

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

Part One



Storyline taken from
Hope for the Flowers, by Trina Paulus

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The Many Cries of Dolly

Dolly was a little girl, hardly more than a baby. In fact, when she came to stay with the Jackson family, she was just taking her first steps. And she didn't talk yet, either.

"We will have to be patient with Dolly," Mrs. Jackson told her daughter, Anne. "She doesn't know us and she can't tell us how she is feeling."

"Except by crying," Anne said.

"Yes, that is how babies talk," Mrs. Jackson agreed. "We will have to learn to understand what she is crying for." She lifted the rosy-cheeked baby and smiled. "We are happy to have Dolly in our home, aren't we? Why don't you play with her on the floor while I prepare lunch."

Anne soon made friends with Dolly. She played peek-a-boo and made the baby laugh. Then she brought out the blocks and made towers for Dolly to knock over. It was much more fun than playing with baby dolls! That is, until Dolly began to cry.



"What is she saying, Mama?" Anne asked.

"Perhaps she is hungry," Mrs. Jackson said. "Would you like to feed her some applesauce?"

Soon Dolly was in the highchair, with a bib tucked under her little chin. "She likes it, Mama!" Anne exclaimed. "See? She isn't crying now."



Big brother Joseph came in from outside. "Is it time for lunch?" he called. "I'm hungry!" Dolly stopped eating and stared at him.

"Don't be so loud, Joe," Anne said quickly. "You will scare Dolly. She isn't used to us yet."

"I'm not scary!" Joe said, coming over to look at the new baby. He puffed out his cheeks and blinked his eyes like a lizard. Dolly's little lips turned down. She shut her eyes and began to cry.

"It's OK, Dolly," Anne said in her most soothing voice. "Joe won't hurt you." She glared at her brother and he backed off.

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“What is she crying for?” Joseph asked his mother.

“Everything is new to her and she probably is getting tired,” Mrs. Jackson explained. “I’ll get her bottle ready and see if Dolly is ready for bed. Let’s all try to be kind to her and make her happy.”

Dolly seemed to cry about everything. At first it seemed like a game to Anne, as she tried to figure out what the little girl was saying.

“Maybe she is scared,” Anne said, when Dolly cried at nap time. “I’ll let her sleep with my Care Bear.”

After nap Dolly started crying again. “Is she hungry, Mama?” Anne asked. “Maybe she wants her bottle.”

“I think she wants to play with my doll,” Anne said later, when Dolly held out her hands and began to fuss. “See? She is hugging it!”

Sometimes Dolly’s cries weren’t so easy to understand. And sometimes she cried for things she couldn’t have. “What’s Dolly crying about now?” Joseph asked, coming out of his bedroom one afternoon. “She’s so loud that I can hardly study!”

“She wants to play outside with the

kittens, but Mama won’t let her because it’s too cold,” Anne explained.

“What a cry baby!” Joseph said in disgust. “Why would she want to scream like that? It would give me a sore throat!”

Mrs. Jackson looked from the crying toddler to her ten-year-old son. “It would be a good thing if Dolly could trust us to give her what is best. But she acts just as selfish as someone else I know who begs for their own way.”

Joseph hung his head. He knew what his mother meant. Only that morning he had been complaining because he couldn’t go outside with his scooter. Was he just as selfish as the little girl screaming at the patio door?

“Peek-a-boo, Dolly!” Anne said, trying to distract her. “Come and play with me!” But Dolly just sat on the floor and put her fists in her eyes.

“Best leave her alone,” Mrs. Jackson suggested. “She thinks she can only be happy if she gets what she wants when she wants it. But she’ll learn differently.”

Sure enough, when Anne started playing house the little girl soon toddled over, clutching a baby doll in one arm. Anne handed her a toy bottle. “Ba-ba-ba!” Dolly



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said happily. She had forgotten all about the kittens.

"Where is Dolly?" Mrs. Jackson asked a few minutes later.

Anne looked up. The little girl was nowhere to be seen. Then Anne heard a little laugh from behind Mr. Jackson's big chair. There sat Dolly with Mr. Jackson's glasses in her two chubby hands. She was trying to put them on!

"No, no, Dolly," Anne said with a laugh. "You can't play with those!" She took the glasses out of the baby's fingers and handed her a picture book instead.

Dolly's mouth puckered in a frown. She threw the book down and reached for the glasses. "Huh, huh, waaaah!" she wailed. Mrs. Jackson came into the room.

"She wants to play with Daddy's glasses," Anne explained.

"Dolly can't have those," Mrs. Jack-

son agreed. "We can't give her everything she cries about, can we?"

"She did look cute trying to put them on," Anne said.

Mrs. Jackson smiled. "It is sometimes easier to give in. But a good parent has to make the decision to do what is best. Even if you might think I'm mean or unfair."

Anne gave her mother a hug. "I don't think you're mean!" she said.

"What about when I say you have to do your work over?" Mrs. Jackson pointed to the crumbs left under the kitchen table. "With Dolly around, you need to be extra careful about the sweeping."

Anne puckered her lips. "I forgot to move the chairs," she admitted. "But I'll do it without crying about it!" she added, dancing over to get the broom.

"That's my big girl," Mrs. Jackson said.



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Baby Strength



Do you have a baby in your home? There are many things we can learn while taking care of a baby. When babies are little, they are so weak and helpless. They need a lot of love and attention, don't they? Like Anne found out, they cry a lot, too. Now here is a riddle for you: When is a baby stronger than her big brother? Answer: When Mother takes her side.

Baby Sue sits on the floor playing with blocks. She can't even walk or talk yet. Along comes big brother, Joe, pushing his fire truck and yelling, "Get out of the way, there's a fire!" Smash! The blocks go flying as the truck zooms by. Sue falls over, crying. Poor thing! Joe is too strong for her, isn't he?

But wait. Someone is coming. Someone bigger and stronger than "Fire Chief Joe." Mother picks up baby Sue and looks sternly about. "No more fire-runs through here, Joe," she says. "This is Sue's place to play." She sets Sue down and hands her a block. Sue

sits and plays happily. Joe can't bother her now. How was baby Sue stronger than her big brother? Because Mother was bigger than Joe, and Sue knew how to call for her help.

Do you know that there is a time to cry? I'm not talking about crying about your blocks falling over. You aren't a baby anymore. But we all need to be like babies in one way. We need to realize when we need help. Lots of times children like to say, "I can do it myself!" But there are times we need more strength than our own muscles or mind. Sue was strong enough to sit up again, but could she keep Joe from smashing through her blocks? No. She needed help and she knew how to ask for it: she cried.

Most people think, "I don't need help. I'm not a baby!" They think they are strong enough to take care of all their own problems. David was a strong king. But many times he "cried unto the LORD" for help. Why did he cry? Because he knew the secret of the riddle - he was stronger when God took his side, than when he tried to be strong by himself. He knew that God was stronger than all his enemies. "The LORD is the strength of my life, of whom shall



I be afraid?" he said. Is there anyone stronger than God? No.

Like King David, we all have enemies that are bigger than us. Do you ever struggle with evil imaginations, lies, and selfishness? You can't get sin out of your own heart, because it is too strong for you. But if you cry to God for help, He is able to save you from sin. Jesus came to save us from all our enemies and give us power to live right.

If the chain comes off your bike, or you get a stain on your shirt, you ask your parents for help. And if you are hungry or scared, you tell them. You trust them to take care of you. Jesus said that God was our Father in Heav-

en, and that He loves us and cares for us. He is the Father of little babies, but also of children, and big people, too. He says that when we are weak (and the problems and troubles are too big), He will be our strength. God wants us to cry to Him for help. He wants us to trust Him to give us what is best (and not throw fits when we don't get our own way). He says, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Cor. 12:9) Do you want that kind of Strength?



POWER

Do you want power?
 Don't try on your own
 To do something big
 To prove you are strong
 Just you
 Without God
 Can't win over wrong.

Power isn't bragging
 Or thinking you know
 But strength inside
 To live and to show
 The right way
 No matter
 Where others might go.

Do you want power
 That never will fail?
 Courage as a lion?
 The strength of a whale?
 Then ask
 For God's might
 And trust Him
 to prevail!



Baby Word Find



Find and circle all the words on the list. Look across, down, and diagonally. When you are done, you should have **five dark letters** circled. Can you unscramble them to make another word that describes a baby? I think this is the best one of all! What about you?

- cry
- fuss
- coo
- burp
- ignorant
- weak
- milk
- nurse
- grow
- selfish
- helpless
- parents

S P **N** E I E H C W F R P L D H W **E**
 H E L P L E S S E X **I** M I L K S Q
 I E N V P **B** N X A P H D G I E **N** E
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 I P A S E S O U I P N I R O P W R
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 A **R** W O S **C** O W F O L S **T** G R O W
 W P S H F U S S I **U** O N X P C F **H**



WORMS on the ROAD

Would you like to go on a walk with me this morning? Everything is misty and wet from last night's rain. Watch your step, there is a worm on the driveway. "Here's another one!" you say. Sure enough, everywhere we look there are purple-pink worms stretched out on the wet pavement. Are they dead? No, as we watch we can see their pointy heads wiggle as they creep slowly along.



"Why are worms crawling on the road?" you ask. Good question. Worms belong in the ground, don't they? But the rain has filled all their tunnels with water and so they have come up to breathe. "I didn't know worms had to breathe," you say. "Oh, look at this worm. It got smashed." Poor

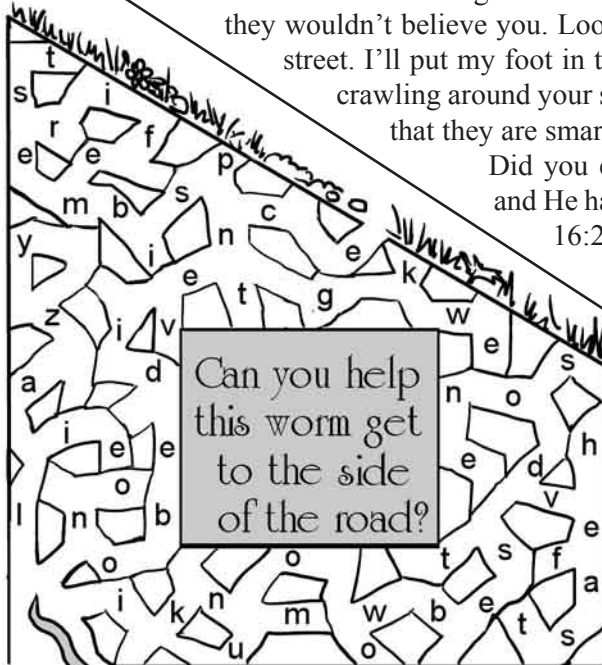
thing. The road isn't a safe place, is it? Maybe we should rescue some of these worms and throw them back onto the lawn.

You carefully pick up one of the slimy creatures. "Does God care about worms?" you wonder. Well, He made them. And Jesus said that He notices even the little sparrows, so I think He knows about these worms, too. But He cares much more for children, like you! I think there is a good lesson to learn from these worms. "Like not to go in the road," you suggest. "Else I could be smashed like that worm!" That's true. But the worm didn't know that the road was dangerous. It was trying to keep from drowning underground. God gave them the instinct to come up to the top when it rains.



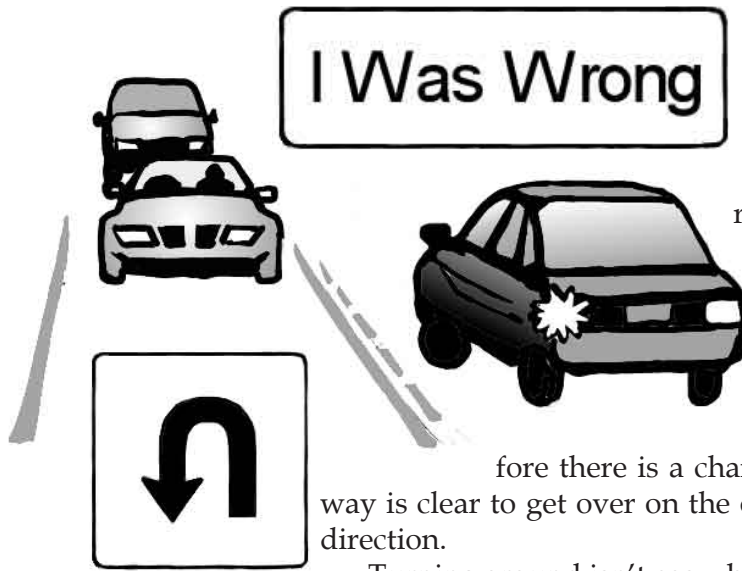
"I wish worms could read signs," you say. "Then I would tell them that the road is dangerous." But maybe if they could read, they wouldn't believe you. Look at this worm heading into the middle of the street. I'll put my foot in the way and see if it will go back. "Look, it is crawling around your shoe!" Yes, it acts just like a person who thinks that they are smart and don't need to be told what to do.

Did you ever think that God sees us like little worms, and He has put up warnings to keep us safe? In Proverbs 16:25 we read, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." We might try to be careful and keep away from trouble, but in the end we can get ourselves into worse danger. That's why we need to trust God to protect us and show us how to live.



Find the way through the maze. Write down the letters you pass on the lines below. What keeps us safe from danger? _____





Has your mom or dad ever had to turn around on a main road? "Oh, no! We missed our turnoff," they might say. Or "I don't think this is the right road. We need to turn around."

But making a U-Turn isn't very easy. Usually there's no place to stop and busy traffic blocks your way. You might have to pull over onto the siding or another road be-

fore there is a chance to turn around. Finally the way is clear to get over on the other side, heading in the right direction.

Turning around isn't easy, but it is an important part of life.

There are many times we find ourselves going in the wrong direction. Maybe we're in trouble because we disobeyed. Or it's just been a bad day and we feel grouchy. Maybe we've made a mistake or said something unkind without thinking, and it seems like no one likes us. How can we get turned around?

The first thing is to realize when we're going the wrong way. Usually we like to blame someone or something else for our troubles. We think, "If they would just be nice to me, I would be fine," or "It wasn't my fault." We think that other people need to turn around, or that things will get better if we just keep going. But if we act like that, we won't ever get back on the right track.

Not many people have the courage to say, "I'm sorry. I was wrong." It is much easier to keep going with our bad attitude. It is very hard to slow down, stop the complaining and excuses, and to get going in the right direction again. We need God's help to see that we are wrong and to admit it. Often we need to "pull off the road" and pray before we can be sorry enough to make a U-turn.

When people have been going in the wrong direction a long time, it is very hard for them to turn around. They get lost and forget what road they are suppose to be going on. "I guess it doesn't matter how I live," they say. "I've tried my best, and I can't do better." Some even think God has put up "No U-Turn" signs. But God paved a highway to heaven and He wants all of us to be traveling on it. When we are lost or have missed the on-ramp, He *wants* to help us get back on track. "Return unto Me," He calls to those that are in trouble. He is able to help you make a U-turn, no matter how far you have traveled or how dark a tunnel you are in.

Here is a verse to hide in your heart:

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah 55:7



POTATO PEELS

Adapted from a true story



Marla and Julie were the best of friends. They loved to play dolls together and dress up as pioneers. Tonight Marla was going to Julie's house for a sleep

out! Julie's mom was going to let them sleep in the hide-a-bed in the living room. Marla's Mama helped Marla pack up her pink suitcase with pajamas, toothbrush and comb.

After a hug from Daddy, big sister and brother, they were off. It was quite a long drive to Julie's house, and it seemed even longer since she wanted to get there so much.

"I wonder if they will have pizza for supper like last time! Yumm," said Marla.

"Remember to be thankful for whatever they serve you," said Mama.

Finally they were pulling into the Johnson's drive. "Now, Marla," said Mama, "remember that you must obey Mrs. Johnson just like you do me. I will ask her how you did when I pick you up tomorrow. Let's pray now, and ask Jesus to help you." They did, but Marla squirmed a bit in her seat. *Why did Mama have to say such a long prayer?*

As they climbed up the steps to the Johnson's house, Julie burst out the front



door. "Oh Marla, I'm so glad you could come! Aren't you excited! My Mom said that we could pick out the sheets to put on the bed. Come on!" They darted into Julie's bedroom.

"Oh, these are so pretty!" exclaimed Marla. "Look at the little butterflies."

"They are," Julie agreed. "Let's put them on."

As the girls passed the kitchen, Mrs. Johnson stopped them. "You might not want to use those; the embroidery on them is rather itchy."

"Oh please can we, Mom? They won't bother us," pleaded Julie.

"Sure, if you want to...," said Mrs. Johnson. The two girls dashed off to the living room.

A few minutes later, Marla's Mama came in. "I will see you tomorrow, Dear," she said to Marla. "Here is a goodnight hug for you."

After Mama left, they were called in for supper. It wasn't pizza, but Marla remembered to be polite.

"Now girls," said Mrs. Johnson, after the dishes were washed, "go ahead and get ready for bed and then we will have a Bible story time." Marla grabbed her toothbrush and pajamas from her suitcase and headed after Julie and Rosalie, Julie's older sister, to the bathroom.

Their toothpaste was all glittery and pink, and suddenly Marla's looked quite



dull. "Could I have a little bit of your toothpaste?" she asked.



"Sure!" Julie and her sister said together. Julie squeezed some on Marla's toothbrush.

"Mmm, ih tase wike stwabeheew!" Marla said, through a mouthful of sudsy foam.

"Stwabeheew ih my faywit!" Julie said, and they all giggled together.

After story time and prayer by the warm woodstove, Julie and Marla crawled into the big hide-a-bed.

"It's cold in here!" giggled Julie.

"Ooo, it is!" said Marla. "I think I feel a spider down there!"

"Where is it?!" squealed Julie.

"Girls!" a voice from the kitchen called.

"Settle down, it's bedtime." But it was hard to settle down; they were both excited.

"Let's make candles tomorrow. We have some old wax that my mom said we could melt," whispered Julie.

"Really? I never made candles before," Marla whispered back.



"We can make a bonfire and cook stew, too!" said Julie.

"Shh, we'd better be quiet, otherwise your mom might not let us sleep together," said Marla.

She flipped over and tried to be still, but everything was different. At her own house it was cold at night, but here the wood stove was still keeping the house quite warm. The kitchen lights were on, and Mrs. Johnson

was cleaning up the kitchen. Worst of all, the sheets WERE itchy!

It seemed a long time before Mr. and Mrs. Johnson turned off the lights. Mrs. Johnson came over to their bed and said a soft "good-night." Julie, who had been flipping in bed, too, said, "Mommy, these sheets are itchy. Can we please change them?"

"I said they would be. It might be better to listen next time, instead of insisting on your own way. I will get another pair for you."



They quickly made up the bed together. "Now, I want you two to stay in bed and go to sleep." Mrs. Johnson followed Mr. Johnson down the hall to their bedroom.

After a long time Marla whispered to Julie, "Are you asleep?"

"No, I can't go to sleep," whispered Julie.

"Me, neither," Marla whispered back.

"Do you know what I've been thinking?" said Julie. "Since we can't go to sleep anyway, wouldn't it be fun to be a secret service club? I heard my mom say that she was going to have potatoes tomorrow. We could peel them for her while everyone is sleeping. She would be so surprised to see them done in the morning!"

"That sounds fun, but what will she say when she knows that we were out of bed?" said Marla.

"She will probably be so happy, that she wouldn't mind," said Julie.

"Do you think they are asleep now?" asked Marla.

"Yep. They never take very long to go



to sleep, and I think we have been lying here for hours!" said Julie.



The two girls crept out of bed and into the kitchen. "Here are the peelers and knives," whispered Julie. "I think the potatoes are in the pantry."

After all was ready, the girls began to peel. They kept an ear cocked for any sounds from down the hall. "You forgot



to peel this part of the potato," whispered Julie, pointing out some brown skin that Marla

had missed. But just then, there was a creak from the hall.

"Quick, grab the bowl!" whispered Marla frantically as she ran to the hide-a-bed with the peelers, with Julie and the potatoes close behind. They dove under the covers and lay very still, but there were quite a few queer lumps in the blankets.

Mrs. Johnson came into the room and looked at them sharply. "You aren't asleep yet? Is something wrong?" She asked, peering at them through the darkness.



"No Mom," said Julie, but just then, a peeler slipped from the covers and landed on the floor with a little clink. Mrs. Johnson picked it up and frowned.

"What have you been doing, girls?" she asked in a sad voice. There was no use in hiding anything now. She would



find out one way or another. They pulled out the potatoes, knives, and the other peeler from under the covers and tried to explain.

"We have almost all the potatoes peeled for you," Julie ended hopefully.

"Oh, girls," said Mrs. Johnson with a tired sigh, "I was going to use those for baked potatoes and so I didn't want them peeled. But much more than that, you disobeyed me because you thought your way was best. You both need your sleep, and I think I will have to separate you for the night."

"I'm very sorry, Mama," said Julie, "It was all my fault. I was the one with the idea."

"No, it's my fault too," added Marla, "I wanted to do it, too. I'm sorry."



"I forgive you," said Mrs. Johnson, "but I'm afraid the you two can't be trusted together anymore. Julie will need to sleep in her room, and you, Marla, can sleep on the other couch. This bed is full of potato peelings."

The two girls sadly picked up their blankets and went their separate ways to bed.

Don't you think that it would have turned out much better if Julie and Marla had obeyed in the beginning, instead of thinking that their own way was best?

The Bible says - "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." (Colossians 3:20)



Taking the Blame

We don't like to be blamed, do we? If we do something wrong, we want others to forgive us and forget about it. If they say "it's all your fault," it is easy to make excuses so we don't look so bad. But have you ever been blamed for something you didn't do? Maybe you are

...to be blamed and beaten,
by people that hated Him.
One dark night Jesus was
arrested, and his followers all
ran away.



But most people didn't want
to give up their own ways and
admit that they were wrong.
"Jesus' way is too hard," they
said.



So Jesus came to show us
the way back to God.



But our sins separated us
from God. We were like
sheep going our own way.
God saw the trouble we were
in and made a plan to save
us.



accused of breaking something, when it wasn't your fault. It will cost all your savings to get it fixed. "But I didn't even touch it!" you say. Then you find out that your sister (who always is in trouble and never saves her money) broke it. Do you love her enough to **take the blame** and offer to pay the price **instead** of her? That would be a lot of love, wouldn't it? This is the story of how the Son of God took the blame for all the wrongs we did. Can you put the 12 parts in the right order? The first one is numbered for you.

1

Jesus was sent to earth like an innocent and spotless lamb. He always did right.



The religious leaders didn't want to change their ways. They despised Jesus and said that He should die.



The governor knew Jesus was not guilty. But the mob cried, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Jesus didn't try to defend Himself.



A few people followed Jesus. They learned to trust and love Him. But they didn't understand that Jesus had come...



He had come to suffer for all their sins. He took the blame for the wrong we had done...



...and died as a substitute for us. That all who believed in Him should not perish in hell...



...that we might be reconciled back to God.



...but have everlasting life. On the third day Jesus rose again! He conquered sin and death for us...



Extra Challenge (for older ones or the whole family!): Can you find a Bible verse for each of the 12 story parts? Here are some we found. Look each one up and see where it belongs. Maybe you can discover more Bible evidence of how Jesus took the blame for us.

Isa. 25:8 Isa. 53:6 Mark 9:31 John 3:19 John 3:36 John 14:6
John 16:32 John 19:6 Acts 13:27 2 Cor. 5:18 2 Cor. 5:21 1 Pet. 1:19



Jesus' Little Ones

C. H. G.; arr.

(Matt. 18:14; Prov. 18:10)

Charles H. Gabriel

1. Je - sus' lit - tle ones are we, From all sin He makes us free,
2. In the straight and nar - row way He will lead us day by day,
3. Tho' we're lit - tle, weak, and frail, By His pow'r we shall pre - vail,

More like Him to dai - ly be, For He loves us so.
Seek us if we go a - stray, For He loves us so.
Je - sus' love will nev - er fail, For He loves us so.

Refrain

Je - sus is the tru - est Friend, On His strength we can de - pend,

And His care will nev - er end, For He loves us so.





Dear Reader,

Thank you again for your patience. We wish we could complete each issue sooner, but our burden is to do the Lord's work His way. We pray that the thoughts expressed in these pages would be used to bless and help you on the heavenly highway. We know that the King is able to meet each one of your needs. As usual, we find many opportunities to put these "treasures" to good use in our own lives.

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 (27), Kara (23), 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. 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 detailed caterpillars can you find?
There should be 148, including this one:*



SEND TO: