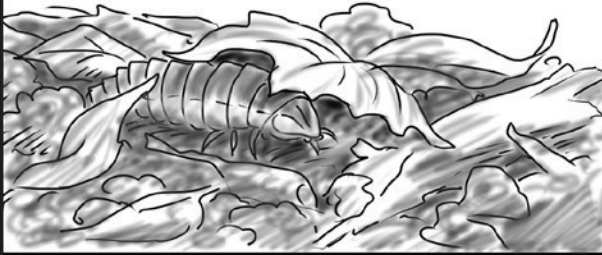


Treasures of the Kingdom

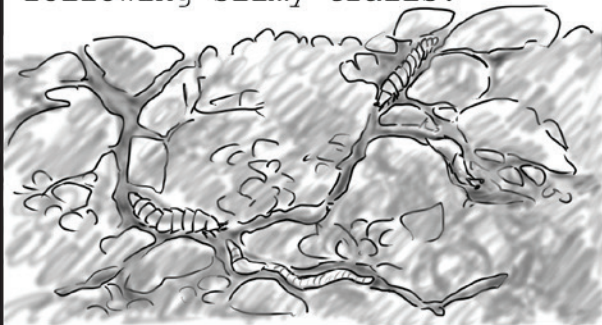
Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

The TWO LIVES of a FIREFLY

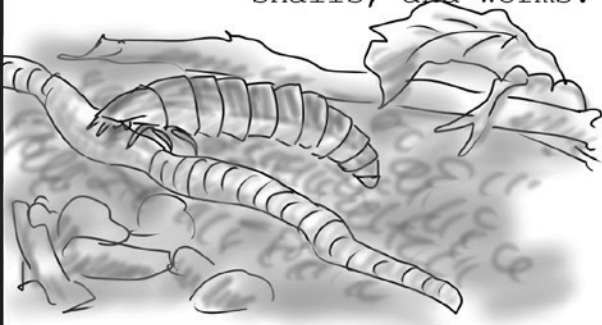
The larva lives in the earth.



The larvae spend their time following slimy trails.



The larva lives to eat slugs, snails, and worms.



The beetle lives above ground.



The beetles spend their time flying or resting on plants.



The beetles live to flash light in the darkness.



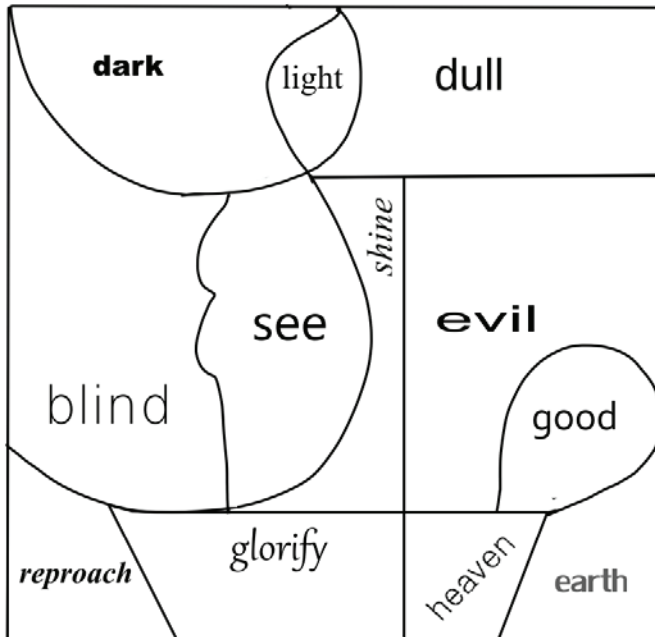
Think About It: Above AND BENEATH

In "the two lives of a firefly" there is a parable for us. Did you notice how the larva and beetle live very differently? It reminds me of what Jesus said in John 8:23: "Ye are from beneath; I am from above: ye are of this world; I am not of this world." Who was Jesus talking to? The Pharisees and others who didn't believe that Jesus was God's Son. God had sent Jesus from heaven to show them His love and give them power to become children of God (John 1:12). But they didn't believe that He had power to save them from their sins, so of course they couldn't get much help.

You see, people who live "from beneath" only believe things that they can see and feel. Sort of like the firefly larva – they crawl around with their own ideas of what they want to do and what they think is right. That is how all of us start out. Thinking that what we know and what we want is what life is all about. The Bible calls this "our natural man" (1 Cor. 2:14) because that is how we naturally are. But just as God meant for firefly larva to turn into beetles, God sent Jesus so that we can be changed into new creatures, too.

What kind of life will you live if you believe in Jesus and are born "of the Spirit," as John 3 describes it? Well, for one thing you won't just be thinking of yourself any more. If you realize how much God loves you then you will want to please Him. Just like the firefly beetles live up in the air and sunshine, God gives us spiritual life so that you can live up in "the heavenly places with Christ Jesus." (Eph. 2:6) Instead of crawling around with your own problems and bad attitudes all day (just imagine them as slimy slugs and earthworms!), you can spend time listening and talking with Jesus. Soon you will learn how to "fly" by faith. That means you will trust God's power and love to take care of you, rather than your own hands and feet. And then you will have a testimony to share of what

God is doing in your life, just like the fireflies flash their lights in the darkness!



So what life are you living today? Jesus said, "ye shall die in your sins" (John 8:24) to those that were living to please themselves and didn't believe in His power to change them. That is a very sad ending, because it means always being separated from God in hell (Luke 16:23-36). How much better to be transformed by Jesus and receive spiritual wings and a light to shine! Then you can always live in God's joy and peace.

Color the "beneath" words black and the "above" words yellow. Use the yellow words to fill in this Bible verse:



"Let your _____ so _____ before men, that they may _____ your _____ works, and _____ your Father which is in _____."

Becky's Bramble

"Mom, why do Todd and Benny always throw fits?" Jessica asked, thinking of the two foster children in their home. "It makes everyone miserable – and they don't get what they want anyway."

"You are right," Mom said. "Anger and wrath are terrible problems. When someone has given them a place in their hearts, you can't stop them just by trying. Just like the thistles in the pasture that Joseph and Dad have been trying to get rid of."

"They've kept coming back, even when we chopped them down and burned them," Joseph agreed. "Even poison didn't stop them for long. I've heard you have to dig out the roots to really kill them."

"And that's true with any besetting sin, including anger or lying or covetousness," Mom said. "It only can really be solved by dealing with the root problem. That's not easy, because it is usually buried beneath a lot of pokey and difficult behavior."

"Well, it seems like they are pretty much like thistles," Jessica agreed with a sigh. "I just feel like locking them up in their room when they get going."

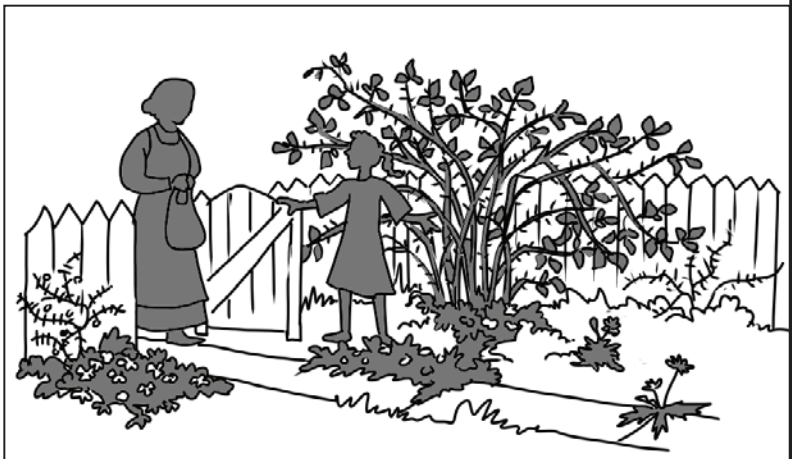
"But it isn't the people that are the problem," Mom pointed out. "It is the sins that are ruling their lives. I have a story that may help us understand it better."

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL named Becky who lived in a little town called Peopleville. Everyone in that town had their own little yard to grow their own gardens. Of course, when the children were little their parents did most of the work. But Becky was 8-years-old now, and so she felt she could care for her garden quite well by herself.

The yard had many things growing in it, to be sure. Carefree clover and do-as-I-please dandelions were scattered everywhere. Sticky cleavers tangled along the fence, but the biggest plant of all was a great bramble bush that filled nearly half the yard. Becky's garden looked more like a wild thicket than anything Mrs. Wise had ever seen. But she

One day Mrs. Wise came down the road and saw Becky in her yard. "How is your garden growing?" asked Mrs. Wise.

"Very well," said Becky. "Come see my flowers!" So the friendly lady stepped through the little gate and looked around.



only said politely, "Where are the flowers you wanted to show me, dear?"

"Right here," Becky said. And sure enough, several sunshiny marigolds were blooming along the walk, and a little climbing rose had opened its first bloom by the front door. "Grandma gave me that," Becky said with a bright smile. "She calls it a 'Ready-to-Go rose.'"

"But where did you get this?" Mrs. Wise asked, pointing to the bramble bush.

Becky thought a moment. "I don't know," she said. "It's been growing there ever so long. I guess I've had it since I was born!"



"Yes, those prickly pests are the plague of Peopleville," Mrs. Wise said quietly. "But if you don't get it out, Becky, it will soon choke all your beautiful flowers."

Becky frowned. "I don't mind it there," she said. "And if it grows bigger, I can cut it off with these clippers that my teacher gave me." And Becky snipped off a bramble leaf to show Mrs. Wise how they worked.

Mrs. Wise shook her head. "That won't do much good. Brambles grow so fast that you'll be snipping all the time. You must kill that plant if you don't want your garden ruined for good, Becky."

All the next week, whenever Becky walked down her garden walk, she thought

of what her neighbor had said. "But I don't want to kill that bramble bush. It is the biggest thing in my garden and has such pretty leaves!" Becky told herself. Of course, it was the biggest thing because it grew quite well all on its own. Since Becky didn't like to care for her garden much, she didn't notice how fast the bramble bush was taking over.

It was when she wanted to pick some flowers for her teacher that Becky started to get worried. "Oh, dear! My little marigolds are all getting covered up," Becky said, looking down in dismay. Then "ouch!" as she reached under a bramble leaf to pick a golden flower. She pulled out her hand and looked at the red scratches. "That hurts! I'm

going to snip you off, you bad bramble!"

Becky ran for her clippers and cut off the tip of the bramble branch. But the bush looked just as big and bushy as before. "Maybe Mrs. Wise is right," she thought. "You do grow too fast!" With that, Becky began cutting off every branch she could reach.

"What are you doing, Becky?" Mr. Green said, looking over the fence. "Pruning your favorite bush?"

Becky had to smile. "Mr. Green, you are silly!" she said. "This is a bad bramble, and I'm cutting it down."

"Is that so?" Mr. Green said with a smile, but then he got serious. "Those little



clippers don't look very strong, if you ask me. Can they cut through this big branch stealing over my fence? I don't want any of your bramble in my yard!"

Becky looked up in surprise. Sure enough, one of the tallest stalks was climbing right out of her garden! "I'll cut it off," Becky said quickly. But as she stepped closer to the fence, thorny branches caught on her clothes.

"Ouch!" Becky said, for the second time that day. She tried to pull away and found that a second bramble had tangled in her hair. "I think I'm stuck," she said in a small voice.

Becky heard Mr. Green chuckle. "Sure enough, you are," he said, and came around to help her out. With a couple snaps he broke the branches and pulled them off of Becky. She was covered with scratches and nearly in tears before she got out of that mess!



Becky didn't answer. She knew he was right, but the idea of killing the bramble bush seemed too hard. "I'll just stay out of its way, so I won't get all scratched up again," she told herself.

But the bramble bush wouldn't stop growing. It was only a couple days later that it tripped Becky's friend when she

came to visit. "What a horrid garden you have!" Stormy cried. "I'm not coming to play with you anymore!"

"I'm sorry!" Becky said. She ran to get her clippers, but Stormie had left by the time the naughty branches were snipped off.

The next day Becky's trouble got worse.

The mail-carrier was riding his bike past her gate when something got tangled in his wheel spokes. Suddenly he was tumbled into the road and the mail went flying everywhere. "It's that bramble of Becky's that did it!" Mrs. Sharp said, as she called the emergency. "That girl's going to be the death of somebody if they don't deal with her wild ways soon! I'm going to give her folks a piece of my mind."

And Mrs. Sharp did. Then Becky's folks gave her a piece of their mind and she was sent to her room. She sat on her bed and felt sorry for herself. But that didn't get rid of the bramble bush. Out in the yard that night it just kept on growing.



"I'd get some weed killer if I were you," Mr. Green said, as he turned to go. "That bramble's too big for you to handle!"



The next morning Becky looked outside. "Oh!" she thought, "That bramble is almost to my window! What if it comes in and smothers me while I'm asleep?" She rushed outside with her clippers. For nearly twenty minutes she kept busy snipping off the branches closest to the window.

"Good job, Becky," called her mother. "Why don't you try my habit-cutting hoe. It will cut off those vines that are getting all over the walkway." So Becky did. Her back was hurting by the time the path was cleared.



Mother was pleased, but Mrs. Sharp wasn't. "She hasn't done anything about those thorny thief-vines under the fence!"

she called from across the street. "Get that girl out here to cut them off before I call the police!"

"She must've forgotten," Mother said. She quickly sent Becky out to the street to chop off the invaders.

Of course, Becky was already tired of the chopping she had done all morning. "What a pain!" she told herself, as she looked at the vines popping up outside her fence. Her bramble was truly causing her more trouble than she had counted on.

"All too true," Mom said, as she stopped reading the story.

"But that isn't the end, is it?" asked Jessica.

"No, but we will save the rest for later," said Mom. "For now, we can think about the allegory."

"I think the bramble is Becky's besetting sin," said Joseph. "Like the thistles we were talking about."

"The more she tries to stop it, the more it grows and causes trouble," added Jessica. "How is she going to kill it?"

"Mr. Green told her to get weed-killer," pointed out Joseph. "I think that must mean salvation, since it kills the weeds of sin. I suppose that Mr. Green is a Christian who is trying to help Becky get saved."

"I like Mrs. Wise, because she is kind," added Jessica. "Not like Mrs. Sharp, who only wants to get Becky in trouble."

"Mrs. Sharp doesn't have a gracious attitude," agreed Mom. "But people do need to see how bad off they are before they can get help. I think Becky is beginning to realize that."

"I guess that's what Todd and Benny need to realize, too," Joseph said thoughtfully. "They don't believe me when I say that throwing a fit just makes things worse."

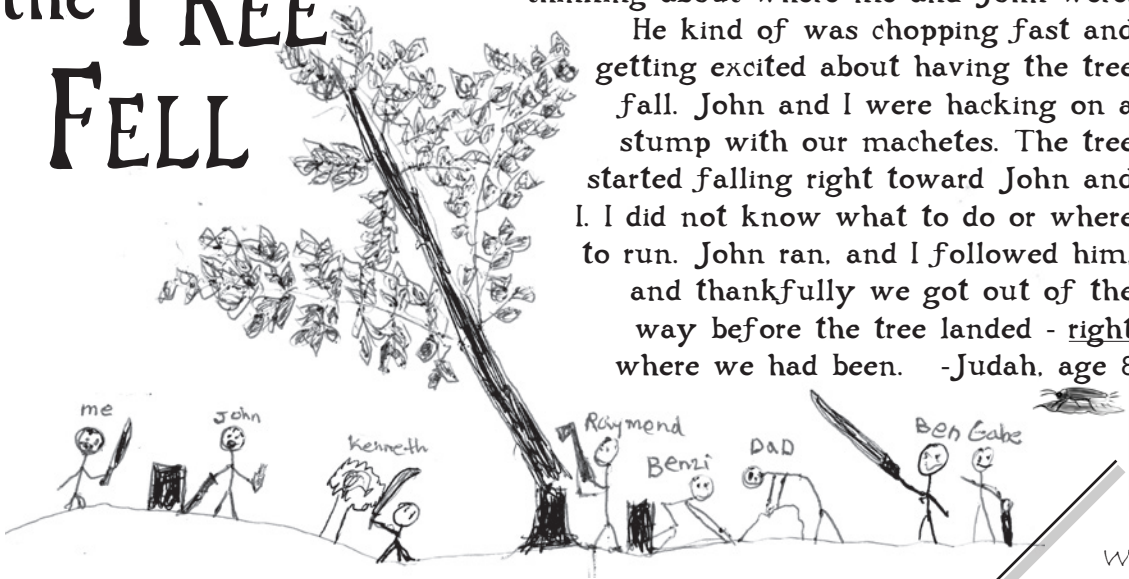
"Let's keep praying that they will want something better," said Mom. "In the meanwhile, God can help us to suffer long and be kind."



When the TREE FELL

One day me and Dad, with some other people helping us, were clearing the land for our house and garden. Raemon was chopping a tree down without thinking about where me and John were.

He kind of was chopping fast and getting excited about having the tree fall. John and I were hacking on a stump with our machetes. The tree started falling right toward John and I. I did not know what to do or where to run. John ran, and I followed him, and thankfully we got out of the way before the tree landed - right where we had been. -Judah, age 8



GOD IS ALWAYS WITH US

Last year in December my dad passed away less than 2 weeks before Christmas. I have two younger siblings and I am homeschooled. My mom is trying to raise us three and keep things moving steady. Life is hard but I know God is good.

Despite how bad it is, God is still blessing us everyday. He has helped me with my dancing, given me a chance to go to college, and is helping with more. He is helping my mom through this process and helping my siblings. God is good. Despite the bad I know God is always with us.

-Hannah, age 13



We can have many kinds of trouble in life, but God is always there to care for us and give us His treasures. In death or danger, sickness or learning experiences God will bless and help!

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

My Plan, and How God Directed My Steps



Back in December I got excited with starting a new flock of sheep. I invested in two bred ewes with plans for saving lambs from them. My parents also got several other sheep at the same time, and I was in charge of them. When the lambs were born I chose a speckled lamb and a black-faced lamb, named Blossom, to keep. But then one of my ewes, Rosemary, started limping. I treated the hoof and wrapped it, but it didn't get better. One night I took a look at her hoof again and saw a piece of loose hoof. I peeled it off and it revealed a hidden infection that looked a lot worse than it did before. I wondered if it was hoof rot, which can be very contagious. I was thankful that Rosemary was locked up. The next day, as I was walking down to the mail box, all the sheep came running over to me (looking for grain) and I noticed that Blossom was limping. Her mother, Juanita, was already limping, but it hadn't spread to any of the other sheep and I didn't think it was hoof rot. Now I started feeling concern and went and told Momma.

She told me to smell Blossom's foot to see if it smelled the same as Rosemary's. I smelled it. Sure enough, it smelled the same way. I told Momma, tearfully, yes it was. We researched it and found that Rosemary had hoof rot. Momma said hopefully that we could try to treat them with a zinc dip, but if they didn't get better we would need to sell them all. We found that most of the sheep's hooves smelled of rot. I started feeling really sad and thinking that all my plans were falling apart. Momma pointed out to me that this showed what was dear to me. She encouraged me to go ahead and take care of their hooves by dipping them in zinc. As I was dipping their feet and trying to take care of their problems, I had this peace come upon me. I was totally fine with selling them, because God was in control and He was trying to test me to see where my heart was. That night, out of all nights, a man came and bought the two ewes that were having hoof problems, which was a big blessing! I didn't get as much money as I had hoped to get before, but I was totally fine with that. The next two weeks we kept the sheep locked up, and now Blossom is fine. Our friends gave us some lamb replacer so I could bottle feed her after her mom was sold. Now all the sheep are healthy and don't have hoof problems. And even if they did, I would be content because I know God is in control. I had made a plan, but God directed my steps. - Isabella, 14



When God Healed My Kitty

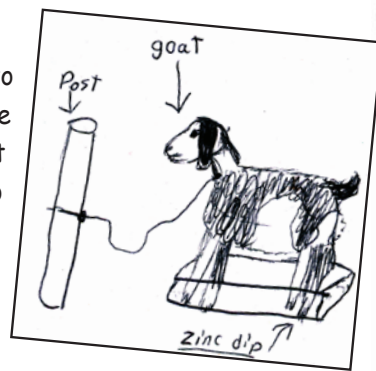


We have an orange kitty. Her name is Lightning. One time when I was playing with her I accidentally slammed her in the door. She was hurt very bad. She was scratching her head, flipping around, and meowing, too. Mama said, "We need to pray for her." Dad and Mom prayed with all of us boys. When Daddy went back out to check on her, she jumped up on his lap and started purring. Then she went to sleep. The next morning when I got up, she was fine and she played with me, Judah, and Rean. God helped her. - Josiah, age 5



Trust in the Lord

This spring we thought our sheep had hoof rot. I wanted to make sure my goat, Polyanna, didn't have hoof rot. But when we smelled her hooves, they smelled the same way as the ones that did have hoof rot. I started crying because she was a dear pet to me and she was going to have babies in June. If she had foot rot, Momma said that we would have to get rid of her. When we were dipping the sheep hooves, I was praying that God would make me content to sell her. In that time He gave me the verses: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." After praying, God made me completely content to sell her. About a week later, when we checked her hooves again she had no hoof rot and her hooves looked as healthy as ever. Praise the Lord! - Paulina, age 12



Two years ago I wanted to build a zipline, but I didn't have the supplies for it. I sent a prayer request that I would be patient until God would give me one. God answered that request. This past winter, when my Poppa was at his construction job, the man he was working for gave him a long strong rope. Poppa brought it home and gave it to me. I was excited, because now I could build a zipline! I started looking for a good tree to start it on. I found a maple that was good

for climbing and strong. I climbed up the tree with the rope connected to me and I tied it on. I scrambled down from the tree and carried the other end to a small birch tree. Before I strapped it on, I needed to build a seat that was attached to the rope on a pulley. As soon I got it done, I took a strap and tied it on the rope and put a ratchet connected to the tree. Then Poppa helped me tighten the rope so the seat wouldn't sag and hit the floor. I was afraid to try it out because I didn't know if it would break. I called Poppa over to catch me if it broke. Then I jumped on the seat from the maple tree and swung off. It made my heart drop, but it held me! I flew all the way to the bottom of line. I tried it out lots of times with my siblings. It was really fun! I've switched the zipline to other trees since then. One time I made it too steep and high, so my sisters and I went down and smashed through the branches at the bottom and hit the ground like a rock. I learned how to be more safe after that. I'm thankful that God answers prayers. - Elijah, age 10

Love
Courage
Gentleness
Trust
Kindness
Faith

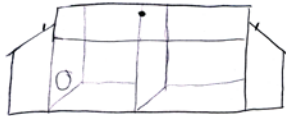
Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy

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!

REQUESTS AND THANKSGIVINGS

I am thankful for God revealing my hidden faults so that I can be more humble and rely on Him more than myself. Please pray that I will be a blessing to my family and others around me. - Isabella, 14



Recently my Momma and Poppa had been making new rabbit tractors for us. On April 7th they finished the last one. I am very thankful for them. They work very nicely! I'm also thankful that God has been blessing my bunny

business, and for our cow, Violet's, very yummy milk! Also, a duck we got from our neighbor, named Noah, disappeared after we put him in our pond. I was praying that he would come back because he was quite a fun pet to have around. A few days later, when I was walking down the driveway, I saw Noah swimming in the pond! - Paulina, 12



I am thankful that the Lord has been teaching so many things in everyday problems. He helped me learn about a problem that I had (that I didn't even know about), through my horse. Praise the Lord! - Niklanna, 15



I am thankful that God didn't let it snow this last winter, because Momma was starting her garden and it wouldn't have grown if it had snowed. - Elijah, 10

In our area of India there is still persecution going on - so pray for the safety of believers, pastors and missionaries. - Pastor Paramjyothi



God's Surprise Present

One of my rabbits recently had accidentally been bred to our buck. I was very concerned about it, because she already had babies that were 3 weeks old. On March 31, which is my birthday, God gave me a very special surprise. I saw a little fur on the outside of her pen. When I reached inside, I pulled out one, two, three, four, five and surprisingly six, seven, eight, and nine babies! That's the most I've ever had! One of them was dead at birth, and another was a little deformed, but the other ones are healthy, whole, and very fat!

- Paulina, age 12



A Place for Prayer

Rocks that Shine



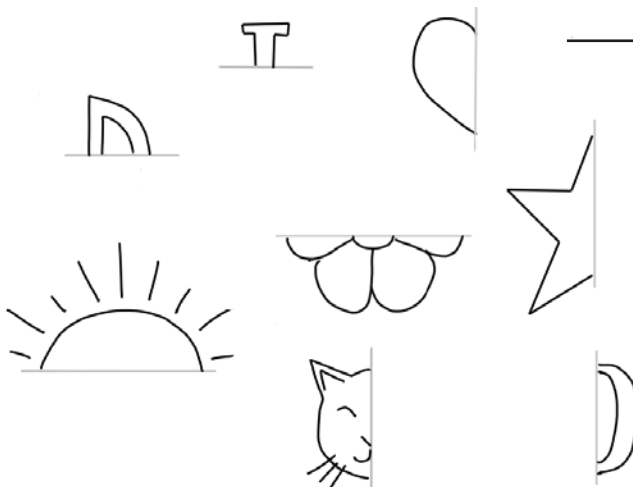
Today I have some dusting to do. Can you be my helper? This shelf has a lot of little things to dust off. *I like these rocks*, you say. *Look how pretty and shiny they are when I wipe them off!*

Yes, I like polished rocks, too. Bright and shining things get our attention because they produce light. How can our lives be like these shiny rocks? *Maybe if we are cheerful and helpful*, you suggest. And how can we do that? *With God's help*, you say. Yes, we need God to shine us up – or we will be all dull with with the dust of complaints and selfishness!

You know, these rocks are beautiful because they reflect the light. When God made the world, do you remember the two kinds of light He made? One shines because it is always burning, like a giant fire. *The sun!* you say. Yes, and that is also the way that God's brightness is. He is so holy and good that no sin or bad attitudes can stand before Him, just like the sun chases all the darkness away.

But the moon doesn't produce its own light by burning. *Doesn't it shine because of the sun?* you say. That's right – the moon reflects, or shines back, the light of the sun. *So why is it sometimes a curved shape?* you ask. Because that is the only part that the sun is shining on. The moon is only made of rock and can't shine by itself, just like these rocks. *But sometimes it be so bright that it is hard to go to sleep!* you say. Isn't that amazing? Like the moon, our lives can shine brightly, too. That is, if we reflect God's “sunshine” goodness to others instead of just absorbing it.

What does “absorbing” mean? you ask. To absorb light means to take it in and keep it, instead of shining it back. That is how many people do with God's mercy and love to them. They take it all in to themselves and act very selfish, like a big black hole. *I don't want to be a black hole*, you say. Neither do I. So let's start reflecting some of God's goodness. While we finish our work, let's sing a praise song!



Reflecting Praise

Can you draw the **reflections** for these pictures? Copy the lines in the opposite direction, like in a mirror. Now use the three letters that you made to fill in the blanks for this song:

G _ _ _ S
S _ G _ _ _

Digging Deeper: How should being a “reflector” of God affect us? Read 2 Corinthians 3:18 to find out!



Do you want to live for God, but feel worried that you aren't doing very well? Maybe bad thoughts and fears come to your mind. You want to do right, and you are glad to pray and read the Bible, but then something goes wrong and you get discouraged. That's what it was like for Kaboo...

Kaboo's Heavenly Adoption

The hot afternoon sun beat down on the field where several African boys were working. "Kaboo, are you going to the Bible lesson tonight?" Tomi asked, stopping by his friend who was busy picking. "Miss Knolls said that she has a new song to teach us."

Kaboo's brown face lit up with a smile. "Sure I am," he said. "I will hear more about God, our Father, and Jesus who came to save poor boys like us." As Tomi left to empty his bucket, Kaboo whispered again the wonderful words, "God, our Father." He knew that his Heavenly Father was nearby, even though the teenage boy couldn't see or feel Him. That was a comfort to the lonesome boy.

Kaboo's earthly father was an African chieftan, but he was far, far away. "If I go see him, I know I will be captured again," the boy thought, fearfully. Only a few months ago he had been the helpless prisoner of a cruel enemy chief. "You will be beaten every day until your father pays me all that he owes!" the drunken chief had said. But when Kaboo's desperate father had brought everything that he had, the greedy man was still not satisfied. Kaboo remembered his father's hopeless eyes when he looked at him for the last time. He had left him to suffer alone, because he was too poor to save his son! The memory brought a terrible darkness of fear and hate over Kaboo's heart, and he buried his face in his hands. "It was bad, very bad," he muttered to himself.

Then Kaboo remembered the day that the wonderful Light from heaven had come to him and told him to flee. "That was my Deliverance Day," he whispered, lifting his eyes to the sunshine once more. He had been so miserable and weak that he wished he was dead, and then suddenly he had strength to run through the forest to freedom! "God, my Father, did that for poor Kaboo," the boy said aloud. "But I did not know that it was You, Father, until I came here. Then Miss Knolls told me about the Light, and how Jesus can save us from hate and fear. Now You are my Father, and Jesus is my Brother. This is good, very good."

The sun was setting behind the trees and it was almost time for the Bible class to begin. Kaboo lifted his full buckets and stretched his long legs to catch up with Tomi. "I want to tell others about God, our Father," Kaboo told him.

"Many are afraid and full of badness and hate, but Jesus is good. He can save them and show them light from heaven, because He loves them. I want to tell them, like Miss Knolls told us."

"That is good, Kaboo," agreed Tomi. "You will be a good missionary, like Miss Knolls."

"No, I am not like Miss Knolls," Kaboo said, sadly. "I am not so good. Sometimes I think bad thoughts and hate the bad chief who hurt me. That is not what Jesus said I should do. Jesus said I must love my enemies."



That evening, as they listened to Miss Knolls and sang songs, Kaboo did not feel happy. After the lesson was over, he spoke to his teacher about it. "Can you talk to God, our Father, for me?" he said. "It is bad that I am such a no-good boy."

"What has happened?" asked Miss Knolls kindly.

"I think a bad thought," Kaboo said. "Jesus said to love my enemies, and I think it is too hard. Jesus said to tell others that God is love, but how can I? I want to tell them, but I no-good. You are good. Will you talk to our Father about it?"

"Yes, let us pray," said Miss Knolls. "Dear Father in heaven, Kaboo needs help. Please show him how much You love him. Thank You for saving him and forgiving him. Help him to forgive his enemies and pray for them."

"Yes, Father," added Kaboo. "I thank You always for saving me. You are good and You forgive poor Kaboo. Now I will pray for the bad chief. He doesn't know You, Father. Show chief that drink is bad. Show him light from heaven. Help Kaboo's poor father, who has nothing. Father in heaven, You have everything. I thank You for Your love. Help poor Kaboo to have love, too."

"Amen," said Miss Knolls, with a smile. "God helped you to love your enemy when you prayed for him, didn't He?"

"I think so," said Kaboo. Then he smiled, too. "Yes, I do love him. I am glad I talked to my Father about it!"

"Keep talking to your Father, Kaboo. He will help you to do what is right, because you are His child," Miss Knolls encouraged him.

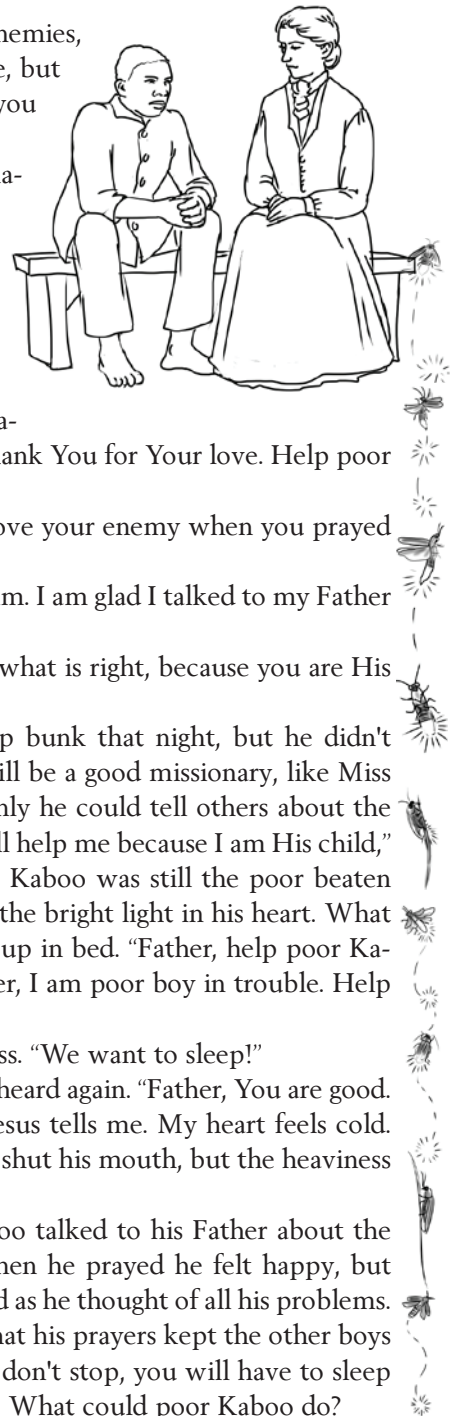
The bunkhouse was dark when Kaboo crawled into his top bunk that night, but he didn't feel sleepy. His mind was full of the thoughts of the day. "You will be a good missionary, like Miss Knolls," Tomi had told him. Kaboo wanted that very much. If only he could tell others about the good Father who loved them! "Miss Knolls said that my Father will help me because I am His child," he reminded himself. But deep inside, far back in his memories, Kaboo was still the poor beaten boy who was afraid. Dark fears and anger seemed to fight against the bright light in his heart. What could poor Kaboo do? He felt scared and alone. Suddenly he sat up in bed. "Father, help poor Kaboo!" he said out loud. "Bad thoughts are making me afraid! Father, I am poor boy in trouble. Help poor Kaboo, Father!"

"Shhh! Can't you be quiet?" someone muttered in the darkness. "We want to sleep!"

Kaboo tried to be quiet, but soon his pleading voice could be heard again. "Father, You are good. Help this poor boy. I don't learn well. I don't remember what Jesus tells me. My heart feels cold. Help me..." The boy in the bunk below shook the bed and Kaboo shut his mouth, but the heaviness in his heart didn't go away.



For many nights after that, Kaboo talked to his Father about the needs in his heart. Sometimes when he prayed he felt happy, but many times he felt sad and afraid as he thought of all his problems. And one of his problems was that his prayers kept the other boys in the bunkhouse awake. "If you don't stop, you will have to sleep outside!" they warned him at last. What could poor Kaboo do?



“Miss Knolls said that we should be hungry for good things from God,” he told Tomi at lunch break the next day. “My body is hungry for this food, but my heart is even more hungry for good things from God. I cannot stop asking, because Jesus said that if I ask, I will receive.”

“True,” said Tomi. “But when you pray, you are keeping everyone awake. Is that good?”

Remember what Miss Knolls told us about Jesus, after He fed so many people? Then He went away to pray by himself.”

“That is good,” Kaboo agreed. “The other boys need to sleep. Tonight I will go away to pray by myself in the woods. My Father will talk with me there.”

And that is what he did. One night, as Kaboo sat under a tree in the dark woods praying, he thought about all the trees around him. “I am just like one little tree in all the woods, Father,” he said. “How can You love one little tree, like me? I am not a big good tree. I can't do much. You are a big, great Father. Jesus said that You love the little birds and You love me more. My father loved me, but he couldn't save me. You love me, and You saved me. But I am a poor boy and can't do much good for You. Help poor Kaboo.”

Slowly he stood and walked with tired steps to the bunkhouse. It was past midnight, but his mind could not rest. As Kaboo lay in bed, his heart continued praying. “I

need You, Father. I have nothing. I am nothing. Father, please take this nothing. I give it to You. Your love and power can make it into something good.”

All at once the room started to get light. Kaboo sat up and looked around. Was it already morning? No, the others were still sleeping. Brighter and brighter the light became until it seemed to lift Kaboo right off of his bed! A thrill of love and power filled the dark-skinned boy. Kaboo smiled. Then he shouted. “Thank You, Father! You are so good to poor Kaboo! You said that You love him that is poor and little. You have good plans for me and will give me everything I need. Now I know that I don't need to be afraid, because You have adopted me!”

“What has happened?” asked a voice from a nearby bed. “Why are you shouting?”

“My Father is here and He has adopted me!” Kaboo said with a joyful laugh. “Do you see the light?”

“You are crazy,” the boy replied. “It is the middle of the night and you are waking everyone up.”

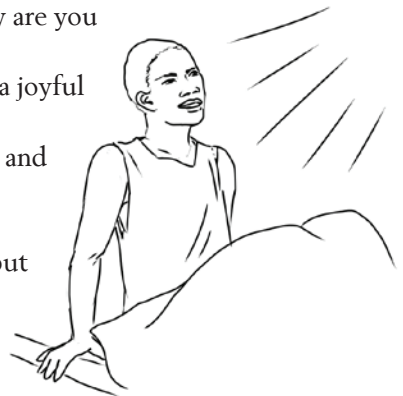
“Is something wrong?” someone else asked, sleepily.

“No, it is good!” Kaboo replied. The room was dark again, but his heart was full of light. “My Father is good and I am thanking Him!”

“He is crazy,” muttered the boy beneath Kaboo.

“He's been out in the woods and a devil has gotten into him!” said another voice, fearfully.

“There is no devil here, but my Father is here,” Kaboo replied calmly. “The devil brings hate and fear, but my Father is stronger. He is the Heavenly King and I am not afraid anymore.”





It was not long after this that there was a baptism service at a nearby river. Kaboo was one of the new Christians that stood on the riverbank to tell his testimony. Before he followed the minister into the water, Miss Knolls spoke to him. "Now that Jesus has forgiven you and given you a new heart of love and peace, you will have a new name, too," she said. "There was a good man who taught me to love and serve Jesus. I will give you his name: Samuel Morris."

Kaboo's brown face glowed with happiness. "I am not Kaboo anymore," he agreed. "I am now Sammy, and I will teach others to love and serve Jesus. My Father will give me everything I need, because He is the Heavenly King."

And it was true. Sammy was a new boy after that. He was no longer afraid or lonely, and when he thought of the cruel chief who had made him so miserable, there was no bitterness in his heart. "My Father fills me up with good things and there is no room for bad things here," he said to Miss Knolls one day, patting his chest. "I want you to teach me more of the good things from my Father. I want to the other missionaries teach me, too!"

His patient teacher smiled at him. "Yes, Sammy. We will teach you the good things God has promised in His Word. You are learning to read and soon you will read the Bible for yourself."

Reading was still hard for Sammy, but he was eager to learn. After spending the day working, he would go to visit one of the missionaries and listen to them teach from the Bible. One day he learned about the wonderful promise that Jesus gave in John 14. "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever," he heard.

"Jesus was telling his disciples that He would soon return to the Father in heaven, and they were sad about that," the missionary explained. "But Jesus said they should not be sad, because God's own good Spirit, called the Comforter, or the Holy Ghost, would come to stay with them."

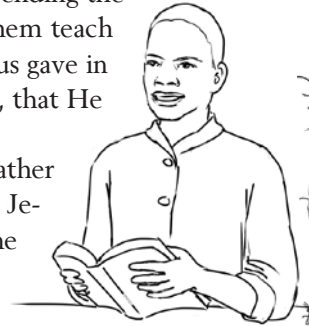
"Stay with them all the time, and not leave them?" asked Sammy. "That is good!"

"That is right," the missionary agreed. "We need God's Comforter to be with us and give us power to do what is right all the time. Our Father will give us the Holy Ghost if we ask him."

"Sammy has the Holy Ghost, the Comforter," the boy said, with a bright smile. "Once I was poor Kaboo who loved Jesus, but bad thoughts often made me afraid. I asked my Father to take this poor boy and help him. And then my Father came with a bright light. He adopted me to be his own boy. Now I know the Holy Ghost is here," Sammy said, patting his chest. "I am glad that He will stay with me and never leave me. I want to learn more about the Holy Ghost!"

"Yes, now you will learn even more, because Jesus tells us, 'He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you,'" the missionary told him.

"I am a poor boy and don't know much, but that is okay," Sammy said. "My Father has given me the Holy Ghost to teach me. He knows everything, and that is good!"



Treasures of the Kingdom

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Dear Reader,

We praise God for the joy and peace He gives in the midst of hard times! Isn't it wonderful that God wants to lift us up? The devil works to destroy us and make us miserable, but Jesus brings "life more abundantly" (John 10:10). Are you taking God's way and letting Him shine into your heart?

Do you have something to share or questions to ask? We are glad to receive your letters and emails.

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.

The paper is freely sent to those that request it. You will be kept on our mailing list unless you request otherwise. If the Lord leads you to send anything, please note that since we are not a business we cannot cash checks made out to *Treasures of the Kingdom*.

In the King's service,
The Editors

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SEND TO:

*How many firefly beetles can you find?
There should be 97 including this one:*



Number 67

Spring 2015

| | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Comic | 1 |
| - The Two Lives of a Firefly | |
| <i>Think About It</i> | 2 |
| - Above and Beneath | |
| Parable | 3 |
| - Becky's Bramble | |

Buried Treasures

- When the Tree Fell
- God is Always With Us
- How God Directed My Steps
- When God Healed My Kitty
- Trust in the Lord
- Zipline Adventures
- A Place for Prayer*
- God's Surprise Present

middle section

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| <i>Lesson from Life</i> | 7 |
| - Rocks that Shine | |
| <i>A True Story</i> | 8 |
| - Kaboo's Heavenly Adoption | |