

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation



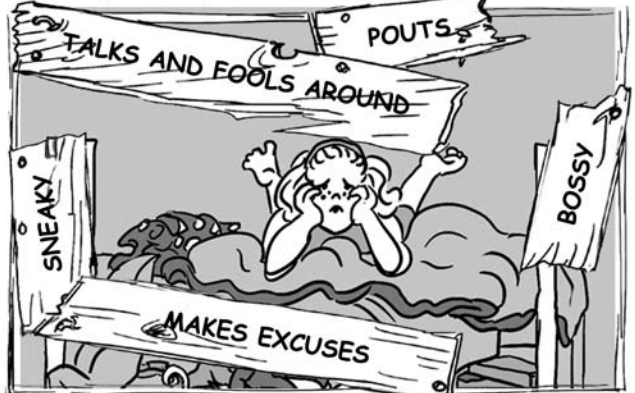
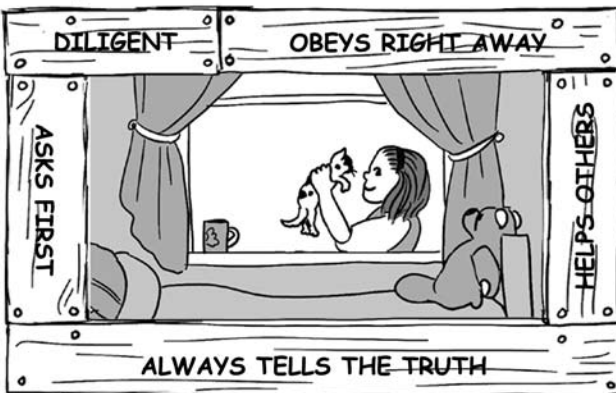
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|--|--|---|
| <p>Flossy sneaks outside before Mother sees her. Wilma asks first.</p> | <p>Wilma always tells the truth. Flossy likes to make excuses.</p> | <p>Wilma obeys right away. Flossy pouts</p> |
| <p>May we play with the kittens?</p> | <p>Is your room in order? No. It's all Wilma's mess!</p> | <p>Work before play! I'll be inspecting in 15 minutes. Yes, Mom! It's not fair!</p> |

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>Flossy likes to talk and fool around, but Wilma is diligent.</p> | <p>Wilma is willing to help others. Flossy is bossy.</p> | <p>Good job, Wilma! You may go play. Flossy, what's this under your bed?</p> |
| <p>Where did you get this from?</p> | <p>Here's your jumper. Hang it up yourself.</p> | <p>Good job, Wilma! You may go play. Flossy, what's this under your bed?</p> |

Every wise woman buildeth her house...

but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.

Proverbs 14:1



The Tattle Tails



"I'm going to tell Mama on you!" Carlos said angrily. He ran over the dusty yard toward the house, his sister on his heels.

"Well, you were the one who broke it!" Andrea screeched. "You'll get in trouble more!" With hot, tear-stained faces the two made quite a sight as they burst through the back door.

"What is the matter?" asked Mama, looking up from the clothes washer.

"Andrea threw sand in my face and called me –" Carlos began.

"He broke the hose," cut in Andrea, "and he said that – ouch!" Carlos had given her such a pinch that Andrea forgot what she was saying. She gave him an angry kick in return.

"Stop that fighting!" Mama said, taking each one by the arm. "I do not want to hear about what the other one did. I want to hear about what you were doing."

"Carlos was making me do his work!" Andrea complained, giving her brother a hard look. Carlos glared back.

Mama looked at Andrea and shook her head. "I do think this tattletale needs a tail!" she said suddenly. "Ah, where can I find the rattles to make it with? There should be something in Papa's tool chest. Yes, here are some washers and nuts, and here is some string!"

The children watched in surprised silence as Mama tied a metal nut to the end of a piece of white yarn. Clink, clink, clunk! Two smooth washers and a couple more nuts were added on top.

Clinkety-clink-clink! Mama shook the string and then turned to Andrea with a small smile. "I'm afraid my little girl



has turned into a snake with a terrible bite! We must warn everyone that she is coming, so we know to stay out of her way.” Mama took the string and tied it around Andrea’s waist, so the rattle end hung down her back.

“Ha, ha!” said Carlos. “You look like that old rattlesnake I killed down in the ravine! Doesn’t she, Papa?” he asked, seeing Papa standing in the doorway.

“What? We have a rattlesnake in the house?” Papa said, pretending to be surprised. Andrea began to cry.

“Two tattle-snakes,” said Mama, grimly. “Carlos, I do believe I shall have to add more rattles to yours because you are older. Rattlesnakes have as many rattles as they are old, don’t they?” She was stringing another string with more nuts and washers as she talked. “One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight!” she counted. “What a shame for a big boy like you to set such a bad example!”

Carlos looked at the floor and didn’t say anything. His face turned deep red as Mama tied the clinking tail around him.

Andrea sobbed loudly and Carlos glared at her. “Waaah, aaaaah! I don’t want a tail!” Andrea cried.

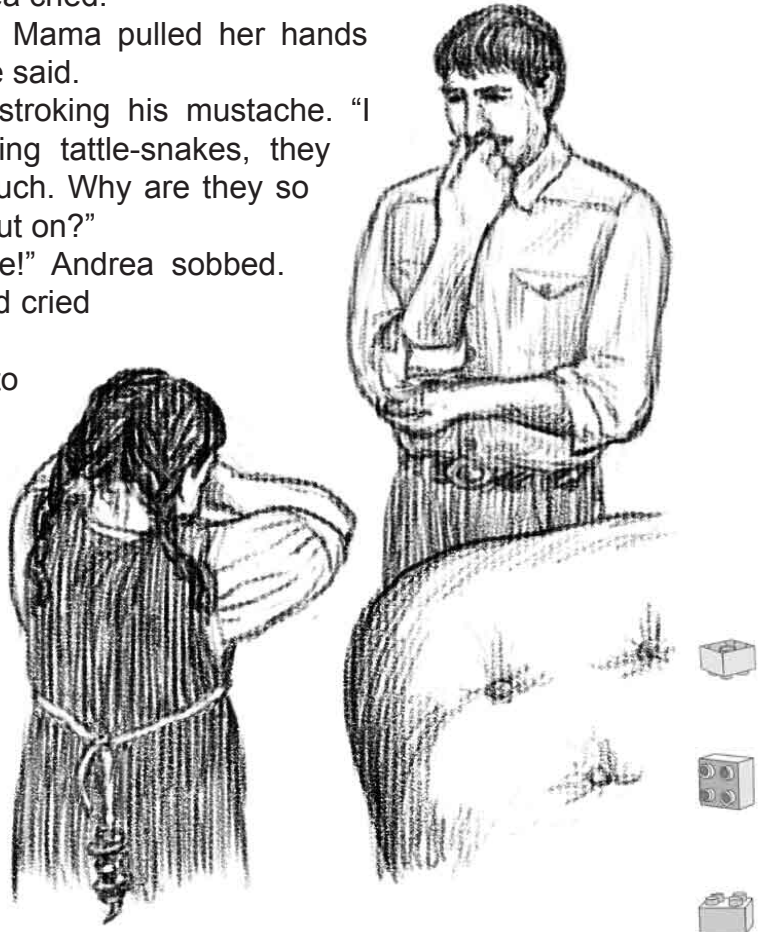
She tried to take it off, but Mama pulled her hands away. “What a noisy snake!” she said.

“It is strange,” said Papa, stroking his mustache. “I thought our children loved being tattle-snakes, they always tell on each other so much. Why are they so angry when they get their tails put on?”

“I don’t want to be a snake!” Andrea sobbed. She put her fists in her eyes and cried louder.

“Are you sorry for trying to get Carlos into trouble?” asked Mama, quietly. “Instead of crying you must think about how you have behaved. Are you ready to stop being a tattle-snake?” Andrea gulped and nodded her head. “Then you must say something to your brother,” said Mama.

Andrea rubbed her eyes and looked down. Everyone was quiet. Finally she looked up at Carlos. “I’m sorry for



tattle-telling... and throwing dirt on you,” she whispered. Then she gave her brother a big hug.

Mama smiled and helped Andrea untie her tail. “How much better it is to care for one another than to be biting like snakes!” she said.

“I don’t want to wear a tail, either,” Carlos muttered.

Papa put his hand on his son’s shoulder. “You must show you are not going to be a tattletale,” he said.

“How?” asked Carlos with a frown.

“You must wear your tail until I can see that you don’t want to hurt your sister anymore.”

Carlos stood very still and didn’t say anything.

“Come, Andrea!” Mama said. “It is time to prepare dinner.” Papa put on his hat and went outside. Carlos still did not move.

A half hour passed and Andrea heard a small jingle sound. She poked her head around the doorway and saw Carlos and his rattle-tail disappear outside.

“Mama, Carlos is going—” Andrea began, and then stopped. “Oh, no. I don’t want to wear a tattle-tail again!” she said with a laugh. She hurried to set the plates on the table.

“I’m glad my girl has learned something today,” said Mama. “I would not want to be feeding snakes at the table tonight!”

“I hope Carlos will get his tail off,” Andrea said. “I don’t want him to be a tattle-snake forever.”

“You can pray for your brother,” Mama said. “It is hard for Carlos to be ashamed of himself, but we must be ashamed before we can change.”

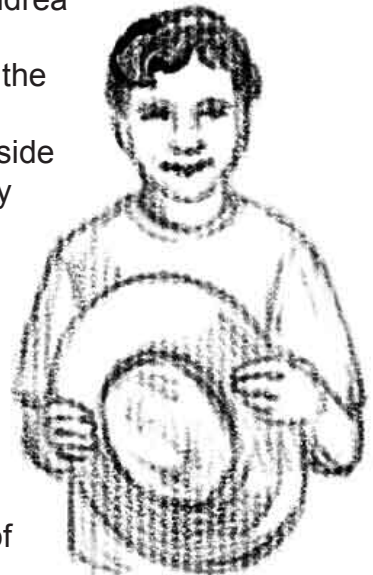
“Was I being ‘shamed when I said sorry?” Andrea asked.

“Yes, it was hard for you, too,” said Mama. “Set the glasses around, Andrea. It is almost time to eat.”

Stomp, stomp! Papa and Carlos were coming inside now. Andrea looked up curiously. She couldn’t see any white string around Carlos’ waist. Her brother smiled at her and she smiled back.

“I watered your plants,” he said quietly, as he slid into the seat next to her. “I’m sorry Andrea for being mean about the work – and telling on you.”

Papa bowed his head for prayer. “Thank you, O Father, for this food and all the good blessings you give us. Thank you for love in the home and for lessons we have learned today. In the precious name of Jesus, Amen.”



Dirty, Clean



It's time to wash dishes. You don't have to groan—we can make this job fun! Pull up a stool and grab a scrubby. Let's just see how fast we can make these dishes shine!

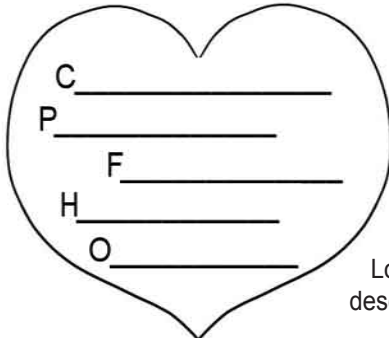
Dirty, clean. First the bowls are dirty... now they are clean! Oops! You'd better check this one again. See that spot? Feel this sticky place. This bowl isn't clean yet. Watch and I will show you how. Scrub, scrub all around the edge—and on the bottom, too. Feel how smooth it is? See it shine? Now it is clean and ready to be used again.

What if you always ate from sticky, slimy bowls? *Yuk! you say. That would make me sick!* Yes, you have learned not to like dirty things. But I know one little girl who lived in such a dirty “pig pen” house that she didn't know what it was like to be clean. She thought it was just fine to eat off a sticky table with her fingers and walk all over the laundry and toys. Then she was taken care of by a lady who wanted her to be clean. “Clean up your room,” she said, but the little girl never did. Soon the floor was covered with books and clothes and toys. The lady decided that she must show the little girl what a clean room was like. So every day she helped her pick up things and put them away. “Now it is clean!” she said. Soon the little girl began to learn what clean was. I hope she will like it so well that she won't want to live in a pig pen again!

Cleaning is an important job, isn't it? If we really want clean clothes to wear and clean floors to walk on, we have to get rid of the dirt right away. Most important of all is getting rid of the dirty things *inside* of us. Just like you hate eating off dirty dishes, God hates evil in people's hearts. What about you? Do you know what it is like to have your heart and mind made clean?

Maybe you are like the little girl who lived in the pig pen house. You think and say mean things, tell lies, or just think about yourself. When someone tells you to be kind and honest, you don't really know what that means. But there is a clean way to live, and that's why God sent His Son to show us what it is like. Jesus always told the truth and was kind and caring. His heart was clean, and he hated everything evil. Do you know anyone who lives like that? God wants to take all the dirty, unclean things out of your heart so you can be clean, too. He wants you to hate evil and love being clean - just like He does.

What was Jesus like?



When he saw people in trouble?
Mark 8:23

When others hurt him?
Luke 23:34

When everyone else was
afraid? Mark 4:39

When he was given a hard job
to do? Philippians 2:8

Look up these verses and see if you can find out! Write the words that describe Jesus inside the heart. The first letters are given to get you started.

Is this the kind of heart you want to have?



A True Story

THE WHEELIECOPTER

What on earth is a wheeliecopter?

Well, the short answer would be that it was a figment of Mark's imagination, but I am getting ahead of my story here.



It all started with Debbie. Debbie was the only cousin near the ages of Mark and Byron. When Debbie got to come over, she was really fun! For a girl, anyway. She liked to crawl under the house and swing on the swingset. She also lived about two hundred miles away. That is not so bad for grownups with cars. But boys and girls of the ages of Mark and Byron do not have a very good idea of how far things are apart. On a driving trip, they would ask every five minutes, "Are we there yet?"



So the boys tried to think of ways to go and see Debbie as often as they wanted, which would have been about every day. And it was Mark who came up with the idea of the wheeliecopter.



He could see it in his mind as clear as anything. It would go straight up in the air – way up there. Then it would fly forward. It would not take off or land like an airplane. It would come down on its wheels. Therefore, a wheelie-copter.



Mark thought it was a great idea. It would be perfect for visiting Debbie.



At school, Mark often got to tell stories while the teacher graded papers. He usu-

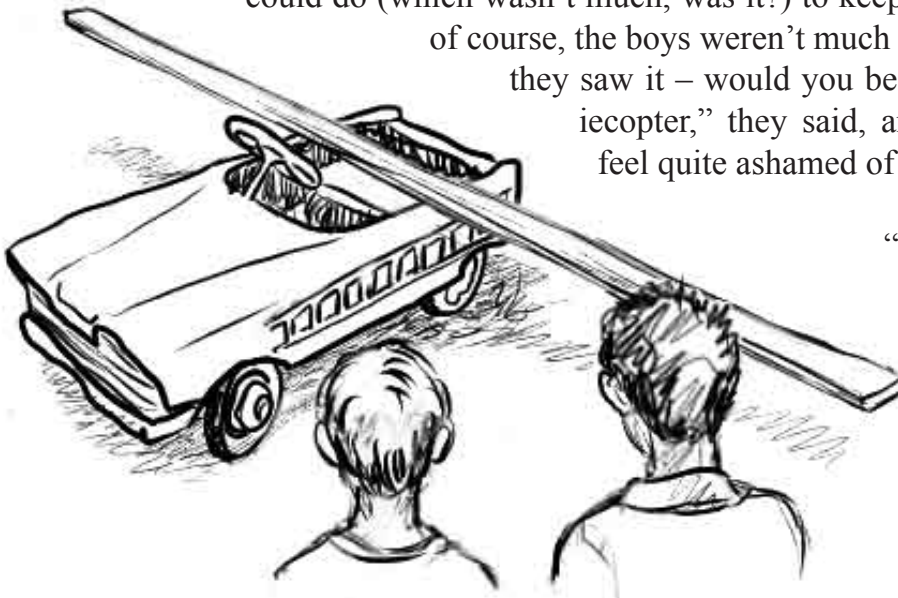
ally made up stories about caves and giants and monsters. He would imagine that he and his classmates were all part of a giant adventure. The stories were so real to Mark that they seemed to be happening as he told them.

Soon Mark began to tell stories about the wheeliecopter. He told them as if he was building it at home. According to him, it came from a kit that his Dad had bought. And it could really fly. Real soon now, they were going to fly it over to his cousin Debbie's house. This all sounded so real that the other children began to ask questions. "How does it fly?" "Do you know how to drive it?" "Where did your dad get it?" So Mark invited anybody to come over and see the wheeliecopter for themselves.

Now there was really no wheeliecopter at all. It was not *part* imagination. Oh, no! It was *all* imagination. If only Mark had just admitted that he had *pretended...* but he didn't. You see, he had been pretending things to himself so long that he couldn't very well see where the truth ended and the pretending began.

In the Bible, it says, "Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor" (Ephesians 4:25) Notice that it says to "put away lying." Just stop it. That is what Mark needed to do. He had made other children believe things that were not so; *he was lying*.

Then two boys from school showed up at his house. "Where is your wheeliecopter?" they asked. Mark was quite embarrassed. "Wait a minute," he said. He should have told the truth right then, but he didn't. Instead he got a long, skinny board and put it across the top of his toy fire engine. It was the best he could do (which wasn't much, was it?) to keep up the lie. But, of course, the boys weren't much impressed when they saw it – would you be? "Some wheeliecopter," they said, and left Mark to feel quite ashamed of himself.



"Behold, ye have sinned against the LORD: and be sure your sin will find you out." Numbers 32:23



HIGHWAY SIGNPOSTS

"Yes, Mom!" How often do you use those two little words? I'm listening. Mom is telling you to come inside. Is it "OK, I'm coming" after she has called you three times? Or do you say "Goody!" and hurry home because she has promised you a treat in town? Yes, you went – in your own time and way. But inside you weren't really saying "yes" to Mom, were you?

"Yes, Mom!"

What does it mean to OBEY?

you? You have to mind what she says. "Do this. Don't do that." It is doing chores and following rules. Maybe you have even learned to say "Yes, mom" quite often. But obedience is more than saying the right words. Obedience is shown by what you **do**.

It is very hard to do something that you don't want to do.

"*I didn't hear you,*" you say, because you didn't *want* to hear. When your heart is set on your *own way*, it seems like a terrible thing to have to stop doing it. But if you truly love someone and want to please them, the hard thing becomes easier. Your ears will hear when she calls you. Your heart will be eager to make her happy.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments (do what I say)," Jesus said. (John 14:15) Obeying and pleasing someone is a test of your love to them. Do you love your mother? Then ask God for help to listen to her, and for willingness to obey. You will find that it is the happiest way to live, after all!

Think Deeper

Jesus' Example

Jesus showed us what true obedience was. He had a pure heart, but he also had his own feelings and desires. The Bible says that he "learned obedience by the things which he suffered." (Heb. 5:8) That means Jesus didn't always **feel like** obeying and pleasing his parents, but **he did it anyway**. He set his ears to listen. His heart was ready to obey. Even when it didn't feel good, Jesus wanted to do right. He didn't live to please himself, did he?

What about when his mother found him talking to the elders in the temple? She was upset that he hadn't stayed with the family. *Wasn't it more*

important to do his heavenly Father's business? Jesus thought. But 12-year-old Jesus gave up **his own best**, and "was subject" to his parents. He learned to obey.

When he was grown up, Jesus still obeyed. His heart was set to do God's will. Even when others didn't like him and planned to kill him, Jesus knew that his Father would take care of him. "The Father hath not left me alone, for **I do always those things that please him**," Jesus said. (John 8:29) Because he humbled himself "and became obedient unto death," Jesus sits on the throne with his Father today. (Phil. 2:8,9; Rev. 3:21) What a wonderful place to be!



BOBBY'S FOUNDATION



"I'm bidding a tow-ah," said 4-year-old George. He started stacking the big red, blue, and green Legos. "Don't dook, Auntie!"

"I won't look," Aunt Jenny said with a laugh. "I'm busy in the kitchen."

"I'm going to build a taller tower," said Bobby. He thought that he could do everything better than his little brother.

Clink, clink, clunk! It was wonderful how the Lego blocks fit together so tightly. Red, yellow, blue blocks. The boys stacked them higher and higher.

"Look at how tall my tower is!" called Bobby.

"Bring it to show me," Aunt Jenny said.

"See?" said Bobby. But as Aunt Jenny turned to look, the very tall tower fell over with a CRASH!

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Aunt Jenny. "I think it would stay up much better with a foundation."

"What is a foundation?" asked Bobby, picking up the tower pieces.

"It is something big and strong that you build on."

Bobby ran to the Lego bin and pulled out a flat red base piece. "Like this?" he asked. Aunt Jenny nodded and showed Bobby how to connect the blocks to make a stronger wall.

"My tower is going to be better, because it has a foundation," Bobby told George. "See?"

"Don't dook at mine," said George. "I'm not done."

"How about I tell you a story of two builders while you work," suggested Aunt Jenny.

"Did they build a tower?" asked Bobby.

"Listen and see," said Aunt Jenny.

Jesus was teaching the people about God and the way to heaven. Many people had come to hear him. "Lord, that is right," they would say. "I want to love everyone and live for God just like you are telling us." "Yes, Lord Jesus, please help us do right," said another.

Jesus looked at them and listened to their respectful words. But he knew that talking about good things was not enough. "Not everyone who says unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven," he told them. It's not talking about it, but obeying God that is important. Jesus explained it like this:

If you listen to my words, and then go do them, you are like a wise man who wanted to build a strong house. He bought good boards and looked for a place to build. The ground was soft and sandy and it was easy to dig a place for the house to stand. But the wise man knew that the sand would wash away when the rains came, so he dug deeper. After awhile he hit hard ground, then rock. "This will be my foundation," he said. The rock was harder to build upon, but the wise man knew it was worth it. Sure enough, the rains did come and flooded the ground. But the rock didn't move. Winds blew upon the house, but it stood strong, because it had a foundation.

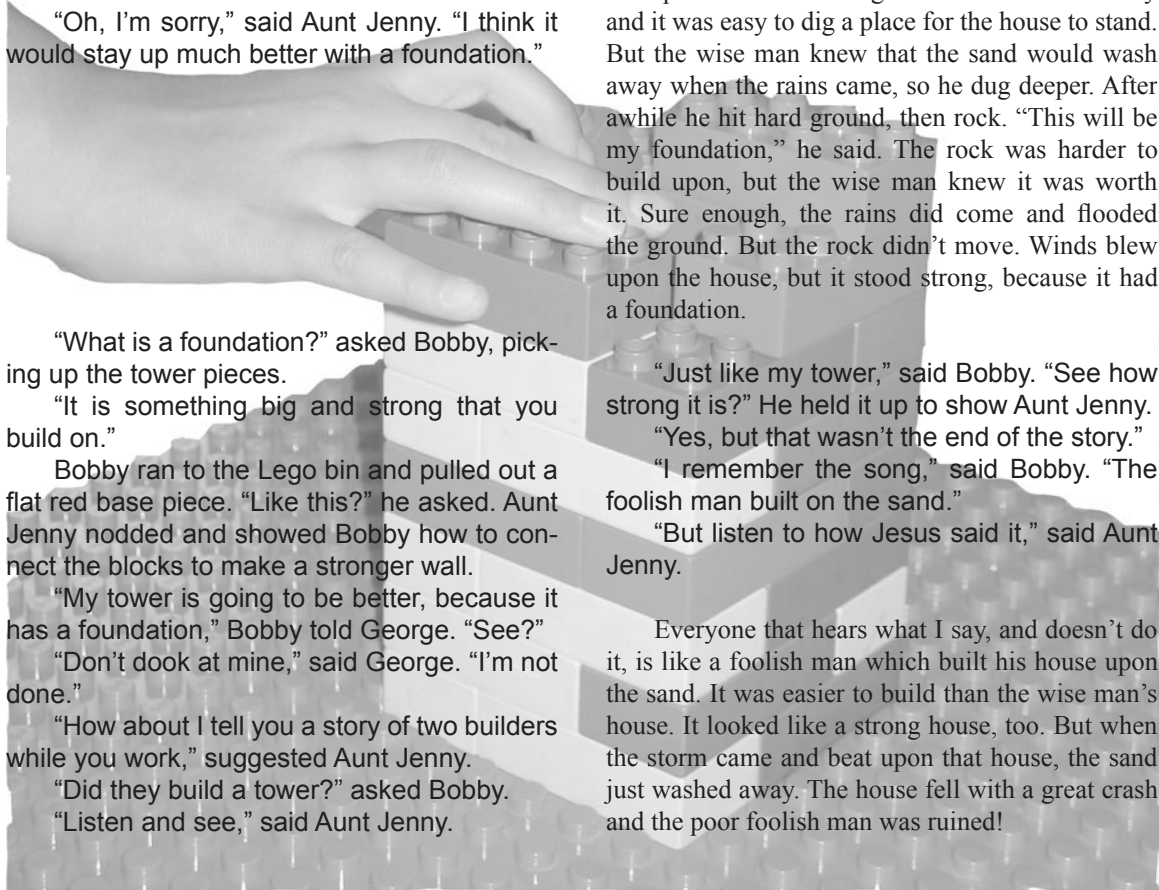
"Just like my tower," said Bobby. "See how strong it is?" He held it up to show Aunt Jenny.

"Yes, but that wasn't the end of the story."

"I remember the song," said Bobby. "The foolish man built on the sand."

"But listen to how Jesus said it," said Aunt Jenny.


Everyone that hears what I say, and doesn't do it, is like a foolish man which built his house upon the sand. It was easier to build than the wise man's house. It looked like a strong house, too. But when the storm came and beat upon that house, the sand just washed away. The house fell with a great crash and the poor foolish man was ruined!




"Let's sing while we build!" said Bobby. Aunt Jenny agreed and soon they were all singing "The wise man built his house upon the rock!"

"Is Jesus the rock?" asked Bobby, when they had finished the last verse.

"Yes, He is the foundation you must build on if you want to go to heaven. If you build your life the way you think is best it is going to crash," said Aunt Jenny.

 "Just like George's tower," said Bobby. "He is not building it strong, like me."

"How are you building your life right now?" Aunt Jenny said. "Does Jesus want you to put other people down?"

 Bobby slowly shook his head. "No. He wants me to be nice and share."

"I thought so." Aunt Jenny headed back to the sink, then stopped. "It looks like someone has forgotten to sweep the floor and it's nearly lunchtime!"



"I'll do it after I finish my tower," Bobby said.


"That sounds like a sandy idea to me. Remember building on the rock is not easy. You have to dig past your own selfishness and laziness."

"See my tower?" asked George. "It's tall!" Just then the baby came crawling up. Her tiny hands grabbed at the colorful blocks.

"Don't touch!" George said, pushing her away.

"Why don't you give her some Legos?" suggested Aunt Jenny. "Wouldn't that be the way Jesus wants you to build?"

"She can have my tower to play with," Bobby offered. "I have to sweep the floor anyway."

"Yes, that is best," said Aunt Jenny. "I'm glad to see that you want to do the right thing, not just talk about it. I think that is beginning of building on the rock, Bobby." She gave him a big smile. 



Which children say and do? Which ones say and do not?

Jack said
I love you, Mom! I'll be your helper today.

Jill said
Yes, Mommy! I won't touch it.

Josh said
Thank you for the new bike, Mom! After math class I want to try it out.

Jessica said
Dear Heavenly Father, help me be good today.

But she took the candy when no one was looking.

I don't want to! You can't make me!

I'm tired of pulling weeds! I'll go play.

That is MINE! Give it to me!

But when math was over, there were dishes to wash...



The Wise Man and the Foolish Man

Ann Omley

(Matthew 7:24-27; Luke 6:46-49)

Unknown



1. The wise man built his house up-on the Rock, The wise man built his
2. The fool-ish man built his house up-on the sand, The fool-ish man built his
3. So build your life on the Lord Je - sus Christ, So build your life on the



house up-on the Rock, The wise man built his house up - on the Rock,
house up-on the sand, The fool - ish man built his house up - on the sand,
Lord Je - sus Christ, So build your life on the Lord Je - sus Christ,



And the rains came tum-bling down. The rains came down and the floods came up,
And the rains came tum-bling down. The rains came down and the floods came up,
And the bless-ings will come down. The bless-ings come down as your prayers go up,



The rains came down and the floods came up, The rains came down and the
The rains came down and the floods came up, The rains came down and the
The bless-ings come down as your prayers go up, The bless-ings come down as your



floods came up, But the house on the Rock stood firm.
floods came up, And the house on the sand fell flat.
prayers go up, So build your life on the Lord.



Dear Reader,

Thank you again for your patience. The burden of writing has been spread out with many opportunities to put it all into practice. And that's what we are praying you will do, too. It won't be much use to **know** what is right if you don't go on to **live it**. May we be ready to give account for all we have said and done.

Is there a topic you parents would like to see addressed in these pages? Do you have any questions? Please feel free to **write to us**.

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 (22), and Amanda (14). 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. Please notify us if you would like to be taken off our mailing list. 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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*How many individual Legos can you find?
There should be 86, including this one:*



SEND TO:

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