

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates The Extra Mile

It had been below freezing all week. Daniel had watched the thermometer ever since last Wednesday when the cousins had talked about going down to the lake. Now the ice was thick enough to go skating and he couldn't go with them.

"If Dad were home I'm sure he would take you," Mom said from the kitchen, where she was cooking at the stove.

"Why did Chad and Irene get to go?" Daniel knew the answer before Mom said it. He was one of the *younger* ones. Daniel stared out the window and tried to hide his disappointment.

"There won't be any adults along and I don't want anything to happen to you," Mom said. "If Rosie wasn't sick today I might have bundled up the little ones and come myself." She looked at Daniel kindly. "I know it is disappointing to you, but let's try to have a good day here at home. You could play on that frozen spot in the front yard."

"It is no fun by myself," Daniel said.

"Well, I *do* need a load of wood brought in," Mom said, cheerfully. She poured a can of broth into a pot. "With this cold weather we are burning more than usual. And if you have nothing else to do, these tin cans need to be flattened and the trash taken out."

Daniel groaned. "I don't need *more* work!"

Mom smiled. "It's never crowded along the extra mile," she quoted.

"What extra mile?" Daniel asked with a frown.

"The one that you get blessed for," said Mom.

"You see, it was the law in Roman times that a soldier could make any man carry his pack for one mile. But Jesus said that if someone *compelled* or made you go *one* mile, you should go *two* instead."

"Why did Roman soldiers *make* people carry their stuff anyway?" Daniel asked.

"Because they wore heavy packs. I'm sure most people hated it and were glad to drop them as soon as they came to the mile marker," Mom replied. "Few people will do more than they *have* to do. But Jesus knew that it is when we *voluntarily give* that we get blessed. Most people never find that out, so that is why the *extra* mile is not very crowded."



Mom filled a cup with broth and went down the hall. Daniel looked at the empty wood box and sighed. *It seems like I'll have to go a mile just to get the wood,* he told himself. *This isn't going to be a very fun day.*

At that moment Kyle appeared, dragging his toy wagon. "Dan-ny, Dan-ny!" He called when he saw his big brother. "Play wid me!"

"I have to get wood," Daniel said, starting toward the door.

Kyle followed him. "Hep you!" he cried, jamming the wagon against the doorway in his excitement. "I hep you!"

Daniel was about to say it was too cold outside when Mom's voice came down the hall. "Take Kyle out with you, Daniel. His coat and boots are behind the back door."

Kyle danced up and down when he saw the boots. Daniel held back a smile as he helped his little brother get his chubby feet into them. "You're almost too big for them," he told Kyle as he gave the boots a final shove.

"Too big fo dem," Kyle repeated with a grin. He jumped up and started looking for his hat and mittens. *He really is not such a baby anymore,* Daniel thought as he zipped up the little jacket. He pulled on his own gloves and smiled down at the short, bundled up figure. "Bing my car-car!" Kyle said, grabbing the rope on his wagon.

"OK," Daniel said with a shrug.

A VIEW FROM THE TOWER

Jesus' Yoke: Easy or Hard?

Have you ever seen a wooden yoke – the kind that oxen wore to pull a plow or cart? A yoke makes pulling a heavy load a lot easier, if the oxen learn to work together. That is the challenge. Imagine being a frisky young ox and having your neck hooked up to a heavy wooden beam. You try to move but the old ox next you stands still and you get choked. Wearing a yoke seems like wearing a torture machine! But if you settle down and learn to obey directions, your young strength is turned into useful power.

Did you know that Jesus has a yoke for you to wear? When you say that you want to live for Him, He tells you to do things that are not easy. Like obeying your parents and not complaining. When you twist and turn and try to get out of your work, you get stuck with more chores. It feels like a heavy wooden yoke on your shoulders, doesn't it? But Jesus didn't plan for the yoke to choke you and hold you back. He says, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." What has gone wrong?

It is when we are *made* to work and obey that life becomes miserable. Like the young ox, you will hate the yoke as long as you struggle and fight it. But when you give up and choose to obey and cooperate, an amazing thing happens. The horrible and difficult things become easy and light. Why? Because Jesus wears the other end of the yoke and you really have nothing to do, except to walk along beside Him! Will you take the easy way, like Daniel, and learn to work because you *want* to do right?



“You can use it to get wood chunks for the fire.” The cold air pressed against his face as Daniel stepped outside. *I wish I was at the lake. It must be great fun on the ice,* he thought as he looked around at the glitter of frost everywhere. *But I guess I have to stay and help at home today. At least Kyle is here, even if he is too small to help much.* The frozen grass crunched under their feet as Daniel led the way to the woodpile behind the shed.

“Here, put these pieces in your wagon,” Daniel said, picking up chunks of wood from the scrap lumber pile. Kyle soon had the little wagon filled. Daniel got an armload of logs. “Come on, let’s go take the wood to Mama,” he said.

Kyle grinned. “Wood to Mama – I hep,” he said. Back to the house they went. Kyle’s short legs moved quickly and the little wagon bumped along behind, spilling wood chunks at every bounce. At the porch they stopped.

“Wait here,” Daniel said. “I’ll come back and help you.” But Kyle couldn’t wait. When Daniel returned he found Kyle trying to pull his cart up the steps.

“I’ll take it inside for you,” Daniel said, picking it up.

Kyle looked like he was about to cry. “I hep wood to Mama – I hep,” he said.

“But you can’t carry it.” Daniel looked down at the eager little face and had an idea. “Go pick up the wood that fell off – see over there,” he said, pointing to a wood chunk lying in the grass. The little feet ran quickly and soon Kyle was climbing up the steps, with no less than three blocks clutched to his jacket. Daniel smiled as the little fellow dropped them into the kindling box. “Good job, Kyle! Do you want to play inside now?”

“Wood to Mama – I hep!” Kyle said quickly, turning to go back outside. He was out the back door and scooting down the steps before Daniel could stop him. Kyle

is a big help after all! Daniel thought. *We need more wood in the wood box anyway. If I hurry, I could even fill it to the top. Mom would like that.* He grabbed Kyle’s wagon and followed his little brother outside.

For the next twenty minutes the two of them worked hard, and Daniel soon forgot all about the lake as he raced Kyle to the house with arm loads of wood. “Hurry! We can do it!” Daniel told his little brother as the wagon was pulled to the steps for the last time. “You bring these wood chunks and I’ll take the wagon.”

Mom came into the kitchen as Daniel was stacking the last of the chunks on top of the pile. “Wow! That was a lot of work,” she said, looking at the full wood box. “Thank you.”

Daniel felt warm inside. “Kyle did a lot, too,” he said.

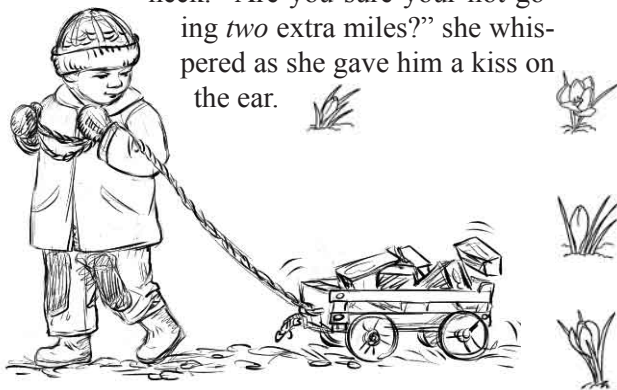
“I hep!” Kyle cried. “See – I hep!” He showed her his empty wagon.

Mom smiled and gave her littlest one a hug. “You *are* Mama’s big helper, aren’t you? Do you want to go outside and play now?”

“What about the tin cans?” Daniel said quickly. “We can flatten those first, and take out the trash. Kyle can help me.”

“I hep,” Kyle agreed.

“Someone is getting blessings today,” Mom said, putting an arm around Daniel’s neck. “Are you sure your not going *two* extra miles?” she whispered as she gave him a kiss on the ear.



Dead Bones

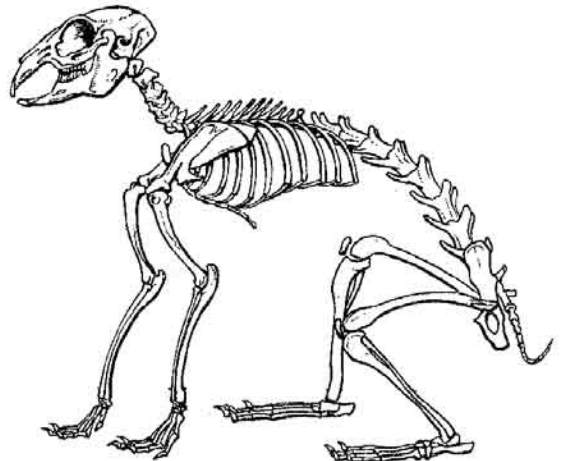
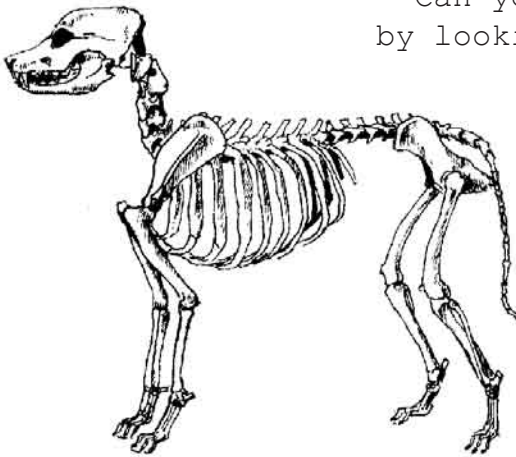
Come down to the railroad tracks with me. I saw a skeleton of an animal and I want you to help me find out what it is. Be careful as we cross the ditch and scramble up the rocky bank. No trains in sight, so follow me. See, over there? A chain of white bones with ribs and a skull. *Ugh! What is it?*

What *was* it, you mean. It is only bones and skin now. The remains of an opossum, I'll guess. See those dark round ears and the pointed head? How different these bones look to the furry white opossum that climbed up on these tracks! If we come back later only the skeleton will be left and we can keep its skull. You can learn a lot about an animal from studying its skeleton. You can see how it moved, what it ate, and how big it was. But the most amazing thing about this pile of bones was that it used to be a living, breathing creature. We can't give something life, but God can.

Does looking at a pile of dead bones make you shiver? Some people's hearts are just like that. Instead of being cheerful and loving like God wants them to be, they are angry, fearful, and selfish. What about you? Are you bitter and hard inside, like a pile of dead bones? Do feel lonely and afraid? God meant for you to be alive inside, breathing in peace and happiness from Him. You can't make your "dry-bones" heart come alive, but God can. He can take a sad, dead heart and make it into a new creature, alive in Christ Jesus. And that's what He wants to do for you.

Can you name these animal friends by looking only at their skeletons?

WHAT ARE THEY?



HINTS: One wags its tail when its happy. The other has long ears.

In the King's Garden



Gems for Your Treasure Chest

a collection of projects, recipes, poems, and verses

Recipe for - LIFE

You will need:

1 avocado Seed
a small jar, toothpicks
water

1. Fill the jar with water.
2. Put the round end of the avocado seed in the jar, using the toothpicks to hold it up.
3. Set it on the window sill and watch life appear!

Waiting to Grow

Little white snowdrop just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup;
Think of the flowers that are under the snow
Waiting to grow!

And think what a number of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

No seed is so small, or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it; and soon He will tell
His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go,
Waiting to grow!

- Frank French

A verse to hide in your heart:

**"But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love where-
with he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath
quickened us together with Christ..." Ephesians 2:4,5**



“Why doesn’t everyone want to do right, Grandpa?” asked Alice. “It is better to be good, because good things happen if we are good and bad things happen when we are bad.”

“That is how it ends up,” Grandpa agreed, “but many bad people seem to have a good time, and good people can have a lot of trouble. Let me tell you the story of

Master Job

There once was a servant boy who lived a long time ago in the land of Uz, and I will call his name Isaac. “Master Job is the kindest, richest, most respected man around,” he boasted to his friends. Isaac knew, for he and his sister, Anna, had been beggars on the street before Master Job had offered them a home. “He always prays and does everything right,” “He’s like that because he doesn’t have trouble,” said the drunkard’s son. Was it riches that made Master Job good? In one day of terror, Isaac got a chance to find out.

Raiding bands came upon the oxen and camels, all seven thousand sheep were destroyed by fire, and the master’s great wealth was gone. The news was ringing through the house when a breathless messenger came in. “Master Job, your sons and daughters were having a party at the oldest son’s house today when a terrible wind came and knocked down the house and killed them all!”

Isaac held his breath. All Master Job’s children killed? He had planned a special time of sacrifice and prayer for them tomorrow, for he was a devoted father. In grief the older man tore his mantle and shaved his head. But what were the words he said? “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

After that life changed in Master Job’s house. No longer were there joyful songs or the bustle of activity. The master was ill with a great disease of boils and the mistress had said, “How can you trust God still? Curse him and die.” Anna had heard it with her own ears. “Did he?” Isaac asked. “No, he said that she was foolish and that God sends evil as well as good,” Anna said. “Do you think that is true?” Isaac didn’t know.

“Look at your *good* master now!” his friend mocked. “Do you want your life to end up on a ash heap?” Isaac didn’t. He avoided his master, who sat like a beggar in his own yard, scraping oozing sores. Isaac knew that several of the master’s friends had come to sympathize with him, but he didn’t get near enough to listen. All that was good was gone. How could Master Job keep trusting God now? Maybe he and Anna should leave before everything was destroyed.



Grandpa paused and looked at Alice. "Should they?" he asked. She shook her head. "But it seemed like God had forsaken them," Grandpa said.

"But after that God give Job more lots more sheep and camels, and more children, too," Alice said. "It was the devil that made all the trouble, wasn't it?"

"Yes, God allowed the devil to cause all that trouble to prove something. What was it?"

Alice thought for awhile. "I

guess it proved that Job was good because he trusted God, not because he was rich and didn't have trouble."

"Yes, and that is why God lets trouble come to us when we want to do right," Grandpa agreed. "God will prove to you whether you really love Him or not. Will you be able to keep trusting Him when everything seems to go wrong?"

"I hope so," Alice said. "I will try to remember this story to remind me."

What helped Master Job find hope and happiness again? Starting at the man under the tree, find the path of helpful words that lead out of the dark clouds. Look up, down, across and backwards.

PEACEFUL
HOPEVOBLESSED
AGTTOPHAPPINESS
PNRCLEARESTPRAISE
PIUELBMUHTRUSTJOY
YVTSALVATIONFAITH
OHEHUMBLEHOPEIDUS
RARANGERKTTEGLUMTTG
PRETREATRASARDABRHA
DGDEEUGRARUCAEILIGIBS
AUIGLOOMDWREERAEFINIO
SEESRSTRIFETHFEARELHTR
SRACURSEBOHATELUSTEOTR
EDCOUYDGIOEVILDIERSPEO
LICUMBELTLIEANGERYRERW
EAURBNSOTMADFDOUBTULNO
PRSALEPOEHOPEWORRYCEERL
OFEGEEAMRTSELFISHNESSRI
HATEIDIENSGREEDREADSSYV
TERRORTEUHATEACCUSEDIE
REGNASREVILSDESPAIR
HSTMADARKNESS



Little Mae And Her Joy Flowers

Little Mae skipped up the walk with the mail. “Mama, just see!” she said, holding up an envelope. “It has my name on it! Is it from Miss Jenny?”

“Yes, indeed,” Mama said, sitting down on the steps. “Let’s open it and see what she says.” Mae’s eager fingers pulled out a small white card and a tissue-paper package. Mama opened the card and began to read:

“Dear Little Mae,

I miss you since you have moved away. I have some beautiful Joy flowers in my garden that always remind me of you. Since I couldn’t send you any, I’ve sent you some seeds so you can grow them yourself. Your mama will show you how to plant them.”

“Where are the seeds?” Mae asked.

“In this little package,” Mama said, opening the tissue paper to show her.

“They look like little sticks,” Mae said, picking one up. “Is it really a flower?”

“Not yet. It is only a seed right now, but it will grow and have flowers later,” Mama said.

Mae held the seed in her hand and stared at it. “When will it grow, Mama? Will it be big like me? What will it look like?”

Mama smiled. “You will find out when you plant it, Mae Darling. Would you like to have your Joy flowers growing by the mailbox?”

“No, I want them in my room,” Mae said, “right next to my bed!”

Mama laughed. “And how will they grow

there?” she asked, opening the door to go inside.

“I will take care of them and feed them. I’m big enough,” Mae said. Then a little frown came to her face, and she asked, “What do my seeds eat, Mama? Will it cost money?”

“No, it won’t cost money. If you gave them a pot of dirt and some water to drink they will be quite happy.”

“Flowers don’t eat dirt, Mama!” Mae said with a giggle. “You’re being funny.”

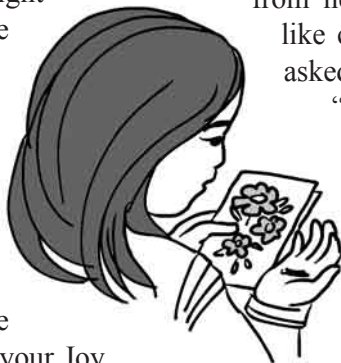
“Well, what do you think they need to grow then?” Mama asked.

Mae tipped her head and thought a moment. “My Joy seeds would like it in my pretty doll dish,” she said, and ran to get it. The seeds looked like a little pile of sticks in the middle of the pink plate. Mae carefully took it into her bedroom and put it on the window sill. “They can get some sunshine there,” she said.

At supper time Mae saved some crumbs from her cookie. “My Joy flowers will like cookies, won’t they, Mama?” she asked.

“No, Mae Darling,” Mama said, “sweets don’t help flowers to grow. But if you won’t believe me, you can try it.” So Mae put the cookie crumbs in a doll cup on the windowsill. The next morning she checked on her seeds, but nothing had happened.

“Mama, they didn’t eat the cookies!” Mae said. “Maybe they will want some of my jelly toast instead.”



Every day Mae tried something new, but the seeds never grew. Ants came to eat the crumbs and Mama wasn't happy. Mae wasn't happy either. "These aren't joy flowers at all," she said. "They make me sad, because they won't grow."

"Do you really want them to grow?" Mama asked.

Mae nodded. "They just look like sticks. I want flowers," she said.

"Then I will show you what you must do," Mama said. She took the pink dish of seeds in one hand and Mae's little hand in the other. Together they went outside. The sun was shining on the dew drops and the ground around the mailbox was wet. Mama bent down and began to poke little holes in the soft dirt.

"What are you doing?" Mae asked.

"Joy seeds have to be tucked under the dirt to grow Joy flowers," Mama said.

"But the dirt is cold and muddy," Mae said with a frown. She looked at the little seeds in the dish. "How will they grow if we put them down there? I don't think they will like it at all."

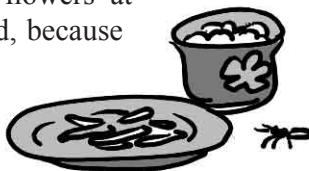
"They might not like it now, but they will grow. Will you trust me?" asked Mama. Slowly Mae nodded her head. Together they poked the seeds in the soil and covered them up.

"They're all planted," Mama said, standing up. "Now they can grow."

Mae looked down at the dirt. She couldn't see a single flower seed and her hands were dirty, too. "I don't like the yucky dirt," she said. "How can Joy flowers grow when they can't

even see the sunshine?"

"They will grow. Just wait and see," said Mama.



Mae waited all that day. The next morning she was up bright and early. She came inside with tears in her eyes. "They are all dead, Mama," she said. "There are no Joy flowers at all. You said they would grow, but they didn't!"

"You must trust me, Mae Darling," said Mama. "Wait until next week, and then you will see them. Right now they are growing under the dirt."

Mae wiped her eyes and looked at Mama closely. "Under that yucky dirt? Will they get squished?"

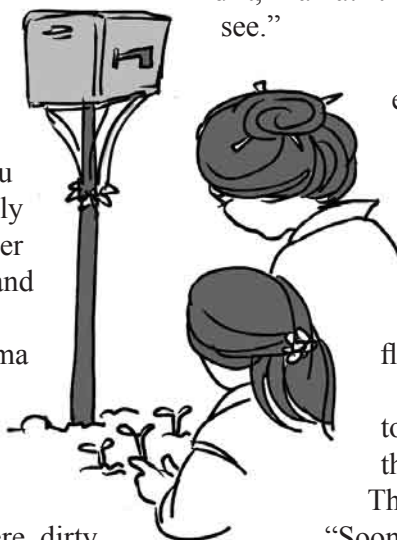
Mama shook her head. "They are strong little seeds. They can push the dirt out of the way when they grow. You must wait and see."

So Mae waited. Finally one morning she ran inside. "Something is coming out of the dirt, Mama! It is small and green. Come and see."

Mama went outside. Sure enough, little round leaves were poking out of the ground. "These are baby plants," Mama said. "We will watch them and see. When they get a little bigger we can tell if they are flowers."

"Flowers?" said Mae, touching the green leaves. "But they don't look like flowers. They look like bean sprouts."

"Soon they won't look like bean sprouts," said Mama with a smile. "But you must water them, because the ground is



Something You Can Do

Do you sometimes feel gloomy and bored? Do your chores seem hard and nothing good seems to happen? Then you have forgotten something important. It is *your choice* how things look and feel. You can decide to make the day better or worse by your own attitude. Whatever happens to you, wherever you live, you can *bloom (like a flower) where you are*. Here is a spring project for you to try right away, because even in winter you can make

---A Flower Basket---

You'll need: a wire basket
hay or straw
potting soil
flowers (pansies and primroses work nicely – you can get them at Wal-Mart or a garden store)

1. If your wire basket is dirty, clean it with soap and water and dry it out. Use the hay to line the basket about 1 inch thickness around.



2. Squeeze the bottom sides of the flower container to get them out. Arrange the flowers to look pretty in your basket. Usually the tallest will be best in the back or in the middle. Make sure you can see all the flowers.



3. Push in the potting soil between the flowers so they're nice and snug. Find a place to put your flower basket. Put a tray underneath it, if it is inside, and water it.



4. Remember to clean up your mess!



getting dry.” Mama got a cup of water and showed Mae how to carefully pour it around the plants.

“Yucky mud,” said Mae. “Why do they like it in the dirt, Mama?”

“Because that’s the way flowers grow. They have to have soil for their roots to grow into.”

“What roots?” asked Mae.

“Under the ground where you can’t see them,” said Mama. “Remember how bean sprouts have long white parts? Those are the roots.”

Mae laughed. “My Joy flowers are funny,” she said. “We put stick seeds in the dirt and now they are little bean sprouts.”

But they didn’t stay little for long. Each day Mae was excited to see how tall her flowers were growing. When the ground was dry she would water them.

“Mama, come and see,” she said one morning. “My flowers are getting big!”

“Yes they are,” Mama said. “Almost as big as you! See these little round balls? These are the Joy flowers that will open soon.”

And sure enough, the next day a bright pink flower with a golden center greeted Mae at the mailbox. Mae squealed with delight. “Ooh! Isn’t my Joy flower pretty?” she said.

“Can I pick it, Mama? Will more grow?”

“Yes, more will grow,” Mama said. “Let’s get the scissors to cut it nicely. Do you want to put it on the table?”

“I want to put it in my room,” said Mae. “Now I can have my Joy flower in my room, can’t I?”

“Yes, and more to share,” said Mama. “Wasn’t Miss Jenny nice to send you the seeds? We should write her and tell her ‘Thank you.’”

“I’ll draw her a picture of it,” said Mae, “because she doesn’t know what it looks like.” And so she did – a bright red flower on a green plant by the mailbox. Mae looked at her drawing and frowned.

“It looks beautiful,” said Mama. “Shall I send it to her?”

Mae’s face brightened. “Oh, I forgot the dirt! Joy flowers have to have dirt to grow.” She took a brown crayon and added a patch at the bottom. Mama helped her write “*THANK YOU FOR THE JOY FLOWERS*” at the top and put it in an envelope to send to Miss Jenny.

Mama and Little Mae tucked it in the mailbox and put up the flag. A new flower was opening up and Mae stopped to admire it. “My Joy flowers like it out here, Mama,” she said. “Now I know how Joy flowers grow.”

HOW TO GROW A JOY FLOWER IN YOUR HEART

Joy is something beautiful to have, but do you know how to get it? It doesn’t come with having an easy life and all the candy you can eat. People that are rich and popular don’t have joy. No, the Bible says that we can have joy *in* troubles. How can that be? Think about the flowers. Who would think beautiful flowers would come out of stick-seeds and dirt? But we all know they do. And it is when we have troubles and problems that God can help joy to grow. Just like growing flowers, we have to trust when we don’t see anything beautiful. Your chores may seem boring and hard, but you can be cheerful even though you don’t feel cheerful. How? Because you know that joy will grow if you keep trusting. If it doesn’t seem like it would work, try it. Joy will grow if you keep focused on the good things and trust Jesus.

Phillip was in trouble. His foster Mother said he should be ashamed of himself, but he wasn't. He wasn't sorry about anything that he had done. Why didn't they just leave him alone?

It all started when Phillip's friend came over to play. He showed Phillip a hunting knife that he had gotten for his birthday. But when it was time for him to go home, he couldn't find his knife anywhere. "Maybe you dropped it somewhere," said Phillip.

Later that week Phillip was playing outside when two boys from down the street came by. They called him "Stupid" because he got into fights all the time and did not study in school. Phillip wasn't stupid, but his behavior was. He called them names and threw stones at them. So they called him some more names and threw stones back. Phillip knew what to do to make them respect him. He ran inside and got the knife out of his closet. "You'd better stop calling me names!" he yelled. "I've got a knife!" Sure enough, the boys were scared. They ran home.

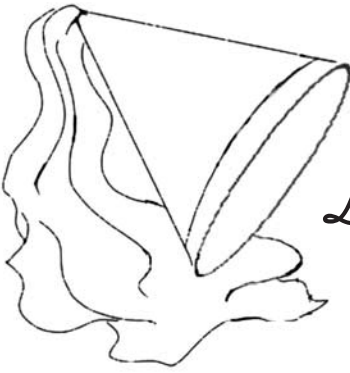
Then a lot of things began to happen. Phillip's big, mean half-sister grabbed him and began to pull him inside. His foster Mom came out and took the knife away. Phillip kicked and hit them. He was so mad that he wanted to hurt people. But they were bigger, and they had the knife. His foster Mother said that he should be sorry, but he was NOT SORRY!

The police arrived. They looked big and scary. They told Phillip the bad things that would happen if he kept acting like that. Phillip was scared, but he was still not sorry. He showed he was not sorry by not saying anything.

Then his foster Grandpa came in the door. He wasn't like his real Grandpa, but Phillip knew Gramps loved him and was disappointed in him. "Phillip," Gramps said, "answer the policeman." He said it in a commanding way that Phillip knew he must obey. After he had answered the policeman's questions, Gramps said, "Phillip, tell the office that you are sorry."

Phillip struggled with himself. He didn't want to say that he was sorry, because it meant that *it was his fault*. Then Phillip opened his mouth and said it. Next he had to say sorry to his foster Mom, and then Gramps helped him find the boys down the street. "I'm sorry," Phillip said again, and it was easier this time. The neighbor boys said they were sorry, too. All the boys shook hands.





*Letter to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess*

Dear Princess,

Are you ready to hear about the battle with the Evil Knights? It began with a surprise attack during the breakfast hour. "King Jesus has requested that the palace be cleaned and baking be done this morning," Mother Matron announced.

Groans were heard all around the table. "But He promised to let us go on a picnic today," someone said.

"Princesses Praise and Diligence to the

kitchen," said Mother Matron, as if she hadn't heard. "The rest of you to your quarters for clean up."

Princess Precious couldn't help blinking back tears when Princess Sympathy hissed, "That's not fair! Praise always gets to bake and we never do!" Or was it Sympathy? The voice didn't sound quite right, but the tears in Precious' eyes blinded her from seeing who it was. The strange voice spoke again. "Come on, I'm sure Mother Matron got the message wrong. Let's go out in the courtyard to find out."

Precious was following the newcomer outside when she felt a hand on her arm. "Where are you going, Princess Precious?" She looked up to see Mother Matron. "That is not the way to your room."

The door to the courtyard flung open and a man in armor burst in, knocking down the new girl. "I knew they must be hiding in



What Was Phillip Missing?

Phillip felt angry and revengeful. He was in trouble, but he didn't want to admit it. He just wanted people to leave him alone. But that didn't help Phillip feel better. What helped Phillip? Color all the knives to find out.



We don't like to hurt ourselves, but sometimes we need to have pain. Read 2 Corinthians 7:10 to learn why.

here! The halls must be searched!” he cried. Precious shrank back against the wall as he clanged past. *He must be an Evil Knight*, she thought in fright. *I thought King Jesus said that they couldn’t come in here!*

“Hurry, before another one comes!” the girl hissed and slipped outside.

“Up to your room, quickly,” Mother Matron said, pulling on her arm.

Princess Precious shivered. Whom should she trust? What had King Jesus said to do when the attack came? Precious tried to think. In the stillness she heard the herald cry, “Obedience Watch to the Towers!”

Precious fled up the stairs to her tower room, and suddenly a thought came to her. Obedience? That strange girl hadn’t been wearing a golden gown of obedience! Who could she have been?

Clanging and shouts came closer and Precious quickly locked her door. Knock, knock! “Are you in there?” a voice asked. It was Valiant.

Precious opened the door a crack. Her brother stood outside dressed in his armor. “I thought you were an Evil Knight,” she said.

Prince Valiant laughed, “No Knights can come in this castle!” Then he frowned. “But a bunch of their Complaints and Disobedience spies have been sneaking around. King Jesus ordered an alert. Have you seen any in the towers or halls?”

“Oh, it must have been a spy that told me to go outside!” said Precious. “She went out in the courtyard.”

“They tried to take over the carriage house. The Evil Knights were planning an ambush on the picnic party,” Valiant said.

“Oh no!” Precious said. “What can we do now?”

“Follow the Captain’s orders, of course,” Valiant said. “He appointed Obedience to be on watch today. Didn’t Mother Matron tell you anything?”

“I have to clean up,” Precious said, looking around at her messy room. Then she smiled. “I’m glad King Jesus is in charge. He isn’t afraid, is He?”

“Never!” Valiant took out his sword and it flashed in the light. “He is our Prince of Peace and we’re going to win! If you see another spy, just give me a call.”

“I will,” Precious said.

What about you, dear princess? Love, Aunt Faith



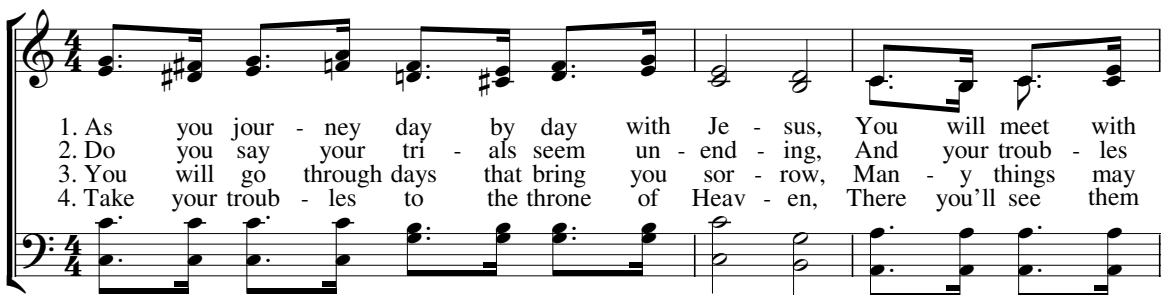
When plans are changed at the breakfast table, will Precious wear her gown of obedience and trust the King?

Troubles into Treasures

J. A. E.

(James 1:2)

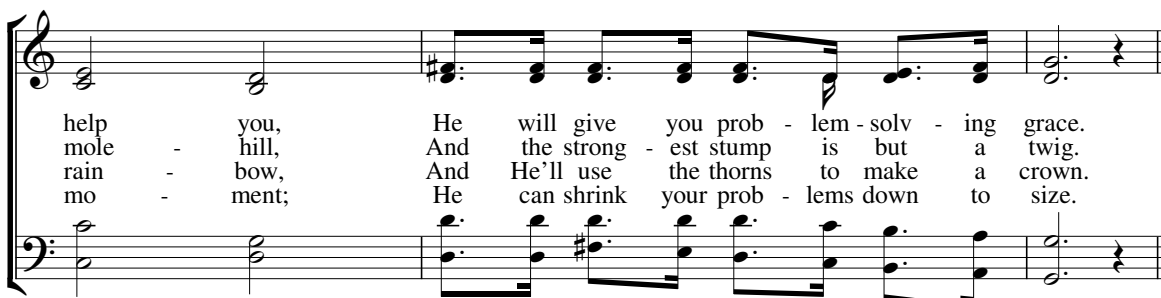
Joel A. Erickson



1. As you jour - ney day by day with Je - sus, You will meet with
2. Do you say your tri - als seem un - end - ing, And your troub - les
3. You will go through days that bring you sor - row, Man - y things may
4. Take your troub - les to the throne of Heav - en, There you'll see them

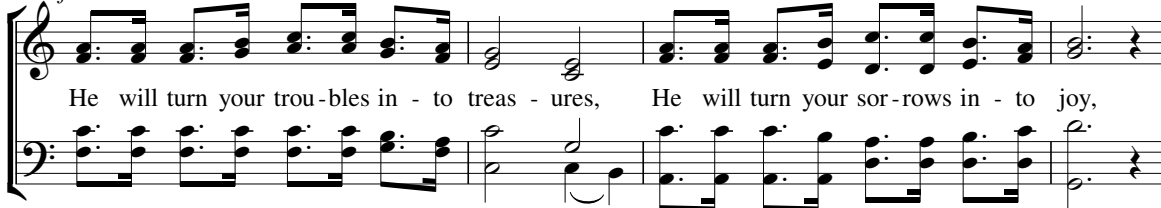


prob - lems hard to face; If you're stuck, just ask your Friend to
seem so ver - y big? But with God, a moun - tain is a
try to get you down, But God us - es rain to make a
through the Sav - ior's eyes; He can make the most of eve - ry



help you, He will give you prob - lem - solv - ing grace.
mole - hill, And the strong - est stump is but a twig.
rain - bow, And He'll use the thorns to make a crown.
mo - ment; He can shrink your prob - lems down to size.

Refrain



He will turn your trou - bles in - to treas - ures, He will turn your sor - rows in - to joy,



Don't be down, for He is sure - ly giv - ing Hap - pi - ness to eve - ry girl and boy.

Dear Reader,



February freezes have reminded us that winter has not left us yet, but we are enjoying the blessings of springtime in our King's presence. He is our source of bright joy and peace, whatever the weather outside. May you also learn the secrets of a happy, victorious life in Jesus.



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 (25), Kara (21), and Amanda (12). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda, 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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Treasures of the Kingdom

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*How many crocus flowers can you find?
There should be 92, including this one:*



SEND TO: