

# Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

## ERIC'S ARMOR

*Eric used to brag and bully to defend himself... until he gave his heart to Jesus. Now Eric is learning about a different kind of armor. What is it?*

I made this fort, so I'm the commander!

You always have to have the best part!

Go home if you don't want to play.

...until he gave his heart to Jesus.

Now Eric is learning about a different kind of armor. What is it?

Look for hidden words to fill in the flag below!

*When he is given a job he doesn't like...*

Can I invite Josh over?

After you clean up the kitchen.

Yes, Mom

submit

complain

*Or others tell him what to do...*

You didn't put your clothes away!

I'll do it right now

be subject

beed

resist

*When there's a battle to fight, he puts his armor on...*

Doesn't mine look like the chiefs?

But that's the part I wanted to be.

You did a good job, Josh...

pride or humility

*...and keeps it on, by Jesus' help ... until he's won!*

You can be my hunter.

Okay. What shall I hunt?

grace for humble

proud

direct

*Eric wants to keep his new defenses handy, so he's making a "memory hook" to hang them on. (You can memorize it, too!)*

Likewise, ye younger, yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you \_\_\_\_\_ one to another, and be clothed with \_\_\_\_\_: For God \_\_\_\_\_ eth the \_\_\_\_\_ and giveth \_\_\_\_\_ to the \_\_\_\_\_

1 Peter 5: 5

THANK YOU

# What Megan Forgot

Megan was excited. Grandpa and Grandma were coming for supper! “Mom, can I bake a cake?” she asked, flipping through the cookbook. “Don’t you think they will like this one, with chocolate frosting?”

“I’m sure they will. Do we have all the ingredients?” Mom asked.

“I think so, if we have baker’s chocolate.”

“We have one bar left,” Mom said, looking in the cupboard. “But, be careful when you melt it. It burns easily.”

“Oh, I’ll be careful!” Megan agreed, as she hurried to get out the ingredients. “I know how to bake cakes.”

A few minutes later Mom headed out of the kitchen. “Did you mean to set the temperature at 500?” she asked, as she passed the oven.

“Oh, no!” Megan said, rushing over. “I thought I set it at 350,” she said as she turned the dial down.

Megan tried to pay attention after that. She measured and poured, stirred and tasted. When her older sister Alisha came into the kitchen, she was pouring the cake into the pan.

“Is that for dessert?” Alisha asked. She watched as Megan whisked the cake into the oven. “I hope it turns out good.”

“It will,” Megan said confidently. “I’m making chocolate icing, too.” Megan pulled out a pot and dropped



the chocolate in it. “Yum, this is going to be good. I know Grandpa and Grandma will just love it!” She was turning on the stove burner when Alisha interrupted.

“Did you read the instructions? It says to put the chocolate in a double boiler.”

“Really?” Megan stopped to look at the page. “Maybe I can just melt

it on low.”

“You’d better follow the directions, or it will be a flop,” Alisha warned. “Here’s the double boiler.”

“Humph,” Megan said, dumping out the chocolate.

Just then Mom called for someone to get the baby. “Don’t forget to put water in the pot,” Alisha said over her shoulder, as she hurried down the hall.

“Big sisters think they know everything,” Megan muttered to herself, as she set the pot of water on the stove. “I would have remembered that.”

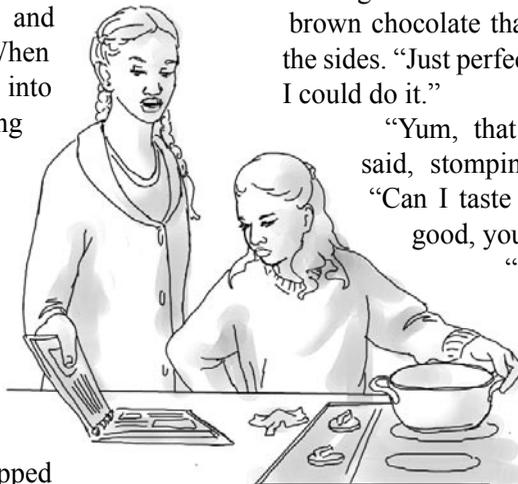
An hour later the cake was done and Megan stood back to admire it. The golden cake stood on a glass dish. Its top was shiny with dark brown chocolate that dripped beautifully down the sides. “Just perfect,” she told herself. “I knew I could do it.”

“Yum, that looks good!” her brother said, stomping through the back door. “Can I taste it? I should make sure it’s good, you know.”

“Of course it’s good, but you can lick the icing off the spatula,” Megan agreed.

“Delicious!”

Mike said, smacking his lips. “I can’t wait until dessert!”



“Megan, we need the table set,” Mom said, as she slid a casserole into the oven. “Grandpa and Grandma should be here before long.”

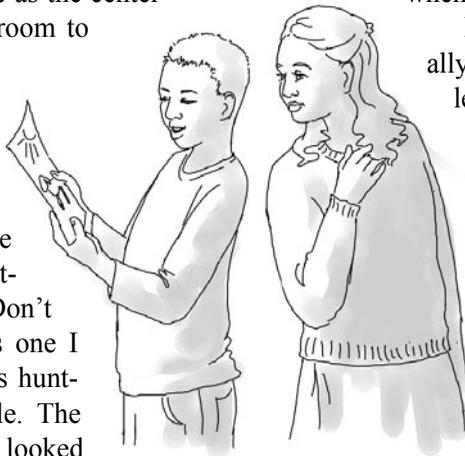
Megan hurried to set out the plates and silverware. She set the cake as the centerpiece and then ran to her room to change her clothes. It was important to look her best on such a special occasion.

Mike passed her in the hall. “I’m going to give Grandpa one of my paintings,” he announced. “Don’t you think he will like this one I made of a moose? He likes hunting.” Megan smiled a little. The moose in Mike’s painting looked rather like a dog, but she didn’t say anything. Instead she remembered the drawing of a horse that she had made in art class.

“I’m going to give it to Grandma,” she decided, as she pulled it out of her drawer. “It is my best work so far and I know she’ll be impressed.”

When Grandpa and Grandma arrived, the children flew to the door to meet them. “My, how you all have grown!” Grandpa said, patting them on the head. “What fine young ladies Alisha and Megan are growing up to be, and Mike here looks about old enough to go hunting with me one of these days.” Mike grinned and gave Grandpa his moose painting. “Sure enough, he reminds me of my hunting dog, Allie,” Grandpa said.

Megan giggled and Mom gave her a warning look. “I’m sure you want to hold the baby,” Mom said, handing him to Grandma. “He’s already getting his fourth tooth.”



“What a chubby little fellow,” Grandma said, taking a seat on the couch. Megan hurried to sit next to her. “And what has our little artist been doing lately?” Grandma said with a smile, when she noticed the drawing.

Megan sat up taller. “I’m actually almost 11 now, and I have been learning to draw horses.”

“Very well done,” Grandma said. “Did you draw it all yourself?”

“Yes,” Megan said.

“With help from your art teacher,” reminded Mom. “Megan has been learning a lot in her art class.”

“I thought you traced part of it,” added Alisha.

“Well, I can do it without tracing, too,” Megan said quickly. “This is my best one and I thought you would like it.”

“That is so sweet of you,” said Grandma, taking the paper.

When they all sat down to eat, Grandpa was the first to notice the cake. “I wonder who knew what I was hungry for tonight?” he asked.

Megan beamed. “It is yellow cake with chocolate icing,” she said. “I baked it all by myself.”

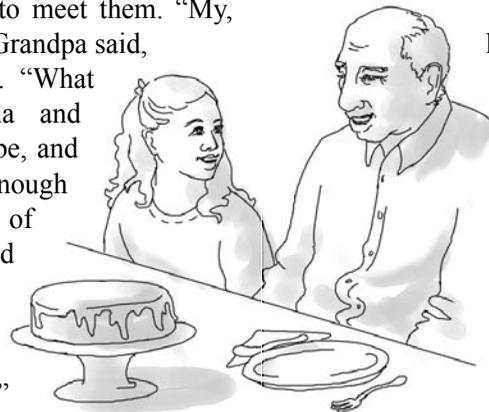
“You don’t say!”

Grandpa said, looking at her in surprise.

“Megan is our baker,” Dad agreed, taking his seat at the end of the table. “Sometimes they turn out splendid, and other times... we’ll just say that we admire them from afar.”

“Daddy!” Megan scolded. “Mike already tasted it, and it is delicious.”

“Well then, we will be sure to give thanks for it,” Dad said with a wink, as he bowed his head for prayer.



Megan could hardly wait until it was time for dessert. Sure enough, the cake was a hit. Grandpa even wanted seconds, and Grandma asked how the icing was made. “It wasn’t that hard,” Megan said, trying not to sound too proud of her achievement. “You just melt chocolate in a double boiler and stir in the other ingredients. I can show you how.”

“And I’m sure Grandma could show you quite a bit about cooking, too,” Mom said. For some reason she wasn’t smiling, and Megan looked over to see Alisha rolling her eyes. Megan felt funny. Why didn’t they think her cake was so great? Everyone else liked it.

After the grandparents left, Mom sat down with Megan. “You enjoyed having Grandpa and Grandma spend the evening with us, didn’t you?” she asked.

Megan nodded. “They really liked my cake, and Grandma said I was a good artist. I think I’m going to draw some more pictures for her.”

“I know it feels good to be praised, but I think there is something important that you left out of the evening,” Mom said, quietly.

Megan looked puzzled. “Oh, we forgot to serve ice cream with the cake!” she remembered. “At least everyone liked it.”

“I’m not thinking of ice cream, but something else that makes everything taste right. It is called humility,” Mom said. “You were so full of yourself this evening that all we heard was ‘I know’ and ‘I can’ and you didn’t remember all those who have helped you. You took all the



praise for yourself, just like King Nebuchadnezzar did before God humbled him.”

Megan hung her head.

“You said that you drew the picture yourself, but Who gave you the ability to draw and learn?”

“God,” Megan whispered.

“Yes, the cake was delicious,” Mom continued. “But what if you had no ingredients, or instructions, or a big sister to remind you to follow them? You see, pride makes us only think of ourselves.

Then we can’t learn or be thankful. Remember how God warned King Nebuchadnezzar in a dream about his pride? What was it about?”

“The dream about the big tree with all the animals under it?” Megan asked.

“Yes, the tree that filled the whole earth. But then an

angel from heaven come

down and commanded for the

tree to be cut down. Only the stump was left in the field, until he knew that the Most High rules,” said Mom. “Nebuchadnezzar woke up wondering what it all meant, but no one knew. At last Daniel, the servant of God, was called in. When he heard about the bad dream, Daniel looked at the great king, Nebuchadnezzar, with sadness. He knew it was a warning of what God was going to do to this proud and selfish king!”

“You, O king, are the great tree,” Daniel said at last. “Your greatness has grown and you now rule over all the earth.”

The proud king nodded. That was certainly true. But what did the angel’s message mean? Daniel explained that next. “The Most High has decreed that the king will be sent to live



with the beasts in the field.” Nebuchadnezzar frowned. Who would dare make him do such a silly thing!

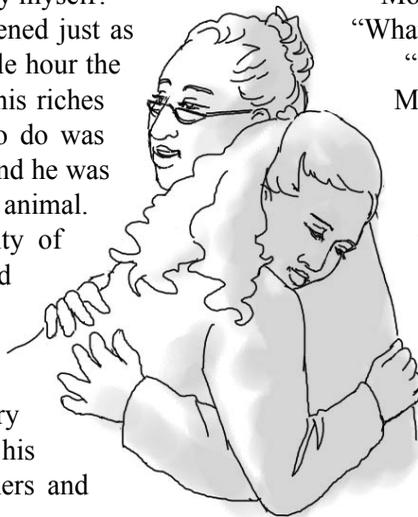
“You will be wet with the dew and eat grass like the cattle,” the prophet continued. “After seven years you will realize that the Most High rules over all, and then your kingdom will be given back to you.” Nebuchadnezzar frowned, but Daniel knew God’s warning was serious! “Please listen to my advice, O king,” Daniel said. “Stop doing wrong and living selfishly. Do what is right and show mercy to the poor, that your kingdom may continue peacefully!” But the great king didn’t like to be told what to do.

Mom stopped telling the story and looked at Megan. “Sounds like someone I know. Why is it hard to listen to instructions sometimes?”

“Because I already think I know what to do,” Megan said slowly. She remembered how she hadn’t wanted to listen to Alisha that afternoon. She listened soberly as Mom continued.

No, Nebuchadnezzar didn’t want to change his attitude. The great kingdom of Babylon belonged to him and no was going to take over it! A whole year went by and he forgot all about the dream. One day, as he looked over his kingdom, the proud king told himself, “Is not this great Bablyon. which I have made by myself?”

And that moment it happened just as he had been warned. In a single hour the great man lost all his power, his riches and his glory. All God had to do was make his mind stop working and he was left to wander around like an animal. When people came to the city of Babylon now, someone would whisper. “Look, there is the crazy king, eating grass like a sheep!” Soon the poor man didn’t even look very human, for the Bible says that his hair looked like eagle’s feathers and his nails grew into claws.



“That would be horrible!” Megan said, making a face. Thinking of the crazy king made her feel strange inside. “I’m sure glad my mind works,” she added. Mom continued the story.

For seven years Nebuchadnezzar lived in the fields, while his servants ruled the land. It is amazing to think how God kept his kingdom in perfect order without him. At last the poor man was able to look up to heaven and realize the truth. He wasn’t any super great ruler that could do anything he wanted. He was ragged and dirty, but how glad he was to think again! He realized now that the most high God was in control and that His kingdom never ends, and Nebuchadnezzar praised Him.

When the humbled man returned to the palace, he wondered if anyone would even notice. But God gave his kingdom and glory back to him, just as He had said. Soon no one would have thought that the royal king on the throne had ever lived like a beast in the field. But one thing, one important thing, was different. And Nebuchadnezzar wrote a letter to tell everyone all about it. “I want to tell you all the wonderful things the high God has done to me,” he began.

Mom stopped the story and smiled. “What was that wonderful thing?”

“That he learned not to be proud,” Megan said, hiding a yawn.

“Yes,” Mom said. “It is bedtime now. Let us ask God to help us to be humble and thankful, so we don’t have to learn the hard way, like Nebuchadnezzar!”

“I’m sorry I was being proud today,” Megan whispered, as she gave Mom a good-night hug. “I want to be humble and thank God for everything!”

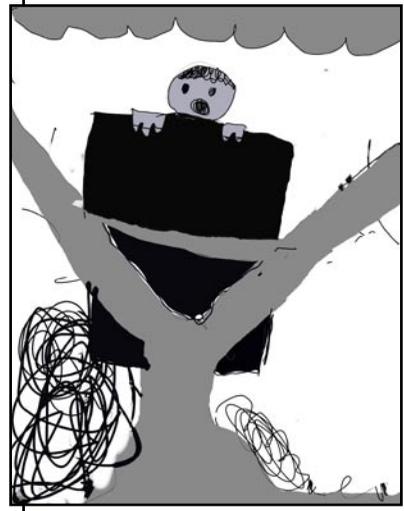
“Me, too,” said Mom.





Love  
 Courage  
 Gentleness  
 Trust  
 Kindness  
 Faith

# How My Fort Fell Down



One day I thought it would be fun to build a fort up in our tree. So first I got two T-posts and a piece of plywood and some carpet. I didn't know how to get the plywood in the tree, so I leaned it against the tree and I climbed up the tree and stepped on two branches and then reached down and picked up the plywood, and leaned it on a branch. I grabbed the two T-posts and pulled them up in the tree. I put them on two branches and nailed them with a hammer. Then I took the piece of plywood that was leaning against the branches and laid it on the T-posts. I used three more pieces of plywood to build the sides. Then I lifted a piece of carpet and laid it on top. I went to sit in my tree house, but suddenly I heard a little snap and it fell! It really scared me! All my feelings dropped because it took two

Have you had a trouble or trial? Do you know that these are tests from God and He wants to help you pass them? Read how God helped these children pass their tests and win. Will you?

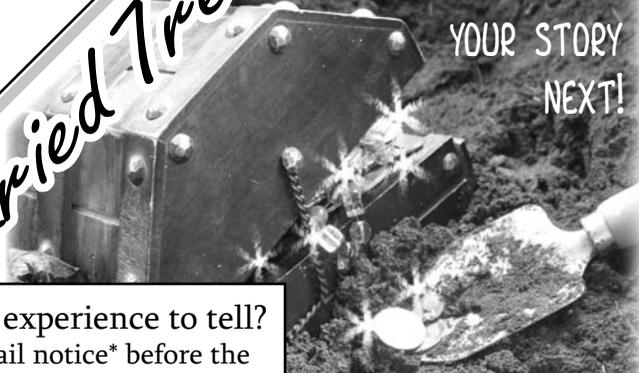
days to build. Then God helped me to be happy without a tree house. Instead, my sister built a nest on top of the tree. We had a lot of fun playing hide-and-seek after that.

- Elijah,  
 age 8 *AMEN*

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

I HOPE WE CAN PRINT YOUR STORY NEXT!

*Buried Treasures*



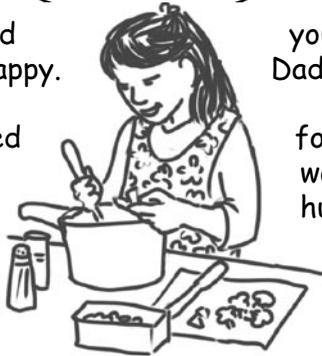
\*email us if you aren't included

Patience  
Meekness  
Truth  
Goodness  
Peace  
Joy

Carolina was helping make supper. There was a little leftover meat and vegetables, so she asked if she could make soup. It was fun to be a cook and make up a recipe all by herself! When Daddy said, "You made this soup by yourself? What a good cook you are!" Carolina was happy. It felt good to be praised.

The next night she decided she would make soup again. "Not tonight. I need help with a casserole," Mommy said. "You can be my big helper." Carolina frowned.

## DADDY'S PRAISE



"But I want to make my own soup," she said again. "I want to be praised."

Mommy smiled. "If you make your own soup, you will be pleasing yourself," she said. "But if you want to make Daddy happy you will have to be my helper. Do you want your own praise, or Daddy's?"

Carolina thought about that for a moment. She decided she wanted Daddy's praise and hurried to help Mommy in the kitchen.

AMEN

-by Carolina's Auntie

## My Sick Sheep



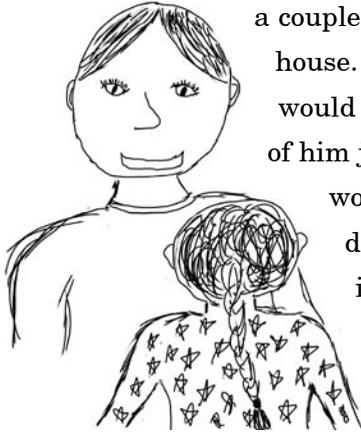
One day Momma told me that my sheep was sick. I felt really sad, because I had halter trained her so I could take her on walks. We moved her into the barn so she would not get the other sheep sick, and gave her some electrolytes. The next week we gave her some more electrolytes and she got a little stronger. Then my sister let her out, and that was a big mistake. She got even

weaker. I was really disappointed, because Isabella and I had been working hard to revive her. We had to get the quad and the wagon and haul her into the barn. The next couple days she was still alive, but one day Isabella went out and she was dead. I was really sad, but God gave me grace and I didn't even cry. I was very thankful to have her out of the barn because two new baby calves were about to be born the next week.

I am thankful that God knows best. - Paulina, age 10

AMEN

# Runaway Horse



Recently I got a horse. His name is Alabaster. Just a couple weeks ago he got off his halter and ran to our landlord's house. I felt like getting rid of him, because I was furious that he would do such a thing. But Mama told me that I shouldn't get rid of him just because I was mad. If I wanted God's blessing then I would need to keep him. I thought about that a while and I decided that I wanted God's blessing. So I have been working with him and I have found that I can love him a lot.

- AutumnGrace, age 12

AMEN

My sister and I have quite a few bunnies that we breed and sell, giving what we earn to those in need. Oliver is an important bunny in our breeding program, and even more special because I raised him ever since he was a baby. Oliver has always had a funny quirk of chewing off his fur. This can be dangerous if he eats too much, so we try to make sure he has lots of other things to chew on, and so far he has been okay. But one morning last week, he wasn't.

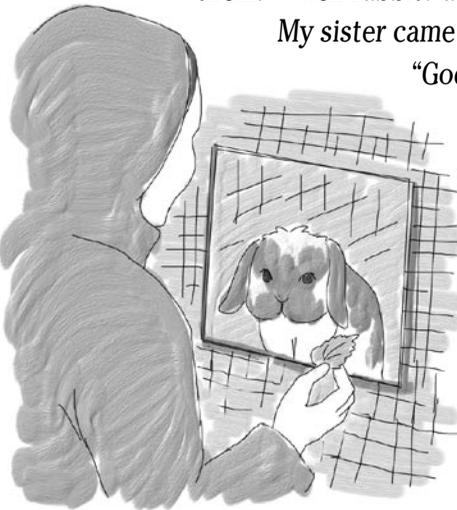
As I paused at his cage to fill up his feeder and water can, I saw him hunched up in the corner of his cage with his eyes closed. The fur around his neck was all chewed off. He had seemed fine just yesterday, but bunnies can get sick and die very quickly. I patted him gently, but he didn't move. I put some treats near his nose, but he didn't even sniff them. When rabbits act like this they are usually too far gone to save.

My sister came down to see him and we prayed together for him.

"God," I said, "this is your bunny. If you want him to die that's fine. I know you could provide even a better bunny for us. If it is your will though, please heal him." I knew God had heard and he would do whatever was best.

The next morning when I peeked in the rabbit shed, half expecting to find a dead bunny to bury, Oliver was bouncing around in his cage, as lively as ever. It was a miracle—a special "I love you" gift from God.

- Aunt Amanda



GOD to the RESCUE

AMEN

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

I really want to build a tree house because we have some big trees and I know how to build. If we don't do it, I need God's help not to be disappointed. - Elijah, age 8



I would like God to help me listen to the Holy Spirit better. - Niklanna, age 14

Please pray that I will be nicer to my friends at school - Emma, age 9

I would like prayer that I would stay strong in the Lord and keep on believing even when I feel discouraged. I would also like prayer that God would give me wisdom to train Pumpkin Bill, our calf. - Isabella, age 12



Pray that my rabbit has babies. - Paulina, age 10

## THANKSGIVING

I am very thankful that our cow, Buttercup, had her baby, Pumpkin Bill, safely. I am also very thankful for godly friends. - Isabella, age 12



Thank God for a baby calf. Also that my sister's broken arm is healed. - Paulina, age 10



I'm happy that God gave me a body. I'm glad that I have a family. I'm thankful that they live with me. I'm glad that we have baby calves. Sometimes I want Jesus to come back. I'm glad that I have a chicken. And I want peace inside my heart. - Becca, age 6

I am very thankful for a new healthy calf and for a warm barn that the animals can sleep in. - Niklanna, age 14



## Listening to the Holy Spirit

One day I was reading a book about an Indian girl that had a horse. As I was reading I started wanting a horse and coveting the girl's life. I felt that God was telling me to put the book down and go outside to play with my own pets. So I put down the book and went outside. I had a wonderful time enjoying my own pets and I also had a feeling that I was obeying and serving God in my heart. - Niklanna, age 14



# Walter's WAR

The true story  
of a lame boy

who became a hero of faith  
under Soviet Communism

## Part Three: The Conquest

*"If we suffer, we shall also reign  
with Him..." 2 Timothy 2:12*

The communistic leaders of the orphanage are determined to break up Walter's band and destroy their faith. Faced with hunger and robbed of their

New Testaments, the future looks very dark. But Walter clings to the promises of God and sets himself to endure it all for Jesus' sake.

A famine was settling over the country, and soon food supplies began to run out in the orphanage. The Communist directors decided to send the children out to raid from the gardens and orchards around them. "Those who bring back food will be rewarded," they said. "But if you stay here, you shall have nothing to eat." The manager of the home looked directly at Walter and his little band.

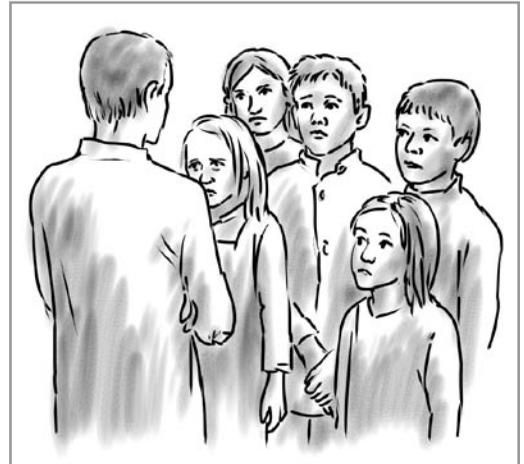
When the younger ones gathered around Walter for advice, he encouraged them to be faithful to do what was right. "It would be better to starve than to sin against the Lord Jesus by stealing," he reminded them. "He has promised to never leave us or forsake us, so let us tell Him all about it."

With heavy hearts they all knelt together, pouring out their troubles to their faithful Friend. "Dear Jesus, please help us! I am so hungry," began little Johnny. "I do not want to sin against You. Even when the nurses say I must go steal from the neighbor's garden, I will not do it." He began to cry, and his sister, Annie, put her arms around him. "Yes, help us, dear Jesus," agreed the others. "Give us strength and protect us. Keep us from being made to steal!"

In the days of hunger and suffering that followed, the comforting promises of God gave the young soldiers hope. Though Walter could no longer read from the New Testament, the words of life were hidden deep in his heart. Often the Lord brought a verse to his mind just when it was most needed. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Jesus," he encouraged the other children when they were punished for not joining the raiding party. "He sees the sparrows fall, and He knows everything that troubles us."

As good soldiers, the young Christians had to endure much hardness to please Jesus. And it wasn't in vain. Though most of the other orphans ignored or mocked their desire to do right, some began to desire the peace and hope they had. One girl was especially interested. Alexandra was fourteen, a little older than Walter, and had recently come to the orphanage. Her father had been a bitter communist and had taught her to be an atheist, but she couldn't help but admire these brave children who suffered so patiently.

"Why do you love each other so much and always speak kindly?" she asked Walter one day. "Don't you feel angry and want to hit the manager when she laughs at you? How can you bear it all?"



“It is because we love the Lord Jesus,” he said simply. “I used to be hateful and cruel, but Jesus changed my heart. When I think about how much He loved me and suffered for me, I want to be like Him.” He looked down at Johnny who clung to his hand, and smiled. “You see, our God is love and He tells us to love one another as He loved us.”

“Could there be a God of love after all?” Alexandra wondered. “All this selfishness and hate makes everyone miserable. Is it possible to be happy if we give up trying to serve ourselves and serve this Lord Jesus instead?” As she watched the lives of His faithful followers, Alexandra became convinced. Soon another heart was conquered by the love of Jesus and ready to join in the battle of right.

“Where do those brats get their stupid ideas?” the director asked Alexandra one day, after the children hid so they wouldn’t be sent out raiding for food. “Aren’t they hungry?”

“It is wrong to steal from other people, and you know it,” the young believer replied boldly. “We will soon have to stand before God who will judge us for our deeds. What will you say then?”

“You know better than to believe such nonsense,” the director said scornfully.

“It isn’t nonsense,” Alexandra replied. “Don’t you feel convicted that you are doing wrong? If you repent and believe in Jesus, you will be forgiven!”

The face of the director turned red with anger. “So you also have fallen for their lies. We will see who will repent soon enough,” she muttered, as she turned away. It wasn’t long before the children learned what she meant.

“Look, Walter!” Annie said excitedly, a few days later. “We have been all given red stars to wear on our hats!” The bright red stars had been sent by the Communistic leaders and soon all of the children were dancing around with delight. Except Walter. A troubled look came across his face as he looked at his cap, and Annie knew something was wrong. He slipped outside as a rousing Revolutionary tune began to play. It wasn’t long

before the little band had followed Walter into the tall weeds behind the barn.

“Why aren’t you glad about your star? Why don’t you put on your cap?” they asked, gathering around him.

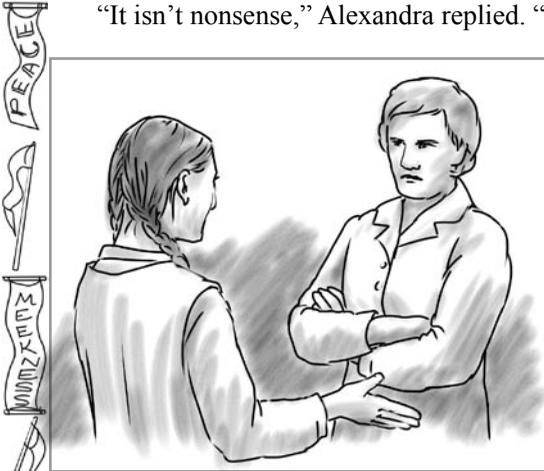
“Sit down and I will tell you,” Walter said, hushing them. As they all settled in the grass, he continued. “I think wearing them is a sin before Jesus, so that’s why I’m not happy about them.”

“Why is it a sin, Walter?” asked several voices at once. “See, they are so pretty!”

“Don’t you remember seeing these red stars on the caps of the soldiers who took Papa away?” replied Walter. “They are worn by all the soldiers who come here and they all seem to be bad people who get very angry, and curse and drink. They do not believe in God. No, they mock and curse Him and blaspheme the Name of Jesus Christ!” The children’s faces became sober as they looked at the blazing eyes of their older brother. “If such people as that wear the red stars, we who believe in God and love the Lord Jesus should not wear them!”

“What shall we do then?” asked Annie. “Surely they will make us wear these bad stars!”

“I have a plan,” said Walter. “Let’s tear off the stars, and write on slips of paper: ‘I AM A SHEEP OF JESUS.’ Then we will pin that on instead of the stars. Let them wear the mark of the devil—we will wear the Name of Jesus!”



“Oh, yes!” agreed the others eagerly. Walter pulled out a knife, along with paper and a pencil.

Alexandra began to busily write the new titles, while Annie helped pin them on. In a few minutes the stars had tumbled into the mud at their feet, and the young believers were happily wearing their new emblem.

Of course, it wasn't long before the Communistic director found out. “What impudent and rebellious children you are!” she said, her eyes blazing with anger as she tore off the paper strips. “Sheep indeed! We'll hear what nice bleats you'll make when your punishment is over! You will be given no food until Tuesday and spend the rest of the afternoon in the cellar!”

Down into the dark, cold cellar the children were taken by the socialist nurses. Small sharp stones were scattered over the floor, and for the next several hours they were made to kneel with bare knees on top of them. Soon the awful pain caused moans and cries to escape from their clenched teeth. “Lord Jesus, help! O God, give us strength – it is so hard! We need you!” But no one begged for mercy from the hardened nurses. They knew their only comfort would come from heaven. As little lambs, they cried to their great Shepherd, who heard and saw it all.

As they quivered in pain and weakness, trying bravely to muffle their moans, an unseen Presence knelt among them. Through his pain Walter sensed it, and a quiet strength filled his spirit. “Remember, God's own Son came to suffer for us,” he said, ignoring his own agony as he tried to encourage the others. “He was crucified – to save us from sin and eternal death – they drove big nails through His hands and feet – and a crown of sharp thorns on His head – like those ones in the back of the orchard. How it must have hurt – when I pricked my hand with one, it hurt for several days!” As he spoke the words, the Savior they loved so dearly seemed very near.



His tormentors, even after all they did to Him, remember?” Though they were only children, their faith was encouraged. And the God they trusted did not forsake them. He gave them strength to endure bravely until the cruel punishment was over.

After this, the little band of believers had to suffer much for their faith. “Jesus said that we would be hated by all for His name's sake, but whoever endures to the end will be saved,” Walter often encouraged



the others. “And remember also that if we confess Him before men, He will confess us before His Father in heaven. Isn’t that a wonderful promise?” he said, his eyes shining with an inner joy. It was that heavenly welcome that they now lived for. “Lord Jesus, you know our suffering – help us to be faithful to You,” they often prayed. “Help us endure to the end!” And their faith and prayers were not in vain.

## Afterwards:

Because of the great famine the orphanage was soon closed and the children were scattered to the villages around or sent to live with relatives. What became of the faithful soldiers of Jesus? Only God and the angels know, but here and there we hear stories. Many of the littlest ones suffered until they were called up to that wonderful heavenly home that Jesus had prepared for them. In that place there is no more pain or hunger or darkness anymore. How wonderful to have all their tears wiped away, as they hear the loving words of their Master: “Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of your Lord!”

Walter, their faithful leader, was left to serve on longer for the Lord Jesus he loved so well. It was a few years later that a singing kitchen maid told his story.

“Who taught you that beautiful hymn?” asked a visitor, curiously. Under the Communistic government it was rare to hear such music, especially from a young girl. She looked up from the dishes she was washing with a bright smile and replied. “I come from a village many miles from here, and my whole family sings these songs. We pray, too, and bring all our needs to Jesus. Many people call us names and think we are wrong. But it does not matter what others think, because we live to serve Jesus. We believe that He died for us, and so of course we must love Him!”

“You must have a very happy home,” the visitor said.

“Oh, but it wasn’t until Walter came home. You see, he is my crippled brother and Father and Mother sent him off to an orphanage when he was little because he was such a trouble. But he learned about the Lord Jesus there and came to love Him with all his heart. So when the orphanage closed and he was sent back home, he wanted to read to us from the New Testament and teach us songs about the Lord.

At first Mother and Father didn’t like it, and scolded him. We were really quite a quarrelsome family and couldn’t get along. So they refused to listen to what Walter was reading. But dear Walter just prayed more often and earnestly. He continued to read the Bible, and after awhile they would listen now and then. At last Father and Mother believed the gospel of Jesus, and what a change it made! Soon the rest of us children repented and believed in Jesus. We all began to pray and learn the songs together, and now other people gather in our home with us. Sometimes as many as forty or fifty come, and we all hear Walter read the New Testament.”

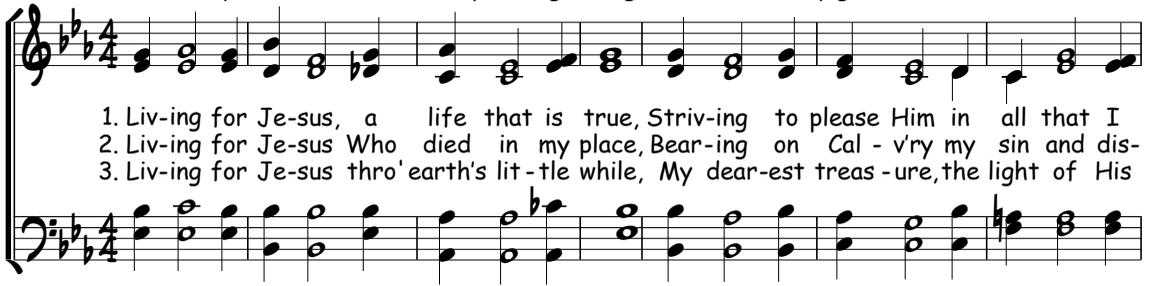
And so it was that Walter, once the bitter young cripple, lived on to share the conquest of Jesus Christ, as more hearts were won for the kingdom of love.

*“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him” (Psalm 126:5, 6).*

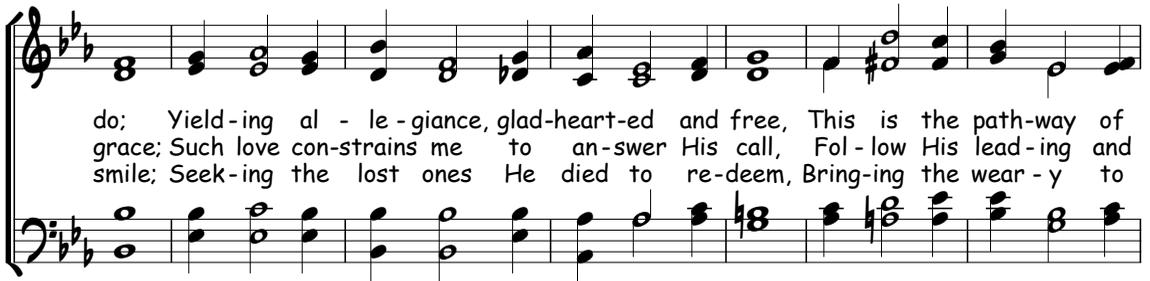


# Living for Jesus

Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work. Col. 1:10

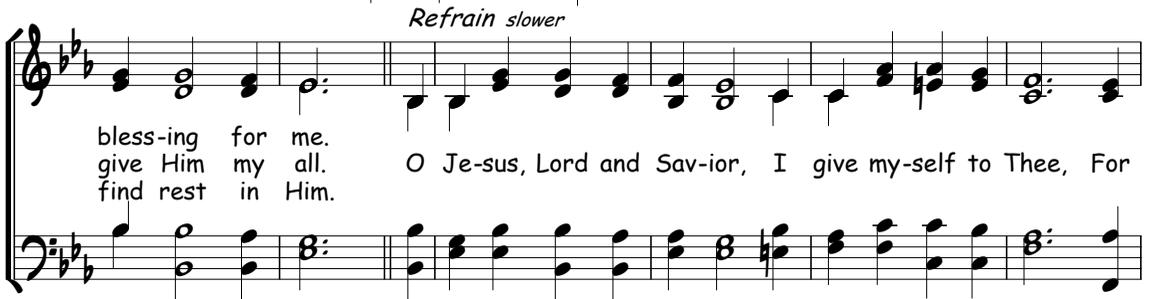


1. Liv-ing for Je-sus, a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I  
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus Who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal - v'ry my sin and dis-  
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the light of His



do; Yield-ing al - le - giance, glad-heart-ed and free, This is the path-way of  
grace; Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call, Fol - low His lead-ing and  
smile; Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem, Bring-ing the wear - y to

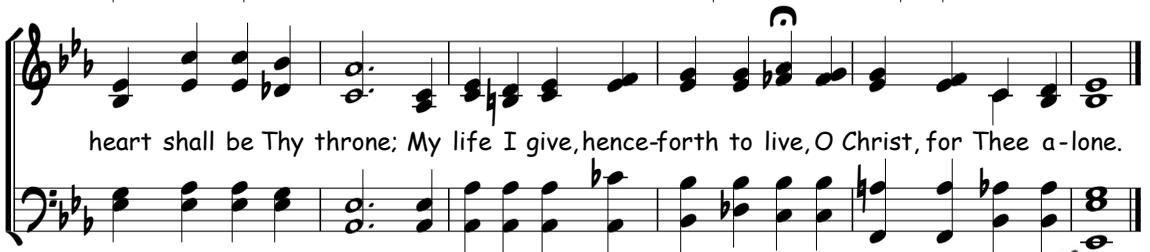
*Refrain slower*



bles-sing for me. O Je-sus, Lord and Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee, For  
give Him my all. find rest in Him.



Thou, in Thy a-tone-ment, didst give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, my



heart shall be Thy throne; My life I give, hence-forth to live, O Christ, for Thee a-lone.



