

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates

Rosie's Answers

“Mama, what does that verse mean?” Rosie asked as she finished her cereal one morning. She sat looking up at the white paper on the fridge. “‘Ye shall ask what ye will,’” she read slowly, “‘and it shall be done unto you.’”

“It means that if you ask God for something, He will do it for you,” Mom said, looking up from her dishwashing.

“Anything?”

Mom smiled. “It depends what you are asking for,” she said. “The first part of the verse says: ‘If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you.’ That means, if we are living close to Jesus and doing what He wants us to do.”

“Then I can ask for what I want?” Rosie asked.

“Yes, if we ask in faith believing, He has promised to give it,” Mom said. She turned back to the kitchen sink and Rosie sat quietly, thinking. *I want to please Jesus. He can give me what I ask for. What should I ask for first?*

The back door opened and big-brother Chad appeared. He wore a frown on his face. “I think a gopher is eating the potatoes we planted,” he said. “There are mounds all over the garden and when I dug up the tunnel, look what I found.” He held up half of a potato. Rosie could see teeth marks on it where the gopher had chewed.

“Haven’t you set traps?” Mom asked.

“Yes, but it doesn’t work,” Chad said, looking gloomier. “It just digs new tunnels around and eats more of our vegetables. Yesterday it was the carrots.”

“I know,” Mom said, with a sigh. “But try again. The Lord knows we planted extra this year so we could give more vegetables to the neighbors.”

Rosie didn’t wait to hear more, but slipped quietly off her chair. “I know what I shall ask for first,” she whispered to herself as she hurried to her bedroom. She knelt by the bed and thought a moment. “Dear Lord, help me to be a good girl today and obey,” she began.



“I know You can send the gophers away so they won’t eat our garden. Please, will you do it for me? Amen.”

“Rosie!” Mom called. “You need to wash your dishes and do your chores.”

“Yes, Mom!” Rosie said, and hurried off to the kitchen.

Chores didn’t take as long as usual that morning. Rosie was practicing her addition flashcards on the couch when she heard Irene talking to Mom. “If you can’t drive me to the library, maybe I can bike there this morning if it isn’t raining,” Irene said. “I need to return the book that is overdue.” Rosie looked out the window. Dark clouds made the sky look gray and stormy. Here and there she could see a little blue sky.

“Dear Father in heaven,” she whispered, looking hard at the clouds, “Make the sun shine, please.” Rosie smiled. It seemed that the sun *had* peeped through the clouds a little. “It is just behind the clouds, but it will come out soon,” Rosie told herself. She went back to her work, humming the chorus to Irene’s favorite song: “Just behind the cloud, Just behind the cloud, We are sure the sun is shining just behind the cloud!”

Irene came into the room and smiled. “Just see, Rosie,” she cried, looking out of the window. “I think your singing has chased away the rain!” And sure enough, a bright blue was filling the sky and the sun was shining through.

“God sent the rain away, because I asked Him to,” Rosie said, solemnly.

“Did you?”

“Yes, and He’s going to get the gopher caught, too. I just know it.”

Irene laughed. “We will see,” she said, pulling on her coat. “I am thankful for the sunshine at least.” She tucked a book under her arm and went outside.

Daniel had been sitting at the kitchen table doing a page of math. “Rosie!” he

A VIEW FROM THE TOWER

God Knows

When things go wrong and the problems seem like mountains, remember this: God knows. When you feel like complaining, or you are lonely or afraid, God knows. He knows all about you and watches you. And just like Rosie found out in the story, He wants to help you and bless you when you ask.

Have you ever asked your parents for something? I am sure you have. If they are good parents, they will be glad to give you what you ask for—if it is best for you. You might ask for a pair of boots so that you won’t ruin your good shoes in the mud. If they can, won’t they be glad to give you what you need? But if you ask for a second serving of ice cream, they may decide that you had enough and say “no.” Your parents may want to give you all that you ask for, but they must also decide what would help you or hurt you. That is their job in taking care of you.

When we become children of God, we have the privilege of asking Him for what we need. He has no limits to what He can give or do. He can stop the rain or make the blind eyes to see. He sees our little problems—like the splinter in your toe or the difficult math problem—and cares about them as much as our big problems. When we ask our heavenly Father for things, He knows just what we need and knows what is best to give us. Whatever happens today, remember that He is near to listen and wants to answer your requests. Will you ask? Remember, God knows.

whispered, when the door had closed. “I know what you should pray for. You should pray that we don’t have to do any more math!”

Rosie looked at her brother and frowned. “I don’t think that I should,” she said slowly.

“Why not? Wouldn’t it be great if we never had to do math any more?”

“Yes, but—”

“But what?”

“I think Jesus wants me to do my math,” said Rosie. “Besides, we would be stupid if we didn’t do our schoolwork.”

Daniel sighed. “I guess you’re right. I just wish I could go outside and try out the kite I made with Dad. This borrowing takes forever!” He stared glumly at his math paper.

“Maybe if you set your mind on your work it would help,” Mom said, coming into the room with a basket of laundry. “Don’t you remember? When the people had *a mind to work* the wall was built in record time.”

“I’m done with *my* math,” Rosie said, jumping up. She smiled mischievously at her brother. As she set her flashcards on the table, she whispered, “I’ll pray that your mind will work so we can go outside soon.”

“My mind *does* work!” Daniel grumbled, but then he smiled at his sister. “Okay. Pray that I will get my work done really fast. I want to go outside before the rain starts.”

“But I told you, it *won’t* rain,” Rosie said, shaking her finger at him. “Don’t you remember? I prayed it wouldn’t rain, ’cause Irene is going to the library.”

Mom laughed. “Maybe you should pray that I would have some helpers to fold laundry. It needs to be done,” she said, looking at Rosie with a merry smile.

Rosie laughed, too. “I think your helpers will come really soon!” she said, and skipped down the hall to her bedroom.

It was not long until she was back with Emma and two boxes. “We fold and put away clothes, ma’am,” she said with a curtsy. “Would

you like some help?” And never was the laundry done so fast as that morning!

It was only eleven o’clock when Mom pronounced that all their work was done and they could go outside. “You have been such good workers this morning,” she said, and then smiled at Rosie. “The Lord has helped you, hasn’t He?”

“The verse was true, Mama,” Rosie said, pointing at the white paper on the fridge. “I asked for things, and He gave them to me!”

“The sun is shining and I think it is even a bit windy,” Daniel said with a grin. He held up his kite. “Can we go down to the empty lot at the corner to try it out, Mom? There aren’t any power lines down there.”

“Yes, if Chad will go with you,” Mom said. “I like to please my children when they ask for good things, too.”

Rosie and Daniel dashed outside. They found Chad by the back porch staring at something lying by the steps. He kicked it with his shoe and whistled. “Just look at what the cat caught!”

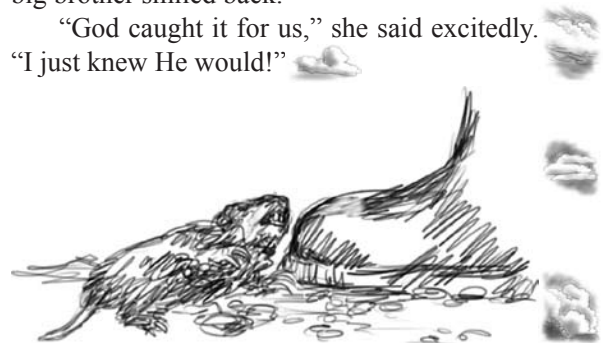
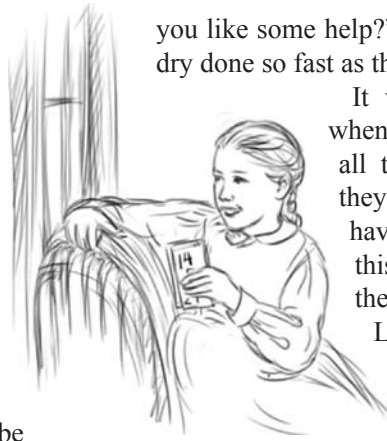
“Is it a rat?” Daniel asked, picking up a stick to poke it.

Rosie bent closer to look at the furry brown animal. “But it has a short tail. What is it, Chad?”

“The gopher.”

Rosie looked up quickly and smiled. Her big brother smiled back.

“God caught it for us,” she said excitedly. “I just knew He would!”





heavy rain

What Is the Weather Today?

In the King's Garden

Do you wish for a sunny day? Most of us enjoy sunshine, but sometimes we miss the freshness and greenness that rain brings. And sometimes it is the power of the storm that we enjoy best. What will the weather be today? Let's go outside and see.

Look at the sky. Is it clear and blue, or do you see clouds? Clouds help us know what weather may come today. Maybe they are high wispy clouds like flowing horse tails. Those are *cirrus*, and they tell us that the weather is fair now—but might not be in a few days. But what about the cotton ball clouds? The high ones that cover the sky like scales are *cirrocumulus*. The weather may be a bit “fishy” soon. When the sky looks smooth and whitish and the sun looks pale, high *altostratus* clouds say that it may rain in the next day.

The lower and darker the clouds, the more likely it is to rain. *Nimbostratus* are flat rain clouds that bring rain that lasts all day. *Cumulonimbus* are tall rain clouds that bring short showers. If you notice cold gusts of wind, and the clouds growing like giant cauliflowers, a thunderstorm may soon come. It is best to stay indoors when the lightning flashes and the thunder rumbles. Thunderstorms don't last long, but they can bring hard hailstones or pouring rain.

Whatever weather comes today, we can be glad God sent it. He knows what is best for us. Sometimes we need the sunshine. Sometimes we need the rain. Only one kind would not be good for us, just like only having dessert or playing all day is not good for us. Aren't you glad that God controls the weather? ☁️

Name the different cloud types.



hail



large hailstone

Gems for Your Treasure Chest

a collection of

Whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
—Charlotte A. Mason

Sunny Day Ideas

- Play Store and clean out the refrigerator
- Wash the Car
- Weed the Garden
- Pick fruit ◦ Make a bouquet
- Go on a walk ◦ Have a picnic
- Work on outside Projects
- Draw or Paint
- Ride Bikes ◦ Make Popsicles
- Start a Collection (rocks, feathers, etc)

Whatever the Weather You can have Fun

Stormy Day Ideas

- Read Stories
- Play Puzzles or Legos
- Listen to Tapes
- Sew or Crochet
- Bake
- Build a Model
- Clean House
- Write Letters
- Work on Scrapbooks
- Make a Surprise for Dad
- Dress up - Have a Tea Party
- Play Indoor Game

A verse to hide in your heart

"In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." **1 Thessalonians 5:18**

“Grandpa, do I have to go tell Mr. Wyman right now?” Edward asked. “I didn’t mean to break that old mirror. I was just trying to hide from Sammy in the shed.”

“It is best to tell him right away,” said Grandpa.

“But he’ll be so angry, because he said that shed has real valuable stuff in it. I don’t want to go. Can’t Mom just tell him when she buys honey again?”

“So you are scared?” Grandpa asked, sitting down. “Let me tell you a story about—

Facing Esau

Jacob was going home, and he was scared. “Your brother, Esau, is coming to meet you with four hundred men,” a servant had told him just that morning. Jacob knew why his brother was coming. Twenty years ago he had tricked his brother out of his inheritance and had to flee home because Esau wanted to kill him. Life hadn’t been easy for tricky Jacob, but God had given him a large family and much wealth. How could he face his brother now? “O God of my father Isaac,” Jacob prayed. “You told me to return home and that You would bless me. Deliver me, I pray, from the hand of my brother: for I fear him.”

Darkness was coming on as Jacob looked out over his flocks and herds. He called one of the shepherds to him. “Take two hundred ewes and twenty rams and go to meet Esau. Tell them that they are a gift from his brother, Jacob, who is coming on behind.” Next he spoke to the goat herder, and the servants who cared for the camels, the cattle, and the donkeys. Out of each he sent out a group as a present for Esau. “Oh, if only my brother could understand that I want peace with him!” Jacob told himself.

But he still didn’t feel peaceful. He gathered his family, his servants, and his belongings, and sent them over a brook. Fear clutched at his heart as he faced the night alone—yet not alone, for strong arms clutched him in the dark! Jacob set his feet and threw himself at the stranger, struggling for his life. Hours passed. “Let me go, for it is getting light,” the stranger whispered as he bent close. Jacob felt a sudden shrinking in his leg. “I will not let you go,” Jacob cried in desperation, “unless you bless me!”

“What is your name?” the stranger asked.

“Jacob: the trickster,” Jacob whispered.

“You will not be a trickster any longer, but shall be called Israel, which means a prince with God,” the stranger said, and looked straight into his face. It was a look that knew everything, and could make the future different than the past had been.

“I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved,” Jacob said as the sun rose, and he limped toward the camp.

“Did Jacob really wrestle with God?” Edward asked, in disbelief.

“It might have been an angel,” said Grandpa. “He wouldn’t tell Jacob who he was, but he was able to bless him and help him face his brother right.”

“And did Esau try to fight him?”

“No, Jacob’s gifts were accepted and his brother was willing to forgive him.” Grandpa looked at his grandson. “But Jacob had to make the effort to show he was sorry and that he wanted peace.”

Edward knew what Grandpa meant. “But Mr. Wyman will be mad,” he whispered. “I’m scared.”

“Making things right is a hard thing, but if you want it as much as Jacob did, God will help you. You know, wrestling with an angel is like getting on your knees and praying until you know God has answered.”

“Will you pray with me?” Edward asked, in a small voice.

“Yes, indeed,” Grandpa said with a smile. ☁️

Follow the pictures in order and complete the maze.

What were the four steps Jacob took to face his brother?

Read Genesis 33:4 to find out what happened.

Freedom

PART FOUR: THE PRICE

Julie and Lisa have been promised a safe escape to Peace Land, but can they trust the way the Liberator has chosen to send them?

As our cart lurched to a stop that misty evening, I heard a strange rumbling and puffing sound. “It must be the train Mercy told us about,” I heard Lisa whisper. I remembered the power and speed of the black engine that had passed us only the other night. What would it be like to travel the Believing Train? I felt excitement tingle through me.

“I’m passing in two mortifying sacks,” said the Liberator in a low voice. The back curtains parted and something rough and scratchy slapped down beside me. “Step inside and pull them up over your heads. You will be traveling as my cargo tonight.”

The sacks were anything but comfortable. I was thankful for the protection of my new clothes, for the burlap was scratchy. Someone tightened the cord over my head and I was lifted by strong arms. Lifted like those bales of hateful fluff we used to pick back in Sinful Misery. I buried my face in my sweater and tried not to panic as the mortifying sack pulled close around me.

The rumbling of the train grew louder and I then I felt myself being swung up onto something flat and cold. I got one breath of air before the sack

pulled tight and I was being lifted again. Through the hollow clang of footsteps I was relieved to hear Master Love’s quiet voice. “You’ll ride in the corner of this provision car. Once we leave you may loosen the cords and get some more air. The train will take you to the border, but you must remain inside the sacks until you get there.”

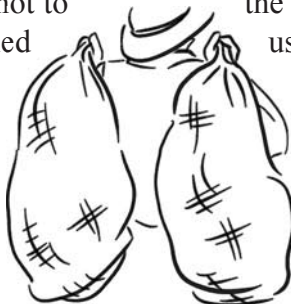
We were set down against some boxes and soon the train began to shake. The rumbling grew louder and doors clanged, and then with a shrill whistle we were off! *Jerk-jerk-jerk*. The wheels moved faster and faster and I felt something lurch into me. Lisa groaned softly, and then spoke. “I guess—I guess we are going pretty fast anyway.”

I didn’t reply. If this was the price of freedom, I was determined to pay it.

It was the clanging of the stopping train that awoke me. My back ached and I felt stiff, but my heart skipped when I heard a man’s voice say, “I’m here to pick up two sacks sent from Redemption this morning.” It sounded like Master Good, the wonderful stranger who had found us on the Hate-Good plantation and helped

us escape! “Ah, here they are!” he called out. Footsteps came near and suddenly we were being lifted again. The good man had kept his promise to take us into the land of freedom.

In the safety of his carriage



Master Good released us from the sacks. But was it Master Good? In the Liberator's house we had heard about his capture and imprisonment for the cause of freedom. The eyes that looked at us now held the confidence that I had remembered, but pain and sorrow had left their marks.

"Julie, Lisa," he said, and a smile lit his face. "Praise God, you are here at last!" As a kind father, Master Good poured refreshing water for our thirst. "Drink slowly. There will be more when you board the *Deliverance*," he told us.

The carriage lurched and Lisa clutched the seat painfully. "Freedom isn't easy," she murmured, and looked at Master Good's scarred hands. "Even you have been in trouble and don't look so well."



Sadness came to the strong man's eyes, and he said quietly, "I was taken from prison and from judgment; for the transgression of my people have I been stricken. Sinful Misery is cruel and the way of deliverance comes at a high price." Then he smiled at us. "But it has been worth it to bring you both into freedom."

The words seemed to lift me up, and I thought again of the wood-do-right where we had all started out. "Adam and George?" I asked, fearfully. "Have they made it to freedom?"

"Yes, they both got to Peace Land," Master Good answered quietly. "They both knew freedom." I held my breath, uncertain of his meaning. "George has a job and is waiting for you... but Adam died just two

days after his deliverance. The rusty chains had weakened and poisoned him."

In the painful silence, I couldn't help brushing away the tears. "I hate those cruel, horrid chains! I just want to break them off the legs and arms and neck of every slave!" I said fiercely. One face kept coming up before my eyes. But how could I ask about my dear mammy now? I was afraid to know if the price of freedom had cost her life, too.

"The *Deliverance* is sturdy little ship," Master Good's voice broke into my thoughts. "She will take you over the border to Peace Land. Pull your salvation scarves over your faces and come with me." He leaped from the carriage and offered each of us a hand.

A brisk cold air blew across wide gray water as we stepped onto the dock. I was glad for the warmth of my sweater and Master Good's strong arm to hold onto. It had been a long time since I had walked on my own feet, and I felt a shiver of excitement go through me.

"Tickets for my two daughters, please," I heard Master Good say. It was a pleasure to know we belonged to him, though Master Good himself would not be with us on the journey. We were left in a cozy little cabin under care of the Captain, a friendly man with a strong handshake.

"Tomorrow he said we would be in Peace Land," Lisa murmured, slumping down in one of the bunks.

"If all goes well," I added.

We were so used to the tension of being hunted, that I wasn't really surprised when the Captain knocked softly on the door. "Trouble aboard, lassies," he said,

Something You Can Do

Do you know someone that is a big pain? Maybe they ruin your things. Maybe they just try to annoy you or tease you in a mean way. When you want to play they leave you out or try to take the best toys. Maybe they call you names or say mean things about you. If you know someone like that, Jesus has something for you to do to them—

---Bless Them That Curse You---

How can you do that? Well, let me first tell you some important ingredients to make it work right. You will need:

Trust in God
Forgiveness and Love
Cheerfulness
and lots of Patience



1. **Start by praying** for your problem person. Do you believe God loves them? Ask God to help you to forgive them and love them, too. Sometimes that is a very hard thing to do. When you really want to do good to them, go on to #2.
2. How can you bless someone who doesn't like you? Ask God to show you **ways that you can be a blessing to them**. Maybe they don't like you whistling. You can stop that. Maybe they say mean things to you. Don't make a face or tattle, but be quiet or say something kind instead.
3. The Bible says "overcome evil with good" and "do good to them that hate you." Doing good doesn't mean giving them everything they want. It means thinking of ways you can be really kind and helpful to them. **What would show them God's love?** He is kind to the the unthankful every day.



Here are a few ideas to get you started:

- ✓ Send a card for their birthday or when they are sick
 - ✓ Bake their favorite cookies
 - ✓ Do a job for them, or help them with their work
 - ✓ Give them a smile for every sour look
 - ✓ Share a treat that you know they would enjoy it
 - ✓ If they don't invite you to play, plan something special to invite them to
4. Try to turn your enemies into your friends. Remember, you must **first be friendly to them**. Think about them, and not just about what you like or want. Be a true friend to them and not just a "fair-weather" friend that stays around only when it is fun.
 5. And don't forget to **pray for them every day!**

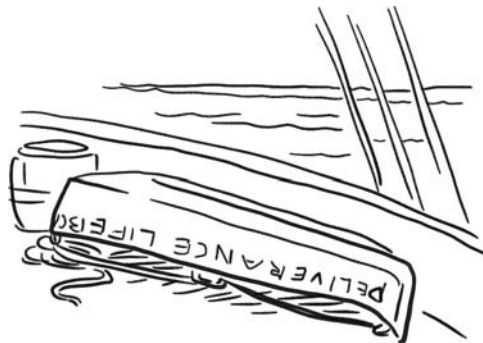


and growled. “Hateful scamps those slave hunters! Better duck under the lifeboat until they clear off.”

“I’d rather jump overboard than be found,” I whispered, as we huddled down on the hard deck planks. The search party was going through the cabins and we could hear the Captain’s angry shouts.

“I’ll never go back—never be a slave again,” Lisa said. We clung to each other and to the promise we had made so long ago in the slave shed. Master Good had been true to his word, and we were almost there. Anything was better than going back.

As I listened to the muffled clangs of the searchers, I felt angry. What right had they to chase us to the boarder like two runaway dogs? I would not submit to chains again.



Letter to a Little Princess

Continued from page 10

Spiteful had looked up, startled at the sound, but didn’t see the children at the edge of the woods. When the parachute drifting down, he dropped his club and raced to catch it. Precious held her breath as he grabbed the silver case. He stuffed it into his pocket and looking around.

“He sees us now,” Valiant whispered. Sure enough, Spiteful was coming straight for them. At the edge of the brambles he stopped and stared at the catapult.

“What’s that?” he growled.

“A catapult. It shoots parachutes like that green one you have,” said Valiant with a grin. Spiteful didn’t seem to believe him. He looked over at Precious and then frowned.

Suddenly Precious knew what she must do. “Spiteful, did you open the case?” she asked, stepping toward him with a smile.

“Do you like peppermint candy? I do, and I thought you might.”

“Candy?” Spiteful looked surprised. He pulled the silver case out of his pocket and turned it over in his dirty hands. “How do you know it’s candy?”

“Open it like this, see?” Precious said, unsnapping the case. The peppermint stick rolled out and Spiteful grabbed it. “It’s for you. I hope you like it,” Precious said quietly.

The boy’s pink tongue touched the end of the stick and then disappeared. He didn’t smile or say “thank you,” but his dark eyes shone. Abruptly he turned and dashed off across the field, the green parachute flapping along behind. Precious thought she had seen tears on his cheeks, but she wasn’t quite sure. One thing she knew was that little Spiteful wasn’t her enemy any more.

With love,
Aunt Faith



Robert was spending the weekend with the Davis family. Fred Davis was just his age and Robert soon felt quite at home. "I really am glad I came," Robert told himself as they played games, told riddles, and laughed together. At last Mrs. Davis said it was almost bedtime. Robert expected family prayers, but instead everyone went to their bedrooms.

"Come, Rob. You'll sleep with me," said Fred. So Robert followed him upstairs. Fred showed him his model boat and pocket knives. "We will have so much fun tomorrow, won't we?" he said as he undressed and jumped into bed.

Robert didn't know what to think. He remembered his mother's goodbye kiss. "Don't forget that you are a Christian boy," she had whispered. Robert knew well that his parents had raised him to love and obey God. They had prayed for him every day and taught him to pray beside his bed each night. Robert had learned to be glad for bedtime prayers, to ask for God's protection and blessings, for he wanted to live for God for himself.

"Why don't you come to bed?" asked Fred. "What are you sitting there for?"

Robert was suddenly afraid to pray. What would Fred think of him? It seemed impossible to kneel down right there and tell God all about his day and ask for help to live right. How he wished he had his own room! If only Fred would go to sleep! But Fred would not go to sleep. What could Robert do?

"Come on to bed," Fred cried again.

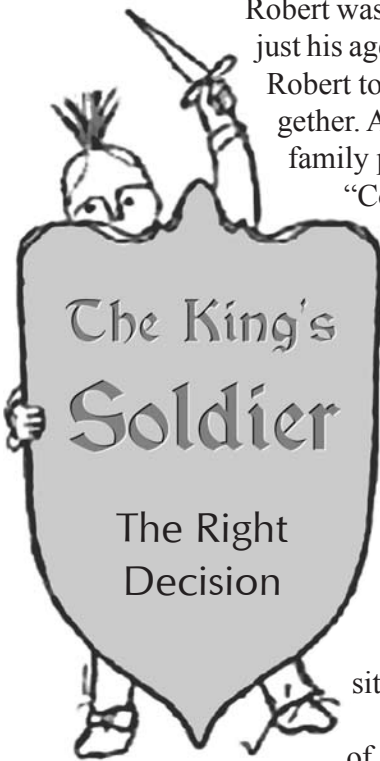
After a long moment, Robert made his decision. He mustered his courage and said, "I will pray first. That is what I usually do." He felt his face grow hot as he waited to hear what Fred would say.

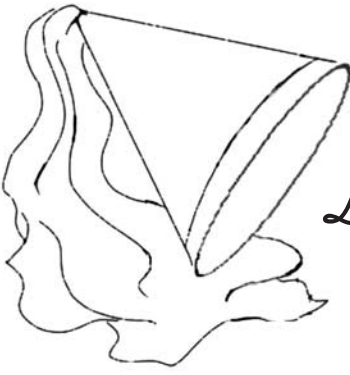
"Pray?" said Fred, and then turned himself on his pillow and said no more. As Robert knelt by the bed he was ashamed of being a coward. Fred had not made fun of him at all! Robert was thankful that he had made the choice and done what he knew was right. When he crawled into bed at last, his heart was peaceful.

That decision in the Davis home set the course for Robert. One step in the right direction made it easier to do the right thing the next time. So he learned to put prayers first, through whatever trials and temptations he met. He determined that he would never be a coward for the right, and God helped him to succeed. And so Robert grew up to become a brave Christian man.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven" (Matthew 10:32).

—adapted from *Tiger and Tom*

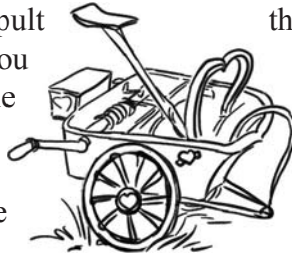




Letter to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess

Dear Princess,

Remember Princess Precious' bad encounter with Spiteful? Did you think of how a charity catapult might work? Well, let me tell you what happened the next time Precious went down the lane, for that day Valiant came along, too. And, of course, he brought the charity catapult.



“How does it work?” Precious asked, swinging her basket.

Valiant pulled the golden machine along the lane and grinned. “Wait and see.”

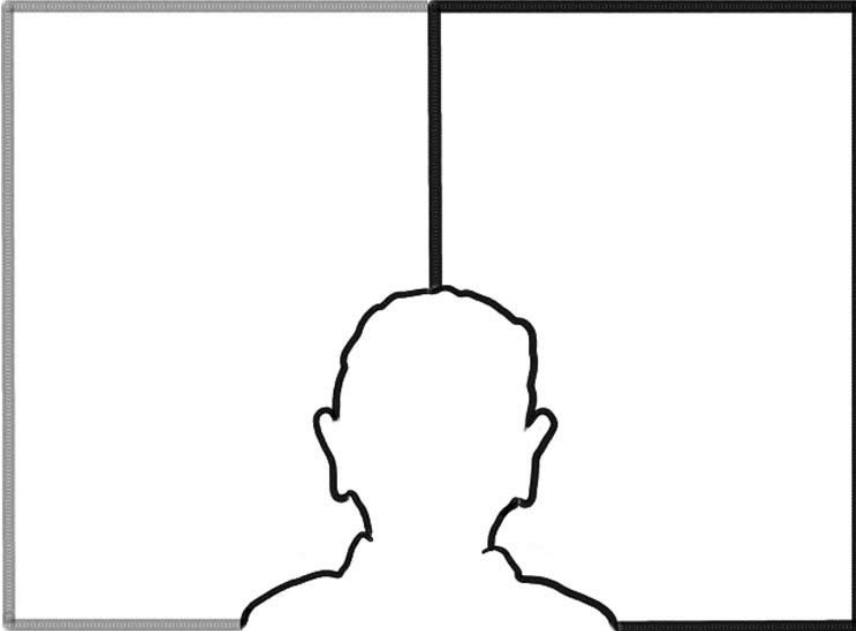
Mother Matron had told them they could collect Miner's Lettuce for a salad, and the wild plant grew thick on the edge of the woods. While Valiant tried to keep the catapult right-side up, Precious picked the soft green leaves. “That is where Spiteful was last time,” she said, as they passed the bramble bushes.

“Doesn't look like a very friendly spot,” Valiant said, thoughtfully.

He opened up a box on the back of the catapult and looked inside.

“What are you looking for?” Precious said, peering over his

In this story Robert faced a temptation.
He had to have courage to listen to the right voice.
What do you think the two voices were saying?



shoulder. The box was filled with different colored packages with strings attached.

“This should work!” Valiant pulled out a bright green bundle with a little tag that said: *Freely Give*. “Did you bring along your trinket collection like King Jesus said?” he asked.

“Yes,” Precious said slowly. “What am I suppose to do with it?”

“Well, it works like this,” Valiant said, untying the green bundle to show a small silver case inside. “You will put a little gift in the case, and then we will catapult it over to Spiteful. This package is really a little parachute.” He pulled back a lever on the catapult and laid the parachute on a golden tray. “See?”

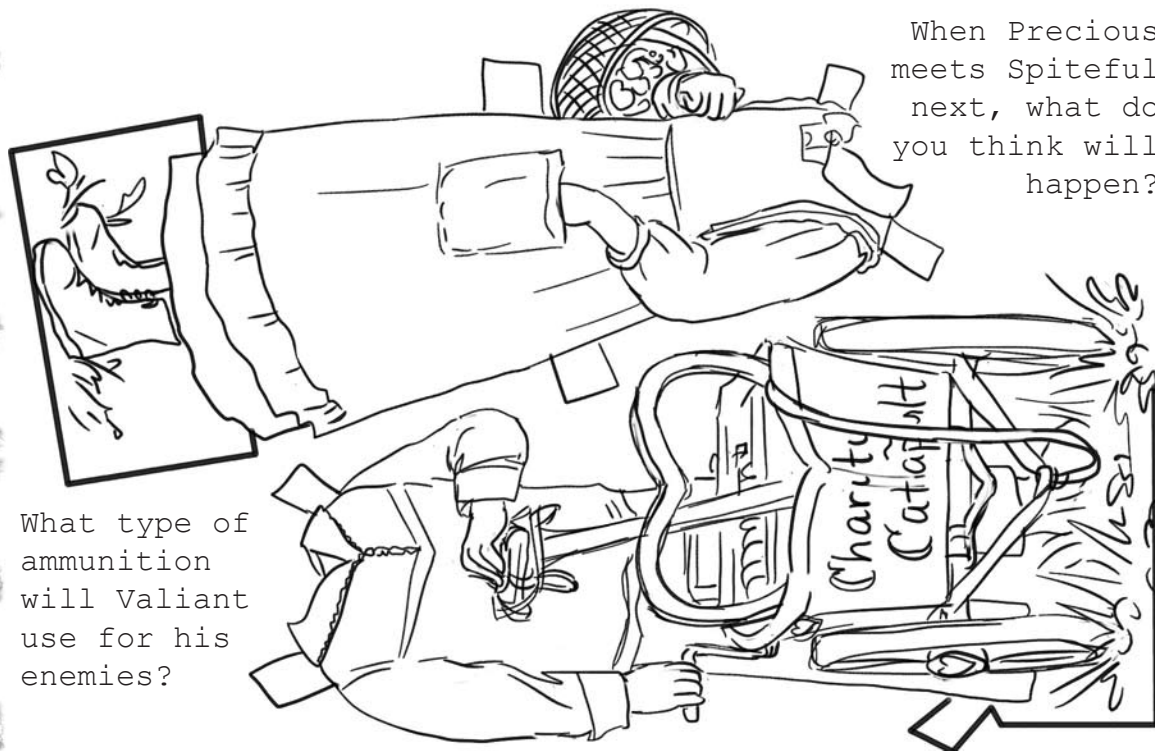
“I see,” said Precious. What should she give dirty little Spiteful? She reached into

her apron pocket and felt the hard peppermint stick that she had been given yesterday. It was her reward for cleaning up quickly. Precious loved peppermint. But Spiteful probably never had any treats. Quickly she put the candy in the silver case and closed the lid.

“Ready?” Valiant asked. Precious nodded her head. Together they wound up the spring and set the trigger. “Now, we just need to watch for Spiteful,” Valiant whispered.

About ten minutes later a dark figure appeared from across the field on the other side of the brambles. He swung a club and looked at the ground. “That’s him,” whispered Precious. Her heart beat fast as Valiant aimed the catapult arm and released the trigger. A loud *POP* broke the quiet and high above the field a bright green balloon appeared.

Turn back a few pages to finish the story in the center section



When Precious meets Spiteful next, what do you think will happen?

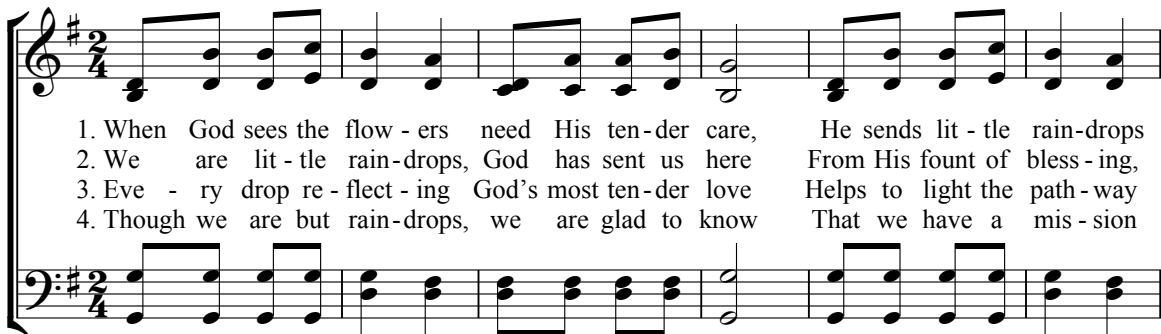
What type of ammunition will Valiant use for his enemies?

Little Raindrops

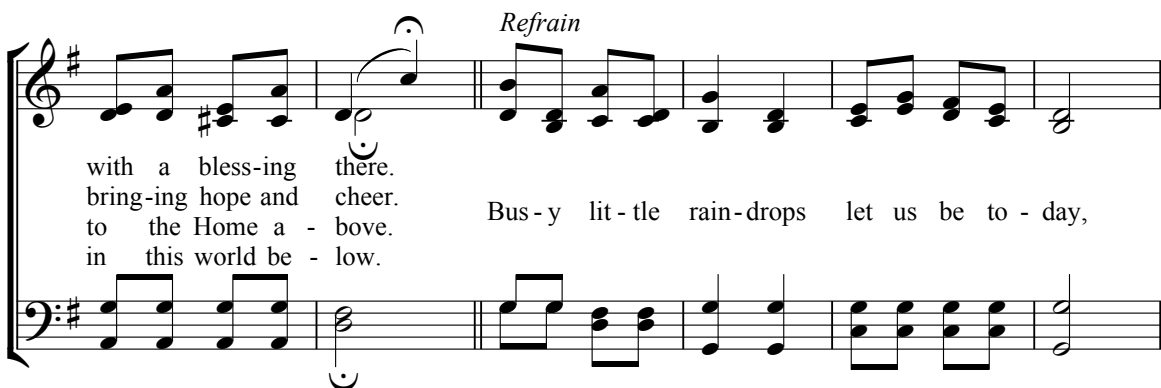
Laura M. Winslow

(Job 36:27-28)

John S. Fearis

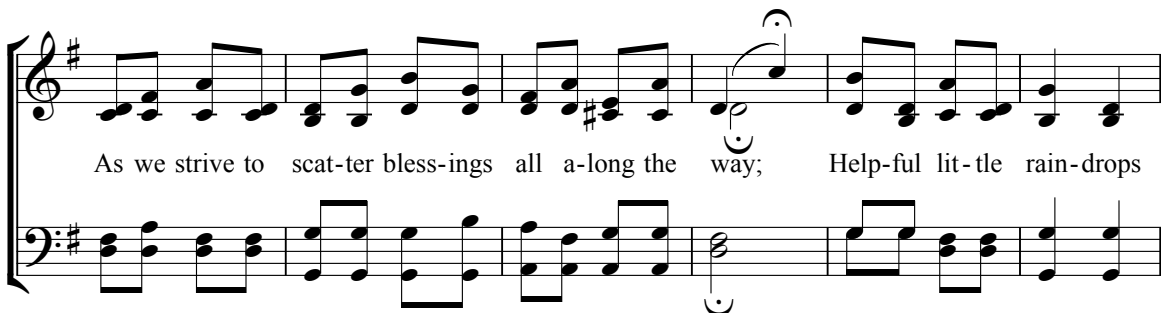


1. When God sees the flow - ers need His ten - der care, He sends lit - tle rain - drops
2. We are lit - tle rain - drops, God has sent us here From His fount of bless - ing,
3. Eve - ry drop re - flect - ing God's most ten - der love Helps to light the path - way
4. Though we are but rain - drops, we are glad to know That we have a mis - sion

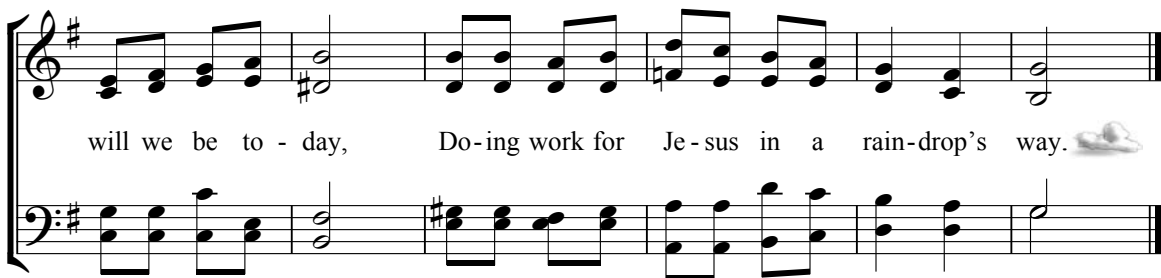


Refrain

with a bless - ing there.
bring - ing hope and cheer.
to the Home a - bove. Bus - y lit - tle rain - drops let us be to - day,
in this world be - low.



As we strive to scat - ter bless - ings all a - long the way; Help - ful lit - tle rain - drops



will we be to - day, Do - ing work for Je - sus in a rain - drop's way.

Dear Reader,

We hope this issue finds you with your hope set in heaven above and your feet on the highway. The Lord is ever merciful and His lovingkindness is still sure, if you will but “taste and see.” Have you counted your blessings lately? God is good and we are so glad to be serving Him and learning to know Him better each day.

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 (24), Joel (22), Kara (20), and Amanda (12). 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*.

In the King's service,
The Editors

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**Steps
Higher**

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*How many cloud groups can you find?
There should be 94, including this one:*



SEND TO: