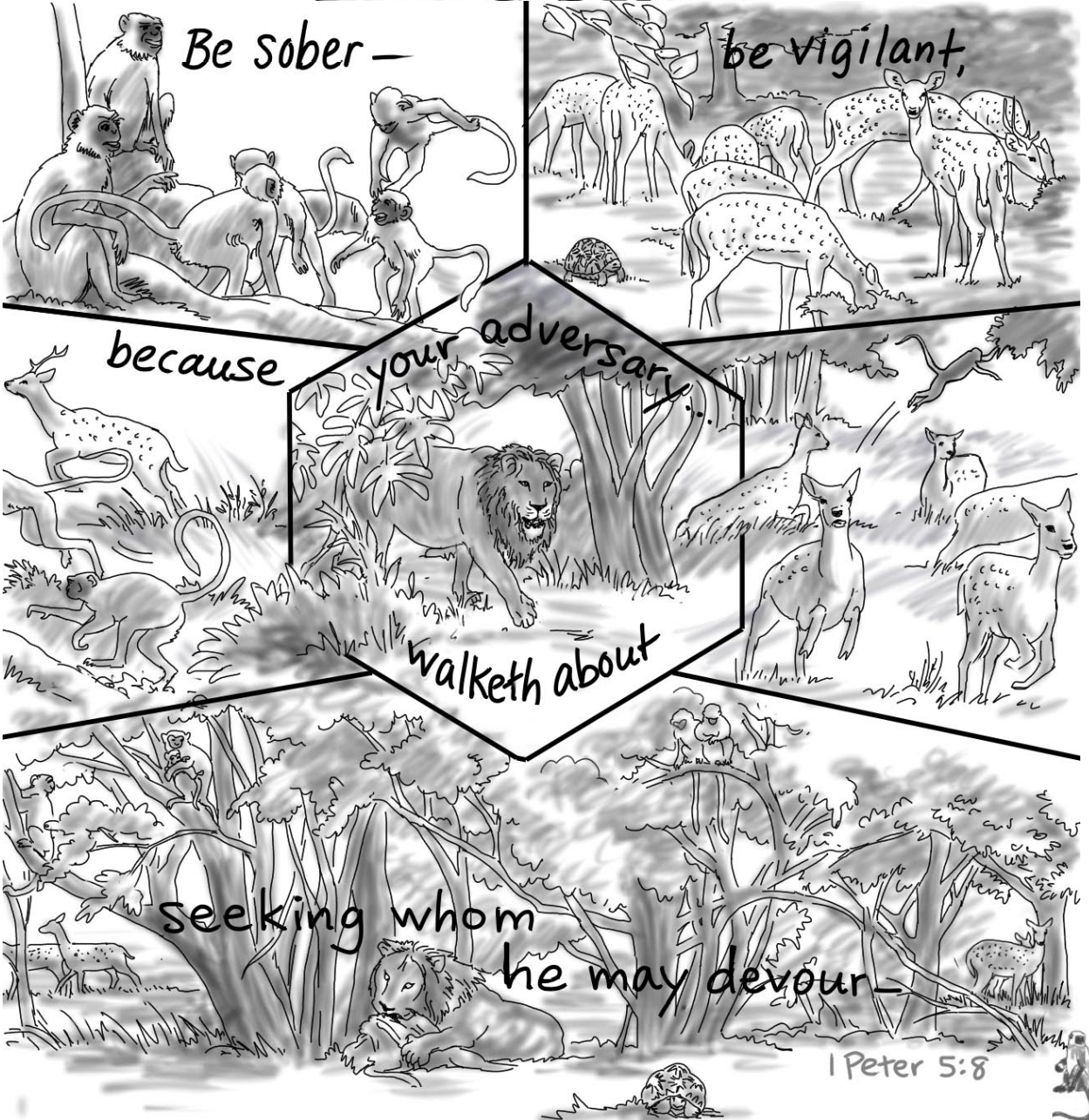


Treasures of the Kingdom
 Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

Lion on the Hunt



Be sober —

be vigilant,

because

your adversary

walketh about

seeking whom
 he may devour —

1 Peter 5:8

How Can We Resist the Devil?

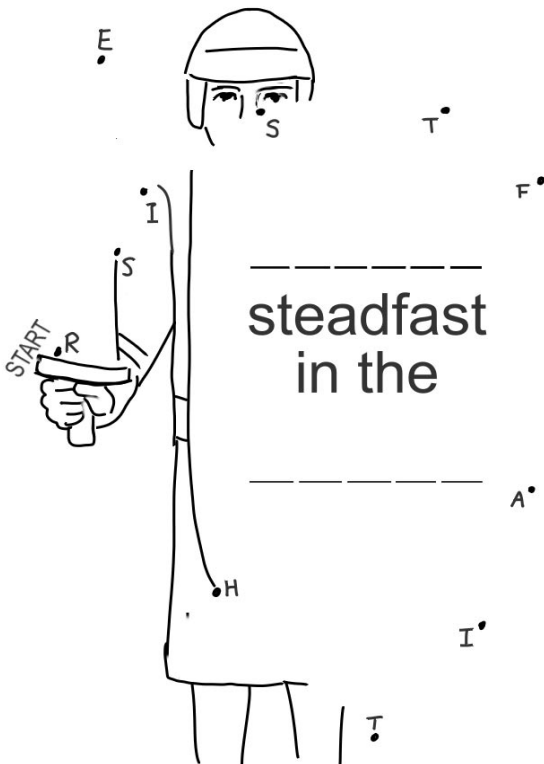
When you think about the devil being like the lion on the front cover, he seems pretty scary, doesn't he? God warns us that the devil is our enemy, and that we must resist (stand against) him. But how can we do that if he is so strong and scary? Here are two secrets to help you:

#1 . Remember that God is in control of everything. In the book of Job it tells us how Satan (another name for "enemy") had to ask God's permission to hurt Job. (Job 1:12, 2:6) So if we are living for God, we know that He allows the troubles that come to us. But the devil does have a lot of control over people who aren't obeying God. The Bible calls him "the prince of this world" and says that he is the father of those that sin and tell lies. (John 12:31, 8:44) So the thing you should be scared of most is doing wrong, because that gives the devil power over you. The good news is that Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil and deliver

us from the power of sin. (1 John 3:8) And, in the end, the devil and all that follow him will be cast into the lake of fire. (Matt. 25:41, Rev. 20:10) Which side do you want to be on?

#2 . The devil can't hurt us if we wear God's armor. Did you see the one animal that didn't run away from the lion? Look again – how did it escape from being eaten? Yes, by hiding in its shell. In the same way, God has armor that will keep us safe from the devil. You can read about it in Ephesians 6:11-18. What should you do when the devil sneaks up with bad thoughts or tells you that you'll be happier if you disobey? What about when he tries to scare you with fears and worries? The only way to win is to "resist, steadfast in the faith." (1 Peter 5:9) Will you believe in God's love and power more than anything else? Will you ask Him for help to do right no matter how hard it is? Remember, the devil can't hurt you as long as you are obeying God. When God is our defense, we are always safe.

Can you find the two missing words for this soldier's armor? Follow the dot-to-dot and put the letters in the blanks. (The answer is in 1 Peter 5:9)



How Mr. Davis Stopped Swearing

Mr. Davis was a wealthy man. He had a fine house and fine horses. He had a lovely wife and seven beautiful children. But he had one terrible habit that he could not break. Whenever Mr. Davis was bothered about something, he would swear. On days that he was especially busy and tired, he would often curse those around him.

Now his wife was a Christian and he knew she didn't like to hear bad words and cursing. "Pardon my swearing," he would say, "I'll try to be more careful, dear." But no matter how hard he tried to stop, the dirty words would come out of his mouth. And because he was mad at himself, Mr. Davis cursed because he couldn't break his bad habit.

One evening Mr. Davis was out for a ride when he saw a large crowd gathered in a field. On one side a gentleman was standing on a platform, preaching. "Moody Gospel Meeting This Week" a banner said. The last time Mr. Davis had been to church was when someone had died, but he was curious. He stopped his horse by the side of the road where he could listen.

"My friend, you might not think you are a big sinner. Maybe you've never stolen or murdered. But even if you aren't a criminal, sin is going to ruin you. If you've broken one of God's laws, are you not guilty?" As the preacher asked the question, he looked across the crowd. Mr. Davis rubbed his forehead nervously. But the next part was worse. "Do you swear and take God's name in vain? Do you lie or cheat? This does not please God! Jesus Christ

died to redeem you, to save you from sin. Whatever the sin is, make up your mind that you will gain the victory over it."

At that, Mr. Davis whipped his horse and started off down the road. "Curse that man!" he said, angrily. "He knows nothing about my troubles. I swear because I'm a businessman and there is nothing I can do to change." He cursed God and laughed bitterly. But he couldn't get the preacher's words out of his mind, and the next afternoon he stopped by the field again.

This time the man was preaching about God's love. Mr. Davis listened for awhile, but the topic made him feel uneasy. "So I ought to love God enough to give up my swearing habit? If that's what he's driving at, he's a fool," Mr. Davis muttered to himself, then cursed. "If love could get me to change, I'd be a new man al-



ready!" As he turned to head home for the night he thought of his wife. "Meg is such a dear to bear with my swearing, but I'd better not be late for dinner."

His wife met him at the door and said that several businessmen were waiting in the



drawing room to talk with him. Mr. Davis was soon discussing prices and taxes with his visitors, and hardly noticed when she called them in to dinner. "I'm sorry that it is a bit late," she said. "The cook has been ill, so I had to fix the roast. I'm afraid it is a bit overdone." Mr. Davis nodded and took the carving knife. He was still figuring out the profits on his newest business venture as he tried to saw through the meat. Suddenly he realized that everyone was waiting on him. "Curse the cook!" he swore, as he stabbed at the roast. Mrs. Davis' face turned red, but he didn't notice. "Get me a new knife!" he said, swearing again. "This blamed thing can't cut worth a cent!"



said, quietly. "I wished I could have sunk right through the floor!"

"Curse my words," Mr. Davis muttered angrily to himself, looking out the window. At last he kissed his wife gently and went to bed strangely silent.

A few mornings later Mr. Davis was heading out the gate when a stranger met him. "Is this Mr. Davis?" the man asked, holding out his hand.

"Yes, sir. That is my name," Mr. Davis replied. The man's

voice sounded familiar, and suddenly he recognized the preacher, Mr. Moody. "What do you want?" he asked, coolly.

"I just had a question to ask, if you won't be angry," said Mr. Moody.

"Well, what is it?" Mr. Davis said, leaning against the gate.

"I have heard that God has blessed you greatly, and that He has given you wealth, a

That evening, after his guests had left and the children were in bed, Mr. Davis sat down with his wife to talk over the day. "You'd be happy to know that I stopped by that gospel meeting again," he told her, with wry smile. "But I curse that preacher for talking about blamed things he knows nothing about!" Mr. Davis stopped as he noticed his wife's pale face. "Sorry, Meg, I shouldn't say such things to you. You are such a sweet thing that never does anyone wrong."

"Then why did you curse me at dinner tonight?" she asked, her eyes filling with tears.

"What! I never cursed you – not in front of our guests?" Mr. Davis looked surprised.

"You cursed me for overcooking the roast, remember?" she



beautiful Christian wife, and seven lovely children,” Mr. Moody said. “I don’t know if it is true, but I hear that all He gets in return is cursing and blasphemy.”

Mr. Davis smiled at the frank question and opened the gate. “Come in, come in,” he said. The preacher followed him into his spacious drawing room and they sat down together.

Mr. Davis looked around at his elegant furnishings and the family portraits on the wall. “What you said out there is true,” he told his guest. “If any man has a fine wife, I am the man. I have a lovely family of children, and God has been good to me. But do you know, we had company here the other night and I cursed my wife at the table without even knowing it. After the company was gone, my wife told me about it. Man, I never felt so mean and contemptible in my life!” Mr. Davis confessed, looking at the floor. Then he faced Mr. Moody with flashing eyes. “If I have tried once, I have tried a hundred times to stop swearing. You preachers don’t know anything about it.”

“Yes,” Mr. Moody said calmly. “I know all about it. I have been a drummer in the army, and I’ve heard plenty of swearing.”

Mr. Davis got to his feet and paced the floor. “But you don’t know anything about a businessman’s troubles,” he argued. “With all the pressures and worries he faces, he can’t help swearing.”

“Oh yes, he can,” the preacher replied. “I know something about it. I used to swear myself.”

“What! You used to swear?” Mr. Davis stopped and stared at the preacher in surprise. “How did you stop?”

“I never stopped.”

Mr. Davis felt a sinking feeling inside. Somehow he had thought better of this man. “But, you don’t swear now, do you?” he asked, earnestly.

“No,” Mr. Moody said, smiling at the wealthy man’s worried face. “I haven’t sworn for years.”

Mr. Davis sighed in relief. He hadn’t realized how much he wanted to hear that answer. He looked at Mr. Moody thoughtfully. Here was a man that did know something about it. “How did you stop swearing?” he asked.

“I never stopped,” Mr. Moody said quietly. “It stopped itself.”

Mr. Davis sat down, a puzzled look on his face. “I don’t understand what you mean.”

“I know you don’t,” the preacher said. “But that is why I came here to talk to you. I want to tell you what can make you never want to swear as long as you live. You see, the life I am living I do not live by my own will and strength. I live by the power of Christ Jesus, who lives in my heart.” Mr. Moody spoke humbly and confidently, as if he truly believed what he said.

As Mr. Davis listened, he felt a great desire to understand this man’s secret. “When I abide



in Christ, and He abides in me, I don’t live to please myself,” Mr. Moody explained. “Neither do I need to face the temptations and problems of life alone.” The preacher’s eyes lit up. “But it is even better than that. You see, temptations overcome us because there is something inside that is attracted

to that sin. You swear because there is bitterness and anger in your heart. But Christ takes those poisons out of you – He purifies the motives and thoughts, and fill us with His great love and gentleness. He takes the desire to do wrong out of us.”

“Well,” Mr. Davis said, thoughtfully, “how can I get Christ?”

Mr. Moody pointed to the floor. “Get down and ask Him for what you want.”



The wealthy man straightened in his seat. "But I was never on my knees in my life," he protested. "I have been cursing all the day, and I don't know how to pray or what to pray for."

"Yes, it is mortifying to have to call on God for mercy when you only use His name in oaths," Mr. Moody agreed. Then he looked at the miserable man and kindly laid his hand on Mr. Davis' knee. "But God will not turn you away. Ask Him to forgive you if you want to be forgiven."

Without a word, Mr. Davis slid to the floor. "O God, I'm sorry for the life I've been living. I'm asking for your mercy," he prayed. "I want Christ in my heart. I want to live right, just like the preacher has been saying."

Mr. Davis arose, but the proud arrogance was gone.

"What shall I do now?" he asked.

"Go to the church and tell the people there that you want to be an out-and-out Christian," Mr. Moody replied.

"I can't do that," Mr. Davis said, swallowing nervously. "I never go to church except for a funeral."

"Then it is high time for you to go for another reason," Mr. Moody said, smiling. "Can I look forward to seeing you there?"

Mr. Davis hesitated, the old pride blocking his way. At last he took a deep breath and nodded. "I'll go," he decided. "But I don't know what the people will think."

The preacher laid his hand on his arm. "Don't bother about them. It is for Christ that you go," he said.

The next church service was a prayer meeting, and Mr. Davis rode in the carriage with his family for the first time. As he escorted his wife to a seat, it felt as if everyone turned to look. His heart thumped loudly as he tried to find the song in the hymnal. He hardly noticed when Mr. Moody took the seat in front of him and lead the singing of "Amazing Grace." "I must stand and ask for prayer," Mr. Davis told himself. "Right after this song, I must."

At last the terrible moment came. Mr. Davis stood and clutched the seat in front of him with trembling hands. "My friends, you know all about me," he said, huskily. "If God can save a wretch like me, I want to ask you to pray for my salvation."

That was the beginning of a new life for Mr. Davis. The week passed, and then

another. But the filthy words and bitter curses no longer were heard from his mouth. His sweet wife and loving children no longer cringed to hear his hasty bursts of anger. Instead gentleness and kindness begin to stamp themselves on his attitude and all he said.

"Mr. Moody spoke the truth," Mr. Davis told himself one day. "I have no desire to curse God or man, and those old swear words all sound repulsive. But what a great desire I have to serve God and testify of His goodness and mercy!" The months and years went by, and Mr. Davis became known as an earnest, active Christian. The wealthy man, who had so long been known for his swearing and cursing, was changed.

Revised from the testimony by D.L. Moody



Blessed Peace

I felt that the Lord wanted me to share this testimony. One night while my parents were watching a prophecy update video about the end times, I all of a sudden felt unpeaceful and a little frightened that Jesus is coming very soon. So I went to my desk, got down my Bible and began praying and asking God to give me a word. Then I opened the Bible and read a little. Then I prayed again and opened the Holy Word and read, but still I had no answer. The third time I opened the Bible, I got my answer. It was Philippians 1:5-6. God said that he is going to finish his work in me, and I am sooo happy. Praise be all due to the precious Lamb of God who died for our sins! - Niklanna, age 14 1/2



Love
Courage
Gentleness
Trust
Kindness
Faith

The Truth Test



As a child I lied to get out of trouble. After Jesus changed my heart I always wanted to tell the truth, but one time I got tested. I was working with my aunt on a house-cleaning job and we were both getting tired and thirsty. I went to get something to drink and there was only one juice pack left. "I'll give this to Auntie and just have water,"

I decided. When I handed it to her, she asked if I already got my juice. "Yes," I said, without even thinking. As I went back to work, I had a battle to fight. I didn't want to tell my aunt that I had lied to her. Maybe she wouldn't trust me anymore! But then God reminded me that it was more important to tell the truth, even than what she would think of me. He gave me the courage to tell my aunt what had happened. I am so glad that I did!

-Aunt Laura



Buried Treasures

God is always ready to help us - especially when we are in trouble or trial. Read these testimonies of how God helped others find joy and peace, even when things didn't turn out very well.

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



Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy

This past winter my cow, BUTTercup, suddenly got sick and God taught me some lessons in it.

One day my sister, Niklanna, and I went to go out and milk our cows, BUTTercup and Violet. We opened the barn door and I realized that our cows had gotten out of their pen and had eaten most of our grain. We got pretty startled and chased them back into their pen.

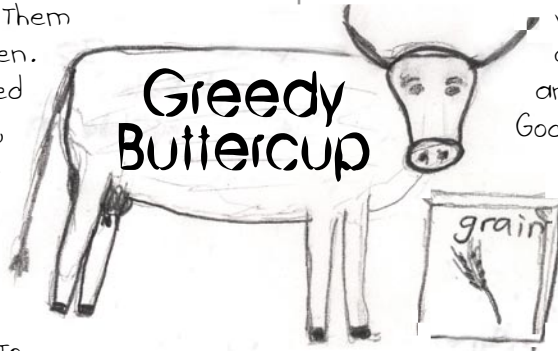
We then noticed that Mikey, our bull, and BUTTercup were already showing signs of sickness and they had extremely watery stools. We went to

go check on how much they had eaten, and we realized that they had eaten fifty pounds of grain (their usual portion is a few pounds)! We think BUTTercup ate most of it. We cleaned up the barn and milked the females. That night when we went to separate the calves, BUTTercup was acting very weird. She didn't want to come into the barn, so I had to pull her in with all my might.

The next morning she was sitting/laying down and couldn't get up. She tried to stand, but every time she tried she fell because she didn't have enough strength. I was pretty discouraged because I was sort of hoping she would get better by morning. During the day we kept checking on her and giving her molasses water to give her strength, but she grew steadily worse. Finally we decided to call a vet to do an emergency ranch call, but they couldn't come out

immediately. After Momma made some phone calls she called us children and we went into the living room to pray and ask what's God's will for us to do. After we finished praying Momma went out to check on her. When she came back in she told me that she had died. It sure startled me because I was expecting

that she would live. But when you are walking with God you find a lesson in everything, and here are the lessons God taught me:



1. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness." (Prov. 14:14) When someone is drunk they

are happy at the moment, but the next day they are sick. Even as BUTTercup was happy at the moment she was eating grain, but the end was death! And she didn't know it was coming.

2. BUTTercup was a very pushy and selfish cow (which means she was the boss of everyone or the alpha cow), so she got most of the grain while Violet got very little because she got shoved out of the way. Violet was the humble one, so she got blessed. BUTTercup died because she was the pushy one and got punished.

- Isabella, age 12

"Finally brethren whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." - Phil. 4:8



A BLOATING Blessing



This year I've had an experience that taught me how to trust in God more.

It all started when one of my bummer lambs bloated. I had heard lots of stories about bloating, but I didn't know how serious it was. I went out late one Sunday evening

to feed them. As I was walking to the barn, I started calling them. Mary, the female, started bleating loudly right away. But as I listened, I could only hear her. *Funny*, I thought to myself as I started climbing our fence into the pasture. I opened the barn door and to my utter dismay, there was my other lamb, Joseph, lying flat on his side. His stomach was enormous! "Oh, you poor thing!" I said to him. I offered him the bottle, but his foamy mouth told me right away that he didn't want it. I picked him up and brought him up to the house to Mama. "He is most likely not going to live," she said, sadly. We tried to give him a mixture to break down the gas, which was crushing his insides. It was very hard for me to see him suffer. But despite all of our efforts, he died.

The next morning I went out to feed Mary. When I opened the barn door, she was bloated worse than Joseph had been! *No!* I about screamed. *Not her! She's the only one left.* Mama said she was willing to call the vet to see if anything could be done. The vet said that something could be done alright, but it would cost a lot of money that we didn't have. Then, they said, that she might have a chance of living, but most likely not. The vet also told Mama that most bummer lambs don't make it past four weeks, if they didn't have colostrum. My lambs were just the right age, and they hadn't had colostrum.

After hearing all that, I looked down at Mary who was laying in my lap. *There is just no hope*, I thought. But then God told me that I was putting my trust in the vet. I realized that our situation could change if I trusted in God. I told Mama about my feelings and she said to take it to God. Mary was hardly breathing, but I prayed that God would do what He thought best. *If it is possible, please keep her alive. Amen.* After I prayed, I had a sweet assurance that God would do what He thought best.

Mama said I needed to put Mary in the barn, but for some reason I left the door open. Now, as I look back on it, I'm very thankful that I did. I came back into the house after putting her away, and Mama said that we needed to do some errands in town. I went with a heavy heart, knowing that most likely I would have to bury Mary when I got back. We were gone until about six-thirty in the evening. Mama drove down to the big barn so that I could put away the other animals. I went up to the field and started calling the goats and other animals. From the middle of the field I heard a baby voice calling. *It can't possibly be Mary!* I thought. Then all of a sudden, out of the middle of the field, she came running to me. She was skinny! She started butting me for food. Shocked, I started running to Mama, who was waiting in the van. As we ran up to the front of the van together, Mama stared out in amazement. I was jumping up and down, and almost crying for joy! Mama and I thanked God for His wonderful miracle.

- AutumnGrace, age 12



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 AND THANKSGIVING

Please pray with me for my friend. She is having a hard time in being friendly to some good, godly girls and tends to choose worldly friends.

- Niklana, age 14



I am so thankful that God revealed Himself to me and told me clearly that I am saved!! Please pray that I will live a prayer life. Also, that I am encouraged to share my testimonies to my friends and family.



I would also like prayer for my calf, Pumpkin Bill, in training him.

- Isabella, almost 13



I have a prayer request that my bunnies would have babies. I have been waiting for months for baby bunnies and God hasn't given me any. God has taught me a lesson that waiting makes the answer even more special.

- Paulina, almost 11

"Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." - Phil. 4:6,7



I am praying for God to move a big mountain (that is causing a lot of smoky troubles and trials). I am thankful that God cares about the problems in our lives, and He knows what to do to fix them. Nothing is too big for Jesus - there is nothing He cannot do!

- Aunt Laura

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ...ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; [and] it shall be done.

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

- Matthew 21:21-22



Jessie's Triumph

"I'll live for Him, who died for me..." Jessie sang while she washed the lunch dishes. Singing always made the work go quicker, and since she had given her heart to God the words seemed to mean a lot more. Now even doing chores and playing with her brothers and sisters was different because she wanted to please God. She didn't complain or argue so much. At least, most of the time.

It has been a good morning, Jessie told herself as she finished wiping the counters. I've got my work done quickly and didn't complain at all. Mama says I showed responsibility. Being almost twelve was quite a grown-up feeling, and this year she and her best friend, Melany, had planned a birthday party together. *Just five days left – I sure hope Mama can get my dress done. Maybe I can work on a gift for Melany...* But Jessie's plans were cut short when her little sister toddled into the kitchen, her face full of smiles and dirt.

"Where have you been?" Jessie scolded. Then she saw Mama's tipped-over orchid plant – and the pink flower clutched in Betty's hands. "Naughty girl – you ruined it!" When little Betty started to cry, Jessie realized how loud her voice had become. "See, you broke Mama's plant," she tried to explain, but the little girl went off sobbing. Mama came in to set things straight and in the end Jessie had to clean up the mess.

"It doesn't seem fair that I get in trouble when Betty broke her flower," Jessie muttered to herself. But she knew Mama was right – yelling had not helped. *Well, I didn't mean to get mad at her. It's just, just, so aggravating how the little ones mess things up!* Jessie excused herself. In her mind echoed Mama's words, "*Just think of how much God bears with us, and yet is always kind and loving. Do you like it when someone yells at you?*" No, it always made her feel upset inside. Jessie thought about how Jesus had forgiven her and in her heart she prayed to be more kind and loving.

Mama met Jessie in the hall with a stack of dresses to hang up. "Anna needs help putting her clothes away, too," she said.



"Okay," Jessie said. She looked at the stack of faded prints and thought of the birthday party. "Have you started sewing my dress yet?" she asked hopefully.

"I'd like to, but I haven't had a chance," Mama said, with a sigh. "Keeping up with the house and the little ones keeps me busy until bedtime."

"I have an idea!" Jessie said suddenly. "I can help with the little ones each afternoon so you can have time to sew."

Mama looked at her oldest daughter and smiled. "I don't know, Jessie. It seems like you would get tired of that pretty quick, and before long I'd be having to come and settle an argument."

"I'll be really patient and play things that they would all like," Jessie said, eagerly. "I just want the dress to be done in time!"

"Well, we could give it a try. This afternoon Brian is helping Dad, so it might work," Mama agreed slowly. "Finish putting away the laundry while I plan dinner. Then you can try to keep the younger ones busy and I will try to get some sewing done."

"I can do that!" Jessie said, grabbing up the laundry basket. As she helped six-year-old Anna fit her clothes into the dresser, her mind filled with plans. "Wouldn't you like to make cards?"

We could cut out pictures from the flower catalogs."

"Can I make one for Mama?" Anna asked.

"Sure!" Jessie said. "And I'll make one for Melany."

At that moment four-year-old Stanley came into the room, dragging his box of toy animals. "Can you play with me?" he asked.

Jessie's heart sank, but she tried to smile. "We are going to make cards. Won't that be fun?"

Stanley's big frown said that he didn't think so. But it was little Betty who set him off. As soon as she spotted the animals, she began pulling them out of the box as

fast as she could. "No!" Stanley shouted, trying to grab back his favorite tiger. "Betty, no!"

"Let's give her one and put the rest back in," Jessie said, quickly. She swung Betty into the empty laundry bin and smiled at Stanley. "You can play with the animals on the table. Remember how we made a zoo yesterday?"



Soon everything was set to rights again and Jessie sighed with relief. But the moment she had set up the card-making supplies, things began to go wrong. Betty began fussing and wanted up. Then she tore the prettiest flower in half, right when Jessie was cutting it out of the catalog. Jessie was trying to tape it back together when Anna needed help with the glue. "Wait a minute," Jessie said, but it was too late. When she turned around the lid was off and a pool of glue was spreading all over the table.

Anna stared at the mess in horror, but Jessie was not impressed. "I told you to wait!" she said, jerking the bottle from her sister's hands. Quickly she tried to scoop the glue back into the bottle.

"Get a rag so we can clean up this mess," she commanded, trying not to sound as irritated as she felt. Anna slowly slid off her chair and Jessie watched her disappear into the kitchen.

"I want you to play with me," Stanley called from the other end of the table. His bright eyes peered over his line-up of animals. "You have to come to visit my zoo, 'member?"

"I can't right now!" Jessie cried, feeling quite exasperated. Her hands were sticky with glue and Betty was still fussing, this time surrounded by pieces of catalog pages. Jessie wondered how Mama ever had patience. "Don't be a slow poke, Anna! The glue is drying all over the table!"

"I'm not a slow poke," Anna retorted, tossing a dripping rag onto the table.

"Look, you are making a bigger mess!" Jessie scolded, angrily. "And you've ruined my picture, too!"

"I'm going to tell Mama that you aren't being nice!" Anna said, stomping out of the room.

So, once again, Mama had to come and set things right. When Jessie was sent off to change Betty's diaper she felt like a failure. "Now Mama will never believe that I can do it," Jessie moaned to herself. Soon Betty was clean and happy again, but even her chubby

smile didn't lighten Jessie's heart.

"Dad just called to say tha he'll be getting home early," Mama said when she came back into the dining room. "Please finish cleaning off the table so Anna can set it for dinner. I'll have to put the sewing away now and make biscuits."

Jessie's heart sank. *Now Mama won't be able to sew my dress. And there are only four more days left...* She tried to push the gloomy thoughts away. A brightly-painted verse hung on the wall - "In everything give thanks." But all she could be glad for was that Dad was coming home. She would tell him all about the terrible afternoon. Dad always seemed to know what to do when things went wrong.

It was bedtime before she had time alone with him. Then the whole story poured out: her plan to help Mama out, and how everything had gone wrong when she had tried to be patient and kind. Dad gave her an understanding smile. "It sounds like the little ones made life kind of difficult for you."

"No matter how hard I try, I get so frustrated with them!" Jessie burst out. "And now Mama won't ever believe that I can do it!"

"Did you pray for help to love them?" Dad asked quietly.

Jessie thought back to her prayer to be more loving, and nodded. "I didn't want to get angry, and I tried to be nice to them," she said slowly. "Mama told me how God is so good not to get mad at us, and I want to be like that. It's just—just so hard to keep my temper!"

"You are right, Jessie," Dad agreed. "Keeping your temper with the little ones is too hard for you. You have so many good ideas that they mess up, and you want everything to go just right, and it doesn't. It sounds like a recipe for a lot of frustration."

Jessie bit her lip. Was Dad giving up on her, too? The tears spilled down her cheeks, and she tried to brush them away. Dad put his arm around her and pulled her close. "There is only one thing that is going to work," he said gently. "But you are going to have to give up your big plans first."

Jessie thought of the dress and the party. The tears flowed faster now and her throat felt tight.



"Do you want to overcome your temper more than anything else?" Dad asked seriously. Then a chuckle came into his voice. "I believe Jesus has a better birthday plan for you than a new dress. He wants to give you a new attitude for service."

"What do you mean?" Jessie asked, brushing the tears from her face.

"The only way you can not get angry with the little ones ruining your plans is to give up your plans," Dad explained. "Instead of thinking of how to make them do what you want, you need to think about ways to bless them. Shall we ask Jesus to give you a heart to love them more than yourself?"

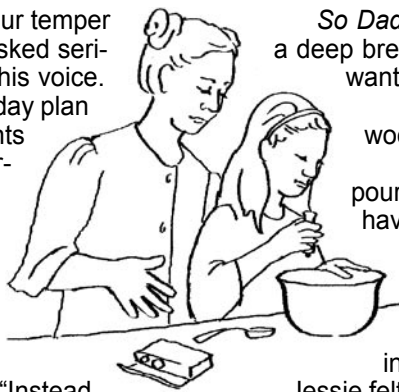
Jessie thought about it a moment, then slowly nodded. As she knelt down with Dad by the couch she felt like all her dreams were being dropped into a bucket with a big lid. Jesus was going to take them away somewhere. What would He do with them? She wanted to grab them back and make sure everything was going to turn out all right. "Help me to not think about any of my own plans," she prayed instead. "Help me to love the little ones and make them happy."

Dad kissed her good-night and Jessie went to bed. She didn't feel excited or gloomy. She didn't feel much like anything, except she knew that Jesus was happy. And somehow she knew tomorrow would be a better day.

All the next morning Jessie kept busy with chores and school work and so there wasn't much time to think about anything else. It was early afternoon when Mama mentioned the dress. "I think I can get the bodice done if I had an hour and a half to work," she told Jessie as they cleaned up the kitchen. "Betty and Stanley are still asleep. Would you like to make some play dough with Anna? It would be a fun activity for them."

"Okay," Jessie agreed, suddenly feeling a bit nervous. "Where's the recipe?"

Mama showed her what ingredients to use and helped Anna tie on an apron. "I'm sure you will have a great time together," she said, giving Jessie an encouraging look. "I know the Lord is going to help you."



So Dad must have told her. Jessie took a deep breath and smiled at Anna. "Do you want to measure or stir?" she asked.

"Stir," said Anna, picking up the wooden spoon.

Jessie carefully measured and poured the ingredients. "We only have green left," she said, peering into the food coloring box.

"We can make it peppermint-scented. Won't that be nice?"

"I want to put the coloring in!" Anna said.

Jessie felt like saying she was too little, but Anna's eager look changed her mind. "Okay, just be careful not to squeeze too hard."

They were cooking the dough on the stove when a wail came from the bedroom. "Betty's awake!" Anna said. "I'll go get her up."

"That will be a big help," Jessie agreed. "Try to keep her happy while I finish cooking this." But the next moment Anna came back with her fingers pinched over her nose.

"She is really stinky!" Anna said in disgust. Betty's wails were getting louder, and Jessie knew that Stanley would soon wake up. Why couldn't Anna just quiet her down? Just as the frustrated words came to her mind, Jessie remembered what Dad had said about loving. "Jesus, help me to be patient and kind," she prayed.

"Tell Betty that I'm coming," Jessie told Anna. She stirred the thickening dough quickly and then turned off the stove. It was time to take care of the little ones, and Jessie suddenly felt happy. She was triumphing over her temper!

That afternoon had plenty of challenges for Jessie. Betty needed a bath, and then Stanley wanted one, too. He had woken up in a sour mood, so Jessie decided to let him. "But I thought Mama said we could do play dough," Anna said.

"I don't think —" began Jessie, then stopped. Stanley was already pulling off his clothes and her arms were full of towel-wrapped Betty. She took a deep

breath and smiled at Anna. "That's right!" she said merrily. "Bring me Betty's diaper and then you can get out the cookie cutters. We'll play with play dough while Stanley has his bath."

"No!" said Stanley. "I want to play with play dough, too!"



"Well, if you get your clothes back on," began Jessie.

"But I want a bath!" wailed Stanley.

"How about play dough after your bath?" suggested Jessie.

"No!" Stanley said, stubbornly. He was so unreasonable that Jessie had to smile. But what could she do to keep him happy? He sat and pouted while she quickly dressed Betty. When she went out to help Anna, he began to wail again.

"Do you want animals in your bath?" she called, hopefully. Stanley didn't answer, but at that moment Brian came into the room. He was holding a big Lego plane he had been building and suddenly Jessie had an idea. "Brian, can you help Stanley with his bath? Maybe if he sees your plane, he'll get in a better mood."

Brian frowned. "I don't want my plane to get wet."

Jessie felt a little impatient, but she kept her voice calm. "Just show it to him – he doesn't have to play with it."

"Okay," Brian agreed reluctantly. Soon the wails in the bathroom stopped and the motor of an airplane could be heard instead. Jessie felt very thankful. She plopped Betty into her high chair and gave her cheerios while she watched Anna make mint-green pancakes and star cookies.

Jessie was pretending to taste a three-layer star cake when Mama came into the room. "How is it going?" she asked, with a smile. "I'm ready to check the sleeve length now." Jessie looked up in surprise. She had forgotten all about her birthday dress!

"Perfect," Mama said in satisfaction, as she held the bodice against Jessie's back. "Do you think you can keep them busy another half hour? You are doing a great job, honey."

"Oh, sure," Jessie said, a warm feeling filling her heart. "We are having a good time, aren't we, girls?"

Anna nodded and Betty smiled. Suddenly it didn't matter whether she had a new birthday dress or not. Jes-

sie had something much better. Jesus had given her victory over her temper, and that was the best gift of all.



Selfishness is an attitude that the devil uses to get us into trouble. Loving ourselves always brings us to defeat. But how can we stop being selfish? By opening our hearts to a different kind of love – a love that is victorious! The Bible tells how it works: "**And they overcame him (the devil) by the blood of the lamb, and by the word of their testimony: and they loved not their lives unto the death.**" (Rev. 12:11)

The first part says, "by the blood of the Lamb." Jesus was the Lamb of God that came to take away our sin. Have your sins been forgiven? God doesn't forgive us because we deserve it. No, we can never be good enough or smart enough! You see, God doesn't love us because of how great we are, but because He is good and faithful (Deut. 7:8). When He sees us tangled up in sin and selfishness, He wants to rescue us. Even when we have been doing things that He hates, God

VICTORIOUS LOVE

wants to save us. When you receive God's forgiveness, then you begin to learn about God's unselfish love.

The next part says, "by the word of their testimony."

Do you have a testimony of God's love to you? Maybe you feel like you *have* to do right or else you'll get in trouble. God has something better for you – He wants you to serve Him because you *want to*. God loves us because He wants to. And it isn't because He is selfish and wants you to do good things for Him. God wants you and I to be His children so that we can be safe and happy. He delights to care for us and give us everything we need! Now what if you say, "Thanks, but I'll just take care of myself"? How would that make Him feel?

You see, God loves us with everything He is – His thoughts, His plans, His affection, His strength. And He wants you and I to love Him



in the same way, because that is the only way we can be kept safe. God's love is a victorious love, because nothing is too hard for it. No problem or need stops Him from loving. No person is too bad or problem too big for God's love! Do you want to trust God's love for you, and start loving others like He does? Maybe you have been like Jessie in the story – you are thankful for what God has done for you and you want to love others, but some attitude of selfishness keeps getting in the way. Maybe you feel angry or jealous when you really want to be kind and patient. Can you have victory over your temper, or fears, or other bad habits? Yes!



There is one last secret to God's love that makes it unstoppable. It is the last part of the "overcoming" verse – can you find it? What do you think that means? Of course, we naturally love our lives. We don't like to suffer or die. But if we "love not our lives to the death" we are saying that we are willing to suffer or die because something else is more important than "me." What is that? Yes, God's love. You see, you have to let God's love be first, the most important, or else it won't be able to lead you to victory. Remember the game "Follow the Leader"? The one in front is the leader that everybody follows, right? And if God's love is our leader, then we'll never be defeated!



Think about Jesus for a moment. He had feelings and desires like we all do. But did He live selfishly? No, Jesus knew that would bring Him to defeat. He had to keep God's love first. When the devil tempted Him to try to look impressive and get others to like Him, what did Jesus do? He filled up His mind and heart with God and His love. Instead of trying to figure out how to be good and great, Jesus gave everything to His Father to take care of (just like Jessie gave up her plans and dreams) so He could just love and obey God. In Philippians 2: 8 it says, "He humbled himself and became obedient unto death." If Jesus had done things His own way, would He have died on the cross? No. But instead He prayed, "Not my will, but Thine be done." That was the only way to victory, and it is the only way for us, too. Anything else that we set our heart on - even trying to do "good things" - will trip us up and defeat us. Are you willing to die to your own dreams and desires so that you can let God's love triumph in you?



Use the first letter of each picture to spell the missing words

"Thanks be to

_____ , which giveth us the _____



through our _____

Jesus Christ!" (1 Cor. 15:57)





Dear Reader,

We trust this issue will give you help and encouragement in living for Jesus. Our King triumphs over all sin and selfishness, and He has power for us to live victoriously, too. Do you want that in your life? That is our hope and prayer!



Do you have something to share or questions to ask?

We are glad to receive your letters and emails. You can also call 503-769-7567 and ask to talk to "Aunt Laura."



For older ones who want to be challenged and encouraged in Christian living, *Foundation Truth* is published for youths and adults. Online issues and other literature are available at timelesstruths.org.



We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, and their daughters: 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 63

Winter 2014

<i>Parable</i>	1
- Lion on the Hunt	
<i>Question for Life</i>	2
- How Can We Resist the Devil?	
<i>Let Me Tell You</i>	3
- How Mr. Davis Stopped Swearing	

Buried Treasures	- Blessed Peace	<i>middle section</i>
	- The Truth Test	
	- Greedy Buttercup	
	- A Bloating Blessing	
<i>A Place for Prayer</i>		

<i>Live and Learn</i>	7
- Jessie's Triumph	
<i>Think About It</i>	10
- Victorious Love	
<i>Jesus' Example</i>	11

Treasures of the Kingdom

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*How many monkeys can you find?
There should be 103 including this one:*

Hint: there is a baby
on the front cover.



SEND TO: