

THE CHRONICLES
OF LIBERTY

SAMPLE

BOOK 1:
MR. BALDWIN & ME
AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL
CONVENTION

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First printing: May 2026

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Soft cover ISBN 979-8-3507-6315-7

Hard cover ISBN 979-8-3607-6314-0

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Cover & Interior design by Angela O'Dell.

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Miss Agatha Liberty™ is an original character designed
and illustrated by Angela O'Dell.

All poems by Agatha were created by Sonja Hettinga.



This book is lovingly dedicated to
Dave and Erik, who cheer on all of our
adventures...even when they include
journalist mice.

We thank God for you.



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From the pages of Agatha's journal...

Welcome to The Chronicles of Liberty—the beginning of a grand and mysterious adventure hidden just beneath the surface of history. For generations, a small but courageous family of mice has taken on an extraordinary calling: to protect the true stories of the past.

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From shadowed tunnels and quiet corners of great halls to the noise and chaos of battlefields, they have guarded these moments, passing them down from one keeper to the next.

These are stories of bravery, sacrifice, and the unfolding of something far greater than any one life. There are many stories yet to be discovered...many still waiting to be told.

"Psst... more stories
are waiting.
Listen here!"



Real Cool History for Kids Podcast Homepage



And now, a new Keeper of the Stories stands at the beginning of her own journey.

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Her name is Agatha Liberty.

As she explores the mysterious gathering in the room above, she finds herself in a front-row seat to one of the greatest moments in history. Has she found a story worth keeping? When the past threatens from the shadows, will she have the courage to take that first small, brave step when it matters most?

Authors' Disclaimer: This story is centered around Abraham Baldwin, a real character in history. All dialog was carefully chosen to fit what is known about his character. The authors of this book do not claim to have his personal journals about any mice friends he may have had.

All mouse characters in this story are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to real persons is purely coincidental...unless, of course, someone has been secretly living under the floorboards.



Mouse disclaimer: No rats were harmed in the creating of this story (although their feelings were probably hurt). Agatha Liberty





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~ 1 ~

I MEET MR. BALDWIN



Mama used to tell me that courage isn't being fearless—it's knowing that fear can't stop you from trusting God to help you be strong and courageous. My mama was one smart mouse and her wisdom has helped me through some pretty scary moments...even that terrifying night when my life changed forever.

I've repeated Mama's words of courage to myself many times in the last few years. Today, I repeated them again as I scampered along my secret passageways under the floor of the large house in Philadelphia where I live.

I refused to follow my imaginations of evil lurking in the shadows of the deserted maze of mouse tunnels under the great meeting hall's flooring. Great shafts of light poured through the boards



above me, reflecting off the dust particles dancing in the air as I moved with purpose through the tunnel.

My ears twitched and my fur stood on end in anticipation—I needed to know what was going on in the room above me. The echo of loud voices and vibration of

stomping feet had interrupted my life before, but the goings-on of the last few days were quite out of the ordinary.

The constant movement of my whiskers told me something big and important was going on. Perhaps it was the influence of my ancestors. After all, I have been an avid student of their important journals since my earliest memories of my father reading them to me before I could even read them for myself.

Something within me knew I needed to be part of the commotion upstairs. This could be my big break—my personal epoch journalism work and the opportunity I had been waiting for to

prove myself as a reporter and honor my father's memory.

My nose was fairly wiggling as I carefully poked my head around the edge of the small hole in the corner of the baseboard. I discovered this hole a long time ago. Despite my grandpa's gentle prodding to be careful, I had often used it to spy on the human inhabitants who met in this room.

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It was the perfect door for a little house mouse like me because it was mostly hidden behind a table with two chairs. The green tablecloth cascaded nearly to the floor further hiding the small opening.



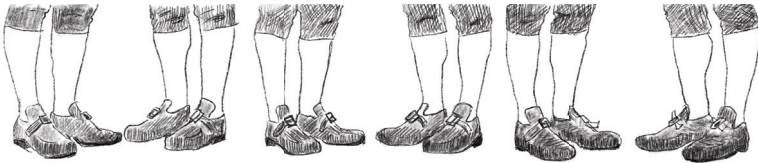
Today I ventured out further than I had ever gone before while the room was occupied. My curiosity drove me from one hiding spot to the next. I could feel my heart in my chest as I darted as fast as my legs could carry me.

The room smelled of ink and wool and something distinctly human. The air nearest the floor emanated the combined scents of old wood and crumbs and warm shoes.

The windows were shut tight, and the summer air had nowhere to go, trapping the odors even more than usual. My sharp eyes, ears, and nose took in the scene before me. I was made for this! I felt so alive as I observed, taking copious mental notes.

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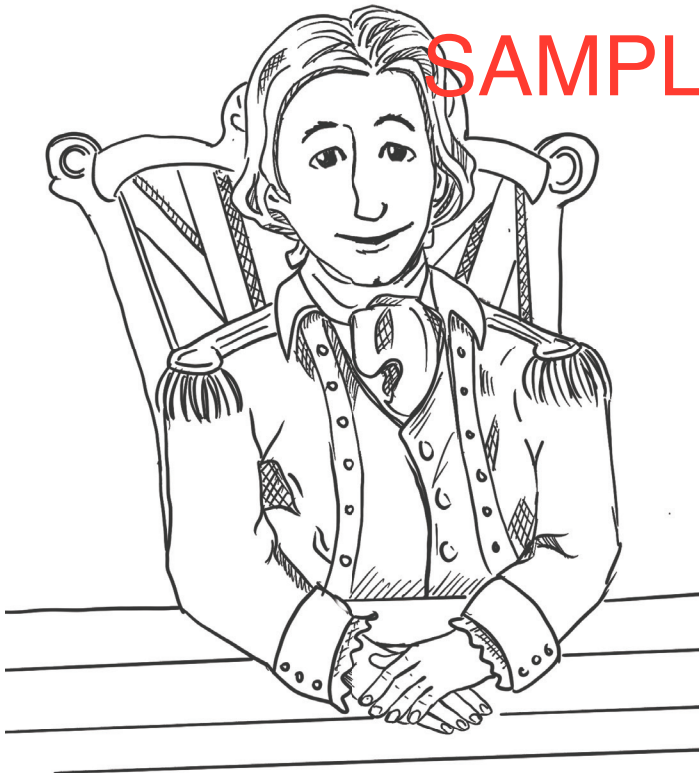
Hidden in a fold of one of the tablecloths, I could most clearly see the vast array of feet and legs of the men gathered there, but I stretched as far as I could to look at their faces.



From my hiding place, I could see a big man sitting at the front of the room facing the others. I noticed his chair had a sunrise engraved on its back. His face was serious, solemn, and calm, but not unkind. He sat straight and tall with his arms resting on the table in front of him.

He looked familiar, and I was certain I had seen

his face in one of my ancestors' history journals. I instinctively reached for the pencil and notebook that I am never without and made a note to do some research in the old chronicles belonging to those history-loving mice of the past when I got back home.



"I NOTICED HIS CHAIR HAD A SUNRISE
ENGRAVED ON ITS BACK."

My attention was immediately drawn to another man who was pacing up and down. He was a smaller man, and I watched his feet carefully as he moved in my direction. A mouse can never be too careful when shoes approach! “Steady now. Take courage, Agatha,” I thought to myself.

This man was younger than the first, but curiously, his expression was serious and mature. The other men called him Mr. Madison. He seemed pleasant, but perhaps a little too intense and focused to make friends with a mouse like me.

I monitored the gathering from my hiding place near the front of the room. Why were these men assembled? I couldn’t shake the feeling that they were even more uneasy being there than I. And, why, in this sweltering heat, were the windows closed?

In my study of humans, I had not yet witnessed such behavior. It all smelled of a secret. But what was it?

I scampered to a hole I knew beneath a window on the outer wall of the room. There, I squeezed myself through a crack and peered outside. I breathed deeply of the fresh, yet still hot air.

The sunlight caused me to squint. As my eyes adjusted, I saw what appeared to be men posted as guards outside the building. That confirmed it! This really was a mysterious gathering. As I grabbed my pen with haste and took note with my ink-stained paws, my curiosity grew within me.



SAMPLE

I knew that if I was ever going to understand what was going on, I would need to find someone in the meeting who wasn't easily agitated—someone who was calm and quiet and wouldn't mind being friends with a curious little journalist with big ears, a long tail, and a nose that wiggled when she was excited. I darted back inside.

Was there anyone like that in this big room? With the swiftness of a tiny gazelle, I arrived at my next hiding spot—a satchel lying slightly open on the floor next to a chair. As I silently pushed my way into the dark interior of the bag, I knew I wouldn't stay long—only until I could safely move to the next hiding spot....

“Squeeeek!” Suddenly, I found myself tumbling

whiskers over tail down to the bottom of the bag. Ummph! Something heavy landed on me. My head was still spinning when a hand came down and fumbled around in the depths of the bag.

My short life flashed before my eyes as I found myself being lifted from the darkness. A pair of startled dark eyes came into focus as I gathered my wits about me and made a vain attempt to free myself.

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“Now, now, little one. Stop struggling. I will not hurt you,” the man’s voice was kind and barely above a whisper. He had turned his body away to block me from the view of the other man sitting at his table.

I stopped and stared at the man. He seemed like just the kind of person I had been hoping to find. His quiet voice and demeanor were different than most of the others gathered in that room.

“I will put you down, if you will not bite me or run away, little one,” the man whispered as he carefully placed me on the table in front of him and arranged his bag to shield me from view.

Quietly he dug around in his pocket until he



"HE SEEMED LIKE JUST THE KIND OF PERSON I HAD
BEEN HOPING TO FIND!"

came up with a small bundle wrapped in cloth and tied with string. He opened it and placed a few small crumbs of biscuit and a plump, dark raisin at my feet and smiled encouragingly at me as I reached up to straighten my red hair bow.



The snack was delicious, and as I meticulously washed my paws and scrubbed all traces of it from my cheeks, his smile grew wider.

I knew I had found a friend. That afternoon, I learned the kind man's name: Abraham Baldwin. And according to the sign near his bag, he was something called a "Representative from Georgia." As I watched and read Mr. Baldwin's notes, I saw that he had fine handwriting.

I loved the sound of his quill pen scratching away. He seemed to understand that I was reading along and turned his paper for me to see more clearly. I was in such awe taking it all in, committing it to memory so that I could record it when I got home.

FAMILY STUDY GUIDE



SAMPLE

We gather close to learn and grow,
with open hearts and minds.
For wisdom often waits to shine
where truth and kindness bind.

Together we search the past
and better understand.
The stories of the ones before
help guide us where we stand.

So ask good questions, listen well,
and thoughtfully pursue
The joy of learning side by side
in all we say and do.

CHAPTER 1: I MEET MR. BALDWIN

Discussion Questions:

- The chapter ends with Agatha realizing she has a front-row seat to history. Why is it important for people to record history as it happens?
- Agatha notices shadows and possible danger in the tunnels but chooses to focus on what she knows is true. How can focusing on truth help people when they feel anxious or afraid?
- Abraham Baldwin is identified as a Representative from Georgia. Why was it important for states like Georgia to send delegates to the convention?
- The notes mention small states vs. big states. Why would states of different sizes disagree about representation in a new government?

Bible Connection:

Psalm 78:4

“We will tell the next generation the praiseworthy deeds of the Lord...”

Vocabulary:

- Courage – strength to do what is right even when afraid
- Anticipation – excited expectation for something coming
- Commotion – noisy confusion or activity
- Epoch – an important period of time in history
- Prodding – gently urging or pushing someone forward
- Emanated – came out from; flowed from
- Solemn – serious and thoughtful
- Instinctively – naturally, without thinking
- Agitated – upset or disturbed
- Sweltering – extremely hot
- Meticulously – very carefully and thoroughly
- Awe – wonder mixed with admiration
- Escapades – adventurous acts or mischief
- Quandary – a difficult problem or dilemma
- Astounding – amazing; surprising
- Representative – a person chosen to speak or act for others, such as for a state or group

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Group Activity Ideas:

Family Convention Debate

Instructions: Hold your own “family convention.” Pick a fun issue such as...

- Best pizza toppings
- Chore system
- Family game night choice

Let each family member be a representative of a “state” and politely debate.

Mouse-tective Journal

Create a small journal labeled: **SAMPLE**

This Journal Belongs to _____, Journalist

Spend the day writing observations around the house or neighborhood like Agatha.