

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

Wisdom Crieth

Proverbs 1:20-33

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction. Prov. 1:7

Jay is a typical child with a sadly typical attitude - a SPEED YOUR WAY SCOOTER.



At first it didn't seem that bad. He listened and obeyed - most of the time.

Put it back. It doesn't belong to you.

Jay was usually sorry - when he got in trouble.

If I had some money next time, I could try the coin machine. ... So should you take things that aren't yours? No, That would be stealing.

hear the instruction, and forsake not thy mother.



Soon Jay thought being "soft" was too dull. He wanted speed, even if he got punished for it..



The FOOLS-WAY Paper had just what he was looking for.

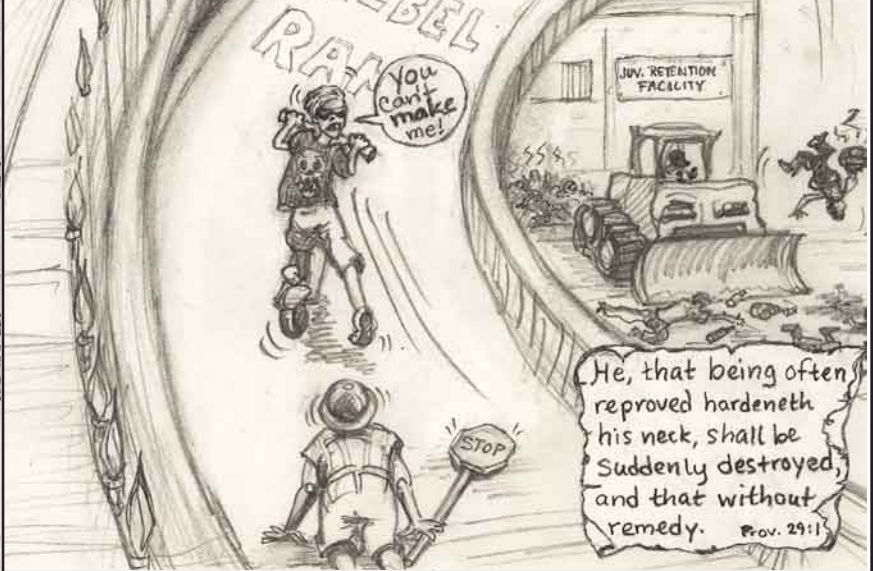


It was chore-time. Jay was glad no one saw him slip out the back door.



Of course, he forgot about God.

That's funny. I'm sure I had a stamped envelope in my purse. JAY? That child is heading straight for trouble. Oh, if only he could see where he'll end up!



He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy. Prov. 29:13

“Edward stomped into the room and sat on a chair. “In trouble?” Grandpa asked. “Yes,” Edward growled. “I’m always the one. It’s no use trying to be good any more!”

“Weren’t you playing trucks in the yard?”

Edward nodded. “I was building a bridge with the new bulldozer but Mom said I had to share and it isn’t fair! Now I can’t play at all and Sammy’s going to wreck everything.”

“It sounds horrible,” agreed Grandpa. He leaned back in his chair. “I suppose I should tell you the story of

”

The Idol Trap

After 70 years of being captives in Babylon, many of the Jews had been allowed to return to their broken-down city of Jerusalem. Jarib was the son of a priest who worked to rebuild the temple of God. But when Jarib grew up he married a pretty Hittite girl who worshiped idols. He knew God hates false gods, but he made excuses. “I don’t believe in those silly statues,” he told himself. “Besides, my brother married a Hittite girl and it didn’t hurt him.”

Soon Jarib was invited to a Hittite harvest party. The songs and dances were exciting. That evening the stars and trees seemed to dance, too. Jarib felt strange. “We became captives because our people turned away from the true God and worshiped idols,” his father had once said. *But we have rebuilt the temple now*, Jarib argued. *If I go there every day to pray I’ll be alright*. At the temple God seemed far away and Jarib wasn’t happy. At home his wife sang Hittite songs and prayed to her idols. Jarib couldn’t get them out of his mind.

One cold rainy evening Jarib arrived at the temple to find a large crowd gathered. “The princes have told the new priest, Ezra, about the marriages to idol-worshippers,” someone said. Jarib frowned. “Ezra’s really upset,” said Jarib’s uncle. “We have been entangled with the same evil things that turned us away from God before! What have we done?” The older man started to cry.

Jarib turned away, but his heart felt as heavy as the dark sky. He shivered and thought of going home. Did the new priest know who his wife was? But Ezra had knelt on the temple porch and was crying to God. Jarib forgot the falling rain as he listened to the earnest prayer: “O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face before Thee!”

“My God?” Jarib whispered. “I say He is the true God, but I don’t love Him and obey Him. What does *He* think of me?” His wife and all her evil idols and caught him like a trap and he couldn’t get out! “O God, help me!” he cried as he covered his face.

Jarib was trembling with cold when he got home that night. “Foolish man!” said his wife, bringing him dry clothes. “Yes, I am very foolish,” Jarib agreed. “I have let a pretty face and strange idols turn my heart from God. Tonight I confessed my wrong and promised to get clear. The idols all must go.” His wife was angry. “You don’t care how I feel! If my idols go, I go, too!” “Yes, you, too,” Jarib said, sadly. “It is how *my God* feels that matters to me now. I must please Him.”

(from Ezra 9 and 10)



“Grandpa looked at his grandson. “I think Jarib felt much happier, even though he had to live alone in an empty house after that,” said Grandpa. “What do you think?”

“If idols aren’t real, why do people worship them?” Edward asked.

“Because it is easier,” Grandpa said. “The idols didn’t care whether you told the truth or shared with your brother. It was easier to just live as you pleased and pray to the stars and trees. But how do you think God feels about it?”

“Bad,” said Edward.

“And how does God feel when you are selfish and don’t share?”

Edward hung his head. “I try to be nice, but Sammy...”

“Sammy controls you? Or is it your selfishness idol?”

Edward frowned. “I don’t have an idol. I don’t pray to myself! I pray to God.”

Grandpa was quiet for a moment. “Who do you think about all the time?” he asked. “Are you pleasing yourself or Jesus? Remember how Jarib thought he was praying to God, but he was really thinking about those idols and Hittite songs?”

Slowly Edward nodded.

“It was like he was caught in a trap and pretending to be free,” Grandpa said. “The only way out was for him to *realize* that he was trapped and be *really sorry*. Sorry enough to cry for God’s help and get rid of all the things that didn’t please God. And that is the only way for you to get out of the selfishness trap.”



”

Out of the Trap Activity

Start at the **bottom** of the stairs and write your answers on the lines. The letters on the steps will spell the missing words in this verse:

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and _____ shalt thou serve. (Mt. 4:10)

7. Did God help Jarib when he was sorry and wanted to change? _____

6. Jarib had *said* that God was the true God. But he did not _____ or obey Him.

5. Jarib’s wife and her idols had _____ his heart away from God.

4. Did it work? _____

3. Jarib thought he could go to the _____ to please God.

2. She worshiped _____

1. Jarib married a _____ girl.



Two Arms for Jesus

Jesse looked up when the visitor came into his classroom. Mr. Jones, his teacher, had said that someone from the Hurricane Relief Effort would be coming today.

"Hello, my name is Jack Muri from the H.R.E.," said the visitor. "I'm sure you've all heard about the hurricane that passed through last week." Jack nodded. He looked at the paper the man passed to him. It showed a boy standing beside a pile of lumber, broken glass, and mud. Underneath the headline read: "Hurricane Leaves Hundreds Homeless."

Jesse listened with interest as the visitor explained how the terrible hurricane winds had flattened trees and buildings and then dumped torrents of water for two days. "The flooding has destroyed many homes and businesses. Boys and girls your age have become refugees and are living in shelter camps set up by the government. Does anyone know what a refugee is?"

Jesse raised his hand. "It is someone who has to leave their home," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Muri. "Does anyone know what it is like to leave everything and have to camp out because your home was destroyed?"

Jesse nodded and raised his hand again. "Last winter there was a fire in my house," he said, remembering his smoky room and melted toys. "When we came home from town the fire department was there. They put it out pretty quick, but all our stuff was ruined. We had to live with my aunt and uncle for three months."

"That must have been tough," Mr. Muri said with a nod. "You know how it feels to have your things destroyed. Many refugee families don't even have pots to cook with or pillows to sleep on. The H.R.E. is taking donations of money and basic supplies. We will be sending a truck to the refugee camp next week. Do any of your families have blankets, kitchen supplies, or tools to spare? Maybe you have an extra coat or shoes that you don't wear? Another boy or girl would be glad to have them."

Many of the children said they had clothes and toys that they could bring. They agreed to tell their parents about the relief effort. Jesse didn't say anything. His family didn't have anything extra to give away. Besides, his dad never supported things like this. But Jesse remembered how happy he had felt when their neighbors had sent some boxes of food and clothes after the fire and Grandpa Andy had sent them money. Deep down inside Jesse wanted to do something, but what could it be?

On the way home from school he thought about it. He remembered the verse his Sunday School teacher had taught him: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Jesus would want him to give to those that had needs, Jesse knew. But what could a poor boy do?

Suddenly he remembered what Gramma had once said. "If you have nothing else, be glad you have your health and strength." Jesse stretched out his arms. They were thin and wiry, but he was strong. He lifted his chin and smiled. Another saying of Gramma's was, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Jesse would find that way.

Dad frowned when Jesse came in at supper time. "What took you so long coming back from school?" he asked. "I needed your help stacking the wood Grandpa Andy dropped off."

"I'm sorry Dad," Jesse apologized. "A man down the street said he would pay me to wash his car. Should I help with the wood after supper?"



"No, it's done now," Dad said with a grunt. "What you earning money for?"

Jesse washed his hands and sat down at the table. "Our class is helping send stuff for people who lost their homes in the hurricane," he said.

Dad didn't say anything, but Gramma smiled.

"You won't need me tomorrow afternoon, will you, Dad?" Jesse asked.

"I guess not. Why?"

"The man down the street has yard work for me to do."

The next afternoon was hot and Jesse was glad for the shade of the tall trees as he began mowing the lawn by the big house. He was sweating an hour and a half later when he made the final pass and cut the engine. The grass looked even and smooth, Jesse thought. He went to find the owner.

"OK, now you'd better weed-whack along the fence," the man said, hardly looking at Jesse's work. "That, and the raking, should take you the rest of the afternoon."

Jesse had never used a weed-whacker before, but the man said it wasn't too hard. "Just keep the blade near the ground and bop it when the string gets short. Be careful not to hit any rocks," he said, showing Jesse how to hold the gas-powered machine. He pulled the starter and the motor roared. Jesse took hold of the handle and felt the power of the machine buzz through his tired arms and back. Carefully he moved the motor head back and forth along the fence. Grass and weeds flew everywhere.

The sun beat down and Jesse squinted to watch out for rocks. The weed-whacker shook him from head to toe, but he held on tight. Over, back, over, back. Buzzzzz! Finally the fence line was done. Jesse's shirt stuck to his back and he felt stiff as he walked over to the shed. His arms shook and his knees felt weak when he set the weed-whacker down. The man had said that he had to rake up all the grass before his job was done. Jesse picked up the rake and dropped it again. The world seemed to spin.

Jesse sat on the ground and tried to calm the shaking in his arms. He felt weak all over. Yesterday he had been so glad for work and a chance to earn some money to send to the hurricane refugees. But how could he finish the job if he didn't have any strength left?

"I can do all things through Christ," he repeated to himself. "Lord Jesus, can you please strengthen me so I can rake?" Jesse prayed. The sound of voices floated in the warm air and he opened his eyes. Some of the boys in his class were walking down the street.

"Hey, Jesse!" one of them called as Jesse got to his feet. "You want to come to the river with us? It's sure hot out today!"

Jesse felt sticky and hot all over. But he shook his head. "No, I have work to do," he called back, slowly stretching his arms and neck. The trembling had stopped. He picked up the rake and this time his hands grasped the handle. Jesse lifted his chin and smiled.

Mr. Jones asked for donations after the first recess the next morning. "Thank you



to those that brought in things for the Hurricane Relief Effort," he told the class. "Does anyone have some money that they would like to give to help the refugees? Remember, there are boys and girls just like you who have lost everything they had. I'll pass around this can and you can put your donations in it."

Several of the other children slowly pulled out in their money. When the can came to him, Jesse smiled. After all that hard work, the man had given him a wad of bills. How many nice things they would buy! Jesse put them all in. It was the strength that Jesus had given him, after all.

"Hey, I thought you said you didn't have any money!" the boy next to Jesse whispered. "Did you make your dad give you some?"

"No," Jesse said. He lifted his chin and smiled. "It was my two arms and Jesus."



Consider.

That means to *think carefully. Study and notice things. Learn something.* If I pick up a book and flip through the pages, am I **considering** it? No. I have to read it and think about what it is saying. How about you? When you see a spider's web, do you say "yuk!" or do you **stop to notice** the wonderful details in God's creation? When you don't feel like working, do you give in to your feelings? Or do you **consider** what happens to lazy people and decide to be responsible and work anyway?

The Bible says to "**Consider** one another." A **considerate** person takes time to think about the people around them. How can I make them happy? What can I do to be helpful? Maybe you think that your family doesn't need anything. Or maybe, like the story of Jesse, you don't think you can do anything to help. You better become a detective and use your eyes and ears to **start noticing things!** How about the stack of dishes in the sink when everyone else is busy? The **considerate** person thinks "Here is my chance to help!" And when little brother or sister begins to fuss, you will think, "Why are they upset? Are they too hot or tired? Do they want to be left alone?" There are clues everywhere if you will just take a moment to **consider**. And just think! If everyone is being **considerate** of everyone else, how happily we will all get along together!

Best of all, *God considers* us. He **sees** when we are hurting or afraid, and He wants to comfort us. He **sees** all our troubles, and **notices** when we need something, and He wants to help us and supply all our needs. Just think about the great Father in Heaven, the King of the Universe, **considering** each child on earth – and each grown up, too! He **sees all the details**, even in your mind and heart. Have you **thought** about the things that you've done wrong and how much God hates evil? He **sees** how sin and evil are going to ruin your life, and so He sent Jesus to suffer for you. Now, just **consider** *who* that you know would be willing to die for selfish, sinful people? Don't you think that Jesus must really love you and want to change your heart? Don't you think He would want to help you live right every day and make your life happy?

A verse to memorize: "**Only fear the LORD, and serve Him with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.**"- 1 Samuel 12:24



THE OIL POT

Laish was the only son of the largest olive-grower in the town of Chesulloth. He loved to help crush the olives and catch the fine olive oil in pottery vessels, which his father sold for a good price. After work Laish often played with the two sons of Obadiah the prophet, Levi and Samuel, who lived down the street. But when Obadiah, their father, died they were very sad and didn't come out to play anymore.

“Obadiah was a good man, but he borrowed money,” Laish heard his mother say to his father. “Will the God whom they trusted help those poor boys now?”

“Jehoram will have no mercy,” his father said grimly. “He will sell both boys into captivity if their mother can't pay her debts.”

Levi and Samuel sold as slaves? Laish felt terrible, but what could he do to help them? He had some pocket-money from working, but it wasn't enough. Laish was still thinking about it when he saw his friends come up to the door with several jugs and

pots on a cart.

“Do you have any empty vessels we can borrow?” they asked Laish's mother. She looked surprised, but then smiled kindly.

“Laish, go get the big water pot,” she said.

“What are you doing with all these?” asked Laish, as he helped load the huge container onto the cart.

“Mother said to get all the containers that we can,” Levi said.

“This is our ninth cart load,” Samuel added.

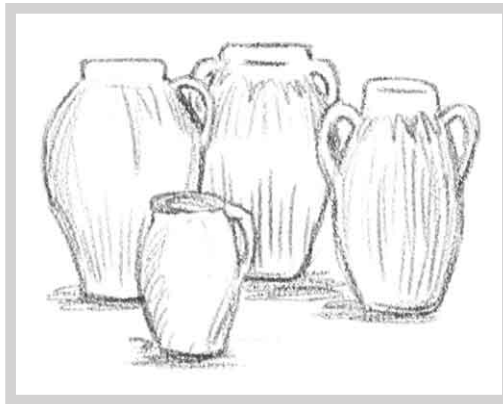
“I'll help pull it to your house,” Laish offered.

When they got to the door, Levi and Samuel's mother came out. “You must go home now,”

she told Laish. “Thank you for helping.”

As Laish turned to go, he glanced through the open door. His friends must have gathered all the extra containers in the village, for the floor and table was covered with vessels! What were they going to do with them all? You can't get money from empty containers, can you?

All the windows of Levi and



Samuel's home were closed tightly, but Laish knew there was a hole in the back window shutter. He squeezed behind the prickly pear bush and peeked in.

"Bring me a vessel," Levi and Samuel's mother was saying. Laish watched his friends pull the huge watering pot over to the table. He stared as the mother took a small jar of olive oil and began pouring it into the big pot. She poured and poured and poured and poured. Laish couldn't believe his eyes. He rubbed them, to see if he was dreaming. No, that huge pot was full of oil!

"Bring me another vessel, boys," the mother said, a smile shining on her sad face. Laish felt a tingle of excitement go up his back as he watched her begin pouring into the next container. Sure enough the little jar kept pouring the olive oil on and on *without running out*. It must be magic! He watched while the boys fetched and the Mother poured until his back ached from crouching.

"That's the last one," Levi said at last. His mother put down the oil jar on the table with a sigh and rubbed her back. "Let's go see Prophet Elisha, boys," she said. They left, closing the door behind them.

Laish scrambled out from behind the house. Carefully he opened the door, and looked inside. There sat the magic olive pot and it was still full! Without thinking twice, he grabbed it and ran out to his father's orchard. Sure enough, there was one of his father's empty olive vessels. It was twenty times as big as the little oil jar. Laish poured the oil from the jar into the big pot. It wasn't a magic jar after all, for soon it

was empty. And the big pot had barely enough oil to cover the bottom! What was the secret?

"My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Philippians 4:19.





The boy sat stubbornly on the couch, a tape recorder beside him. “Why do I have to tell a story about when I was little? It’s *my* life,” he said fiercely. Because *he* didn’t want to do it, the assignment became miserable.



The girl stood stiffly and frowned as the younger children laughed and played in the backyard. “They don’t listen to *me*,” she muttered angrily. “Now they are ruining the whole game!” Because the others didn’t follow *her* lead, she wasn’t happy.

WHO’S IN CHARGE?

Have you felt like this before? Most of us have. We don’t *want* to be controlled by other people and told what to do. As soon as children know a few things they want to make their own decisions. Don’t I hear you saying “Leave me alone. I can do it by myself!”? And, like many children, you may even want to *control others*. I was the oldest child in my family and I know it is easy for Big Sister or Big Brother to be “the boss” and tell the younger ones what to do – or what *not* to do. Often they don’t like it very much and complain. After all, they want to be in charge of their own lives, too, don’t they?

But who is really in charge? Do I hear you say “Mom and Dad” or “grown-ups”? Yes, they have been given the job of being in charge of the children. But even they are not really in control of everything. Who made the thunderstorms and grizzly bears and the great mountains? Who gave us our minds and health and strength? Who knows EVERYTHING and has ALL power? Yes, it is the Lord, the Almighty God.

Many times people want to forget about the God who made them. They think their life is *their own* and they can live it like they want to. But do you think they can? No, God is in charge and He has designed consequences for those that will not listen and obey. Just like the girl who flew through the window of the van because she didn’t want to put on her seatbelt. Do *you* want to end up flattened on the road? I don’t think so. God cares about what happens to you. That is why He gave us the Bible and sent Jesus to show us how to

live. Do you think Jesus just came to be your buddy friend? No, He came to be the Lord and Master of our lives – the Boss.

You might say, “I don’t want to be told what to do!” Oh, dear friend, I am afraid for you. If you think that you can run your life the way you want it, you will find yourself in terrible trouble. God did not make us smart enough to make all the right decisions. What did Adam and Eve do when they did things their own way? Got us all into lots of trouble. And that is what you’ll do if you refuse to let God have control in your life. You’ll mess it all up. (It is sort of like if a dad and his five-year-old son switched places. What a disaster that would be!)

Are you afraid to let Jesus have the controls? Let me tell you a secret – when I let Jesus be Lord in my heart, He didn’t “boss me around”- He has always been caring and loving. But He won’t be Lord in your life if you don’t let Him be Lord of everything. You can’t say “You can tell me how to behave at school or with my friends, but I’m going to pick which games to play.” Nor can you say “I’ll act how you want, but inside I’ll think what I want!” Jesus knows just what you need and how to make you really happy. He wants you to open your life to Him so He can be in charge and make it go like it should.

Tangles

Author Unknown

(Romans 6:20-23)

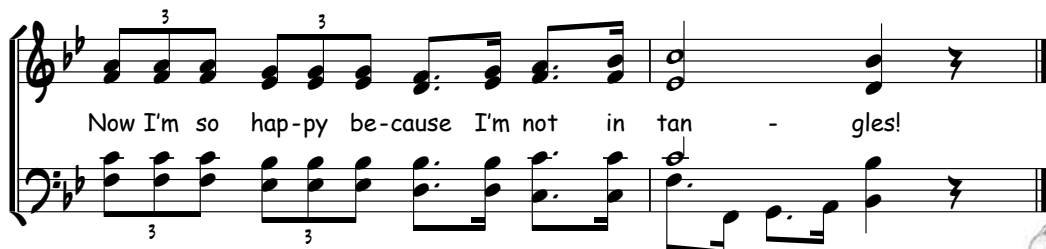
Arranged



Tan-gles, tan-gles, tan-gles I was in; I was born in Tan-gle-town be-



cause of Ad-am's sin; But Je-sus came a-long the way and un-did all the knots:



Now I'm so hap-py be-cause I'm not in tan - gles!

Tangles

I'm sewing today. Do you want to come and join me? See these soft felt squares? You can sew them together to make a blanket. I will show you how. It isn't hard.

First we must cut a long piece of thread – don't you think this red is a pretty color? Snip it right here. Now you can thread it through the needle. Good! Next we need to make a knot at the end, like this. Do you have two blocks ready to sew? Match up the edges carefully and poke the needle through. Pull. Poke it in right here and make another stitch. See? You are sewing!

Is something wrong? Oh, you have a tangle in your thread. Hand it to me and I will fix it. You can't sew with tangly thread, can you? Here, the tangle is out and you can sew again!

Sometimes our life all seems in tangles, doesn't it? The devil wants to get us all knotted up so that our life is a mess. I can teach you a song about tangles. It goes like this:

Tangles, tangles, tangles I was in;
I was born in Tangle Town because of Adam's sin;
But Jesus came along the way and undid all the knots:
Now I'm so happy because I'm not in tangles!

"What is Adam's sin?" you ask. Well, have you heard of Adam and Eve, the first people God made? When they sinned and disobeyed God, everyone else was born in 'Tangle Town,' which means that we all disobey and get tangled up inside, too. "I see," you say, "and my thread has got another tangle." Let's sing the Tangle song while I fix it.

It is Jesus that came to take the knots of sin out of our hearts and make us good and happy inside. Isn't He wonderful? Jesus can fix every problem if we give our hearts to Him, just like you gave the tangled thread to me. It isn't fun to have bad tempers and selfishness and lies and fears tangles up in your heart. Don't you want Jesus to undo all the knots inside of you?



It is wonderful to have Jesus untangle the sin-knots inside us! But it is even better that He can help us to

. (Gal. 5:1)

Follow the string to spell the missing words.



Dear Reader,



After several months of prayerful seeking, we are burdened to continue the paper on a simplified, yet focused, format. Please consider it soberly. As you can see from the cover, we are addressing the real needs and hinderances to truth that face children everywhere. Our Lord Jesus came to bring real deliverance from real evil in the human heart. We pray that you will seek Him with all your heart.



Feel free to write us. We welcome questions, and are open to addressing concerns that you might be facing.



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, and their daughters still at home: Laura (26), Kara (21), and Amanda (13). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda. We appreciate your prayers.



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

PO Box 1212, Jefferson, OR 97352

e-mail: totk@timelesstruths.org

website: totk.timelesstruths.org

*How many pots can you find?
There should be 90, including this one:*



SEND TO: