

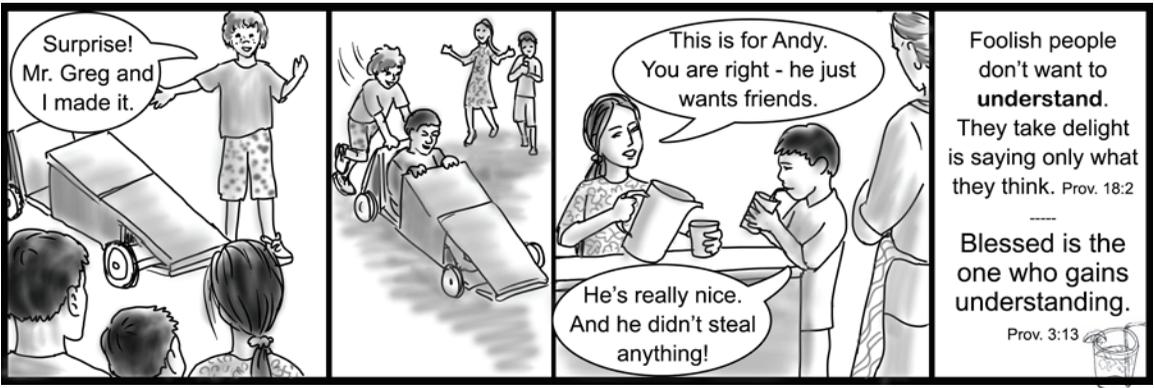
Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

3 Fools become wise

John, Lena, and Tim are visiting Grandma. What should they do for their afternoon fun?





Foolish people don't want to **understand**. They take delight in saying only what they think. Prov. 18:2

Blessed is the one who gains understanding.

Prov. 3:13



Think About It: *Jumping to Conclusions*

Have you thought something was true, and then found out it wasn't? Or maybe someone assumed you did a certain thing when you didn't? Like the children in the story, we can easily jump to conclusions when we know only a few things about a subject. What if your Mom isn't in the kitchen. Does that mean she went shopping? No. What if she said she needed to buy something and the car is gone? These facts might help you come to the right conclusion, but even then you could be wrong.

A right conclusion is based on correctly understanding the facts that we know, and often waiting to learn more. When these things were said in the story, did they know it was true, or did they just think it might be? Write F for fact and A for assumption.

- Andy can't come.
- He's never allowed to do anything fun.
- He's at Mr. Greg's house.
- He always goes there to work.
- Probably he stole something again.
- He'll be in jail soon.



Do you notice that it is easy to make an assumption or add your opinion when you hear something? I've done that before, and it is a foolish habit. Soon you will be believing things that aren't true and telling lies! That's

how gossip gets started. What is the wise way to live? Circle the things you can do to be wise:



Say what you think

Learn more about it



Care about others

Repeat what you hear



Point out others' faults

Realize what is an opinion or fact



Escape from a Snake

Rebekha was angry. Her teacher expected her to sit by a new girl in her ninth grade class in Pakistan. The new girl was a Christian, and Rebekha hated Christians! She chose to sit on the floor rather than sit by Mary, the new girl.

Rebekha then had to miss school because she was sick. She needed help studying for a test. None of the other Muslim girls would help her study. Mary offered to help, and Rebekha began to like Christians a little bit.

Some Christians started a sewing class in Rebekha's village, and Mary invited Rebekha to attend. Rebekha went to the class, but she sat separately from the Christian girls. She still did not like Christians very well.

The Christian girls were sad about Rebekha's attitude. They spent much time in prayer for her. Rebekha realized that she could find nothing wrong with the Christian girls. After two months, she asked Mary for a Bible. Mary happily gave her one. Mary asked God to help Rebekha understand the Bible and follow Christ.

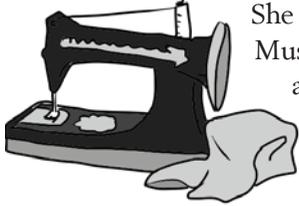
The girls' prayers were answered! Rebekha not only quit hating Christians; she became one! Rebekha was happy, but her family was miserable. They tried to get her to return to Islam, the religion of Muslims.

Honor is very important in many Muslim countries. A man receives honor if others in his culture respect him. He loses honor if members of his family do not follow the customs of those around him. Some Muslims in Pakistan believe they will lose honor if someone in their family becomes a Christian.

That is what Rebekha's uncles believed.

The uncles took Rebekha to a canal near their farmland. When they got to the canal, they saw a deadly cobra swimming in the water. "Good," the uncles said, "the cobra will bite her." They threw her into the canal and hurried away. Rebekha did not know how to swim. She prayed for help. The cobra disappeared. Rebekha climbed out of the canal and praised God for keeping her safe.

Rebekha returned home soaking wet. Her family was astonished. Her father said she could no longer live there since she had become a Christian. She left home, and Mary helped her find Christians who would take care of her. Rebekha was grateful to God for sparing her life.



Two Great Summer Activities

When you have a lot of cleaning and yard work to do, plan a **work party!**

1. Plan a day when several families are available to come over. Set a time and tell everyone what to bring.

Here is an example:

We are having a work party at our house on Friday from 10 to 2 PM. Bring a sack lunch and we will provide the dessert! Be ready to join work teams for housecleaning and weeding in the garden. If you can come, even for part of the time, that would be a blessing!

2. Now get ready.

What kind of work needs to get done?

If there are a lot of different jobs to do, it helps to make work teams and give them a list of what to do. Then gather the supplies and tools you will need. Here is an example:

Outside Team 1 (2-6 people)
Team Leader: *Angelina*
Tools: cobwebber, window-cleaning supplies, broom

1. Push down cobwebs around outside of house ✓
2. Remove and brush down window screens ✓
3. Wash and wipe outside of windows ✓
4. Replace screens
5. Sweep off walk ways



3. When the work day comes, show your team leaders what you want done. If your workers get to choose their job or team, they will probably do the work better and enjoy it more. Remember to notice when people are trying hard and encourage them. And be sure to thank everyone at the end!

... with family and friends!

For outdoor group activity, plan a **Discovery Nature Hike!**

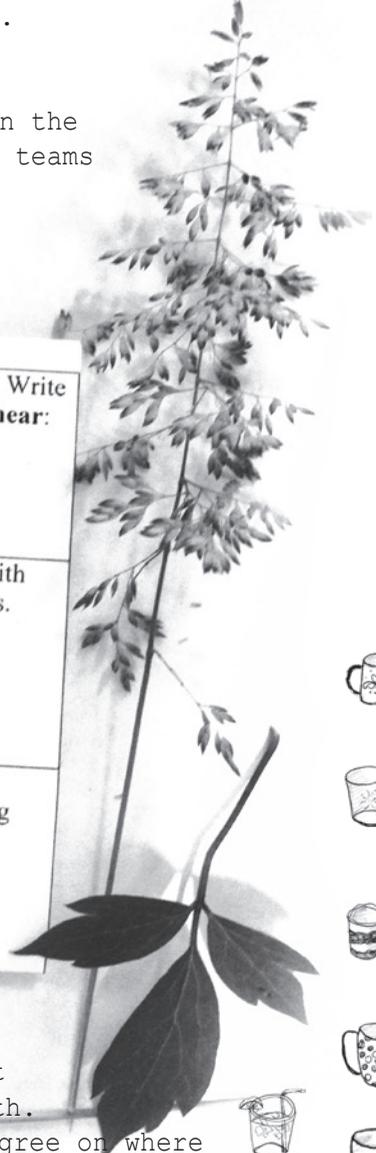
1. Decide on a place to go. The hike can be a walk through your neighborhood or a trek on a hiking trail. Invite your family and friends to join you and decide on a time and place to gather. Plan to bring water bottles, snacks or a sack lunch. You might want band-aids, too!

2. Prepare discovery cards for hiking teams to do on the hike together. You can plan a simple reward for the teams that finish the whole card, or get three in a row. Here is an idea:

Nature Discovery Card

Find a feather . What color is it?	Look for an insect (insects have 6 legs). What kind is it?	Stop and listen. Write 3 things you hear: 1. 2. 3.
Find 3 kinds of grass (hint: look for different seedy tops). Bring them along.	Find something that teaches you about God's care for you . Plan to tell about it.	Find a leaf with jagged edges. Draw it:
Find something soft . What is it?	Here are kind words I heard someone say:	Find something growing that you can eat . What is it?

3. Before starting the hike, divide up in teams and pass out the cards and pencils to mark with. Talk about how to stay safe and have fun. Agree on where and when everyone should meet back together. Ready, set, go!



Seed Multiplication

The weather is wet and rainy this week. It is a good time to plant some more seeds in the garden. Come on—you can practice your math while you help me! Here, you can carry the seeds and I'll get a trowel to make the furrows.

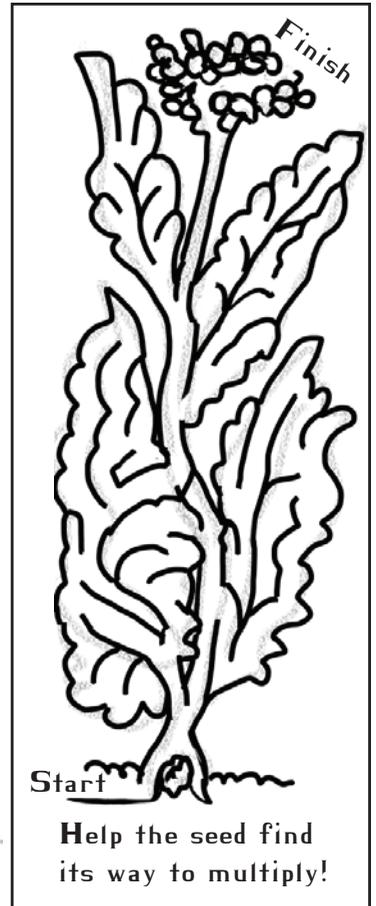
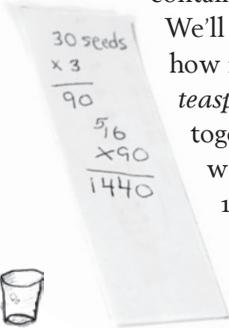
Wow! There is sure a lot of seeds in this container. What are they? you ask. Those are Swiss chard seeds that I saved. They are lumpy because they have more than one seed inside. *How many?* you ask. Let's open one and see. Carefully we break off the crumbly edges and open the seed. *There are two, and they are shiny!* you say.

Great. You can count by two as you put them in this furrow I made. *Two, four, six,* you count, as you plant the seeds. As we finish the row we count together: 54, 56, 58, 60! *That's a lot of Swiss Chard!* you say, as we pat the soil back over them. Yes, but that is only the beginning—each seed is going to multiply a lot more. Do you know how? *When it makes more seeds!* you say. *How many can one plant make?* I haven't counted, but it is more than a hundred because I filled this whole container from one plant. Do you want to count and see? *That will be too hard!* you say.

We'll count just the amount that fits into a teaspoon. Then we can multiply to find out how many would fill the container. *Thirty seeds fill up the teaspoon!* You say. Good—we'll figure the rest on paper together. Multiply 30 by 3, to see how many seeds would be in a tablespoon. Now we'll multiply that by 16, because that is how many tablespoons would fill the container. *Wow! That is a lot!* you say.

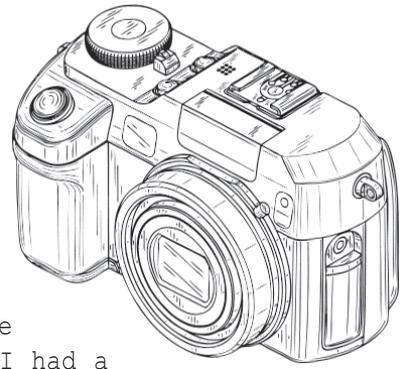
Just think, one seeds multiplied more than one thousand times! God made seeds to be amazing packages of life that just makes more and more and more. The Bible tells us that God's Word is like a seed. Remember how Jesus told about the farmer planting seeds? *Yes, some got eaten by birds, and some got choked by weeds,* you say. But some grew in good soil and produced a wonderful harvest. That shows us what happens when God's Word is planted in our hearts. We planted Swiss Chard today because I want to grow them to eat this summer. But if I just kept the seeds in the container, would they grow? *No, they need to be in the soil,* you say. That's right. And God's Words in the Bible are just like a container full of seeds. We need to put them in our hearts and believe them before they will grow.

Let's think about it. Do you have a Bible verse you have memorized? *I know "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right,"* you say. Do you believe that is true? *Yes,* you nod. Good. If you keep it in your heart and protect it from bad attitudes and lazy habits that want to creep in, it will grow. And not just grow, but multiply and fill your life with blessings! Why don't you try it and see?



How Does God Answer Prayer?

There are many ways God answers prayer.



It may be through a miracle. A year ago my family and I were traveling through Yellowstone National Park to visit some family in Montana. I had a camera with two batteries. One of them didn't work and the other one was only half charged. It was giving me trouble and didn't usually stay charged very long. There was no place to charge it as we were traveling. I wanted to take lots of pictures! So I prayed and asked God to help the battery to hold out and not go dead. Amazingly by the end of the day I had taken over 200 pictures and my battery was still half charged!



But God doesn't always answer prayer like that...His answer may be Yes, No, or Wait Awhile. Some prayer requests may take awhile to answer. For a long time I had been praying for two girls who we knew who really needed to be saved. I prayed for them every night for a really long time. I began to get discouraged because it seemed like none of my prayers were getting answered. But then, not too long ago, one of them became a Christian and after a few weeks the other one did too!

Amazing how God works if we pray. But God may not always answer prayer the way we want Him too. It may be that He wants to grow us in a different way. But make sure you know what God's will is for you, and keep praying!

J. Hudson, 13



Do you have an experience to tell? Get on our email list (back cover), and we'll contact you before the next issue.

Buried Treasures

I HOPE WE CAN PRINT YOUR STORY NEXT!

Have you been praying a long time for something? Or are you having some hard trials? In all that happens to us, God has good to give—just like these children found out. Read and see!

Love
Courage
Gentleness
Trust
Kindness
Faith



Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy



I've been born again. 😊

One early morning when it was still dark outside, I woke up with a dream about Jesus coming back. And that I was not able to go to heaven unless I was saved. I was scared and crying and went to Momma. And she told me how Jesus died on the cross for me. And then I started to smile and didn't feel scared. The next day I was as happy as ever. - Rebecca, 10



Money for Bunny

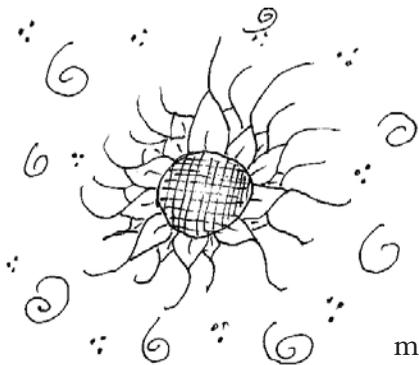
I have been wanting a rabbit so I was trying to earn money. I had some but I still needed more. One day, Mama told me that if I caught stink bugs (in the house), she would pay me 25 cents for alive stink bugs and 10 cents for dead stink bugs. Me, Bonnie, Becca and Promise got a bottle and went and looked and caught 60 stink bugs!

I had more money. About 6 weeks later, the girls were washing out thier rabbit tractors. I washed up another pen and got it ready for bunnies. I had to pay Mama and Poppa \$50 for the pen. Then I bought a water bottle. I built feeders too!

Then I got a BUNNY! Her name is Trinity. I like feeding her kale and salad and sometimes she bites me! And she is skittish. I am making her friendly so she isn't scared of me. I like her. - Yeremae, 8



God's Gracious Correction



I am so thankful to God for all his love, mercy, and never-ending faithfulness. I have recently been going through some difficult trials, as God is slowly showing me how much I am a sinner, a lost soul, and without Jesus Christ I would be nothing. That no matter how much you try your best to “do good” it will never reach up to God's standards. That's why Jesus came. ☺

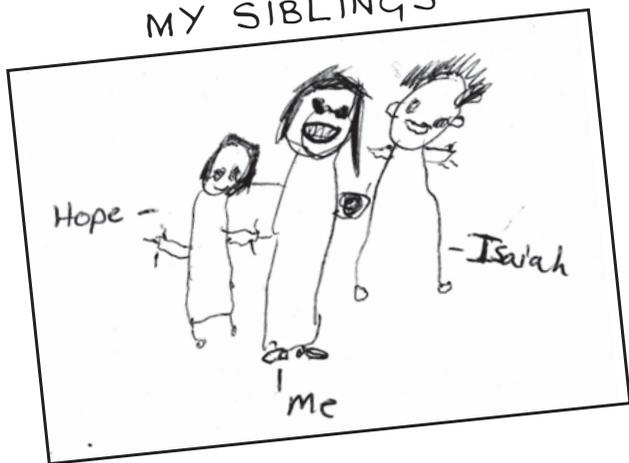
At one point I was crying and feeling really discouraged about God's correction. Hebrews 12:11—“Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” And God suddenly reminded me that He loves me way, way too much for me to come to the end of my life and to stand before God and for me to say, “See, God: look at all the things I did for You. How I fed the poor (or whatever)...” and for Him to say, “I don't know you” and for me to go to eternal hell. He is so faithful and such a merciful Father. Proverbs 3:11-12—“My son, despise on the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction. For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.”

God is a good God! Amen!

- Isabella, 16



MY SIBLINGS



I have been playing with Isiah. Sometimes he gets mad at me, then Isiah gets happy. I also like Hope - she is cute. I kiss her. - Promise Joy, 4



Love

Courage

Gentleness

Trust

Kindness

Faith

Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy

Do you know that God cares?

Whether our needs are big or small, God wants us to talk to Him and ask for His help. When good things happen, it pleases God that we are thankful. Let's remember to pray for each other!

A Place for Prayer

REQUESTS AND THANKSGIVINGS

Please pray that our kittens will not die.—Emily, 6



I prayed for many, many years that God would give us a little baby. And now my mom is going to have a baby! We are so excited! Please pray for my mom and the little baby that they will be safe.—Liesel, 8



My mama cat had two kittens. One is calico and one is gold and black. I found them underneath the barn steps. The calico one is Blaze of Glory. And the gold and black one is Moon Shadow. I'm thankful that she didn't hide them far away. Please pray that they will not die, because the rest of the kittens did.
- Ellianna, 10

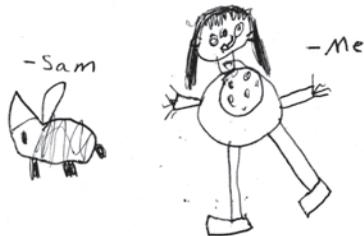
My  kitten!



Please pray that my cat will sell for \$100.—Lillian, 9 1/2

I'm very thankful for God's love and care for me. Recently I was feeling overwhelmed with many needs and I asked God to give me peace and strength, and He did. He also sent some friends and neighbors to bless me in a very special way.

You see, my sister has been very ill and our family was busy taking care of her. We didn't have much time to take care of cleaning and weeding around our house. Then we had a work party and over 20 people showed up! Soon our house and yard was clean and beautiful again. It was such a blessing! (Learn more about planning a work party on page 4.)—Aunt Laura



I was wanting a bunny and now I got one. His name is Sam. He is friendly and he is a buck. He likes to eat grass. I like to put him in the bunny run. I really like him.—Bonnie Grace, 6



Father

A TRUE STORY &

The Cow

PART TWO

Dorothea sang while she milked. It wasn't her usual job to milk the cows, but Mother said she could be spared from helping inside since the boys were harvesting Mr. Farner's orchard this morning. Dorothea was glad. It was good to get outside and enjoy the autumn breeze and sunshine. And even though she was the youngest, she was being trusted to do something important!

Suddenly the cow gave a hard kick and milk sloshed everywhere. "Bad, Susie!" Dorothea said, snatching the pail away. "I was almost done, and now half the milk is spilled!" She tried reaching for the teats again, but Susie lifted her foot. Angrily, Dorothea gave her a slap and sent her outside. "At least Blessing won't kick," she said, as she turned to stroke their big Brown Swiss cow on the neck. "Mother gave you the perfect name. If it wasn't for you, we would have been in desperate straits after Father left. Has it already been two years since he went abroad?"

As Dorothea milked Blessing, her mind wandered back to the day she had stood at the window, watching their



faithful cow Meg being sold. Father had left with all the money, and everyone had worried on how they would survive the winter. Everyone, that is, but Mother. She had always known that God would take care of them. And sure enough, when Mr. Farner had loaned them the money to buy Blessing, everything had turned around. They soon had paid off their kind neighbor and had plenty of milk to sell to help buy food and coal for the winter.

The boys came home midday for lunch. "How'd the milking go, Dori?" David asked. "It probably was pretty tough for a little girl like you," Alfred teased. Dorothea's face got pink. "I got two and half pails full, even if my arms are sore!" she replied. "Well, I can do it tonight and let them rest," said Alfred, cheerfully. "Mr. Farner doesn't need me back until tomorrow."

"Then I can use your help harvesting the potatoes," Trina said. "It has been quite cold and I want to get them to the cellar before a hard freeze."

"Can I help, too?" Dorothea asked. "I'll hurry with the dish washing!"

"That is a good plan," Mother agreed. "God has given us such bounty this year that perhaps we won't need to buy potatoes at all."

"That's because we were able to till up a bigger garden plot with Blessing to pull the plow," put in David. "I never knew a cow could be such a willing worker!"

"I'm going to hitch her to the sled to pull the potatoes to the cellar," said Alfred, pulling on his



jacket. "Meet you girls out by the potato patch."

The potato harvest was just as wonderful as Mother had said. Dorothea was on her second row when she heard the sound of a carriage stopping by the house. "It's the clergyman," Trina said. She dumped a load of potatoes onto the sled and brushed the dirt off of her apron. "What could he want?"



"I admit, I was pretty faithless when he left you penniless. Now I see that the Lord's saving hand has been stretched out on your behalf." He watched as the children finished filling the sled. With a "cluck" from Alfred, Blessing lunged into her collar and the full load of potatoes soon was pulled right to the cellar door.

"Amazing, amazing," the clergyman muttered, as he turned to leave. "God has certainly blessed you richly, Mrs. Trudel."

 "Don't know," Alfred said. "Maybe he'll report us for using a cow to haul potatoes!" Dorothea looked at her big brother and frowned. She knew he was teasing, but it was true that the clergyman had once said that Father should be reported because he had left them without money. Would he be angry because Blessing was hitched up like an ox?

 They didn't have long to find out. The clergyman and Mother soon came around the house and strolled over to the garden. "A fine harvest indeed!" they could hear the clergyman say. "You tell me that this amazing cow has helped with the farm work as well?" "Yes," Mother replied. "Our heavenly Father has wonderfully taken care of us, just as He promised. You can see that we have had no lack of anything since my husband has been away." "Yes, indeed," the clergyman nodded, thoughtfully.

It was not long after that that the letter from Father came. Lisa handed it to Mother when she got home from work, and all the Trudel children gathered around in curiosity. They had rarely heard from him these two whole years, and Dorothea liked it that way. Now, as Mother read the short note aloud, Dorothea felt a nervous shiver go up her back.

"I will be arriving home on the mid-day train on the 15th. Have David meet me at the station to bring my luggage. See you soon."



The room was silent for several seconds, and then Trina and Valerie let out long sighs. "I wish it wasn't soon," Alfred muttered. "We could live a lot better without..." Mother looked at Alfred, and he fell silent. "The 15th is only next week," Lisa said quietly. "Yes, and we will all

be ready to welcome Father home,” Mother said, folding the paper.

Dorothea knew better than to argue, but she wasn't ready to welcome Father at all. Just thinking about him coming made her afraid and angry all at once. How could Mother be so kind when Father was always selfish and difficult to live with? She watched as Mother lifted her eyes to some faraway place beyond the ceiling. A beautiful glow filled her face, and Dorothea knew Mother was praying. Yes, it was God that made her so sweet and good.

Welcoming Father wasn't easy, but they all tried their best for Mother's sake. The boys finished storing the garden produce and cleaned up the yard. Trina and Valerie made his favorite potato soup, and Lisa brought home some bacon to go with it. While David went off to the train station, Dorothea set the table. She pulled up the biggest chair to the end of the table and set it with the biggest bowl. Mother put a warm green scarf over the edge of the chair. She had knitted it especially for Father.

“My dear wife and children!” Father said, when he arrived at the door. Mother gave him a hug and kiss and said, “Are you hungry, dear? Dinner is all ready.” Father smiled and sat down at the table. He didn't seem to notice the green scarf, but Mother didn't say anything. “What big girls I have to prepare such a meal, and Dori surely has grown up!” he said. Dorothea lifted her head and smiled. Father wasn't gruff or mean. Maybe things wouldn't be so bad after all.



At first Father did all the talking. He was jolly and told all about his travels, while everyone listened politely. Dorothea was glad when he at last changed the subject. “Well now, what have all the children been doing to keep busy and out of trouble?” He looked at Mother, but she just smiled and nodded toward Lisa and David. “Ask them, for they certainly have been hard workers.” The older children looked at each other and didn't say anything. Dorothea wiggled in her seat. She wanted to tell Father how she had milked the cows and helped harvest potatoes, but she knew she must wait until she was asked. At last David said, “We've just finished harvesting the garden and so the cellar is stocked for the winter.” “Of course, of course,” Father said, “I certainly can see that work has been done around here. Very fine indeed.” He pushed his chair back from the table.

Dorothea couldn't keep quiet any longer. “We got a new cow after you left!” she exclaimed. “Her name is Blessing and I help to milk her. She is a good worker, too.” “A good worker?” Father questioned. “Yes, she works like an ox and she is the best milker we've ever had,” said Alfred. Father raised his eyebrows and looked at Mother. She nodded. “Yes, dear, God has supplied for our needs in a wonderful way while you were gone.” Father didn't say anything, and Dorothea noticed the pleasant look leave his face. Slowly he stood and put on his coat. “Well, since you don't need me around here, I'll just head down to the tavern. I have friends there.” The last words were surprisingly



hard, like Susie's kick, and Dorothea looked at Mother. Her face was pale, but she smiled bravely. "Have a good evening, dear." She watched him disappear down the street, then slowly picked up the green scarf from off the chair and folded it carefully.

Mother when Father came in, his eyes puffy. "Where's that blame cow you were telling me about?" he asked Dorothea, gruffly. Dorothea looked at Mother, who was quietly spinning. Mother nodded.

 "Why is Father angry?" Valerie asked, as she gathered the empty soup bowls.

 "I think he isn't happy because we have such a nice cow," said David.

 "Why doesn't he like Blessing? She is the best cow in the world!" said Dorothea.

 "He didn't like it that we were doing fine without him," explained Lisa.

 "Would he rather have us starving while he was gone?" Trina asked, hotly.

 "Probably," Alfred said, a dark look filling his face. "He's just as mean as..."

 "Children." Mother's quiet firm voice brought silence to the kitchen. "We will not talk disrespectfully of your father. The news about Blessing upset him, so we won't mention it any more."

 "Yes, Mother," Lisa said. "We won't."

 Father came home late from the tavern, staggering at the door with a slur in his speech. Dorothea knew he was drunk and was glad to stay hidden under the bed covers. Mother helped him to bed and Dorothea didn't see him again until late the next morning. She was busy carding wool for



"She's out in the field with Susie, Father," Dorothea said, nervously. "Do you want to see her?"

"Naw," Father said, sitting down heavily into a chair. "Just making sure we have her handy when someone comes to buy her."

"Buy her?" Dorothea's eyes opened wide in dismay. "You can't sell her, Father! She's our best cow and –"

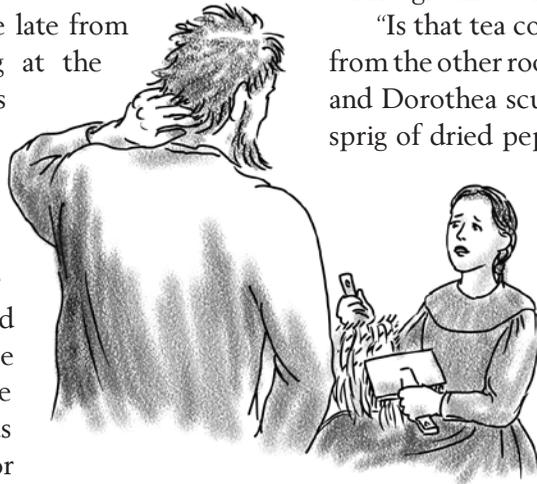
"And she's going to make some good money, which I need!" Father snapped. "Bring me some hot peppermint tea, Dori. I have a headache."

Dorothea got up quickly and slipped into the kitchen. She found Valerie making cheese at the stove. "Did you hear what Father said?" she whispered. "He's going to sell Blessing!" Valerie stopped stirring the curds and stared at her in disbelief. "Not Blessing!" she said with a groan. "What will we do without her?"

"Is that tea coming or not?" Father's voice from the other room was loud and demanding, and Dorothea scurried to the pantry to get a sprig of dried peppermint. On her way back she nearly bumped into Alfred who was bringing in a load of coal.

"What's the rush, sis?" he asked, looking at her in surprise.

"Father wants tea," Dorothea said quickly. But she couldn't resist



adding, "And he's going to sell Blessing, too!"

"What stupid idea is that!?" Alfred exclaimed. "He's a f—"

"Shhh!" Valerie hushed them both. "Remember what Mother said. Besides, he'll hear you!"

Dorothea didn't say any more, but she didn't feel one bit peaceful. Every time she heard a carriage roll past on the street she would look out the window nervously. Was someone coming to buy Blessing? Father fell asleep in his chair and snored loudly. Dorothea felt trapped. Mother started to hum softly. She didn't seem worried at all!

As the week passed by all the children kept one eye on the road. One afternoon Mr. Farner stopped by with his fine carriage when Father was out. David went out to meet him as the rest of them watched through the window nervously. He came back to the house with a frown on his face. "Does he want to buy Blessing?" Trina asked, anxiously. "No, it's worse than that," David said, glumly. "Father is selling Blessing at half her value! Mr. Farner just came by to warn us, since he knows what a good milk cow she is."

"That's just terrible! What can we do?" Valerie asked, clasping her hands together.

"Don't be so fearful, children," Mother said. Dorothea looked up at her strong quiet face and saw a bright light in her eyes. "If your father could do whatever he likes, none of you would be alive now. God will never let him do any more than He knows will be for our

good." She smiled at their sober faces. "Believe me. God, who has given us this cow, will keep it for us as long as we need it."

Mother was right. The weeks turned into months, and the months into years. Father seemed to forget all about the big Brown Swiss cow, and Blessing continued to give them plenty of milk and hard work. Whenever Dorothea wondered if God would take care of one of their needs, all she had to do was remember the cow He had given them. Just like Mother always said, no matter what their earthly father might do, their heavenly Father was worthy to trust every time.

About this story:

Dorothea Trudel was a real person and this story really happened. She grew up in Switzerland in the 1800's as the youngest of 11 children. Though her father often was unkind and selfish, Mother Trudel showed her children by her prayers and faith that God was worthy to trust. When Dorothea was a teenager she gave her life to God. After that she lived to show His love to everyone around her, and God used her life and faith to bless many people who were sick and hurting. The lessons of trusting God as a child always stayed with Dorothea, and she was glad to show others that He was a Father that they could safely trust in. Dorothea wrote about her mother and childhood in a small book called, "My Mother."





Treasures of the Kingdom

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Dear Reader,

Have you been discovering God's goodness to you? We have! And many of our blessings come through hard times... we just have to dig for them!

Do you have something to share or questions to ask? We are glad to receive your letters and emails.

Online issues and other literature are available at **timelesstruths.org**.

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, and their daughters: Laura, Kara, and Amanda. The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda, as we look to the Lord to provide content and direction.

The paper is freely sent to those that request it. You will be kept on our mailing list unless you request otherwise. If the Lord leads you to send anything, please note that since we are not a business we cannot cash checks made out to *Treasures of the Kingdom*.

In the King's service,
The Editors

Email List: If you have an email address, please send it to us so we can contact you when we are gathering material for our "golden pages."

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SEND TO:

How many cups can you find?
There should be 101 including this one:



Number 72

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