

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation



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Think About It: Caterpillars and *Butterflies*

If you've been reading the comic story about Stripe, the caterpillar, you probably already guessed the ending. If Stripe was going to get wings, he had to form a chrysalis and become a butterfly, right? Pretty easy. That's because you know

that caterpillars *turn into* butterflies. But why couldn't the caterpillars in the story figure that out? I'm sure you have some good answers. For one thing, caterpillars are so different than butterflies that it seems very strange that one can change into the other. Do the activity on the left and see how many differences you can find.

Circle all the words that describe butterflies. Underline all the words that describe caterpillars.

in air



fly



quick

slender

drink nectar



eat leaves



help pollinate

slow

destroy plants

fat worms

crawl



on ground



So which do you like better? I think most of you would answer: butterflies! I agree. But the amazing thing about butterflies, is that *they always start out as a caterpillar first*. And the wonderful thing about caterpillars is that they have the possibility of becoming a beautiful winged butterfly.

Do you know something? It's the same way with us. What are some ways that people act like caterpillars? Yes, we are selfish. We destroy things. We cause problems.

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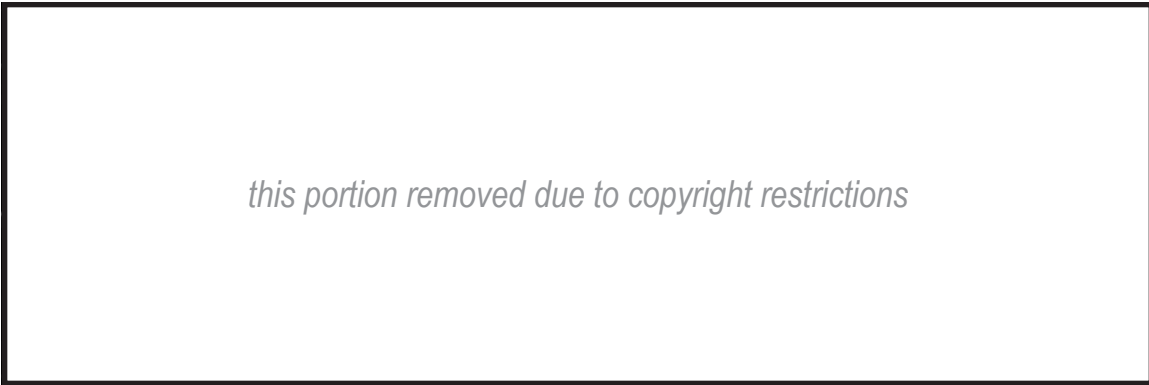
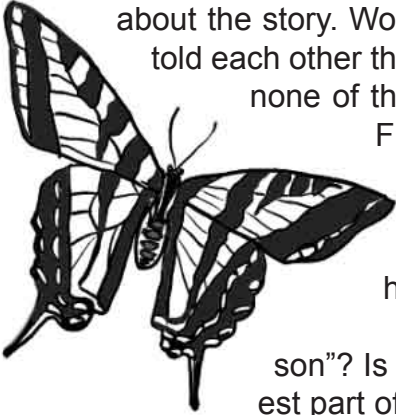
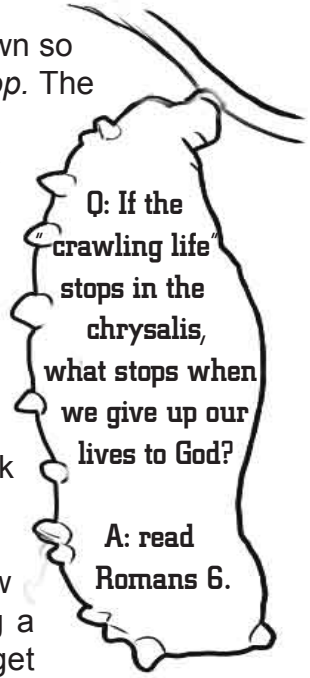
And, like the caterpillars in the story, we like to put others down so that we can be *the strongest, the most popular, the one on top*. The big question is: Is this how we are **supposed to live**?

I thought you would know the answer. But how can we be different? Will “being nice to others” and “trying to help out more” really *change* us? Is there a way for us to **stop** “being a caterpillar-person” and **become** a “butterfly-person”? How?

These are big questions, because the answer isn’t really what you say, but what you believe inside. You can say, “Jesus can change our hearts so that we are good and beautiful, like butterflies.” That would be one kind of answer. But now think about the story. Would it really help if all the caterpillars told each other that they could become butterflies, but none of them ever *did it*? No. Remember how

Fuzzy first met the caterpillar making a chrysalis? It persuaded her to “get wings,” too. And Stripe began to hope that he could change, when he saw how Fuzzy had become a butterfly.

So how do we really change to become a “butterfly-person”? Is it just by wishing or praying a lot? No. The biggest, hardest part of all is **giving up** being a caterpillar-person. We don’t like to think that something is wrong with us, but the Bible says that “all have sinned.” (Rom. 3:23) It is the sin in our hearts that keeps us from living right. God made a way for us to stop living selfishly and be able to live a new “flying life.” It is much higher and happier than the old sinful “crawling life.” Just like a butterfly thinks differently than a caterpillar, our desires inside are changed. Figure out the butterfly puzzle on the next page, and learn what sort of wings God wants to give us.

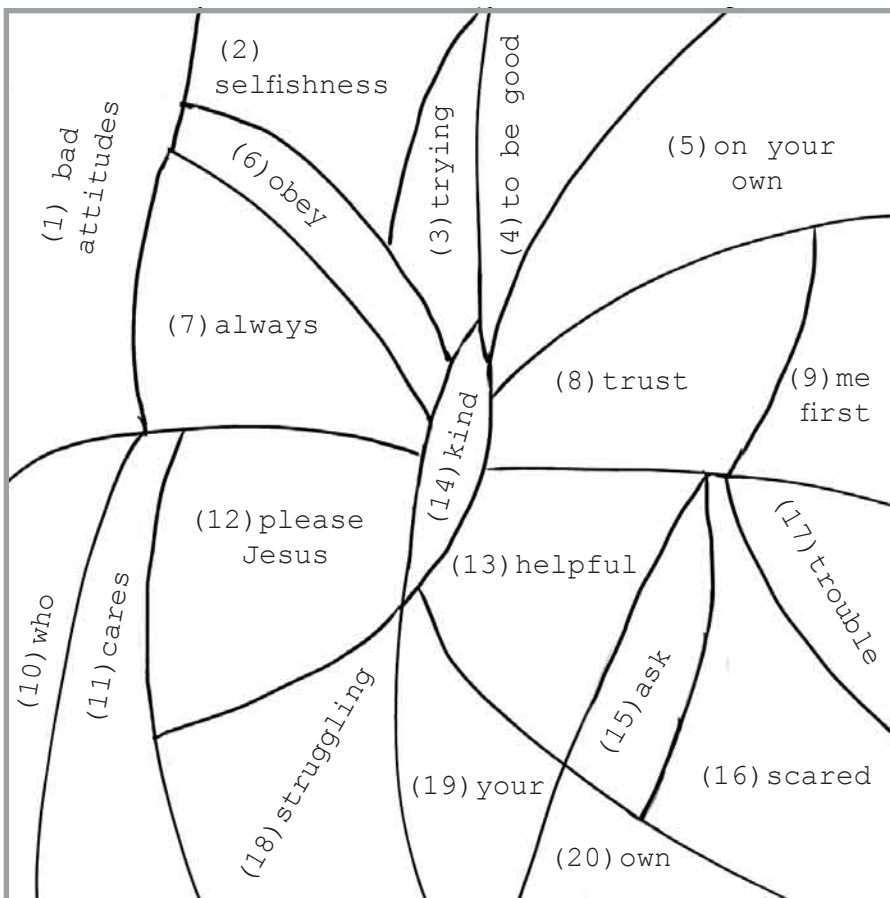


What's it like to be a Butterfly?

Instead of (1), (2), even (3)(4)(5), God gives you wings of (6)(7) and (8). You don't think (9) or (10)(11)? You want to (12) and go about being (13) and (14), like the butterfly. You (15) God to help you when you are (16) or in (17), instead of (18) on (19)(20).

Color all the sections with "worm words" a dark color.

Color the sections with "butterfly words" a bright color.



Do you have those "butterfly-wings"? It will show up in how you live every day. If you are thinking of your own way, you are crawling. If you are doing wrong and feeling bad about it, God has a better life for you. Just like a butterfly can fly quickly away from trouble, butterfly-people learn to quickly go to Jesus when they have trouble. They know they are safe with Him, and they want to always please Him. It's a happy life to live!

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Tommy and the Tramp

Clickety-clack! clickety-clack! Tommy and his sisters watched as a long freight train rolled down the tracks near their house. "I think it would be a lot of fun to ride on a train," said Tommy, wistfully.



"Where would you go?" asked his little sister, Ruth. "I would go far, far away and have lots of adventures. Just look! There's someone sitting in an empty boxcar! Wouldn't that be fun?"

"He's a tramp," his big sister, Mandy, said scornfully. "They are dirty and lazy, and don't live anywhere!"

Tommy was silent. He watched the man until the train carried him out of sight. "I wouldn't be dirty and lazy," he told Ruth. "I would be an explorer like Daniel Boone and come back with lots of stories to tell you."

That evening, at the supper table, Tommy announced his plans. "When I get big I'm going to ride trains to new places. I'm going to be an explorer and have lots of adventures!"

"That's because we saw a tramp on the train today," Mandy explained. She rolled her eyes. "I told him that they were lazy, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"Hopping freight trains is against the law," Papa said seriously. "Just last week I passed a police car up the street. He had caught two people trying to get on the train."

"Well, I wouldn't hop trains then," Tommy decided. "I would just walk and carry my stuff. Like the tramps that Uncle Mike picks up."

Mama smiled. "And what would you eat?" she asked, as she piled spaghetti on Tommy's plate.

"You could carry a sign that says: Will Work for Food," suggested Mandy.

"Tommy's always hungry, so he'd have to work a lot!" Ruth added with a giggle.

"I can work! And when I'm a man, I'll be so strong that I'd get the work done really fast," Tommy said, confidently.

"That reminds me," said Papa. "I saw a man carrying a sign on the street corner today."

"Did you give him something?" Mama asked.

"Well, not exactly," Papa said. "Since he was willing to work, I offered to take him to Uncle Mike's place to help us with the framing tomorrow night. I'll pick him up after work."

"We'll plan on serving him some supper before you go over," Mama said quickly.

"I'm thankful the Lord has given us an opportunity to help someone in need."

Tommy looked from Mama to Daddy in surprise. A real, live tramp was coming to their house? A tingle of excitement ran up his back as he thought of all the exciting stories he might hear. Tommy could hardly wait!

The next afternoon Mama kept the children busy getting ready for their guest. "Tommy, after you vacuum the carpet, the trash needs to be taken out. Ruth, you can help me snap green beans. Mandy, I'm trusting you to have the table set nicely. A few zinnias would look lovely, don't you think?"



"I don't know if a tramp would like flowers," Mandy said with a frown.

"He's a human being, just like anyone else," Mama said quickly. "And remember, he'll be more nervous than we are, so we want to make him feel at home."

"I wonder where he lives?" Tommy added. "Maybe he hasn't had supper for awhile. I think he'll really be hungry!"



At last the car pulled up into the drive. "He's here!" Tommy shouted, as he hurried to open the door. Papa stepped in, followed by a bushy-bearded man with a brown face. "This is Mr. Gallard," Papa announced. "Jim, this is my son, Tommy, and my wife, Sharon."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mama as she shook the man's hand.

Tommy stared at the tramp in amazement. He looked just like the fur trappers in his history book, except that he was wearing khaki pants instead of buckskin. "I think he's a real explorer," he whispered to Mandy as Papa showed the man where to wash up. "Maybe he even knows Daniel Boone."

"Silly! Daniel Boone lived a long time ago. Besides, he smells like he's been smoking or something," Mandy said, wrinkling her nose.

"Shh!" Mama said. "If he's addicted to something, it only means that he needs God's love even more." She put baby Ben in the highchair and started serving up the soup.

Mr. Gallard sat down next to Papa and everyone bowed their heads during the blessing. Tommy was the first to open his eyes. He noticed that Mr. Gallard still wore his gray hat.

"Probably he doesn't know about taking it off inside," he thought, as he began to eat his soup. But the next moment Tommy was all ears to what Papa was saying.



"Jim was telling me about some of the adventures he's had. He was down south when that big hurricane went through last year."

"Did you see anything blow over?" Tommy asked.

"Yep, lots of trees," the bushy-bearded man said. He kept eating his soup and didn't look up.

"Our tree blew over, too," said Ruth.

"And I helped Papa cut it up for firewood. I'm big enough to split logs now," said Tommy.

"That's good," said Mr. Gallard.

"So what are your plans, now?" Mama asked.

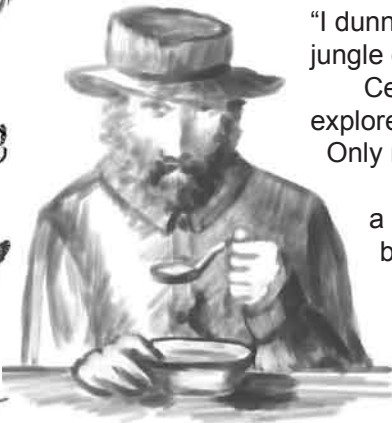
"I dunno. Came back north 'cause I got sick of Houston. It's a cement jungle down there. Too many people."

Cement jungle. That sounded pretty bad to Tommy. "You could explore a real jungle," he suggested. "They don't have people in them. Only monkeys and parrots."

"A real jungle, eh?" Mr. Gillard laughed, but it sound more like a cough. "Them has too many snakes and wild cats for me. No, boy, I'm not aiming for exploring no more."

"Then why are you a tramp?" Tommy asked, surprised. He felt Mandy's kick under the table, but it was too late. When the bushy-bearded man looked up, he had the saddest eyes

Tommy had ever seen.



“Trampin’ about ain’t no party,” he said at last. “You be a big help to your dad, son. When I was a boy, I didn’t have no dad to work with. My step-dad didn’t want me around and so I got into trouble.”



Everyone was quiet a moment, then Mama said, “The Lord loves you, Mr. Gallard.”

“I know that,” he said, taking a bite of bread. “And you folks are good to have me. Don’t think I don’t know better. I know about Jesus and being a Christian, and I know that smokin’ and drinkin’ is wrong. I’m on the bad track, but it’s pretty hard to quit after twenty-five years.”

Mr. Gallard began to cough. Tommy saw his hand shake as he reached for his glass of water.

“The Lord wants to deliver you, Jim,” Papa said quietly. “When you were telling me about your buddy dying, you know He’s calling after you.”

“Your friend died?” Mama asked. “What happened?”

“He had leukemia,” Papa said.

Mr. Gallard nodded. “He was my roadie, and we went through everything together. I’m gonna miss him.”

Roadie. Tommy liked the sound of that word. It reminded him of adventures.

“What’s a roadie?” asked Mandy.

“He’s the one you know you can trust. You might have a hundred friends, but only one roadie. If you suffer, he suffers with you. I knew he’d split his last cigarette with me.”

Tommy frowned. Who would want to split a dirty cigarette?

Mr. Gallard looked at his plate, then pushed back his chair. “I guess I’d better be going,” he said.

“Won’t you have any dessert?” Mama asked. “We’ve made fresh apple pie.”

“Can’t refuse that,” Mr. Gallard said. But he only ate two bites before he stood up and went to the door. “Thanks kindly for the meal, Ma’am. You have a lovely family. God bless you.”

“Why did he go outside?” Ruth asked. “Are you going to Uncle Mike’s now?”

“Fairly soon,” Papa said. “But I think Mr. Gallard was going out to smoke. He depends on those things, I think.”

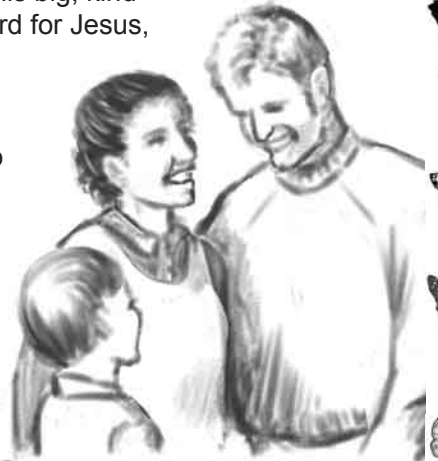
“Poor man,” said Mama. “He’s not too strong, either. If he knows better, why does he choose such a life, Thomas?”

“The devil’s got him trapped, Honey.” Tommy looked at his big, kind papa and saw the shine in his eyes. “There’s nothing too hard for Jesus, but he’s got to want to pay the price. Right now he’s making excuses.”

Mama nodded her head. Then she gave Papa’s hand a squeeze. “I thank God for a man like you. Isn’t it far better to live for the Lord after hearing about such a life?”

Papa stood up and gave Mama a kiss. “I’m mighty blessed,” he agreed. “Tommy, I’m expecting you to be the man while I’m away this evening. Remember, fight off all the snakes and jungle cats and keep everyone safe!” Then he winked. “And better not try to jump any trains!”

Tommy grinned. “Don’t worry, Papa. I’ll take care of everyone. I’ve decided not to be a tramp, after all.”



Adiana was excited. She could hardly wait to tell everyone the news.

"Guess what?" she shouted when Granny stepped in the door. "I'm earning a new pair of shoes! I get one penny for every weed I pull, and I already pulled 100 weeds yesterday."

"Well, well," said Granny. "I suppose you have quite a few more weeds to pull to get those shoes?"

"Yes, a whole lot," Adiana agreed. "They cost \$9.99."

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine? Well, Audi, it sounds like you have a lot of work to do!" Granny said, with a smile.

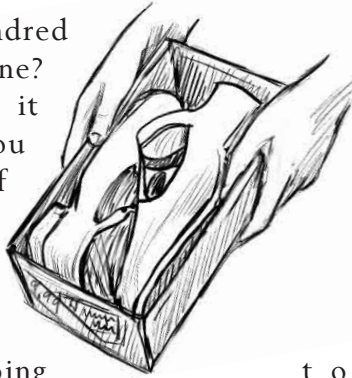
"Yes, and I'm going to pull more weeds right now!" Audi said. With a bang the door was shut and Audi was off to dig in the front flower bed.

"101, 102, 103," she counted. "If I fill the bucket, Mom says I can get an extra nickel." For being eight-years-old, she felt quite pleased with herself. How many other kids her age were earning money for their own shoes?

The next morning Miss Jane came over. "I'm pulling weeds to buy new shoes!" Audi told her, and brought out the shiny white shoes to show her.

"What a good idea," Miss Jane said. "I was going to help plant some flowers today, but we'll need to get all the weeds out first. Is that your weed bucket?"

"Yes," Audi said. "I've already pulled 147 weeds. I have to get 999 to buy my shoes."



For Choice Audi

A True Story

"Then let's get busy!" Miss Jane said, pulling on her garden gloves. Soon the two were chopping and digging all along the front walk. They took a break, then began weeding again.

The sun beat down and Adiana felt hot. Her back ached. Miss Jane kept on digging.

"I want to stop and count my weeds now," Audi said, laying down her trowel.

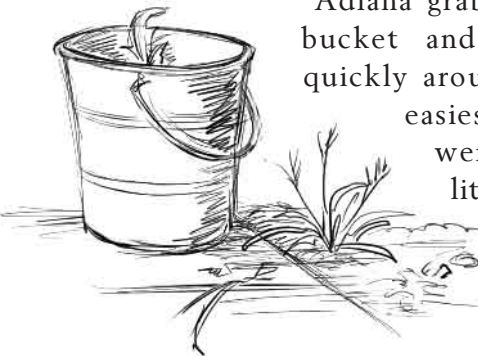
"I know it is hot, but let's keep working for 15 more minutes," Miss Jane said. She gave Audi a smile. "Remember how many more weeds you need to earn those shoes!"

Slowly Adiana picked up her trowel. She jabbed it into the ground besides a clump of grass. The grass didn't budge. Audi tried a smaller plant, and after a couple tugs, it came loose. She dropped it into her bucket and sighed loudly.

"Tired already?" Miss Jane teased. "How about pulling 10 more weeds. I'll time you to see how long it takes. Ready? Get set – go!"

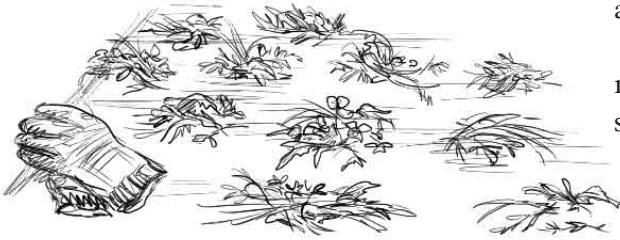
Adiana grabbed her bucket and looked quickly around. The easiest weeds were the little ones.

One, two, three,



four. Over by that tree there were more. Five, six. Dig, pull, dig, dig. "I've got ten!" she called.

"Wow. Only 1 minute and 15 seconds," Miss Jane said with a smile.



"Can I count them now?" Audi asked.

"Yes, let's go to a shady spot. It's time for a break." Miss Jane showed Adiana how to put the weeds in piles of tens. Carefully they counted out the whole bucket.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten piles!" Audi announced.

"And 4 left over," said Miss Jane. "That's 104 weeds. Good job!" Then Miss Jane pulled out a note pad and helped Adiana figure out the total amount she had earned so far.

"Good job on the weeding," Mom said when they came inside. "That flower bed is looking much better."

"I've pulled 251 weeds so far," Audi announced. "That's 2 dollars and 51 cents!"

"You already were paid 1 dollar 8 cents yesterday, but then you had to give 50 cents to Granny for the soap bottle you broke," Mom said. "Maybe Miss Jane can help you figure out how much I should pay you."

Audi ran to her room and got her money bank. It jingled with coins.

Miss Jane laid her notepad on Audi's desk. "Before you take out your money, let's do the math!" she said with a smile. "If you already earned 1 dollar and 8 cents, and then had to pay 50 cents, how much will you have

now?"

Audi wrote down the two numbers. Adding them didn't work, so she tried subtracting. "Remember to borrow, like this," Miss Jane said. She helped Adiana figure out the right answer.

"58 cents," said Adiana. She looked in her money bank. There were 5 shiny quarters, several dimes and nickels, and some pennies. It was a lot more money than 58 cents. "Some of these I found lying on the floor," she said, as she poured the coins out on the desk.

"On the floor?" Miss Jane didn't seem to believe her.

"Yes, I found pennies lying around," Audi said.

"What about the quarters?" asked Miss Jane.

"Those are the ones Mom paid me." But Miss Jane didn't believe her.

"Five quarters is more than a dollar,



Audi," she said.

"You had to pay two quarters to Granny, so you should only have two quarters and 8 cents left. Where did the others come from?"

"Someone gave them to me," Audi said, but she knew she wasn't telling the truth. She wanted that money to buy her shoes. "Uncle Bob gave me the quarters for Christmas," she said.

"I don't believe you, Audi," Miss Jane said sadly. "First you say one thing, then another. If you find money 'lying around,' you need to tell Mom. Keeping them is stealing."

Audi began to sniff and rub her eyes. "But they're mine," she said.

"Crying won't solve the problem," Miss Jane said flatly. "Maybe you are too little to have any of this money."

"Too li'le," said a small voice.

Adiana blinked her eyes and looked up. Little sister Bess was standing in the doorway watching her with solemn eyes. Audi stopped sniffing.

"Well, now," said Miss Jane, "there's only two ways about it. You are either going to be honest or dishonest, Audi."

"Honest or dishonest," repeated Bess.

Audi frowned, but Miss Jane stood up. "The choice is up to you. I'm going to let you

think about it while I wash this dirt off my hands." She headed for the bathroom.

Adiana called after her. "Miss Jane, I want to be honest."

"You figure out what being honest means," Miss Jane called back.

Audi thought about it. When

Miss Jane came to look, two quarters and 8 pennies lay in the money bank.

The rest of the coins she had pushed into a pile. "I'm going to give this

back to Mom," she said in a quiet voice.

"Why?" asked Miss Jane.

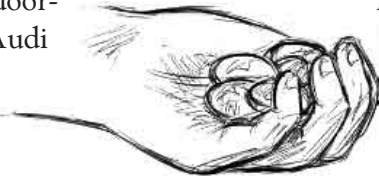
"Because they aren't mine. I found them in the van and they probably dropped out of her purse." Audi looked at the pile sadly.

"That is the honest thing to do," Miss Jane said with a smile. She gave Audi a squeeze. "You can be happy when you've done the right thing."

But Adiana didn't feel happy. She thought of how many more weeds she would have to pull to earn those shoes. It would be very hard to give back the money. Miss Jane seemed to know how she felt.

"Your heavenly Father saw all along whether you were telling the truth, didn't He?" she said. "If you tell Him about the money you earned, He knows if you were honest or dishonest. Just think of how happy He is with you now! Shall we pray that He can help you be happy, too?" Audi nodded.

After Miss Jane prayed, Audi got up quickly. She scooped the money into her hand and went to find Mom. Suddenly a light and happy feeling filled her heart. She had done the right thing, and it felt really great!



Watch Your Words!

It is not easy to always speak truthfully. Before you say something, ask yourself, "Is this exactly true? Or is it just what I made up or wish had happened?"

Tina helped Grandma bake a pie. She told her friend, "**I made it all by myself!**"

Marshall saw a new bike in the back of the van, and told his little brother, "**I really don't know, but I hope it is for me!**"

Joan tried on her sister's new sweater. "Isn't that Eva's?" Mom asked. "**She gave it to me,**" Joan said.

Patsy hid some cookies under her bed. When her brother asked where they had gone, she said, "**Maybe the cat ate them.**"

Ivan was mad and stomped on Andy's truck, so Andy kicked him in the stomach. "Why is Ivan crying?" Dad asked. "**He broke my truck!**" said Andy.

Did any of the children tell the complete TRUTH? Which DIDN'T? Deceiving others and telling lies causes lots of trouble. Be careful to always tell the truth, and others will trust you!



Are you an honest person? Can other people trust you to tell the truth? Or is there something that you are hiding and don't want others to know? It can be scary to tell the truth just like it is, especially if you might get in trouble.

It might seem easier to make excuses and hide the truth. But when you are brave and tell the exact truth, it always turns out best. Others will believe you and, most of all, you won't have any lies to cover up.



But being honest is more than just not telling lies. If you keep the money you found, or try to hide the mirror you broke, you are being deceitful and dishonest. The Bible says we should "walk honestly." That means being true in everything we say or do. Audi had to give the money back to be honest. You might have to confess and "tell on yourself" to be really truthful. But it is worth knowing that you have a clear conscience.

Dishonesty is like the darkness. You can't see where you are going. When you are dishonest it is hard to see what is right or wrong. Honesty is like the day - with the sun shining all around you can see clearly. And when we say and do what is true, God is pleased with us. God's way is always light and truth. He hates all darkness - every lie and deceitful thing. If we ask God to help us, we can always walk in the light with Him. He will help us to hate being dishonest. He can change us so we will love what is true, just like He does.



AFRAID to tell the Truth?

Sometimes it can seem scary to tell the truth. When I was a little girl I loved to build houses and towns with Legos. One time I was happily building, with pieces scattered all about me. As I reached over to grab a Lego I needed, I felt a crunch under me. To my dismay, I found that one of the large flat pieces had broken in two! I felt awful and a little scared. What if Mommy got really upset at me? What if she wouldn't let me play with Legos ever again?! Maybe she wouldn't care if I didn't tell her. It would be so easy to tuck the pieces back in the pile. Nobody would have to know who broke it. But then I thought of how I would feel inside and how Jesus would feel if I hid the truth. I wanted people to be able to trust me, even when no one was looking. I picked up the pieces and got to my feet. Mom was busy and I tapped her on the shoulder. She looked up. "Yes, honey?"

"I broke this piece," I stammered, tears coming to my eyes. "I'm really sorry." She put her arm around me and gave me a squeeze.

"I forgive you," she said. "You'll try to be more careful?" I nodded, and inside I felt so happy! I had done the right thing and it hadn't even been as hard as I thought!

Have you ever had to decide whether to tell the truth or lie, or maybe like me, not say anything so that no one will know? We are sure to think of all the awful things that will happen if we tell the truth. The real fact is, that whatever *will* happen, it's so much better to have everything clear between us and others, and especially with God. It's wonderful to know that we can be trusted to tell the truth no matter what! —Amanda Erickson

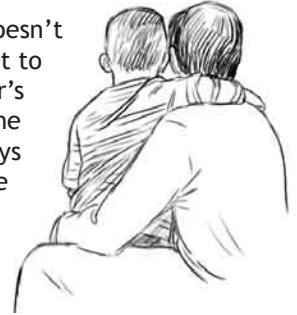


Do You Know My Father?



Do you know my Father? Most people don't. Some say he's mean and stingy. That's not true! Father is the kindest and best dad you'd ever know. He's really rich—I don't mean to brag—and we have everything we need. No, not everything we want. Father knows better than to spoil us rotten!

Some people think that he doesn't pay us much attention. They ought to watch him with the babies! Father's the first to hear their cries, and the most eager to see them eat and grow. He loves children so much that he's always adopting more, and the amazing thing is that he is never too busy to spend time with each of us. Let me tell you, our talks with Father are the best part of the day! If you could just sit on his knee for a moment and realize how much he cares, you'd agree.



But Father's not a softy, as us bigger ones know. He works hard to prepare us for the tough things in life. Not that he's a drillmaster or difficult to please. He doesn't make us "learn our facts," but gets right down to our level and shows us what he expects. My Father is so creative that just when you begin to feel bored, he's sure to surprise us with a new challenge. Nothing is dull around our house! And when it seems like we're all alone, it's just our quiet game. You see, Father's always there. He told us that he never goes to bed, and I believe him, too. A lot of things get done at night while we are fast asleep!

When troubles come or someone's sick, most folks call 911. That's because they don't know Father. Troubles are his specialty! He's bigger than the robbers, and excellent at solving things. Father knows how to doctor us and just how to stop the pain. So when we have a problem, we tell him right away. It's always great to sit back and see what he will do! Sometimes I've been a bit worried when he doesn't seem to hurry, but that's just my Father's way. He always knows just what to do and the perfect way to do it!

Some people call my Father strict. They say he has too many rules. I think they don't like him because they are living wrong. My Father's only law is love, and he's a stickler for what is right. You'd never catch him cheating or telling you a lie. He's really big and strong (which scares some folks, I think), and the kindest dad you'd meet. He's so good that he treats the neighbors just like us kids at home. He loves to help the poor (because proud folks won't let him) and does good to everyone. And he expects us to be that way, too. After all, as family, we want to belong!

There is so much more about Father that I wish I could tell you. I am still just learning how smart and great he is! You see, I am adopted, and once I was like you. It was hard to believe the stories. It was scary to trust his love. But now I know he has everything that any child needs. You see, he is the King of Heaven and the best Father in the whole wide world. Oh, won't you meet my Father? He'd be glad to be yours, too.

Read about the Heavenly Father in Matt. 5-7, and about being adopted in John 1:12, Gal. 4:5



Let Me Tell You About

When My Mommy Was Sick

One day my mom got sick after we had come home from a walk. She was leaning over the couch while she was talking on the phone, and she was on her knees like she was praying. Then she got off the phone and ran to her room.

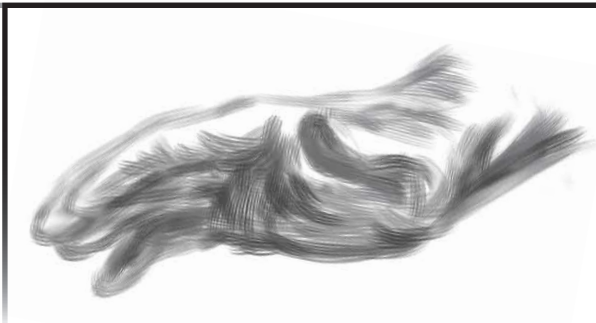
I ran after her and said, "Mom, Mom! What's the matter?"

"I am not feeling well," my mom said.

Soon she began breathing very, very, very hard, like she had run a race. She went into the bathroom and started throwing up. I knocked on the door and said, "Mom, Mom! Are you okay?" But she didn't answer. I was worried that she was dead.

I ran into my room and lay on my bed, and prayed very earnestly. "O God, please don't let Mommy die!" Then I thought how big God was, that He could do anything. "Please put Your hand over my mom and protect her," I prayed. "And please help me not to be scared."

And God did take care of my mommy, because the Bible says, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they com-



fort me... my cup runneth over... I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever." (Psalm 23)

It seemed like it was a very long time that my mom was sick. At first she could not sleep,

because she was breathing too hard to lie on her back. So Daddy and I sang songs to her. We prayed for her very, very earnestly. And Daddy was afraid that she would die. But God did not let her die. After five days she was not dead. She looked a bit better, but not very much. She was weak and she could not eat or drink very much.

When Mommy was able to walk, Daddy shouted, "Look! Mommy can walk by herself again! She is much better!"

"I am not better yet, for sure," said Mommy. "But I am feeling a *bit* better."

And the next day she was well. She could walk by herself. She could cook by herself. But not for very long, because she was still weak.

When she was all well, I felt very happy that she did not die. God answered my prayer!

By AutumnGrace, age 7



The Sun Still Shines

Pitter, patter, splat, splatter! It's raining today. You look out of the window at the wet, muddy yard and the gray sky. *I wish the sun was shining*, you say with a sigh.

Don't look so glum! The sun is shining!

Where? you ask. *I don't see any sunshine.*

Do you see the tree in the yard and the car driving by? *Yes.* Are we warm in our house? *You nod your head slowly.*

So you see, the sun is still shining! It gives us light and warmth, even though some dark clouds cover the sky right now. Aren't you glad that the clouds don't stop the sun from shining? If they could, this world would become a frozen ball of ice and it would be always dark!

Evening comes and the wind rattles the windows. Suddenly the lights flicker and go out. No electricity tonight! We light a lamp, but the room is still dark.

Scritch! Squeak, scratch! *What was that?* you ask, with a jump.

Probably a tree branch scraping on the porch roof. But why are you afraid? It is cozy and warm in here. We are safe from the storm.

I don't like the night, you say, coming close. *It is so dark and I can't see anything! I'm not afraid when it is light.*

And you're happy when it is sunny and everything is easy and fun, too. But guess what? Even though it is dark and stormy tonight, the sun is **still shining**.

On the other side of the world? you ask.

That's right. Imagine! We can sit here in the dark and know that someone on the other side of the world is sitting in the sunshine. Even the night can't keep the sun from shining. Soon morning will come and the sun will shine on us again.

Even if it's raining, you say, and snuggle close.

Yes, whether it's raining or snowing, warm or cold, light or dark, the sun still shines. It makes me feel happy and safe, too. But there is still something more wonderful than the sun that never stops. Do you know what I'm thinking of?

God? you ask.

Yes, God and His goodness. His love and kindness never end. Even if we don't feel it for awhile. Even when we're all alone. God wants us to believe in His love and power, no matter what. We don't have to live by how we feel, just like you don't have to be gloomy when it is rainy.

Or scared when it's dark?

That's right. If you can believe that the sun is shining right now, you can believe that God loves you right now. And do you know what that makes me think?

What? you ask.

Well, if Jesus said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," He is right here with us. We don't have to feel Him or see Him to believe that. So let's live to please Him always, no matter what!



Activity: Darkness and Light

Do you know that when we do wrong, we are living in darkness? The Bible says, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." (1 John 1:5) The devil is the prince of darkness, and he wants to fill us with darkness, too. How can we escape the power of darkness and live in God's light?

First find the dark attitude in each of the stories below and circle it. Next black out those words in the word box. Watch for doubles!

- Stripe doubted that he could become a butterfly. (*Stripe Finds the Way Up*, page 3)
- Mr. Gallard knew he wasn't living right, but he made excuses. (*Tommy and the Tramp*, page 7)
- Audi wanted to keep the money, so she told a lie. (*A Choice for Audi*, center section)
- AutumnGrace was afraid when her mom got very sick. (*When My Mom Was Sick*, page 9)
- It is easy to complain when it is rainy and cold. (*The Sun Still Shines*, page 10)

Now use the words that are left to fill in the blanks:

"I _____ the _____ of the _____. he that _____ me shall not _____ in _____, but _____ have the light of _____."

Who said those words? (See John 8:12) Do you know how He can keep us from darkness? (Hint: is light stronger than darkness?)

DOUBTED AM LIE AFRAID
 EXCUSES LIGHT DOUBTED
 AFRAID WORLD EXCUSES
 LIE FOLLOWETH WALK LIE
 AFRAID DARKNESS AFRAID
 EXCUSES SHALL EXCUSES
 AFRAID LIE LIFE COMPLAIN

All Dark Is the Night

Laura S. and Amanda C. Erickson

(Isa. 9:2; Matt. 4:16)

James R. Murray

1. All dark is the night, I don't know the way. But God is now ready to help, if I pray!
 2. A-round me may come bad tho'ts or dark fear, But if I call Je-sus, I know He will hear.
 3. Oh, will you now trust Him and live for Him, too? Give up your own ways, and say you are thro'

He sent His own Son to bring us the light, And He has the pow-er to help me live right!
 He'll show me the way to trust and do good. With Him in my heart, I can live as I should!
 Of liv-ing in darkness with wrong tho'ts with-in? Then come to the Sav-ior, who saves from all sin!

(Sung to The Tune of "Away in a Manger")



Dear Reader,

As usual, it hasn't been easy to get this issue together. Our enemy doesn't want us to invest in the treasures of Heaven, and opposes us on every side. Our only hope is in Him who is greater than the darkness. Let us seek Heavenly power to overcome!

How has the Lord been working in your lives?

Do you have questions or concerns? Please write!

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 (28), Kara (23), and Amanda (15). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda, with help from others. Our standard is the Word of truth, under the oversight of the Holy Spirit.

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In the King's service,
The Editors

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*How many butterflies can you find?
 There should be 109, including this one:*



SEND TO: