

# Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

## How Daren Won

-A true story-

Daren liked to be a winner. You know, the one who is the fastest in the race. Or the best at the game. A winner is the person who pushes others down and grabs to get what he wants. At least, that is what Daren thought. “I won!” he would shout, when he beat his younger brother to the table—or finished his food first. “You’re a loser!”



But Auntie had different ideas. “We all can be winners,” she told him. “When Trevor finishes his food, he’ll be a winner, too.” Daren frowned. He didn’t know if he liked that idea.

The next morning Auntie read to them the story of Daniel and the lions. Ever since he had first heard it, Daren had liked that story. He wanted to get to the part that told how God shut the lions’ mouths. But Auntie was talking about the bad princes who wanted to get Daniel in trouble. “At first they watched to see if he would do something wrong, but Daniel always obeyed and did his work well. Then they thought of a plan to trick the king,” Auntie said. “We will throw Daniel in the lion’s den and get rid of him!”

The boys looked at the picture of the princes laughing. “Were they losers?” Trevor asked. “Yes,” said Auntie. “When we want to hurt others and be mean to them, we are the losers.” Then she told how Daniel was a winner because he trusted in God. The bad princes thought that the lions would eat Daniel, but God took care of him.

“He shut the lions’ mouths!” Daren said.

“Yes,” said Auntie. “God loves us and can help us obey and be safe. I want you to do what is right and be winners, too.” She hugged them both and Daren smiled. Auntie was nice and he loved her.

That afternoon he was doing an activity with Trevor. There were lots of interesting puzzle pieces with pictures on them. While Daren colored a picture, Auntie told Trevor to look for the puzzle pieces that matched. “Try to find this man with a green hat,” she said. “One piece can be for Daren and one can be for you.”

Trevor looked through the box. “Here it is,” he said. “It’s the only one.”





“That’s mine!” Daren shouted, as he grabbed the piece away from his brother.

“No, it isn’t!” Trevor said angrily, trying to get it back.

Daren pushed him away and Trevor fell to the floor with a loud wail.

“What has happened?” Auntie asked, coming into the room. She looked at the boys and frowned. “Daren, did you take the piece away from Trevor?”

Daren’s eyebrows went down and he pressed his lips together. He clenched the piece tightly, when Auntie held out her hand. “No!” he shouted, when she told him to give it back. “No, I won’t!”

“If you can’t play nicely, you will need to sit in a chair,” Auntie told him. Daren kicked and fought, but she picked him up and carried him into the next room. “No, no, no!” Daren shouted. He wiggled and kicked some more, so Auntie sat down and held him in her lap.

Daren was mad. He didn’t want to be made to sit still. He growled and squirmed, but Auntie held him still. He tried to scratch her, but his fingers couldn’t reach far enough. He was a prisoner and he hated it. “Meanie!” he shouted.

“I will let you go when you can sit still,” Auntie said quietly. “I want you to be safe and happy.”

“Meanie!” Daren growled again. He felt Auntie’s strong arms and kicked and wiggled some more. Suddenly he bent over and tried to bite her. Auntie just held him tighter. Why didn’t she just let go? He hated her!

“I love you,” Auntie whispered. “When you are angry inside and want to hurt others, that makes you a loser. I want you to be a winner and do what is right.” Daren thought about that. He kicked his foot and frowned. He hated being in trouble! But was Auntie really trying to help him be a winner?

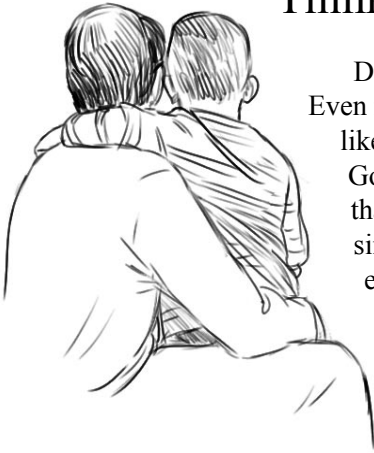
Finally Daren stopped wiggling and Auntie let go of his arms. She smiled at him and gave him a hug. It felt good. “Now you will need to sit for three minutes,” she said, setting him down on the chair.

Daren sat still. He didn’t feel so angry anymore. Auntie had smiled at him. She had wanted him to be a winner.

When the three minutes were up, it was time to talk to Trevor. Daren looked at the floor. It was hard to say sorry. It felt like being a loser to give up the puzzle piece. But Auntie encouraged him. “What should you do if you want something that your brother has?” she asked. Trevor smiled at him and held out the piece. “Can I have it?” Daren asked. “Please?” Trevor handed it to him and then gave him a hug. Daren hugged him back. Now they were both winners.




# Think About it: *On Your Side*



Do you sometimes feel mad, like everyone is against you? Guess what. Even if everyone else is trying to give you a hard time (or maybe it just feels like it), there is Someone that always wants you to be happy and do well. God is on your side—He wants you to be a winner. How do we know that? Because He sent Jesus to take our punishment and save us from our sin—those bad attitudes and evil thoughts inside that make you lose everything that’s good. Read Romans 8:31-32. If God sent His Son to die for you, don’t you think He must really care about you? Think about His great loving arms that want to hold you close and take away all your fears. Think about His loving smile when you come to Him and ask for His help.

Yes, God cares. And He is ready to help you do right every time. But does that mean He will help us feel good or do things better than everyone else? Will you really be happy if others lose, like when Daren grabbed the puzzle piece from his brother? Are you winning when you have everything your own way? No, a winner is someone who has the right attitude inside. God knows what is right because He made us and He made everything around us. He knows how it all should work. Sometimes the hardest thing is to give up your own way and realize that God’s way is right. Like cheerfully obeying your parents instead of arguing or getting angry. Or being thankful, instead of complaining. Sharing isn’t easy, but when you do it, God gives you a big blessing.

You see, God designed us to live for Him and be filled up with His love. When we don’t, it’s like we are wearing a leaky boot—all the sloshy mud and water comes right in. It won’t help to kick at other people, because they aren’t the problem. Actually, that will just make us more miserable—more sloshy, muddy feelings will be swirling around inside. The problem is with our own attitude. If we let God repair our attitude (by giving us His love and peace inside), then we won’t be bothered by the problems around us. Just like a good rubber boot keeps the water and mud outside, and your foot dry on the inside. It is the only way to really be happy. 

1. Find these words (look up, down, across and diagonal) and cross them out:

**arguing**  
**complaining**  
**jealousy**  
**hatred**  
**anger**  
**selfishness**  
**worry**  
**stubbornness**

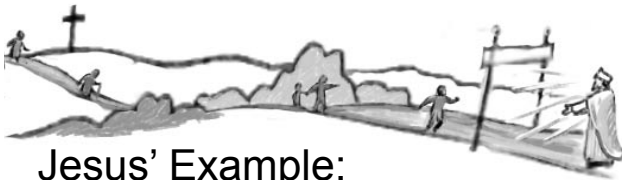
2. Now copy the rest of the letters (Q, X and Z mean leave a space) to spell out a verse below:

## Fix the Leaky Boot!

AHATREDND  
QBEXYEZKS  
INDZONESY  
AQTOXAENS  
NOTHENRGU  
GXTEHNND  
EERSHIEAL  
RRI TUEDZA  
FFOGWRGIE  
LVRINOGQJ  
ONEEAZANORTH  
ESRXEPHXQZRZ  
QCOMPLAININGY  
STUBBORNNESSZ

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ 4:32





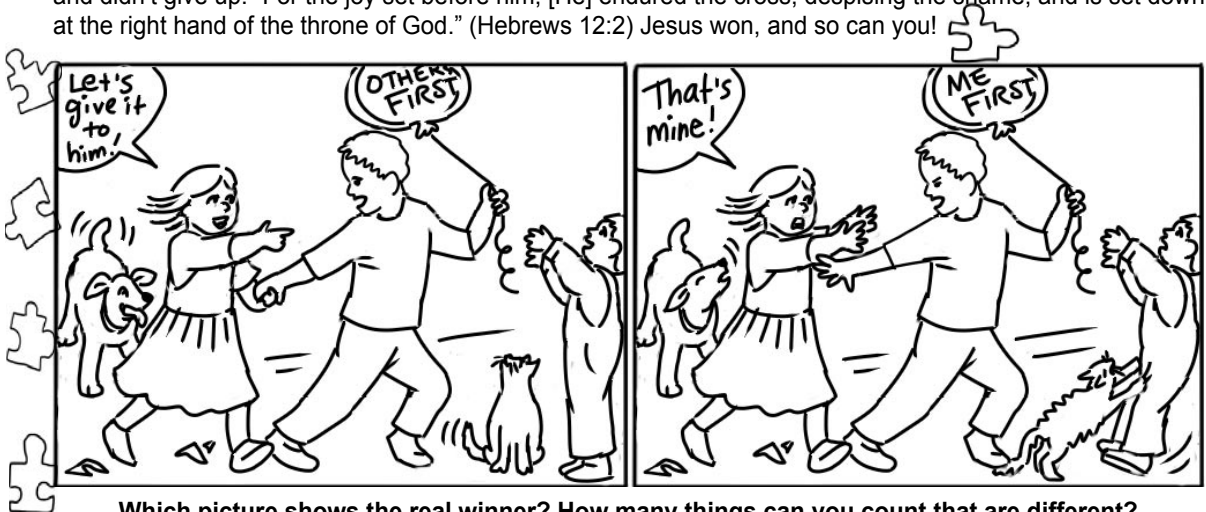
# Jesus' Example: A Real Winner

What is it like to be a real winner? Hebrews 12:1-2 says that living for God is like running to win a race. Many people have run this race and finished. Think about those in the Bible that loved God, like Moses, David, and Paul. There were a lot of things that tried to hold them back and make them stop running. Remember the time Moses got angry? Or when David sinned and disobeyed God? The only way they could

get up and run again was when they were sorry and humbled themselves to ask for God's help. Sometimes it looks like we are winning when we aren't. Saul (later called Paul) thought he was winning when he tried to make people stop believing in Jesus, but he really was fighting against God. When he stopped doing things his own way and was ready to obey Jesus, he learned what it was like to be a real winner. It wasn't making others do what he thought was right or trying to be better than everyone else. No, Paul learned that he could only win when he kept looking at Jesus and loving Him more than anything else. (Philippians 3:13-14)

Jesus is the perfect example of a real winner. And He is able to make us winners in this race of faith, too. The Bible tells us to "walk in love, as Christ also has loved us and given Himself for us." (Ephesians 5: 2) Here is a secret of winning the race. Jesus Christ gave up His own thoughts and ideas to be filled up with love. What kind of love? The love that gives to others to help them win, too. When God's love fills us up, we stop thinking about the problems and troubles that others cause us. We just want to see them do well and be happy. Instead of pushing others down, we want to help them up. That's the kind of love Jesus has for us. He humbled Himself to be a servant, to love and suffer so that we could be lifted up. He says "Come... learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls." (Matthew 11:28-29) If you have let Jesus change your heart to be like His, then you can be a true winner, too.

Do you want to live to help others win, like Jesus? Don't let sneaky selfish attitudes stop you! When gloomy thoughts try to weigh you down, throw them away and say "I'm glad that God can help me be a winner today!" Remember, it is not what others say or do that makes you lose. It is your own attitude—and what you are looking at. Are you trying to do a good job, and no one seems to notice? Look at Jesus and remember that He loves a willing attitude. Are you feeling like the work will never get done and you are tired of trying? Look at Jesus and ask Him to give you more strength. Do you seem to be getting in trouble, even when you try? Look at Jesus and let Him show you how to win. After all, lots of times things seemed to go wrong for Him, people didn't like Him, and even His friends ran away. But Jesus kept looking up at His Father's loving face, and didn't give up. "For the joy set before him, [He] endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Hebrews 12:2) Jesus won, and so can you!



Which picture shows the real winner? How many things can you count that are different?

# Out of the Nest



It is a beautiful morning and I'm going outside. Want to come along? On the front walk we notice something lying in our path. What is it? *A baby bird!* you say. *Poor thing—it's dead.* Yes, it looks like a baby robin. What do you think happened? *Did the cat catch it?* you ask, bending over to look. No, I think it fell from the tree. We both look up. Where do you think its nest is? All we can see are leafy branches swaying in the wind. There must be a nest up there somewhere, where the little robin was hatched.

that—see, its eyes aren't even open, and it only has tiny pin feathers! The only safe place for a baby robin is in its nest. Now this one is dead and we will have to throw it out. *Will its mommy and daddy feel sad that it died?* you wonder, as we toss the dead bird into the bushes. I don't know if they will notice that one of their babies are missing, but we do know that God notices. He sees everything, even when birds fall. (Matt. 10:29)

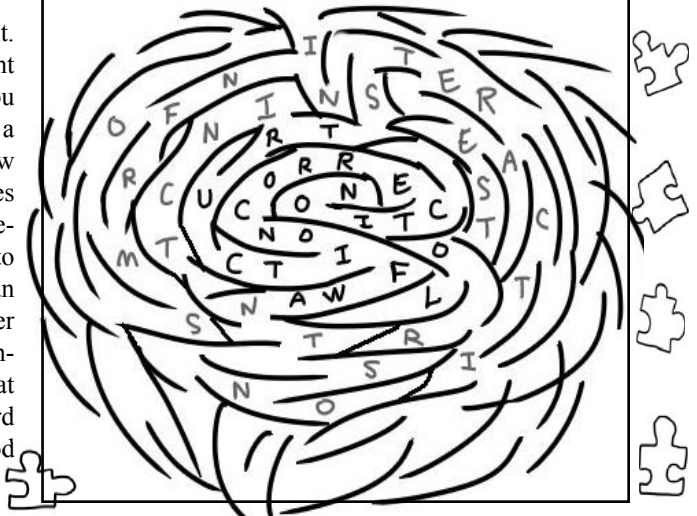
I wonder how it fell out of its nest? *Maybe it wanted to try to fly,* you suggest. It's way too little for

God has a lesson to teach us from this little bird. You see, the mommy and daddy bird carefully built their nest to keep their little robins safe. But this little bird died because it didn't stay in the nest. Do you think God has made a special place for you to stay and be safe? You nod your head. *I'm safe in my house with my mommy and daddy.* Yes, and most of all you are safe when you obey them, because that is how God planned for children to grow up. What if you think you have better ideas than your parents—or try to do things when they aren't looking? *I'll get in trouble,* you say. Yes. It might not look like you'll get in trouble at first, but watch out! As soon as you stop obeying, you are in danger. The Bible warns us: "There is a way that seems right to a man, but its end is the way of death." (Proverbs 16:25)

Let's think about the robin's nest for a moment. It is made of pokey sticks and mud. Would you want to live in such a small place for days and days? You shake your head no. But that is the only place that a robin can grow up safely. And if you want to grow up safely, you must obey your parents. The rules and work that they give you may seem hard sometimes, but it is best for you. Even if others seem to have an easier time or get to do more things than you, remember this promise: "Honor your father and your mother, as the Lord your God has commanded you, that your days may be long, and that it may be well with you in the land which the Lord your God is giving you." (Deut. 5:16) God has good plans for your life. Will you trust Him and obey?

How can we stay in the "nest" of obedience? Start at the top and follow the maze to the middle. As you cross over a letter, write it on the blanks to spell the missing words in the Bible verse.

"He who keeps \_\_\_\_\_  
is in the way of life, but he who refuses  
\_\_\_\_\_ goes astray."  
(Proverbs 10:17)



Let Me Tell You...

## How God Answered Patrick's Prayer

Patrick walked quietly into the bedroom. Grandpa was lying in bed, sick. He had been sick for a long time, and Patrick felt sad. Even though he was only four years old, Patrick knew about God. Grandma and Mama prayed to God whenever they had needs and problems. And when Grandpa was sick it was a big problem, because he couldn't pick Patrick up or take walks with him outside. So Patrick put his little hands on Grandpa's arm and prayed for God to make him well. Grandpa smiled and shut his eyes, so Patrick went back to the other room to play.

Soon Patrick thought of something else. He had only had a small bowl of corn porridge that morning, and he was hungry! "Mama, mama!" he called, running to find her. "I want something to eat." Mama hugged him. "I know you are hungry, Patrick," she said, "but we don't have any more food in the house. Grandma is looking to see if there is anything in the garden." Patrick looked out the window. The garden was brown and dry, because it had not rained for a long time. He went over to the kitchen cupboard and looked in the corn sack. It was empty. There was nothing to eat, but Patrick knew what to do. He closed his eyes and prayed for God to send them food. His tummy hurt a little bit, but he didn't fuss. Mama smiled at him, and he climbed into her lap. When Grandma came back, she shook her head. "There is no money to buy anything at the market," she said. "We are all hungry, so let's keep praying. The Lord will help us out somehow."



Patrick was playing on the floor when Grandpa walked out of the bedroom. Patrick jumped up with a smile and hugged him. "Are you better, Grandpa?" Grandpa patted his head. "A little bit." Then he put on his coat and told Grandma that he needed to go to the bus stop to pick a lady up. "She called to say that she is coming from Mombasa and will stay with us tonight." Grandma looked at Grandpa and slowly nodded her head. "Can I go, too?" Patrick asked, running to get his shoes. "Yes, you and your mama can come along," Grandpa agreed.

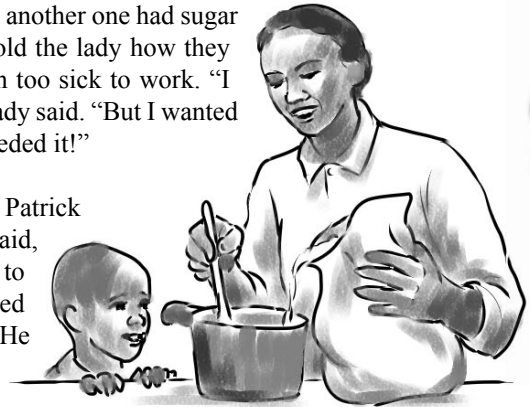
It was good to go on a walk. Patrick skipped and ran ahead, and then stopped for Grandpa and Mama to catch up. He smiled at Grandpa and held his hand. "You are better!" he said. "Yes, God has given me enough strength to walk," Grandpa said with a smile. "We can thank Him for that." At last they were at the bus stop. When the lady got off the bus, her arms were full of bags. "We can help you carry your things," Mama offered, taking one. Patrick took a bag, too. It felt heavy, but he didn't complain. "I'm strong!" he said, walking next to Grandpa. "That's a good helper," Grandpa said, patting his head.

When they got home, the visitor told them to put the bags on the table. "They are all for you," she said, with a smile. Patrick helped Mama pull things out of the bags. "Corn!" Patrick shouted, when he saw the white kernels. "And corn flour for porridge," Mama said holding up another sack. "This is wonderful!" "God gave us food to eat!" Patrick said, happily. "Thank you, God!" "Yes, Praise God!"



said Grandpa. "There is enough to share with others who are hungry. He is so good to take care of us!" One bag was full of beans and another one had sugar and other things to cook with. Grandma smiled and told the lady how they had been praying for food, because Grandpa had been too sick to work. "I didn't know that you didn't have anything to eat," the lady said. "But I wanted to help out. I'm so glad God sent me just when you needed it!"

Mama began cooking up some corn porridge and Patrick stood by to watch. "It is very hot, so be careful," she said, when she filled up his bowl. Patrick could hardly wait to eat. "Thank you Lord for all your goodness to us," prayed Grandpa. Patrick shut his eyes and tried not to wiggle. He smelled the yummy porridge. "Thank you God for this food," he said, "Amen!"



## My Sewing Mistake



on the fold so it was very small. So I finished part of the top, and I went and asked Momma what was wrong. That was when I realized that I didn't cut it on a fold. I started crying a bit in frustration, because I really wanted to wear something new. Well, I realized that God didn't want me to wear that dress. He gave me perfect peace about it. Later our grandparents gave me some money for clothing. I'm thankful for all the ways He provides for our needs. :)

Isabella,

age 12



I started sewing a jumper and I cut out the pattern pieces. Well, what I didn't realize is that I didn't cut the skirt

Have you made mistakes or lost something? God cares about the problems we have - read how He helped these children find treasures in their troubles! Are you ready to ask Him to help you, too?

## Buried Treasures

I HOPE WE CAN PRINT YOUR STORY NEXT!

Do you have an experience to tell? I will send an email notice\* before the next issue. I hope to hear from you!

\*email us if you aren't included

Love  
Courage  
Gentleness  
Trust  
Kindness  
Faith

Patience  
Meekness  
Truth  
Goodness  
Peace  
Joy

One day I used my friend, Elijah's, net. I went to the pond and tried to catch a frog. Then the net came off the handle in the pond. I wanted to find the net, but I couldn't see it. We got rakes and scraped on the edge of the pond. But we only found weeds. Then I said, "Jesus, help me find the net." Then we found it! I was so glad to give it back to Elijah. - Nehemiah, age 6

# THE BORROWED NET



## How God Healed Winnie

*Not long ago, John's youngest sister (if you remember the story of "John's Sword"), was very sick. Here is what her pastor, Lawrence, tells about it:*



One day my wife got a call from John's mother. She said that she was not able to go to work because Winnie, who is about 4 years, was very ill. My wife was very burdened to pray for her, and the following morning the Lord told my wife and I to go and anoint her (as the Bible teaches in James 5:14).

The other children had gone to school, but we found the desperate mother in her small room with the child lying on the floor. Winnie was unable to sit up or do anything, but lie down. Her mother said that she was even unable to eat. So we prayed and anointed her.

Then my wife was inspired to hold Winnie and try to move her legs. At first she cried with pain as her legs were moved, but then she was quiet. So my wife held her up and tried to walk with her. They took a few steps together, and then Winnie walked on her own. Her mother exclaimed: "Oh, oh, it is a miracle!" Since they live in a rented apartment house, several of the other residents came out of their rooms to see what was going on. Winnie's mother told them what was happening, and my wife testified to them about the healing power of God.

We went to check on Winnie the following morning, and sure enough, she was playing! When she saw us, she ran towards my wife and hugged her around the knees. There was joy and gratitude on her face. That day she accompanied her mother to her work, leaping and rejoicing! Her older brother and sisters testified in our worship service about the miracle. They sung songs and rejoiced, thanking God that their sister was healed.



## God Protected Us

I was riding the quad with Paulina and Elijah riding on the wagon hooked to the back. I started going really fast and I slammed on the brakes. The rope got wrapped around the tire, but no one got hurt. I am thankful the Lord kept us safe and He taught me a lesson to be more safe. -Isabella, age 12





We were all really tired because we had been working for several days at our clothing store. My sister and I were feeling irritable at each other. We were playing together outside and Raeanna kept annoying me, so I went to tell Mama that she wasn't being nice. But Mama said, "She isn't the one that needs to change. You need to change." I started to feel upset.

## How God Gave Me VICTORY



"But Raeanna was the one bothering me," I said. "She might be bothering you, but you need help not to be upset at her," Mama told me. "I want you to sit here and pray for God's victory. If you want to be happy, you are the one who needs to change." So I started asking God for help to love Raeanna. And He did!

- AutumnGrace, almost 12



## The Perfect Tea

Not very long ago my tea party happened. I was really excited to throw a tea because my aunties were coming. My three-year-old twin sisters couldn't come though, because they might break something. So me and Auntie Laura planned a tea all for them and activities added. The tea party was very fun. We had cucumber sandwiches and a bunch of other goodies. My little sisters had several of the goodies that we had. They especially liked the crackers. They enjoyed it very much. It was very fun to prepare it for them and see them smile.

- Emma, age 9



Not very long ago my tea party happened. I was really excited to throw a tea because my aunties were coming. My three-year-old



My Lost Machete

&

A Split Finger



One day I was at work with my dad. I had brought my machete and lost it. I prayed about it. Then God put it in my mind to go straight back, and there was my machete laying on the ground!

I was hammering and hit my finger so it split open because of all the pressure. But by the next day it was already getting better. I was thankful that it got healed. - Judah, age 6



Love

Courage

Gentleness

Trust

Kindness

Faith

Patience  
Meekness  
Truth  
Goodness  
Peace  
Joy

*Do you know that God cares?*

*Whether our needs are big or small, God wants us to talk to Him and ask for His help. When good things happen, it pleases God that we are thankful. Let's remember to pray for each other!*

# A Place for Prayer

## REQUESTS

Please pray that God will provide me a little milking goat, and that Momma and Poppa will be content to get it. - Paulina, age 10

Please pray that God will provide us piano and violin teachers. - Niklanna and Isabella, ages 14 and 12



I really want to get a zip-line (left), but please pray that I will be patient and thankful with whatever we have. - Elijah, age 8

I shared about having scoliosis (a spinal problem) before, where I have to wear a back brace. It has been a real trial for me. Now I am going to have surgery. The doctors will put metal rods in my back to straighten my backbone. I am nervous, and I know there will be a really long time for recovery. I know God will be with me through this next step of life. He always has been. Please pray for me. - Hannah, age 11

## THANKSGIVING

When I was 5 years old, I was very sick with whooping cough (picture on right). I prayed for God to heal me. I waited a long time, about a month. After a month I was healed! - Caleb, age 8



Aunt Amanda's watch got lost. Jesus helped us find it. - Laderrius, almost 4

Last month my family got real sick and I asked God to heal all our fevers and coughs, and we all got healed quickly! - Niklanna, age 14

I have a thanksgiving that my sister, Isabella, started to teach me how to play "Come, Thou Fount" on the violin, and that I was content to wait until she was ready to teach me. - Paulina, age 10



We were driving home from where my Poppa was working. We passed a festival that my Momma said was not good to look at. So I tested myself to see if I would not look that way, and God helped me to not look at it. It was really hard not to look, but I'm thankful I didn't.

Also, when my grandma and grandpa came, I really didn't want them to come. Then my Momma went to my friends house for a prayer time, and I prayed that I would be content with my grandparents being at our house. And I was. - Paulina, age 10

Praise the Lord that He gave us a house and it is really nice, and that there is a big barn on our property. - Niklanna, age 14



I am thankful that Judah (my brother) got a booster, so I got a new carseat. - Berean, age 2



# Walter's WAR

The true story  
of a lame boy

who became a hero of faith  
under Soviet Communism

## Part Two: The Young Soldier

*"To him who overcomes I will grant to sit with Me on My throne, as I also overcame and sat down with My Father on His throne."  
- Revelations 3:21*

Walter was only thirteen, but he already knew what it was like to suffer and face hardship. He remembered the miserable years

of being called "Cripple" and how he had hated everyone. But that life was over now. Jesus had won his heart by love, and Walter was ready to be His brave soldier.

The other children soon noticed the change in the lame boy. Before the Communists had kicked Papa out of the orphanage, Walter had always been the head of all the mischief and trouble. Now his kind words and confident smile won the hearts of those who were tender to what was right. "Walter talks like Papa used to," eight-year-old Annie told her little brother. "He isn't cruel or rude like before, but speaks so kindly to us. Don't you just love him now, Johnny?" Johnny was only six, but he nodded eagerly. Like all little children, he was happy to stick near someone who was kind and loving.

And so it was that Walter soon became leader to those children who loved the Lord Jesus, despite the attempts of the new Socialist directors to stamp out their faith in God. "Let's go out to the old orchard," he would say, when they were left alone to amuse themselves. "We will have a prayer meeting like Papa and the Aunties always did." After singing several hymns together, Walter opened his New Testament. Once he had wanted to throw it away, but now he was so glad for this precious gift that Papa had given him.

As Annie and the other children listened, Walter began to read and explain the words to them. "It says here that we should not be worried, but always tell Jesus everything. 'With thanksgiving' means to be thankful, and sometimes that is not easy. But at least we can be thankful that we still have the New Testament to read, and the beautiful world that God made all around us." Walter stopped his little sermon, and lifted his face to the trees above them. "It is really sad that people don't believe in God," he continued, "for then they can't be thankful and happy. Let us remember to pray for the new managers, because they need to know Jesus, too. I was miserable just like them, until the day that Jesus forgave me and washed my heart clean." Then they all knelt in prayer, remembering to thank the Lord for His love and asking for His help to be good and obedient.

As the weeks went by, these faithful followers of Jesus often met to encourage each other. On Sundays and holidays, when the others were busy with fun and games encouraged by the Socialist leaders, Walter and those who loved Jesus would slip away to their secret meeting place in the back of the orchard. The old cellar was the most hidden spot, and soon they had made benches from all the loose stones for their own little meeting house. Among the cracks in the wall Walter tucked his New Testament. After reading from the



After reading from the

Bible and singing songs of praise, they would bring all their sorrows and needs to Jesus. "Let us remember this verse today," Walter encouraged the others. "It says, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.'"



They needed to fill their minds with God's Words, for the directors of the orphanage were working hard to erase them from their thoughts. "If any of you children see one of these books, bring them to me!" the manager said one morning, holding up a New Testament. "This is anti-socialist literature and anyone who dares to keep one will be punished!" As several of the children brought out the books from their rooms, she smiled approvingly. "That is the proper revolutionary spirit!" Walter watched in dismay as all the pages were torn out and thrown in the waste basket. When he slipped outside, Annie was close behind him. "I'm taking my New Testament to hide in the cellar with yours," she whispered. "I don't want that lady to rip it up!" Soon the others followed them. Since they loved the Lord with all their hearts, they could not bear giving up His Words to them. Even if they might get punished for it.

It wasn't just punishment that the children had to be ready for. There were other traps that didn't look so dangerous. When a dance was announced for the following Sunday's entertainment, Walter was thoughtful. Ever since he had given his heart to Jesus he had stopped attending the activities planned by the Socialists, for he knew that they did not please God. But the other children did not see the danger, and he realized that he must warn them.

At their next meeting Walter spoke about the planned entertainments. "These things are sin before the Lord Jesus," he explained. "Jesus never danced, and He never went to movies or put on shows for people." Walter looked around at the questioning eyes of the other children. He tried to speak clearly, to help them understand. "You see, Jesus would not want us to act or sing so that others will desire to do wrong. Papa did not do any of those things. He taught us to help each other and to love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ with our whole heart."

"We won't dance or sing the bad songs any more," the children all agreed.

"Jesus says, 'They have persecuted me, and they will also persecute you,'" Walter reminded them. "Are you willing to be punished for Jesus' sake?"

"Yes, Walter," several voices answered. "Jesus has suffered for us, so we will suffer for Him."

And the children kept to their word. When Sunday came, they slipped away to their meeting place instead of joining in the dance party. The Communist managers noticed that they were absent, and the next evening they made a new announcement. "Next Sunday we will have a show, and all those who take part in the singing and dancing will receive candy." Most of the children cheered loudly, but Walter's little band looked at one another. They realized that their loyalty was being tested.

Saturday night the young servants of Jesus held a meeting.

"It would be wrong to go," Annie said. "Yes," agreed the others, "for even if we get candy, Jesus would not be happy." So, true to their convictions, each child refused to take part in Sunday's activities. The staff of workers were quite annoyed. The director asked sharply, "Why don't you want to join in the fun with everyone else? Who is influencing you?" Walter answered for the rest, "Because it is sinful in the sight of the Lord Jesus Christ! He has taught us not to sin, and we want to obey Him." A red flush of anger filled the director's face. "Well, if you refuse next Sunday, you will have to go without dinner for the next three days!"



With this threat, she left the poor children to look at one another helplessly. They hardly had enough to eat as it was, and most of the time felt hungry. To lose their meals would be a severe trial, indeed! At the first opportunity they gathered in their refuge, and wept and prayed. They told the Lord Jesus how they were being treated and had no one else to go to in their troubles. With strengthened hearts, the young soldiers promised once more that they would be willing to suffer rather than to join in any sinful activity.

The week passed. Sunday came. The director smiled as the children were gathered for the planned activities. "Let us now sing our Revolutionary songs," she said, "and then we will begin the movie." When Walter and the others that loved Jesus moved toward the door, she grew angry. "You filthy ignorant rats! You shall have no dinner and see how it feels to be unthankful to our government!" She paused to get her breath, then looked at Walter coldly. "And you, stupid cripple, will ring the dinner bell for the others."

At one time those cruel words would have made Walter fighting mad. But today he didn't really care. He knew that Jesus was pleased, even if the director wasn't. With a growling stomach, he rang the dinner bell and watched the "good communist" children come running to get their meager supply of food. He tried to smile when he saw the rest of his little band standing to the side watching him. If this was being a soldier for Jesus, he would bear the hardship bravely. While the others were eating they found a quiet corner where they knelt down and prayed. "Please help us not be too hungry," Johnny asked. "And forgive these cruel people, and save them, Dear Lord Jesus," added Walter.



The war was really on now, and from day to day the opposition got worse. The Communist managers of the orphanage worked hard to break apart the little band. They especially hated Walter, and the influence he had over the others. "I've been hearing about your secret meetings!" the director said harshly, grabbing him by the shoulder one morning. "How dare you read from the forbidden books!" She twisted his arm until he flinched in pain. But he only said quietly, "It is the book of our Lord Jesus, and it teaches us how to obey God and do what is right." "Ha! How can you know what is right, stupid little cripple!" she said scornfully. Then she glared around at the others. Their sad eyes showed their great love and respect for the lame boy, and her face turned red with anger. "If I catch any of you meeting together, you will be beaten!"

Life for Walter and his little flock became increasingly miserable. Even in the halls and rooms of the orphanage they never felt safe. When Walter found some of the younger ones crying because they had been teased or kicked, or someone had snatched their things, he tried to comfort them. "The Lord Jesus knows how hard it is for us," he said softly. "And He has promised to be with us always."

"But I don't like it when they are so mean," one replied, sniffing back his tears. "Sometimes I want to hit them, but I know Jesus would not like it." "No, we must pray for them instead. Let us ask Jesus to help us forgive them, as He forgave His enemies," Walter encouraged. "They are being influenced by the evil managers to hurt us, and are given rewards. But Jesus said that we should rejoice when we are persecuted, because we will have a great reward in heaven. Won't that be much better?"

One day a communist leader visited the orphanage to talk about their new Socialistic government. "This country is great because we do not listen to the old traditions and teachings about gods. Those things are false and must be banished from our minds!" Boldly Walter stood up. "God is not false," he said confidently. "He created this world and I believe in Him." The visiting man looked at the young boy and smiled a little. "How do you know God is real?"

What has this belief done to help you?" he questioned Walter. "He sent His Son to die for me and change my heart," the young soldier of Jesus replied. "I used to be bitter and angry, but now I have love for everyone. Jesus helps me to do what is right." "And how do you know what is right?" the communist leader said with a laugh. "The Gospel of Jesus tells us," Walter said simply. "And who is 'us'?" the man said, looking around the room. "Do many of you children believe such silly things?" "I am a follower of Jesus," Annie said bravely, and several of the others nodded in agreement. "Stupid brats they are, too!" the orphanage director added, glaring at them. "We don't need such nonsense in this place, and we are going to stamp it out!"

One Sunday noon, when the rest were busy playing games, the children slipped away one by one into the high weeds. Slowly they gathered in their beloved refuge at the back of the orchard, feeling quite sure no one had seen them. "I'm so glad the nurses haven't found these," Annie said, as she helped pull out the New Testaments from their hiding places among the bricks. "It is so comforting to read Jesus' words to us, after listening to all the horrible things the managers say." The others agreed, as they turned the pages to their favorite passages. After reading from God's Word, they sang several Gospel hymns in a low voice. "Let us not grow weary in well doing, for in due season we will reap if we faint not," Walter said softly, as they all knelt on the stone floor.



One by one they poured out their hearts to God. "Help us, dear Lord... we have no one to love us or care for us, but You!" Suddenly there was a clatter of shoes and the cellar doorway was darkened. Before they could move, the kneeling children were surrounded by the Communist workers from the orphanage. "Ha! You thought you could fool us, did you?"

the harsh voice of the director called out, snatching the New Testament from Walter's hand. Before the other books could be hidden, they were in the hands of the enemy. Walter opened his mouth to speak, but was slapped across the face. "No word from you, lying cripple!" the director said, quickly. "You say you are so good, and now you try to hide from us and disrespect the government!"

With kicks and rough words, the children were dragged from their refuge and beaten. Their last treasured books were ripped to shreds before their eyes. Then the determined workers filled the old cellar with bricks and stones. "Where is your God now?" the director asked, with a cruel laugh. "Look what has happened to your holy room and your prayer books! There is no reason left for you to hold on to your stupid beliefs!" She looked at them triumphantly, then stalked away.

Weary and sore, Walter leaned against a tree. The moans of his comrades filled his ears, and the pain in his heart seemed to overwhelm him for a moment. How could they bear living without the words of their dear Lord Jesus? If they didn't study His Word, how would they know what was right and what was sinful? These cruel people had taken from them all that was good! The scornful words of the director seemed to echo in his ears: "Where is your God now?"



Walter lifted his eyes to the blue sky between the tree branches. The great loving God that made the world seemed very far away. Had they lost the fight, after all? Had Jesus left them to suffer alone? A ray of sunshine glinted down, lighting up the thin face of the weary young soldier. The lame boy shut his eyes, as tears rolled down his cheeks. Suddenly he knew that he was not left alone. "Thank You, Lord Jesus," he whispered, as God's promises filled his heart. "You do see us right now and you do care! You have said that You will be with me always... I will trust You."

# What Kind of Love?

Shut your eyes for a moment. Think of a room in your house...

Now imagine that love is in that room. What does it look like? A paper heart or something real and alive? Is it just a feeling, or is it shown by actions?

Guess what I imagined. I thought of our kitchen—and my mom baking muffins for our breakfast. We know our moms love us by what they do, don't we?

Love makes us feel cozy and comfortable inside. But is it comfortable to love? Not always. It might be easy to say some nice words when we are feeling good. But true love shows by *suffering*. Think about it. Suffering is not fun. I don't like pain and trouble. I don't like doing hard things. Do you? But suffering is needed in life. If no one worked for you, would you have food to eat or a house to live in? If no one cared for you when you were a selfish little baby would you still be alive? No. The people that suffer for you are the ones that really love you.

What about you? Do you love anyone very much? Think about your mom. When she has extra work to do, do you go off to play or offer to help her? Or your brother. I'm sure you don't always get along or agree. But do you love him enough to bear up with him—or do you argue and fuss? Your love is shown by how much you are willing to suffer for others.

What is the greatest love of all? The one that suffers the most! Jesus said, "Greater love has no one than this, that he lays down his life (is willing to suffer death) for his friends." What is the worst thing to suffer from? Sin causes you to be miserable here, and to be in torment after you die. That's more suffering than you can imagine! But when Jesus died on the cross, He was showing us the greatest love of all. He suffered to set you free from the pain of sin and death. So will it be enough to say "I love Jesus" in return? No. If you truly love Jesus, it will show by suffering, too. It will show by giving up your own way to please Him, and by loving Him more than anything else. It is not easy to obey all the time, is it? It hurts to tell the truth when it will get you into trouble. It is humbling to be sorry when you've done something wrong. But will you do those things if you love Jesus? Yes!

What kind of love is in your heart today? Are you living to make others happy no matter how hard it is—or just thinking how to make yourself comfortable? I hope you want to get God's kind of long-suffering love. It is the only kind that counts!



What kind of love is the greatest? After you read the article, you might know! Look at these pictures and number them in order, with 1 for the greatest love.

1

2

3

4





Dear Reader,

This issue is late in coming, and there is no cover comic story, but we are thankful to share it with you. God is teaching us more of His love and mercy, and it is wonderful to serve Him. May you be encouraged to trust Him, too!



**Do you have something to share or questions to ask?**

I'm glad to receive your letters and emails. You can also call by phone. Dial 503-769-7567 and ask for "Miss Laura."



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We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, and their daughters still at home: Laura, Kara, and Amanda. The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda, as we look to the Lord to provide content and direction.



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In the King's service,  
The Editors



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**Number 61**

**Summer 2013**

<i>Live and Learn</i>	1
- How Daren Won	
<i>Think About It</i>	3
- On Your Side	
<i>Jesus' Example</i>	4
- A Real Winner	
<i>Lessons from Life</i>	5
- Out of the Nest	
<i>Let Me Tell You...</i>	6
- How God Answered Patrick's Prayer	

<b>Buried Treasures</b>	- My Sewing Mistake	<i>middle section</i>
	- The Borrowed Net	
	- How God Healed Winnie	
	- God Protected Us	
	- How God Gave Me Victory	
	- The Perfect Tea	
	- My Lost Machete & A Split Finger	
	<i>A Place for Prayer</i>	

<i>True Story</i>	7
- Walter's War, Part 2	
<i>Question for Life</i>	11
- What Kind of Love?	

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*How many puzzle pieces can you find?  
There should be 99 including this one:*

Hint: look cloely on page 2



**SEND TO:**