

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates

“What Time I Am Afraid”

“Halt!” It was a big man in a blue uniform. Rosie tried to run, but her legs wouldn’t move. He grabbed her arm and marched toward a big stone building. She was going to jail!

Rosie jerked away and sat up in bed. It had been a horrible dream.

Elise Thompson had told her all about policemen and jails. Her uncle had been in jail once. Daniel said that the police only caught bad people, but Rosie shivered all over. That big man had seemed so real and terrible.

“Dear Lord, take care of me, and help me, please,” Rosie prayed. “Help me not think about it anymore. Amen.” Rosie curled up in bed, and at last fell asleep.

* * *

“Mrs. Thompson called and invited us to go strawberry picking with them,” Mother told them the next morning. The Thompsons were a home-schooling family that they had met last fall. They lived outside of town and often invited the Chapman family over.

“Will Eddy be there?” Daniel asked.

“Can I pick with Elise?” added Rosie.

Mother smiled. “We’ll see.”

At the strawberry field Mother parked next to the Thompson’s car. “I need all of you to have good behavior and not to play around,” she said. Mrs. Thompson came bustling over with her two children and Mother handed out the picking trays.

As she put on her sun hat, Rosie smiled at her friend. Elise’s curly, dark hair made her remember her dream, but it didn’t seem so frightening now. The morning sun made the red berries glow. Picking with Elise would be so much fun!

The lady at the stand didn’t smile when she looked at the crowd of children. “We don’t want any berries smashed. There must be no running in the field,” she said sharply, peering from under her red cap. “And no pulling flags, and—” she stretched her neck like she wanted to peck them, “STAY AWAY from the back fence!” Rosie thought she would stay away from that lady, too.



A VIEW FROM THE TOWER: Someone to Depend On

“He trusted in the LORD God of Israel.” II Kings 18:5
“And he was intreated of them; because they put their trust in him.” I Chr. 5:20

You depend on your parents for many things. Can you trust your little sister to make the meals? Does Daddy depend on you to drive the car? No. Even though you can do a lot of things for yourself, you still need others to do many things for you. And you don't have to worry about if Mom will cook the meals or Daddy will drive safely. You can depend on them. They have proven to be faithful to take care of you.

We all need someone we can depend on. Just like Rosie, there are times when we are afraid. Maybe the problem is too big for us. Maybe we feel all alone. Maybe we got into trouble. Is there Someone we can trust to take care of all our needs and always there when we need Him? Yes. Our Father in heaven is big enough for any trouble we have. If we call on Him for help, He is always there. We can depend on Him.

In the story Rosie had a test. When things went wrong she had to choose to either follow Elise and hide the truth, or stand up for what was right. It wasn't easy to tell the truth, because Rosie was afraid of what might happen. She couldn't do right if she depended on herself. She had to depend on God and ask Him to help. And did He help her? Yes. When the problem was too big for her, it wasn't too big for the Lord at all. We are safe when we trust in God.



“She is mean,” Elise whispered, as they walked down the strawberry rows.

“Maybe she doesn't like us,” Rosie said. “I'm not going to smash any berries, though.”

Elise popped a strawberry in her mouth and smacked her lips. “Yummy! I'm going to pick a whole bucket,” she said. “Mom makes really good strawberry pie and if we make extra she said Eddy and I can sell them.”

“I like strawberry shortcakes best,” Rosie said, dropping three bright berries in her tray. She didn't mind the scratchy leaves when there were so many things to talk about. Elise said that they had a new trampoline and Rosie told her about the black hen that was sitting on 17 eggs.

“Seventeen eggs!” Elise's eyes opened wide. Then she laughed. “I like piglets best. Our pig had nine once and they were really cute.”



Irene was catching up with them now, and all the big strawberries had been picked. “Let’s find a new spot,” Rosie suggested.

“No one is picking in that corner,” Elise said, pointing to the other side of the boys. They hopped over six rows and then walked to the end of the field. There weren’t many berries and the girls’ backs were soon tired.

“They should have a drinking fountain here,” Elise panted, flopping down in the tall grass. “Let’s go ask that lady.”

“I’m not going to,” Rosie said with a frown. The booth lady had reminded Rosie of a fighting cock she had seen once. “Let’s go sit in the shade for awhile,” she suggested, walking over to a tall bush.

“What are you doing?” Eddy called, coming up behind them. “Are you going to see the pigs?”

“What pigs?” Rosie asked.

“On the other side of those bushes,” he said, biting into a berry. “They grunt like anything when you come near them.”

“Oh, let’s go look!” Elise said quickly. Rosie followed her friend behind the bushes and found herself staring at three black pigs. When they spotted the girls they began pressing their snouts under an old wire fence.

Rosie stepped back, clutching her strawberry tray. The pigs opened their mouths and grunted. “Oh, they’re hungry,” Elise said, holding out a berry. With a wild snort the biggest pig toppled over the fence and knocked over Elise’s bucket.

“Run!” Dropping her strawberries Rosie dashed around the bushes with Elise on her heels. They didn’t stop until they were halfway down the field.

“Is it coming?”



“Shhh! It’s eating my berries, and maybe it will stay there,” Elise answered, crouching down next to her.

“What will the lady say?” Rosie asked.

Elise clutched her arm. “You better not tell her!” It reminded Rosie of the terrible policeman and she shivered.

“Will she call the police on us?”

“Probably. She could send us to jail for sure. I’m going to tell Mom that my bucket got broken. You better be quiet, or else we’ll be in big trouble.” Elise got up and began walking quickly toward the moms.

Rosie stared after her, her heart thumping. What should she do? She couldn’t lie. But if she told Mom what happened, she would tell the lady, and then—Rosie shivered again. She could just see the jail bars.

“What time I am afraid...” It was a Bible verse she memorized once. How did it go? Something about trusting God. Rosie stopped and pressed her hands together. “Dear Father in Heaven, help me to say the truth. And keep me safe. Amen.”

Mother was carrying berries toward the van. Rosie almost ran down the rows toward her. “Mama, Mama!” she almost sobbed. “There is a pig out—we didn’t mean to, but it climbed the fence and got our strawberries—and, oh! Don’t let the lady call the police—I think Chad can catch it and—”

“Calm yourself, dear,” Mother said. “I don’t know anything about a pig. Please explain what has happened from the beginning.” So Rosie poured out the whole story, including what Elise had said.

“We will tell the lady right away and she won’t call the police,” Mother said firmly. “I am sorry that Elise is afraid to do right, but I am very happy that my little girl was brave.”

Rosie smiled through her tears. “I was afraid to tell the truth, too, but God helped me,” she whispered.



Proper Punishments



In the King's Garden



Do you ever get in trouble? No one wants to be blamed. So you try to make an excuse and get out of it. "It wasn't really my fault" or "I didn't know." But is that the best way out? Let's see what lesson the King has to teach us in His garden today.

Oh, look there! The Gardener must have got a new dog. See him pulling around on the end of that leash? He looks eager to chase the palace pigeons or sniff through the flower beds. What is the Gardener planning to do with him? Let's go over and see.

"I'm training him to be a watch dog," the Gardener says, as we stroke the silky ears. "But he has a lot to learn yet. Our lesson today is about listening. Come, Faithful!"

We watch as he gives our furry friend a little tug on the lead, but Faithful only jumps and barks. He doesn't want to leave us. Maybe we should get out of the way?

"No," the Gardener says with a grim smile. "This is a lesson he needs to learn, even when he's having fun."

"Come, Faithful." The Gardener's voice is low and clear, but this time his arm is quick. Before Faithful can let out a bark, he's been flipped around and is sitting at his master's boots. The dog looks startled, and crouches down with tucked tail. "Come," his master says, and walks down the path. Faithful follows along with a little shake and a jump, as if to say, "Good—time to run!"

A robin hops onto the lawn and Faithful pricks his ears. "Come!" The line snaps at the dog's throat and Faithful sits down with a whine, as if to say, "Why do I always get in trouble?"

The Gardener steps forward again. "Come," he says in a calm, cheerful voice and pops the lead. Suddenly Faithful seems to understand. With a wag of his tail he bounds to his Master's side. Come means, "stay with me." Now we see a pretty picture of a happy dog walking by his master's side, ready to listen!

Did you notice that when Faithful crouched down and whined he didn't learn his lesson?

The snap on his neck hurt, but it was just to get his attention. It is the same way for us.

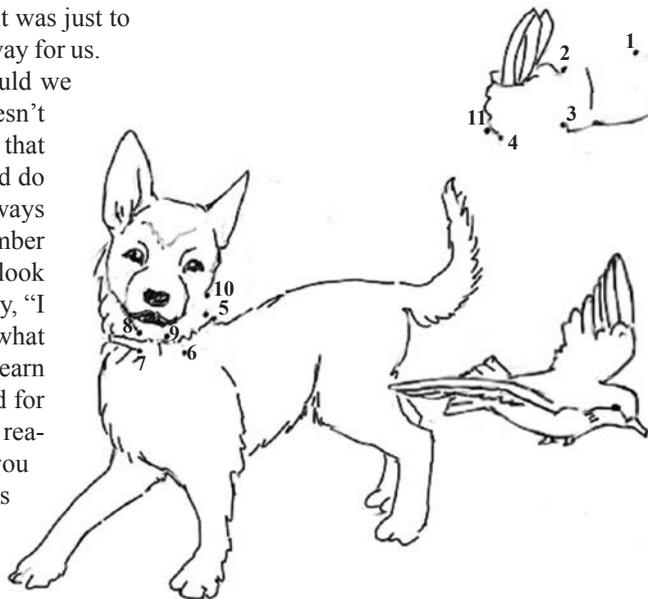
If we have been corrected, should we

sit down and fuss? No, that doesn't help at all! Punishment is given that we might *learn* how to obey and do well.

Instead of, "Why do I always get in trouble?" let's remember Faithful. How much better to look up at Mom or Dad's face and say, "I

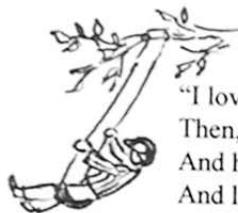
am sorry. Please show me what I should do." When we learn that the punishment is good for us, there won't be so much reason to be punished. Don't you want to learn your lessons quickly?

Connect the dots to finish the picture!



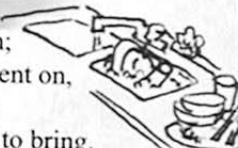
Gems For Your Treasure Chest

a collection of projects, poems, and verses



Which Loved Best?

"I love you, Mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and the wood to bring.



"I love you, Mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell";
Then she teased and pouted full half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.



"I love you, Mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.



Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

-Joy Allison

without
FAITH...
it is impossible
to please
Him

Fruit shake

Try this delicious drink on a hot summer day. Blend:

- 1 frozen banana
- 1/2 cup strawberries
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup milk
- add sugar to sweeten

Drink before it melts!

There are many kind of fruits we can enjoy. The Bible talks about our lives bearing fruit. Do you know what kind of fruit pleases God? Galatians 5:22 is a good place to start.

A verse to hide in your heart:

"What doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah 6:8

“Grandpa,” said Edward, peering out of the car window, “why does that sign say ‘God Bless America’?”

“They probably wanted God to help them,” said Alice.

“Yes, people want God’s blessing when they come to hard times,” Grandpa said. “But they won’t get it unless they do what He says. Let me tell you a story about

Lions in the Land

It was the Assyrians who hauled the Israelites into captivity and took over their land. Now many families from the countries around came to live in the empty villages. And so, with many others, little Shad’s family came from Babylon. They came with their cow and mule, Papa’s tools and Mama’s dishes, and Grandma’s silver idol in a special little chest. The life-god is very important, thought Shad, as they drove into their new town. It makes the rain come and gives the cow her milk. He watched Grandma set it up in the corner of the room on a special shelf.

It was only a few days after Papa had planted the barley that the lions came. The shepherd boy hadn’t come back with the sheep, so Papa and the neighbor went to the hills to see what happened. “It was a lion,” he told Shad. “You must not go out of the village. Just last week a silversmith was attacked on the road to Samaria.”

“The gods are not happy,” Grandma said. Shad knew that Mama was worried. She took a basket of honey cakes up to the grove and prayed to the power-god to keep them safe. But when the neighbor saw a lion at the well the next day, Mama was frightened.

“The town counsel is meeting tonight,” Papa said. “The God of this land must be angry, so we are asking the king of Assyria to send us one of his prophets. Then we can learn the ways of this God and how to please him.”

Shad was curious about the new God. Was he bigger than the life-god? Was he stronger than the power-god? At last the prophet came and everyone gathered to hear the new God’s ways. “The God of this land is Lord God of heaven and earth. He is pleased with those that do right, but He will punish the wicked. You must follow and obey Him, and not serve other gods. Then the Lord God will keep you safe.”

“We will bring him a calf,” said the neighbor. “We will learn his rules,” said Papa. But Shad wondered if the new God would be happy. Did He only want animals and rules to follow? Was He just another God to put on the shelf?

II Kings 17:22-29



Grandpa looked over at Edward as he asked the question. "Well, what do you think? Is God pleased with being a god-on-a-shelf?"

"No," Edward said, shaking his head.

Alice watched the buildings they passed. "Lots of people go to church and talk about praying," she said slowly. "But I don't think they please God much either."

"No, God doesn't want to be just talked about and prayed to when trouble comes. He wants to be first and important, with no other gods before Him," Grandpa said.

"Do you know what sort of gods people have on their shelves today?"

"Like statues?" asked Edward.

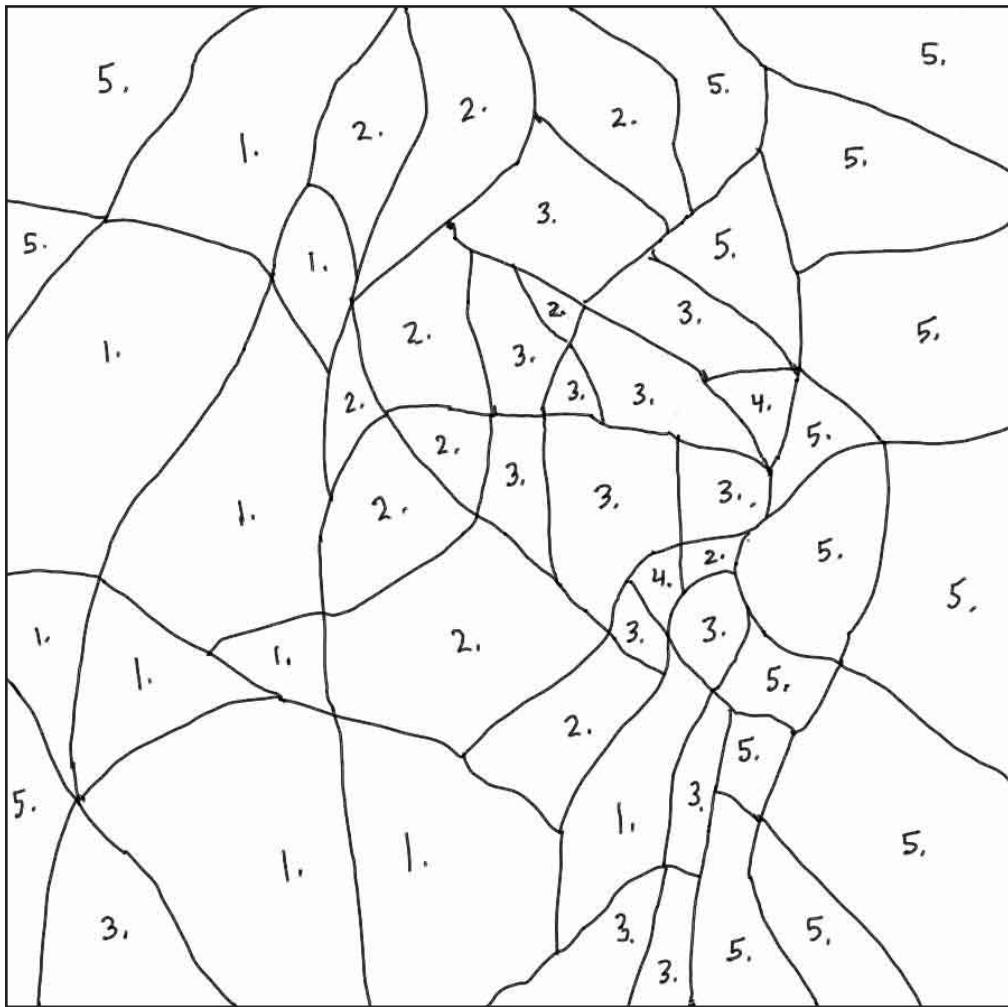
"Not quite," said Grandpa. "What are people listening to and obeying?"

"Lots of people watch TV all the time. That's like a god, I guess."

"And fashions and sports and money," added Grandpa. "There are many gods in this world. But I'm glad to know the only true God and obey Him."

"I want to follow Him because He really can help us," said Alice.

Color By Number: 1 = dark brown 2 = golden-orange
3 = cream or tan 4 = black 5 = green
Another story tells us how God protected someone from lions because he obeyed God. Read Daniel 6



the Call of Love

part two

It was the third stormy day in a row. Justin looked out the window and felt angry at the rain. Now he couldn't try out the new remote-control truck Dad had given him! "Why does everything have to go wrong?" Justin growled, pounding his fist on the window ledge. But he wouldn't cry.

"Juss, what's the matter?" Rochelle asked, standing her dolly next to him.

"I can't drive my new truck and you don't even care." He frowned, thinking how she had ruined the go-cart last week. "You prob'ly would wreck it anyway, stupid. All you like are your silly old dolls and—" but Rochelle was gone. Was she mad at him? Served her right for calling him Juss. It rhymed with fuss and he hated it. Too bad he had to stay with her while Sam and Teddy got to go fishing with Uncle Mike.

Are you being kind? Justin pushed the thought away with his favorite attack: *Well, she wasn't being kind to me.* But God wanted him to be good and think about others and—no, he wouldn't think about devotions this morning. Justin went into the kitchen.

"I'm hungry," he said, poking his head under Aunt Linda's arm. She was making stuffed eggs and talking on the phone. She put her finger to her lips, so Justin decided to get an egg for himself.

The slap on his fingers made Justin yell. He couldn't help it, but Aunt Linda frowned at him. "Shush! You know better than to snitch food without asking."



But he was hungry! Justin looked at the round-ed mounds of creamy yellow filling and frowned. Aunt Linda wasn't being fair. He waited until she turned to the sink, then quickly slipped one egg off the plate and darted out of the room. Aunt Linda wouldn't ever know.

But God knew. Justin stopped with his finger in his mouth and thought about what had happened to Cain when he had killed his brother.

He wasn't going to think about that story! Anyway, he wasn't that bad. He wouldn't



ever kill anyone. But Aunt Linda said lying and cheating and thinking mean thoughts were just as bad.

“Justin? Justin, where are you?” Oh, it was Rochelle!

“What?”

“Do you want to play with my new puzzle?” Rochelle didn’t look mad. She probably had forgotten that he had called her “stupid.”

Justin smiled at his cousin. “Oh, sure.” He wasn’t really a bad boy; he would show her he wasn’t. The puzzle was harder than he thought. But he would show Rochelle that he could do it. He tried to follow the picture, but the pieces didn’t fit together right.

“Try this piece,” Rochelle said.

Justin frowned. He didn’t want her help. He was being selfish, but he didn’t care—really. *That isn’t true*, a little thought whispered. *You’re trying to be nice, but you can’t do it.*

Justin’s stomach hurt. It was the egg he had eaten. Maybe it was poisoning him! But he couldn’t tell Aunt Linda about it. She would punish him for disobeying. She said everyone who did wrong got punished, even if no one caught them. This time he couldn’t push the accusing thoughts away. Tears burned in his eyes and he buried his head in his arms.

“Justin, what’s the matter?”

“It’s stupid!” Justin said, choking down the sobs. “I just can’t do anything I want to.” He felt terrible. Aunt Linda would say it was the sins that made his heart black. But how could he get rid of them? Everything he did was wrong! No one cared what happened to him. Except maybe Aunt Linda.

She was telling him something. He could feel her warm arm around his shoulders. “Jesus can make everything right, Justin. He loves you



and wants you to come. He says: Come unto me, Justin. Take My way and I will give you rest.”

“I never hear Him talking to me,” he muttered. “I just feel all sad. I can’t ever be good, even when I try!”

“No you can’t. That is why you need Him.”

But Justin didn’t want anyone to help him! He *could* be good. He tried to straighten his shoulders, but it didn’t help. Did Jesus, that Man who did everything right and died on the cross, *want* to help him? Could He help him?

Aunt Linda was still talking. “It is in the Bible that God talks to us, and when we pray He will remind us of what is right and help us to do it. But we can’t do right if we have sin in our heart. If you want to live right and be happy, you need to repent and ask Jesus to give you a clean heart. Do you know what repent means?”

Justin shook his head. He wasn’t looking at Aunt Linda, but he could hear the love and firmness in her voice. “It means that you need to hate the wrong things you’ve done and really, truly want to get rid of them; that you want to please Jesus more than you want your own way. Is that what you want?”

“I don’t want to be bad anymore,” Justin said, blinking away the tears.

“Do you believe that Jesus really loves you, and died instead of you, so that you don’t have to be punished?”

Did Jesus really get punished for him? Justin had never thought of that! But how did he know that Jesus loved him? Jesus never had been his friend or talked to him. *You haven’t been Jesus’ friend either*, a little thought argued. Justin never had wanted to please Jesus. Just himself. And now see how sick and miserable

he felt! Would Jesus listen to him now?

“Let’s pray,” Aunt Linda said softly. She was on her knees, talking about how God loved him and asking God to please talk to his heart. He didn’t hear anything, but he felt all the mean and selfish things come rushing back around him. He must get them away!

“Oh, Dear Jesus, I am sorry for being mean to Rochelle,” Justin prayed. He remembered the times when he had disobeyed Aunt Linda, and cheated Sam, and made Dad angry. Tears rolled down his cheek as he thought of how selfish he was to little Teddy and how he got in trouble so much. “I tried, but I just can’t do it,” Justin moaned. “I don’t want to be a bad boy anymore. Jesus, please give me a clean, good heart!”

It seemed like all the hidden bad things were being found out. Suddenly Justin knew he wanted it that way. He wanted every single bad thing gone; all the lies and the bad feelings and every mean word. “I’m sorry I did them. I don’t want to do wrong anymore,” he said, and clenched his fist to show he meant it. Now what would happen? He thought maybe Jesus would talk to him, but he didn’t hear anything. Justin felt the quietness creep into his heart.

“Has Jesus taken them all away?” Aunt Linda asked.

“I think so,” Justin said slowly.

“And so do you believe He will be with you and help you to keep everything clear? He says that He will not turn anyone away who comes to Him.”

It was true! Justin knew it, and somehow he felt like Jesus was there, holding his hand. Justin looked up at Aunt Linda’s face and smiled. He did love her so very much! How sorry he was that he had disobeyed her!

“Oh, I *do* want to live for Jesus,” Justin said quickly. “And, Aunt Linda, I am sorry that I took an egg when you told me not to.”

“I forgive you, dear,” she said, giving him a squeeze.

Justin thought of his cousins. “Where is Rochelle?” he asked.

“I sent her to take care of the chickens, but she should be in soon.” Aunt Linda smiled as she stood up. She seemed to know his next question. “And the boys should be home by supper. Jesus will help you make everything right if you ask Him to, Justin. Remember, even though you can’t see Him, He is there. And He loves you very much.”

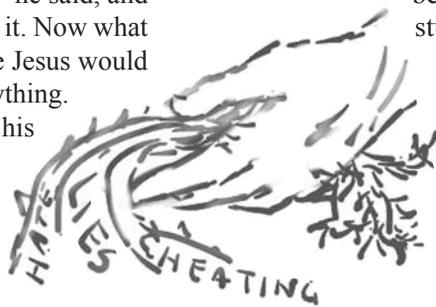
This time Justin felt like he could believe what Aunt Linda said. Jesus *did* love him, and he felt all happy inside to think of it. What could he do to make Jesus happy?

The pieces of Rochelle’s puzzle were scattered on the carpet. He could pick them up and put them away before she got back! It had been mean of him to call her stupid when she was so nice and kind. Justin determined to tell her so as soon as he could.

“Oh, it’s alright. I *am* sort of stupid,” Rochelle said with a smile. “But could you show me how to work your new truck sometime? When it stops raining?”

“Sure!” said Justin, glancing out of the window. “Just look, Rochelle! The sunshine is already coming through the rain.” And it was—spreading a bright rainbow over the treetops.

“God’s promise,” Aunt Linda whispered. And Justin knew it was a message sent just for him.



Mark was older than Byron. He was the messy one. When he took off his clothes, he just dropped them and forgot them. Byron always hung up his clothes. When Byron finished playing with his toys, he put them away. Mark never finished playing with his toys, so they were never put away.

Mom and Dad had given them a nice bedroom with two little beds, so the boys could talk together. They thought that their two boys would be best friends and share everything. Byron carefully made his bed each morning, but not Mark. He forgot all about it. But the boys did talk together.

“Why don’t you make your bed?”

“I’ve got other things to do!”

“I can’t find my green sweater.”

“I don’t see how you ever find anything when everything is lying around.”

“You broke my house. I worked on that a long time yesterday.”

“Well, it’s your fault. You should put up your stuff.”

When Mark ate at the table, he talked with his mouth open and waved his arms. He spilled milk or juice at almost every meal. Mom or Dad would make him be quiet, but then he would forget. Byron was disgusted. Mark reminded him of a pig he had seen once.

“Mother,” Byron said when Mark was outside. “Why is Mark so messy?”

Mother was quiet. Then she said, “God makes us all different, dear. Some of us are more thoughtful. Some of us don’t consider others much. Some are sensitive and find it hard to forgive. Others aren’t easily bothered and forgive quickly. Some value their money—sometimes too much—while money isn’t important to others.”

Byron didn’t say anything. Mark hardly ever got mad, while he struggled not to be angry a lot.

“God puts different kinds of people in the same family,” Mother said, “so that they can learn to get along with each other.”

“But, Mother,” cried Byron, “it’s horrible! He doesn’t make his bed until you tell him, and everything is on the floor, and he leaves his stuff on the desk . . .”

“I know,” Mother said, hugging him. “Daddy and I will pray about it again and ask the Lord what to do.”

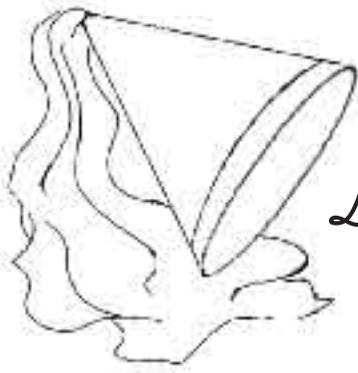
After that, things changed in the boy’s bedroom. A line was drawn down the middle of the room. One side was Byron’s side and the other was Mark’s. As Mark saw how neatly and carefully Byron took care of his stuff, he became a little more careful. And Byron began to see how free Mark was from cares and worries.

If you happened to go to their home, you might hear this scripture read:

“She had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus’ feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her” (Luke 10:39-42).

And you might happen to notice the faces of Byron and Mark, because they would always smile at each other when this Bible story was read.





Letters to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess

Dear Princess,

Like most children, Princess Precious was a curious little girl. She wanted to know how Mother Matron made cookies; and that was good. She studied how the flowers grew in the King's Garden; and that was good. And she liked to know "why" about everything that puzzled her. That was not always so good.

"Precious. Joy. Don't let the cat into the pantry," Mother Matron said one morning. "Rats have chewed through a box of crackers and I'm putting poison out."

"What does the poison do?" whispered Joy.

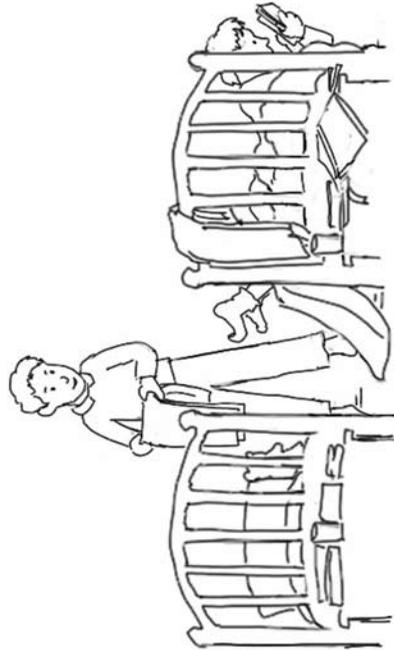
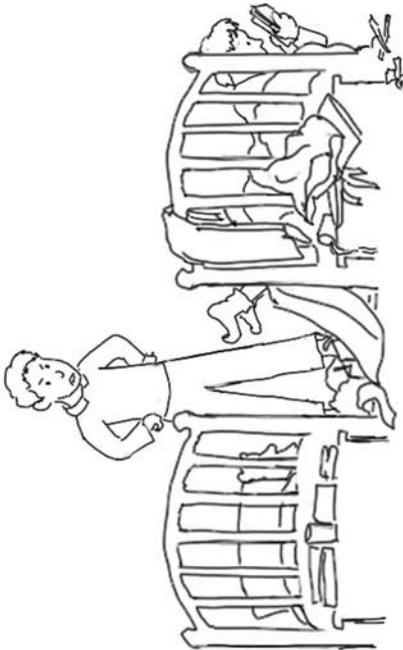
"I don't know," Precious answered. But she decided she was going to find out. After she had finished her chores, Precious tip-toed over to the pantry door. Sure enough, something was scratching around in there. Scritch-crunch-scratch.

"What are you listening for?" asked Valiant.

"Rats. They are chewing on something," said Precious. "I'm going to see what it is." She turned the door handle

There is always a difference when we look for the strengths of others, rather than their weaknesses. How many differences can you find here?

.....



and poked her head into the dark room. The scratching stopped. "Get a flashlight," she whispered to her brother.

"You shine the light and I'll hit it with the broom," said Valiant. Two red eyes glowed on the dark shelf and Valiant charged at them. There was a frantic scramble as the rat dropped to the floor and darted behind a box.

The door swung wide and a flash of orange disappeared into the shadows. Precious was shining her light at the shelf and didn't see it. "Valiant, just look. It was eating a funny sort of cookie bar!" she said.

But Valiant was poking the broom between the boxes. There was a sound of scuffling, and suddenly Tiger appeared with a fat gray rat in his mouth. "Good cat!" Valiant cried. "Now go and eat your nice breakfast outside."

Precious opened her mouth to say something, then closed it again. Tiger wouldn't get poisoned if he was in there only one minute, would he? Maybe if she just closed the pantry door quickly it would be alright.

* * *

"Precious, come quick! Something terrible is happening to Tiger," Joy cried, as Precious was clearing the lunch table. "He's just coughing and going in circles." Precious ran outside. The poor cat did look sick. His sides were heaving and he kept opening his mouth.

"Oh, dear! He's poisoned and it is all my fault!" Precious said. Her own stomach felt sick as she hurried to find Mother Matron.

"What a sad way to learn a lesson," she said after she heard the story. "I'm afraid the poison will kill him, but I'll take him to the Gardener and see what He can do. I hope you realize how important it is to simply obey."

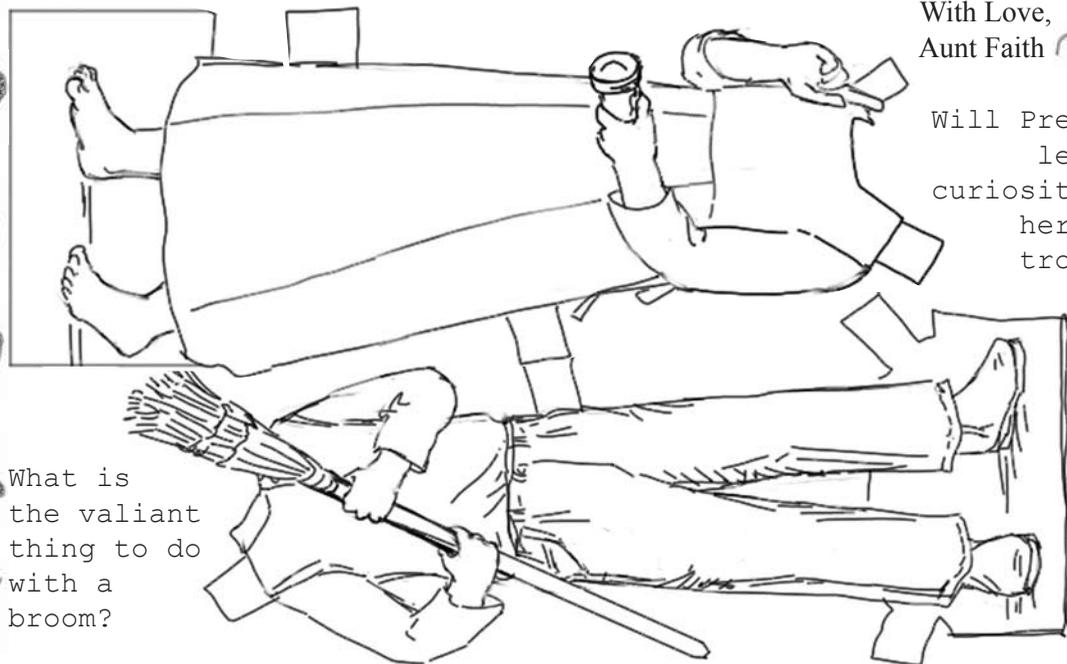
"Yes, and I'm very sorry. I'm going to listen and not be so curious any more!" Precious said.

Mother Matron gave her a squeeze. "My dear, sometimes we must be still, and sometimes we need to use our minds to figure things out. King Jesus will surely help you do the right thing if you ask Him."

May you learn to be a careful, obedient princess the easier way.

With Love,
Aunt Faith

Will Precious
let her
curiosity get
her into
trouble?

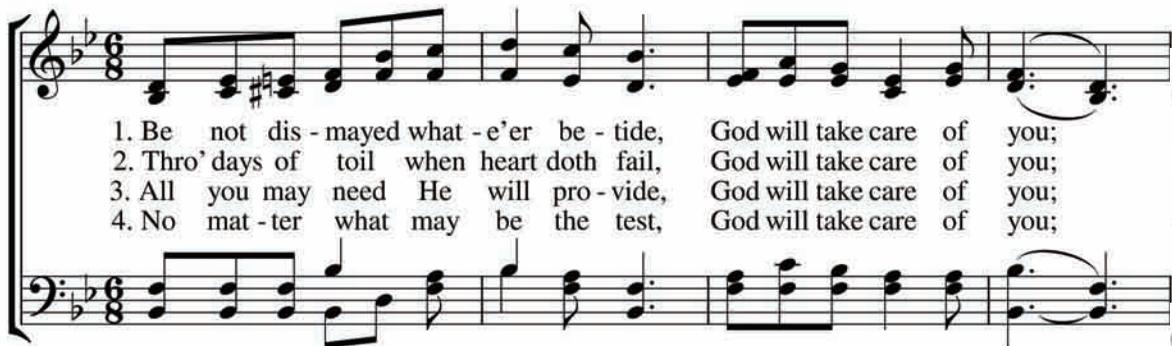


What is
the valiant
thing to do
with a
broom?

God Will Take Care of You

C. D. Martin

W. S. Martin

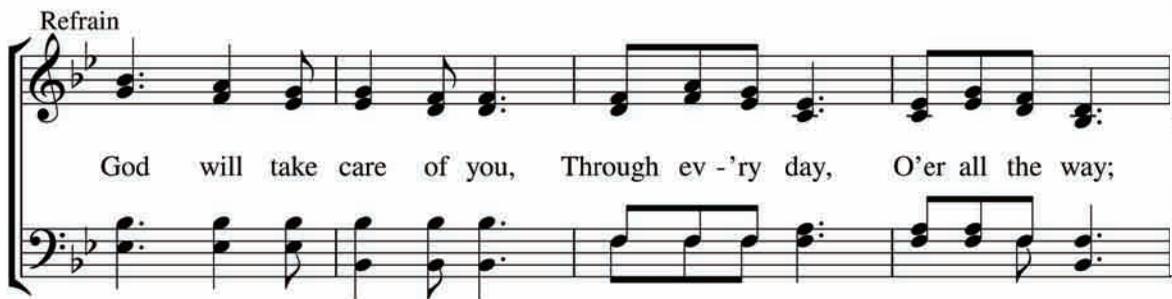


1. Be not dis - mayed what - e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

Refrain



God will take care of you, Through ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
take care of you.

Dear Reader,

“Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it” (Psa. 127:1).

We have had no lack of things to do in these past months, and it has required more effort to get this issue together. We continue to trust and pray that we will be in the Lord’s will in what and when we publish, so that we will not “labour in vain.” We are thankful for His guidance. Continue to pray for us.

We would be glad to hear from any of you. We welcome questions, and would be very happy to learn how the Lord has been helping you.

For older ones who want to be challenged and encouraged in Christian living, *Foundation Truth* is published for youths and adults. Back issues and other literature are available at timelesstruths.org.

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, Laura (22), Skye (21), Joel (20), Kara (18), and Amanda (10). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Joel, with help (guidance, proofreading, and contributions) from others.

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***.

Notice: we will be working on *Songs and Stories (Book 2)* as the Lord gives time. If you would like a copy when it is done, please send a note—the music will be available on your choice of cassette or CD.

In the King’s service,
The Editors

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Higher*

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*center
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*How many strawberries can you find?
There should be 87, including this one:*



Treasures of the Kingdom

PO Box 1212, Jefferson, OR 97352

e-mail: totk@timelesstruths.org
website: totk.timelesstruths.org

SEND TO: