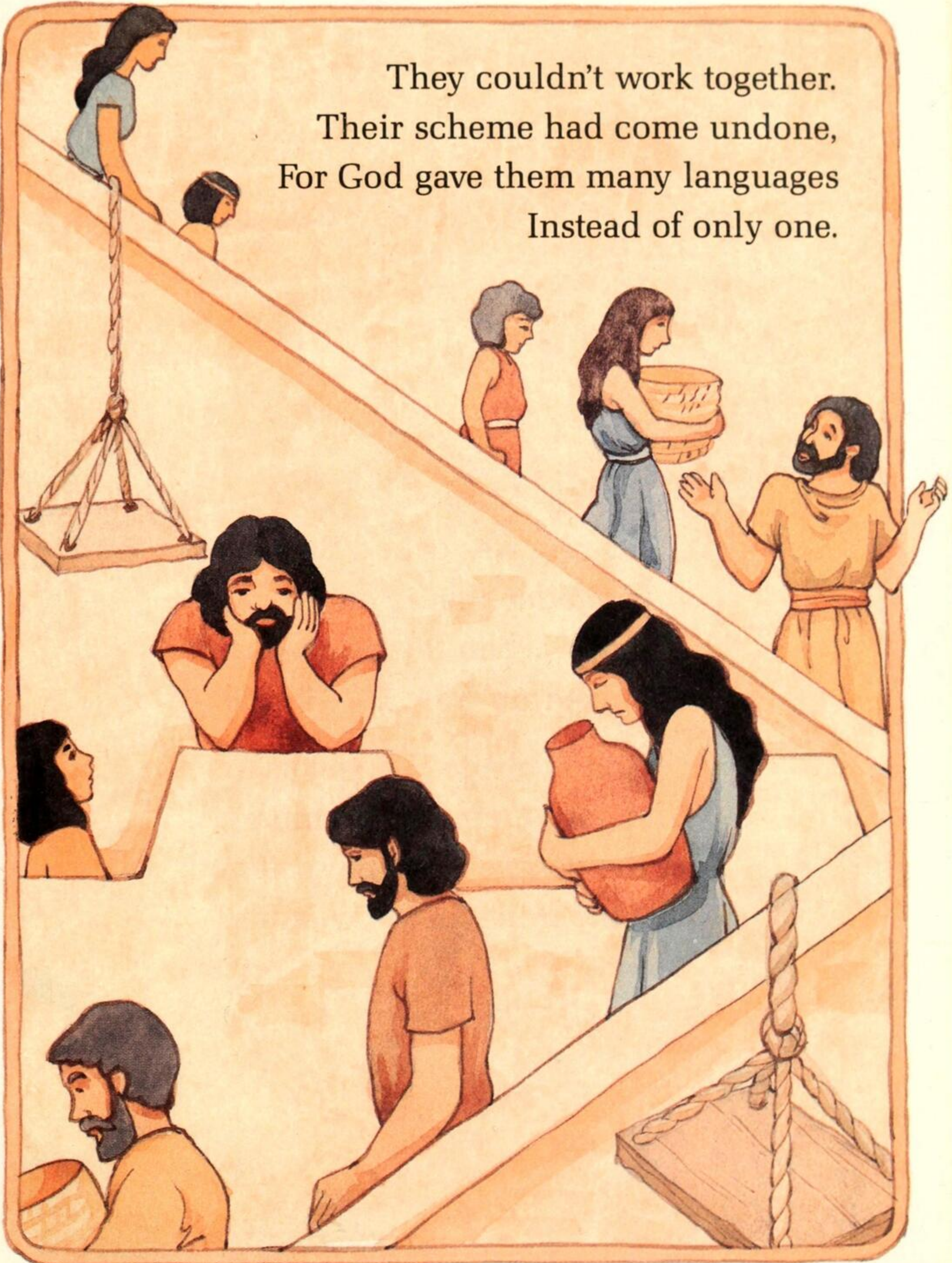


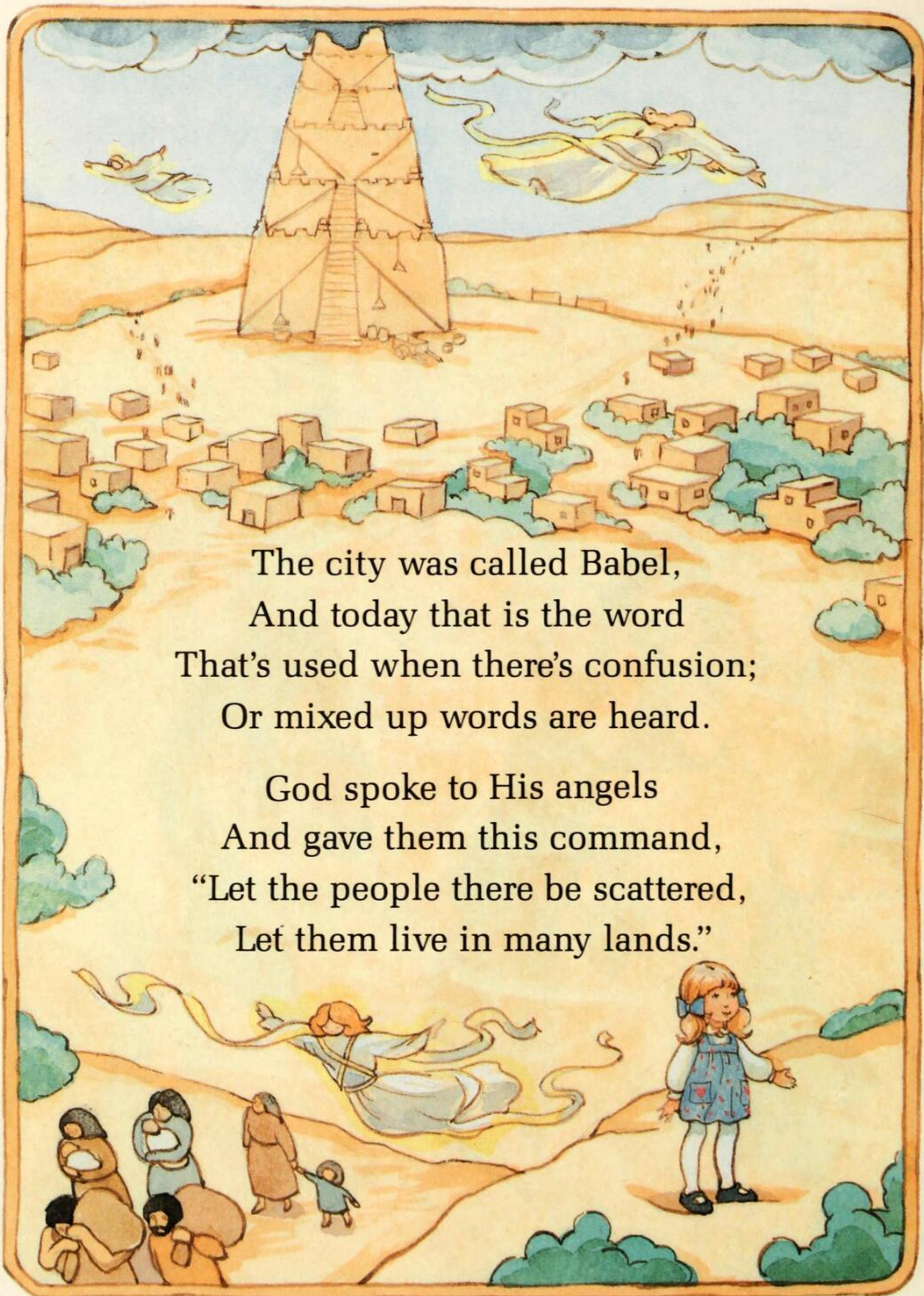
Great confusion filled the land.

It didn't take an hour  
Before the builders had to stop  
Working on the tower.



They couldn't work together.  
Their scheme had come undone,  
For God gave them many languages  
Instead of only one.





The city was called Babel,  
And today that is the word  
That's used when there's confusion;  
Or mixed up words are heard.

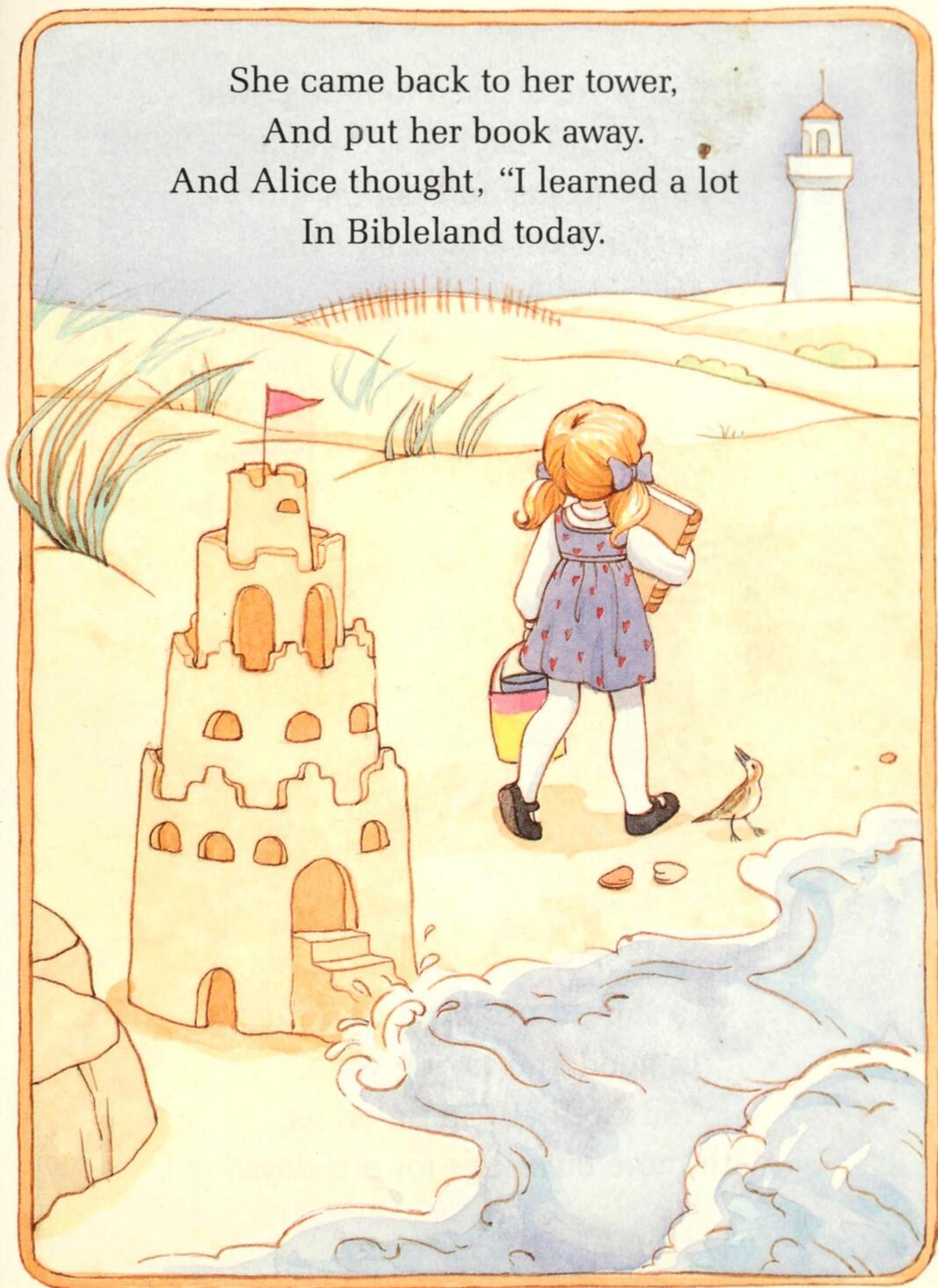
God spoke to His angels  
And gave them this command,  
"Let the people there be scattered,  
Let them live in many lands."



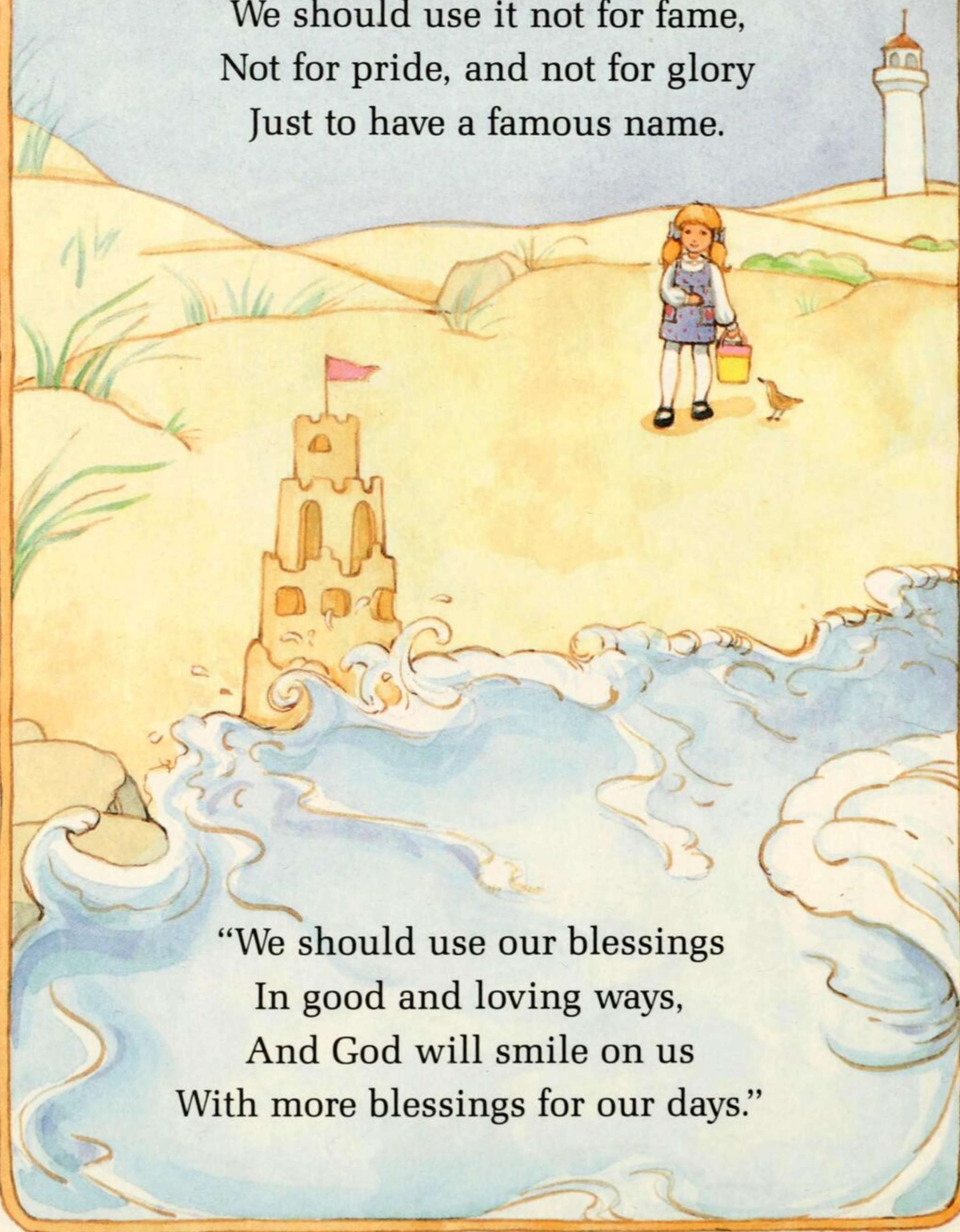
The time had come for Alice  
To leave that Bible scene.  
So she returned from Bibleland  
By walking through her screen.



She came back to her tower,  
And put her book away.  
And Alice thought, "I learned a lot  
In Bibleland today.



“When we’re blessed to have power,  
We should use it not for fame,  
Not for pride, and not for glory  
Just to have a famous name.



“We should use our blessings  
In good and loving ways,  
And God will smile on us  
With more blessings for our days.”





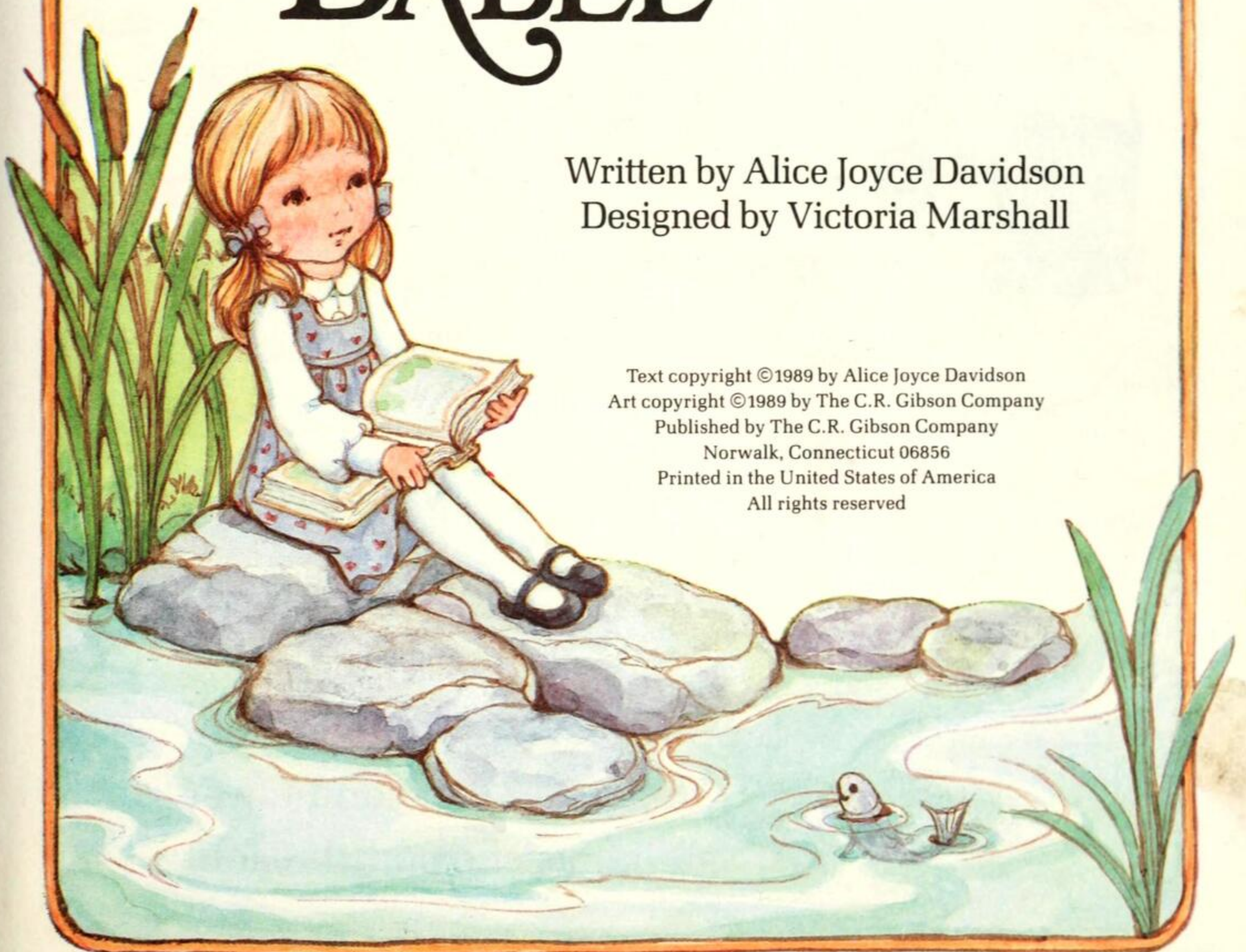


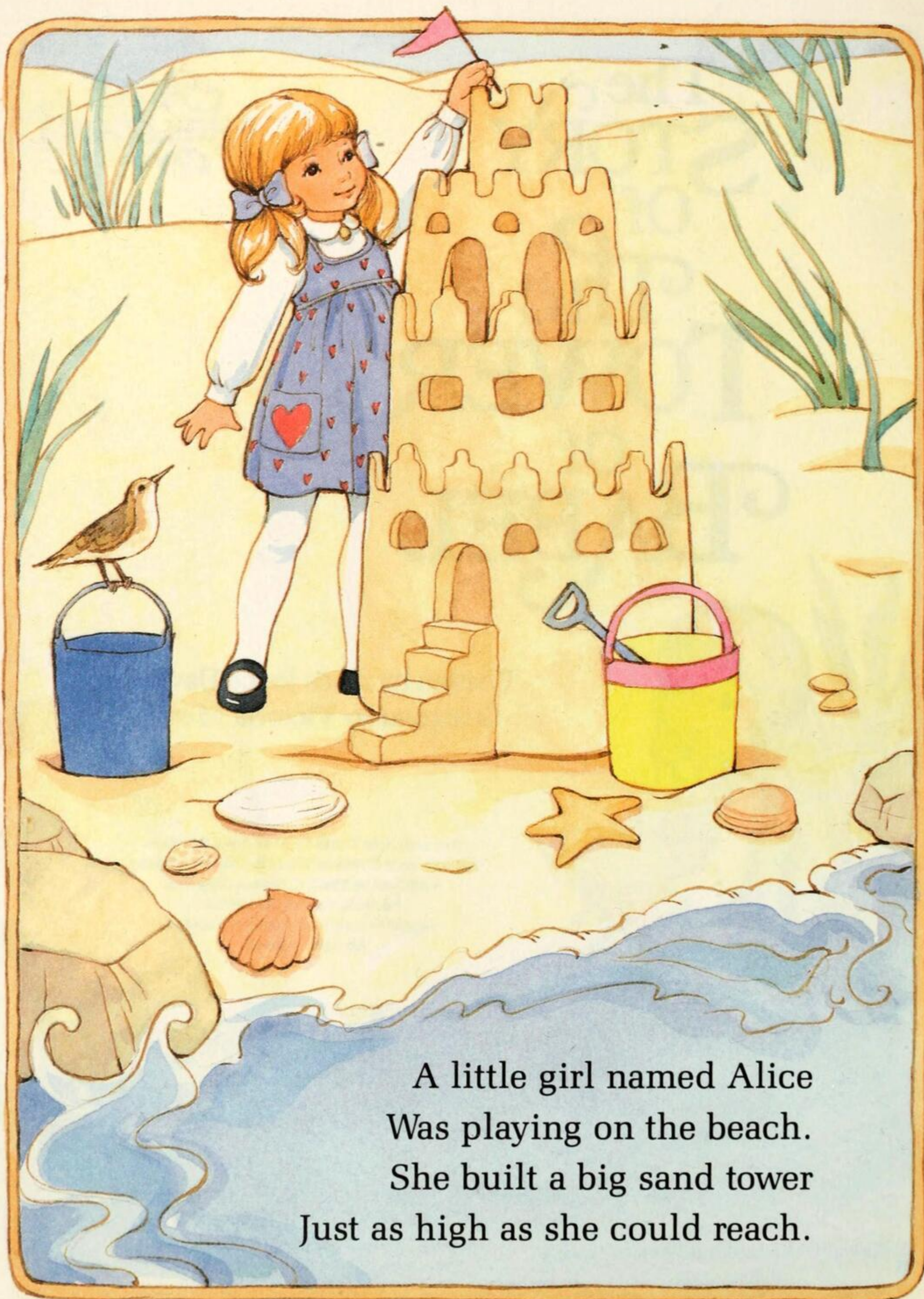
# The STORY Of The TOWER Of BABEL

An  
**ALICE**  
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Storybook

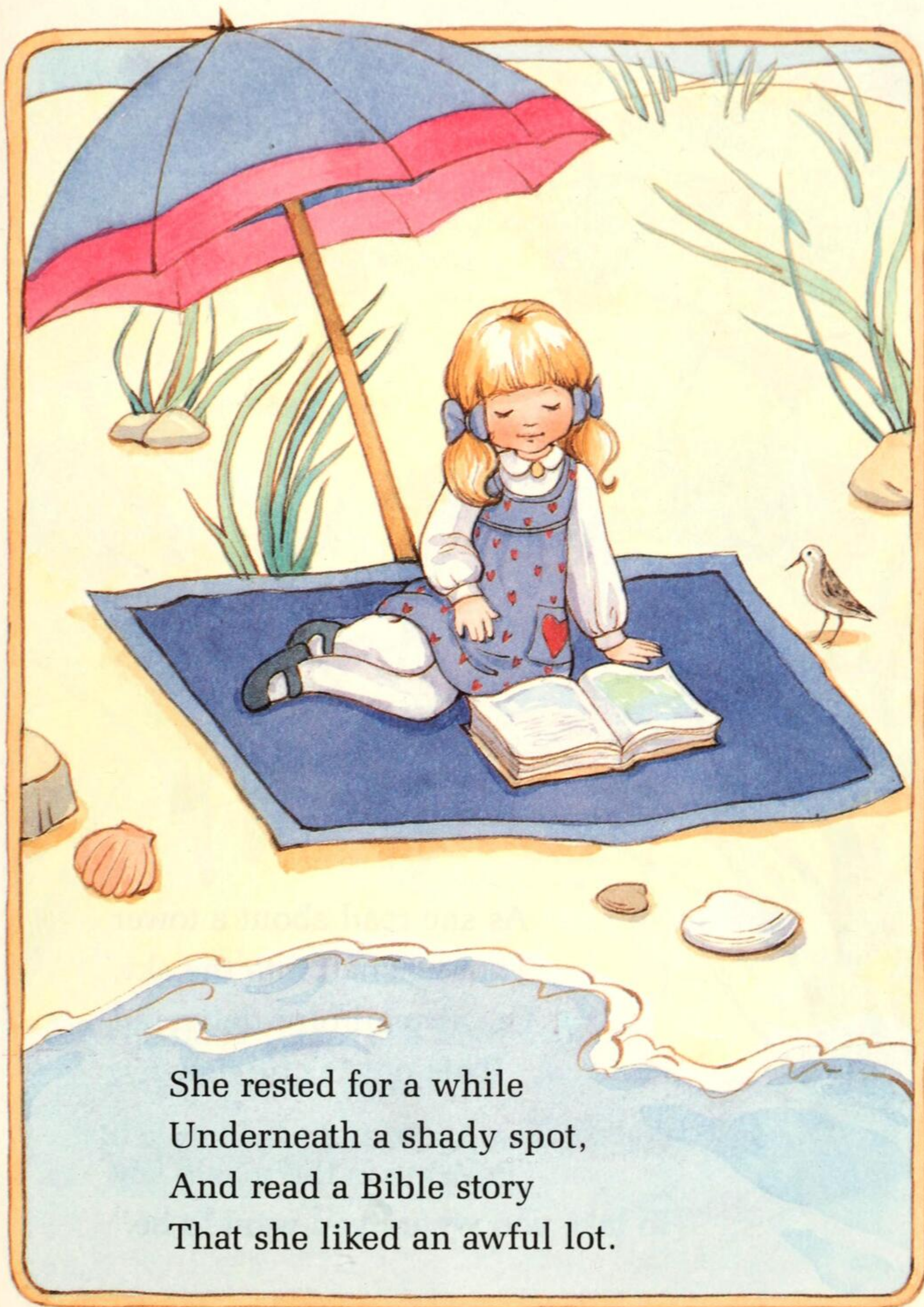
Written by Alice Joyce Davidson  
Designed by Victoria Marshall

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A little girl named Alice  
Was playing on the beach.  
She built a big sand tower  
Just as high as she could reach.

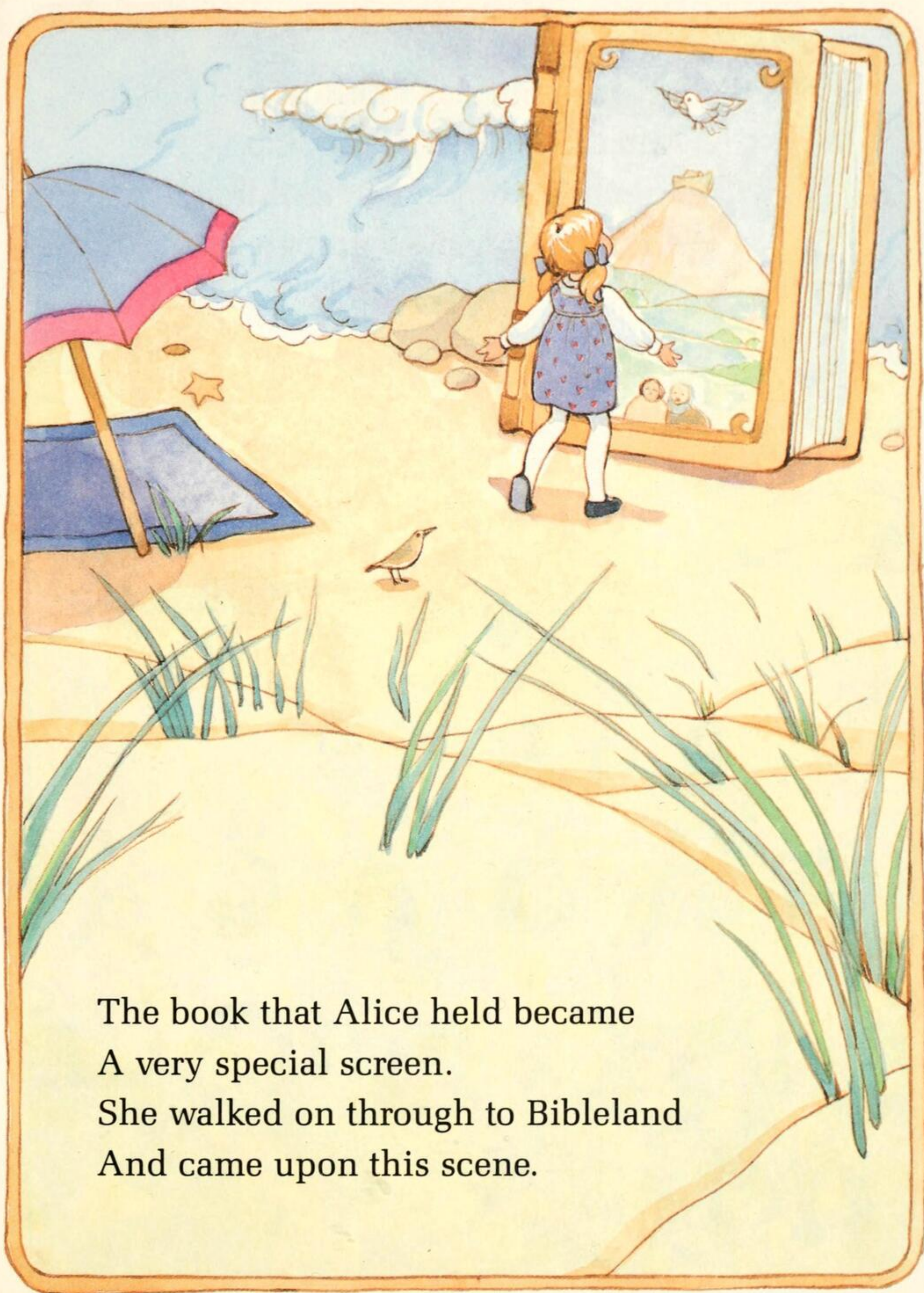


She rested for a while  
Underneath a shady spot,  
And read a Bible story  
That she liked an awful lot.



As she read about a tower  
That reached into the sky,  
The airmail bird delivered  
This note as he flew by:

“Reading is the magic key  
To take you where you want to be.”



The book that Alice held became  
A very special screen.  
She walked on through to Bibleland  
And came upon this scene.

Noah's family had children,  
And they had children, too.  
Their grandchildren had children,  
And the family grew and grew.

