

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

With Rosie and Daniel

At the Palace Gates

— The King's Servants —

Rosie was seven now. Seven had seemed to be such a wonderful grown-up age—until Mommy had asked her to help Daniel and Irene clean the screened porch. Now the day was spoiled, for cleaning the porch wouldn't be any fun at all! A bunch of flower pots were piled under the picnic table, and the table was stacked with dirty jars, paint cans, and Chad's half-finished model airplane. The shelves were covered with spider webs, and boxes were everywhere.



"This is too hard to clean," she complained to Daniel, who was poking around in a can of rusty nails. "It will take days and days to finish!"

Irene came in the back door and smiled at them. "Well, let's try to make the best of it," she said, as she set down a large box in the middle of the floor. "This can be for garbage, and there's a wheelbarrow outside the door for things that go in the shed." They both watched as their 13-year-old sister knelt down and began rummaging through a box.

"Come, Rosie," Daniel said suddenly, getting to his feet. "We can pretend that...that this is a castle, and we have to clean it for the king."

"Yes, let's!" Irene agreed. "The king is gone, and we have to get it ready before he comes back."

Daniel's eyes sparkled with fun. "We are the servants, and a wicked enemy has messed everything up...and now we've finally gotten rid of him, but we have to hurry before the king gets back." He snatched up the broom and poked it at Rosie. "I'm the Chief Guard and so you better get to work, miss!"

Rosie felt a small smile creep onto her face. Maybe this would be fun after all! She quickly picked up a jar and looked at its dusty bottom. "And we must remember," she said, as most grown-up as she could, "that the king doesn't like one speck of dirt!"

Irene laughed, and said, "I guess we'll have to work hard then! Run Rosie, and see if Mommy—I mean the Chief Cook—wants all those jars clean."

From that moment, they were no longer Rosie, Daniel, and Irene in a dirty screened



porch, but busy servants in the castle of a king. And how fun it was! First, Irene, who was now Mistress Cleaner, set Rosie to work cleaning the “crystal goblets” (which were really jars), while she began cleaning off the shelves. The Chief Guard began sorting out the paint cans, tools, and other things that belonged in “the king’s store room” (or shed) and stacked them in the “horse cart” (wheelbarrow).

“Are there any more crystal goblets left?” Rosie asked as she wiped her hands on the red-checked apron Mom had given her.

“Not a single one!” Irene called gaily from the step-ladder, after looking about the room.

“What would you like me to do now, Mistress Cleaner?” Rosie said sweetly, as she dipped low in a curtsy.

Irene smiled and pointed at a box full of dusty fabric. “Little Miss, these fine linens need to be shaken out in the court yard,” she said, waving her dust rag grandly.

Outside, the sun shown through the golden-brown maple leaves, which were beginning to cover the grass and driveway. As Rosie shook out the cloth, she could see Chad working on the new chicken house behind the shed.

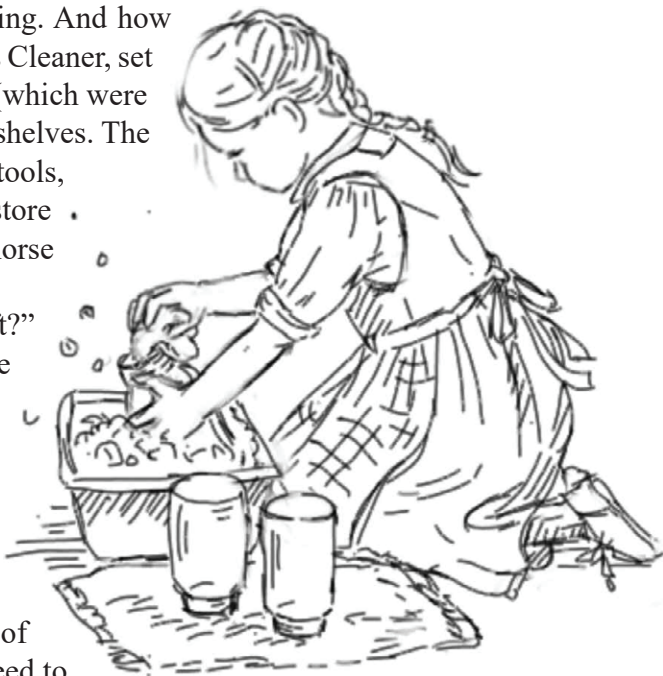
“Chad! Chad, guess what!” she called, flapping a blue calico in the cool air. “Do you know what we’re doing? We are playing that we are cleaning a castle—but it’s really the porch, and we are the servants of a king, and we have to clean it real nice before he gets back, and everything!”

Chad waved and called back, “Well now, that’s a great idea! I guess I’ll be the king’s Chief Carpenter who has to build him a bedroom before he gets back!”

Rosie giggled. To think that a king would want to sleep in a hen-house! She quickly shook out the last few pieces of fabric and hauled the box back in. Rosie jumped when the door slammed loudly behind her, but it was only Daniel.

“Ha, ha!” he laughed. “Did you think the king was back already?” Then he looked around the room and grinned. “I guess if we hurry, we’ll get every speck of dirt out soon!”

Rosie looked around at their “castle.” The messy piles of boxes and cans were almost gone. It was surprising how much fun it had been to work when they had made it into a game. She clapped her hands together happily, “Won’t the king be glad when he comes back!”



A VIEW FROM THE TOWER:

Whose Servant Are You?

"Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." Romans 6:18

In the story, Daniel and Rosie pretended to be servants of a king while they worked, but do you know that you can be a servant of a real King? This King rules the whole world and can see everyone. He is very loving and kind, but, like Daniel and Rosie's king, He doesn't like one speck of sin and dirtiness in our lives.

Now, there is also an Enemy that wants us to be his servants, too. He is a very different kind of ruler—he likes to trick people and tell them that his kingdom is fun and good, but then he locks them up in dark prisons. The Enemy doesn't like anything that is good and right. He wants to ruin people's lives and fill them with black sins.

From the beginning of time, the King of Right and the Enemy of Right have been fighting a great war. It is our choice to decide which side we will be on. Will you be the servant of the Enemy or of the King? Which one do you obey?

The Enemy tells you to do wrong things, but he likes to pretend they aren't so very wrong. He wants you to tell lies, to say bad words, to hit and fight, and to disobey

your parents. The Enemy is glad when you have a bad attitude and say mean things. When you do these things, you are his servant—locked up in his dirty black castle. But how can you get free?

Since everyone was being locked up in the Enemy's castle, the King sent His Son, called the Prince of Love, to set them free. Because the Prince of Love is stronger than the Enemy, He can set you free, if you ask Him. But you have to be sick and tired of having your own way and being mean and selfish. You have to be very, very sorry for all the wrong you have done, and really want to serve the King instead of the Enemy. Then the Prince of Love can set you free.

If you serve the King, you will find that His ways are good and He always tells the truth. He teaches His servants how to live right in His beautiful, clean castle. He shows them how to speak sweetly and be gentle and kind, like He is. His servants learn how to work cheerfully and obey. The King also shows them how to watch out for the Enemy, and to fight him when he comes along. In the King's castle everyone is happy.

The Bible is the King's letter to us. In it, He tells us many things about His kingdom and how His servants should live. He loves us very much, and He wants us to love Him, too. Will you be His servant?

When we are the King's servants, we can ask Him for anything we need. If you are tired or feeling grouchy, you can ask the King to help you do your work cheerfully. He is always happy to help us and wants us to go to Him. Every morning, go before the King's throne to ask Him for help and talk to Him. He likes to hear us tell Him when we are sad, or excited, or happy. The Enemy wants us to forget that the King loves us and has promised to take care of all His servants, but don't listen to him. Trust and obey your King, and you will find that a servant is the happiest person there is!

a praying mantis
waiting for a
meal



grasshopper



house fly



striped cucumber
beetle



Mantids

Do you want a praying mantis for a pet? A praying mantis, also called a mantid, is an insect. But it is not just an ordinary kind of insect. Mantids are interesting creatures that can pounce like a cat, turn their head like an owl, eat like a wolverine, and fly like a bird. Over in Asia some people used to keep mantids as pets, teaching them to eat from their hand. Would you want to keep one? Read on and see.

Most kinds of mantids live in warm climates, but the European mantid can live in the northern United States. When mantids hatch, they are only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch long, but they can often grow up to be more than 3" long—longer than your middle finger! God gave them coloring to blend in with their surroundings: from grass-green to light brown, like a twig. You probably have some of these fascinating creatures in your own yard, but you will have look very carefully to find one.

Mantids have big appetites. They eat all kinds of other insects, spiders, and even other mantids. Sometimes a very large mantid may eat a salamander or other larger creature. When mantids hunt, they sit with their front legs folded up until a bug comes along. Then they snap down on it with their front claws, and bring it close to their mouth so they can eat it. After their meal they carefully clean off their catching hooks, like you wash your hands.

Besides being fascinating to watch, these insects are also helpful. Because they eat bad insects, mantids are good to have in your garden and yard. God made insects in many shapes and sizes, but I think the mantid is one of the most interesting of them all. Just watch one for awhile and see for yourself!

A science project idea:
Keeping your own Praying Mantis

daddy
longlegs



If you want to keep one as a pet, you will first need a place to keep it. Try to find a container with a lid, but make sure it will have enough air. A large jar, a glass gerbil cage, a box with clear plastic on one side to look through, or a greenhouse will all work. Put some sticks and rocks in its new home so it has something to climb on.

Now you need to collect food for it. Mantids will eat anything that moves if it is not too big. Fields, gardens, under old logs, and in old sheds are good places to find insects and spiders. Grasshoppers, crickets, bad garden bugs, and daddy longlegs are all good to try. You can feed it with your fingers or tweezers. Move very slowly or the mantid will get frightened.

Don't keep more than one mantid together, or else they will probably eat each other. In the fall it may lay eggs. These look like a foamy mass attached to a stick or wall. Put the eggs out in your garden or flower bed, where they will hatch next spring. When you can't find any more food for your mantid, it would be best to let it go outside again.

In The King's Garden



wolf spider



Gems For Your Treasure Chest

a collection of projects, recipes, poems, and verses

I'm thankful
for leaves

They can learn to love the Savior,
Gentle answers learn to give,
Learn to crown with good behavior.

Every single day they live.

They can learn to sing the praises
Of the God who made them all,

Who in loving kindness raises

Even sparrows if they fall.

They can pray, and He will give them

Fresh supplies of daily grace;

And at last He will receive them

To His heavenly dwelling place.

- Selected from Primary Songs

Make a Thankful Tree

You can make a Thankful Tree to put on your wall this autumn. This is what you will need:

- brown construction paper and tape
- colorful fall leaves
- paper, crayons, and scissors
- a pen or pencil
- a thankful heart

To begin, make a tree trunk and branches out of the brown paper and tape it to the wall. Write "Our Thankful Tree" on it.

Now gather lots of colorful fall leaves from outside. See how many different kinds you can find. Didn't God make them beautiful?

Choose 3 or 4 leaves that have nice shapes. One at a time, put them under a piece of paper and carefully rub the side of a crayon over the paper. A leaf shape should show up on your paper just like the one you put underneath. Make many of them.

Cut out your leaf rubbings. Save them in a drawer or box to put up on your tree when you need them. Put all the other real leaves in a box, too.

Every day let everyone in your family choose a paper leaf. Each person should write something they want to thank God for on that leaf, and then tape it to your "Thankful Tree." Each day put some real leaves on the tree, too.

By Thanksgiving Day your tree should be full of many beautiful thankful leaves!

A verse to hide in your heart:

**"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see
your good works, and glorify your Father which is
in heaven."**

Matthew 5:16

Tales of Truth

“Tonight,” Grandpa said, as the children gathered around his easy chair, “I will tell you a story about Jesus. How does that sound?”

“Oh, yes, please!” Alice, Edward, and Sammy said. They listened eagerly as he began.

The Master of the Sea

Peter and Andrew were brothers that fished on the Sea of Galilee. One day Jesus had called them, and they had left their fishing boats to follow Him. Now they went with Him everywhere. Jesus taught His disciples many things, and they went with Him when He healed the sick. They often saw Him do amazing things. But one day they forgot what Jesus could do, and they became afraid.

All day Jesus had been sitting in a boat to teach the people who had come to listen by the sea side. When the evening came, He said to Peter, Andrew, and the other disciples, “Let us go over to the other side.” Soon the boat was sailing over the smooth blue water of the Sea of Galilee. But the water did not stay smooth. A storm came blowing across the sea and made great big waves that washed over the sides of the boat. It was dark and cold and the boat was filling with water, no matter how hard they tried to bail it out.

Peter and Andrew were afraid. All the other disciples were afraid, too. They knew that they would soon sink in the middle of that deep, dark sea. What could they do? Then they thought of Jesus. Where was He now, when they needed Him so much? Peter looked around, but all he saw were the white-topped waves and swirling water. His feet were wet, and the ship was tossing all about; where was Jesus? Why had He left them when they needed Him most?

Then they saw Him. He was sleeping in the back of the boat! Quickly Andrew went to waken Him. “Master, do you not care that we are going to sink?” he cried.

Jesus stood up in the tossing boat on that dark, stormy sea. “Peace, be still,” He commanded the stormy waves, and the waves obeyed! The water stopped rolling, the wind stopped blowing, and ship the stopped tossing. Everything was quiet and still on the wide dark sea.

Then Jesus spoke to His disciples, and said, “Why a re you so afraid? Why do you not trust?”

Peter, Andrew and the others hadn’t trusted that Jesus could take care of them when the storm came. They didn’t believe that He could help them. Now they were amazed, because the sea had obeyed Him and the wind had stopped. Don’t you think they should trust Him next time, instead of being afraid?

Mark 4: 35-41




The children all nodded as Grandpa finished the story. “Yes,” said Alice, “I think that they should.”

“But,” said Grandpa, “If you were in that tossing boat, you might have been afraid, too. Can you think of any time you have been afraid instead of trusting Jesus?”

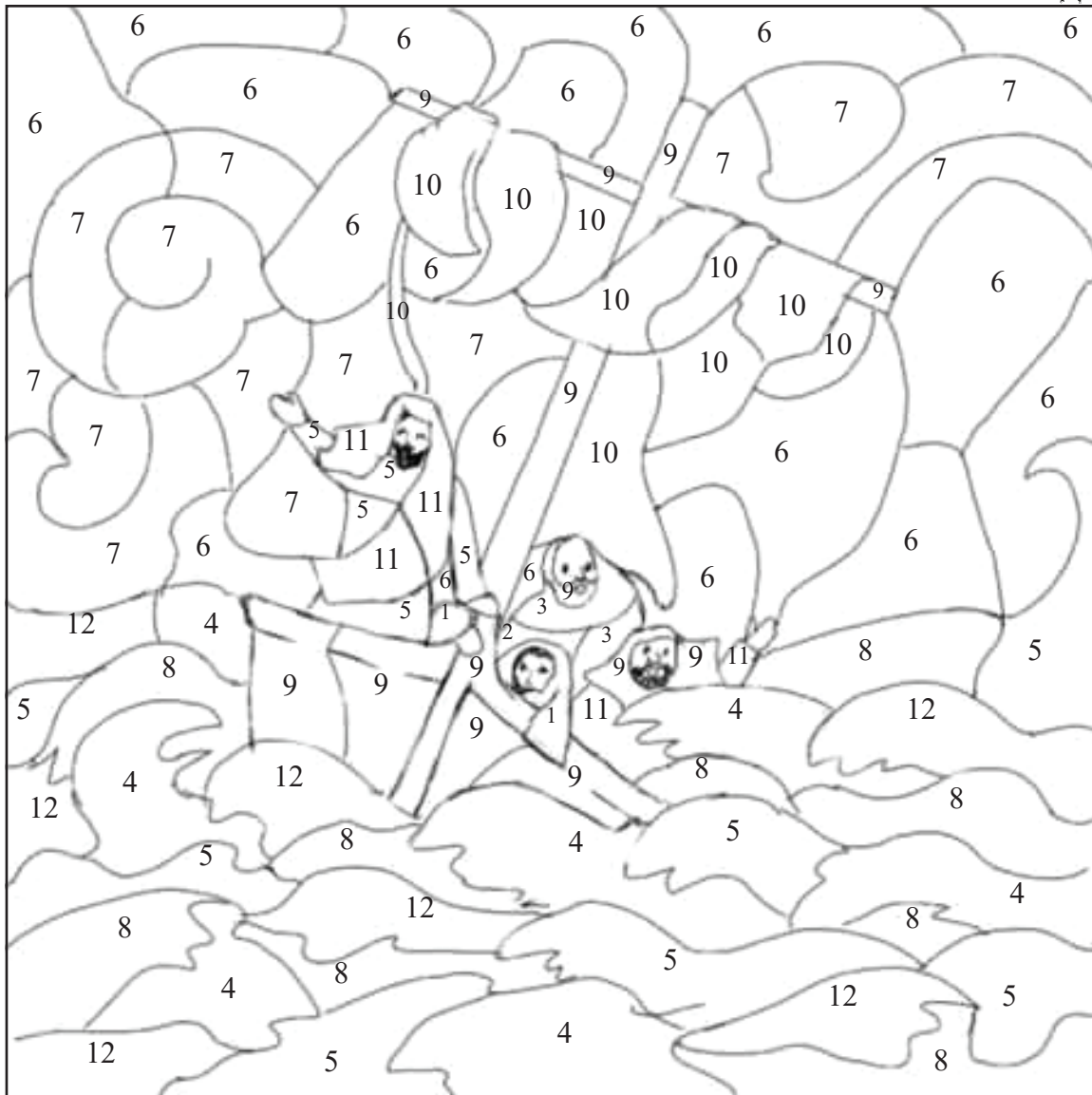
“Once, I was afraid of the dark, when I woke up in the night,” Sammy said.

“And when our puppy got sick,” said Edward; “I was afraid he would die.”

Alice thought awhile, and then said, “I used to be afraid that others would make fun of me.”

Grandpa smiled at them. “Don’t you think that Jesus can take care of us all the time, just like He did in the storm? We can call for Jesus, because He has promised to help us.” 

Color the picture by the numbers: 1=orange; 2=yellow; 3=light green; 4=dark green
5=dark blue; 6=dark grey-blue; 7=silver; 8=purple; 9=brown; 10=tan; 11=grey; 12=black



Jesus— the Conqueror

PART ONE

Note: This is a made-up story about a Jewish boy who lived in Israel when Jesus lived there. In the story, Ethan is pronounced “Ay-thawn,” Tobi is “Toe-bee,” and Mesha is “May-shaw.” A Rabbi is a Hebrew name for “Teacher,” and a Levite is one of the people God chose to specially serve Him in the temple. I do not think that Samaritans would live in Galilee, because the Jews disliked them so much, but I put one there for the story.



Ten-year-old Ethan leaned against a soft hummock of grass and looked around at the rolling Galilean countryside. Off to the left stretched the Sea of Galilee, and far away in the plain of Jordan, he could make out the busy fishing town of Bethsaida. Closing his eyes against the glaring sun of late summer, he could hear the contented grazing of the sheep nearby and the harsh cry of a raven farther up the hillside.

Had it already been five months since the Rabbi Jesus was teaching the great crowds on these same hills? Ethan remembered again the thrilling excitement he had felt as he watched him touch the sick and make them well. But most amazing of all had been that wonderful meal served to the whole crowd with only a few small loaves and fish. Surely this Rabbi was their Messiah, the one Father had said would come. Many had wanted to make him king then, but, to Ethan’s great disappointment, Jesus had silently disappeared.

All summer, Ethan had dreamed about this strange new Rabbi while watching the sheep. It must not be long until he would come back and gather an army together, like the men of the village had said. Then they would overthrow their enemies and become a great nation once again: free from the pestering Roman soldiers and those dirty Samar—

“Ethan! Ethan, that brown-eared sheep has gone wandering down the ravine again.” Ethan blinked open his eyes to glare at Tobi, the little Samaritan

boy that came running up the slope. How annoying to be interrupted from his great plans by such a little dog as he! But Ethan scrambled to his feet and hurried down the pasture with staff in hand, Tobi following at his heels.

Sometimes he enjoyed the company of the smaller, quiet boy, who often was more diligent in watching the sheep than himself. But Ethan wouldn’t admit that to anyone—not even to cousin Mesha, who always listened to his plans. Samaritans were all dogs, claiming rights that didn’t belong to them, and no Jew would be a friend to one. “This way—see it down there, next to that rock?” said Tobi, pointing off to the left.

“Of course I do,” Ethan replied sharply, scrambling down the bank. He could remember the time they had sold sheep in the village, and Tobi had come along. All the village boys had made fun of him and called him names because he had a Samaritan boy for help.

But as they made their way around the sheep and began herding it back up toward the rest of the flock, his anger cooled. Once more his thoughts turned to Rabbi Jesus and the kingdom, which he had said would come. The others had said that it meant great things for the Jews: freedom and power once again. Besides, Ethan was tired of watching sheep all the time. He wanted excitement, and it seemed that this was his chance at last.

* * * * *

“Ethan, where are you?” The gentle voice of a young girl floated through the evening breeze, and the shepherd boy jumped up from under a scrub tree to welcome his cousin.

“Over here, Mesha!” Ethan called, as he spotted the brown-robed form trudging up the slope between the grazing sheep. “Did you come all the way by yourself?”

“Papa brought me; I have some news to tell you!” Ethan could see the excitement on his nine-year-old cousin’s face as she climbed over the last few rocks between them. “You see, Aunt Elizabeth came to tell us that Uncle Andrew came home yesterday—and you know what *that* means.”

“The Rabbi has come back then?” Ethan asked eagerly.

“Yes,” Mesha said, “but he’s planning to go down to Jerusalem for the feast.”

“Soon?”

“I think so. Papa and Mama have been



talking about going along—”

“With Rabbi Jesus?”

“—And Papa is asking your folks if they want to go then, too,” Mesha went on.

“Oh, I hope they say yes!” Ethan exclaimed. “We must hurry to gather the sheep in. Come Tob!” The three children scattered to circle around the sheep and to start them down toward the lowlands, where Ethan’s house stood near the sheepfolds. Tob was not too bad, Ethan thought. That is, when he stayed in his place.

When they breathlessly entered the courtyard a half-hour later, Father was talking to Uncle Ruben. “He’s nearly eleven,” he said, “and has been excited as the rest of us over this man’s teachings. We’ll take him.”

“It’s settled then,” said Uncle Ruben. “We’ll hope to be seeing you all week after next, permitting you can find a shepherd boy....”

Ethan turned to Mesha in excitement, “That means I’m going, too!”

* * * * *

The morning was cool, and the ground was wet with dew as they set out from the city of Capernaum, three weeks later. There were at least a half-dozen other families who were going to the feast, along with Rabbi Jesus and his twelve followers. Ethan spotted the small figure of Mesha next to Aunt Elizabeth and ran over to join them.

“This is my first time down,” Mesha said, skipping along excitedly. “Before, I was always too small to go, Papa said. And oh, Ethan! I can’t wait to see Jerusalem and the temple, and....”

But Ethan wasn’t listening to Mesha, or the discussion of his older brothers ahead of them, or the bleating cries of the sheep behind. He was impatient with all this talk. What was the latest news about Jesus? What had he said about the kingdom? They were going to Jerusalem—would not this be the time for the Messiah to conquer?

“Aunt Elizabeth, could you tell us more about the Rabbi? About what he’s been saying and doing lately, I mean.” Ethan knew Aunt Elizabeth would tell them. She always had time to talk to them and tell them things.

“So you’re as eager as the rest of

us,” Aunt Elizabeth’s eyes twinkled. “Have you heard of the healing of the devil-posessed boy?” Ethan and Mesha listened eagerly as she told of the healings and travels of the Rabbi—and his strange words and teachings. His ideas were different, for he told them to forgive those that did you wrong, to be humble, and to be kind.

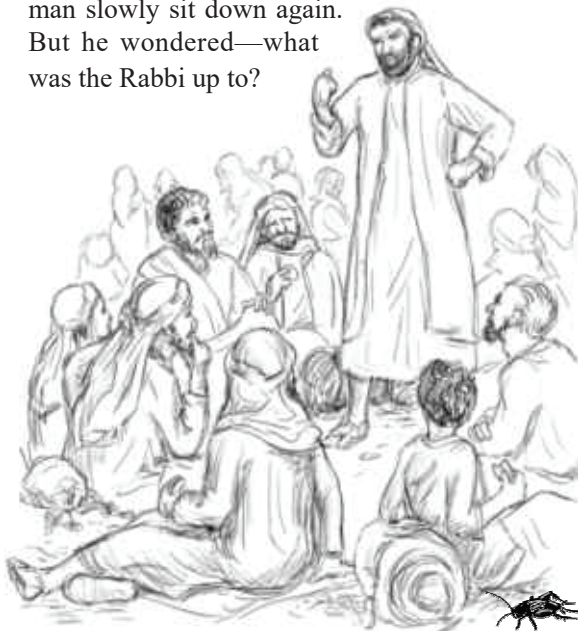
At noon they stopped to rest and eat along the shore of the Lake Galilee, which they had followed south all morning. As he sat eating, Ethan listened to the excited conversation of the men around him.

“This is going a little too far!” one man growled, standing up and scowling at the others. “Do you think we should put up with such a disgraceful idea—going through Samaria indeed!” Ethan looked up in surprise. No Jew ever went through Samaria if he could help it.

“I’d rather be a dead mule than take hospitality from a Samaritan,” another man agreed.

“But, the Rabbi must know what he is doing,” Ethan’s father said. Ethan looked up into his father’s calm face and saw his mouth set determinedly. “For myself, I’ll not make such a fuss.”

Uncle Ruben spoke up. “Go by way of Jordan if you want, but I don’t want to miss anything if Rabbi Jesus has decided to go through.” There were nods as the others agreed, and Ethan saw the scowling man slowly sit down again. But he wondered—what was the Rabbi up to?



For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps. 1 Peter 2:21

Something You Can Do

In the story "At the Palace Gates," Daniel and Rosie learned to have fun while they worked. You can do that, too! Here are a couple games to start with, but you can think of more if you use your imagination.

The Button Game: for Dusting

In this game you will need:

- 5 to 10 buttons
- a "Hider," to hide the buttons
- one or more people to be "Dusters"

First, the Hider should carefully hide the buttons around the room. Make sure the Dusters are not watching, so have them stay in another room. The buttons can be hidden in very hard places, but only where someone should be dusting.

Now the Hider should come out and tell the Dusters how many buttons are hidden. As the Dusters begin dusting, they should look carefully for the buttons. This is a rule: you need to be sure to dust off everything thoroughly, or else you won't be allowed to keep the buttons. To win the game, you will have to find all the hidden buttons and make sure there is no dust left in the room.

Another idea is to have the Hider hide a certain amount of buttons without telling how many. Then the Dusters will have to dust very well to be sure to find all the buttons. At the end of dusting, the Hider will count to see if they found them all or not.

This game can also be made into a test. When someone has to dust a room, hide some buttons without letting them know. Afterwards, ask them how many buttons they found. If they dusted well, they should have found all the buttons.

Good places to hide buttons: on books or bookshelves, on any dusty parts of wooden furniture, in or between knickknacks, under doilies (that need to be shaken out), behind or on anything dusty. You can also ask your mom for other good places.

Find the Thimble: for Kitchen Cleanup

Does your mom ever ask you to clean up a messy kitchen and you don't feel like it? This game might make it a little more fun. Singing also helps, so why don't you practice your new song while you work?

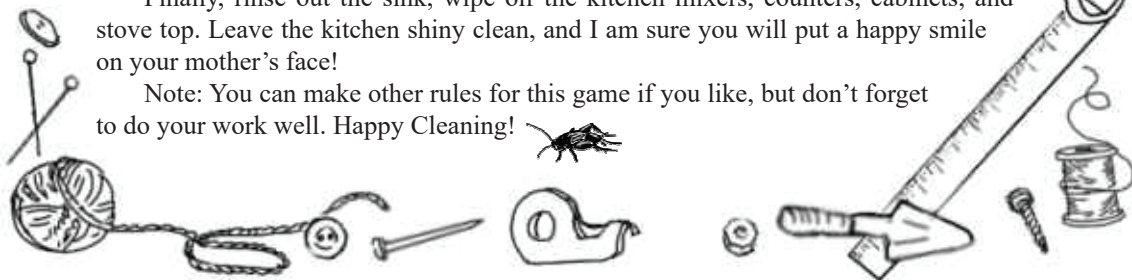
Ask someone else if they can hide a thimble among the dishes, kitchen machines, counters, or cabinets that you will need to clean. Then ask them to hide it very well.

To find the thimble, this is what you have to do: (if you are working with someone else, do this together) Begin by rinsing and stacking the dishes. While you work, look carefully, but you may never hunt without cleaning at the same time. After the table is cleared, wash it off.

Next, make up the dishwasher and begin on the dishes. (I like to let the silverware soak, then wash the cups, bowls, plates, and serving dishes. Last of all clean the silverware and large pots and bowls.) Keep your eyes open for the thimble! Even if you find it before you finish cleaning, don't quit. A good worker doesn't give up, but presses on until he is done.

Finally, rinse out the sink, wipe off the kitchen mixers, counters, cabinets, and stove top. Leave the kitchen shiny clean, and I am sure you will put a happy smile on your mother's face!

Note: You can make other rules for this game if you like, but don't forget to do your work well. Happy Cleaning!



I Have Learned... that Giving Brings Happiness

A few years ago, our daughter Kaya, who was 7 at the time, won a coloring contest for which she received a \$25.00 gift certificate. When we arrived at the department store to go on her "Shopping Spree," she immediately headed for the coloring books and crayons. After agonizing over the selection (a lesson in patience for mommy) she finally chose one and then spent a good deal of time choosing the perfect box of crayons. Then we headed down another aisle in search of a toy to go with the color book. This task taken care, of Kaya turned and asked me to help her add up her choices to see how much she had left over so that she could find something *she* wanted.

Surprised at the way she worded this, I asked, "What do you mean? Don't you want any of these things that we just spent an hour choosing?"

She very patiently explained, "No, mommy, these are for Kalina." As if I shouldn't have even needed to ask such a silly question! Kalina, her 4 year old sister, had not won any contests that year, and it was simply a given that Kaya would choose something for her sister before using the leftover money for herself.

Unselfish love between sisters is a wonderful, heartwarming thing! Mrs. White
Oregon

I remember that sometimes there was one cookie on the table. And me and my sister wanted it. I said, "You can have it." And my sister said, "You can have it." And so it went on.

Then, after awhile, we said, "We can split it in half." And so we did that, and we each got a half of it. It gave me a blessing because I shared with my sister.

Amanda Erickson
age 6, Oregon

Can you finish this verse?

_____ is more _____ to _____ than
to _____. (_____ 20:35)

Here are some clues:

The word that goes in the 3rd blank rhymes with "live," as in "I live with you." It is the key word of the verse.

The first word has only 2 letters.

The verse is found in the New Testament.

How I learned to Give Myself

One day a little boy came over with his mom and dad. He didn't have any sisters or brothers. I wasn't very excited about him coming, because he was loud and liked to play with cars. (It was about the only thing he liked to do.)

I played with him a while and then left my brother to play with him. My brother soon tired of playing with him and begged me to come and play with them. (I did not want to go be with them!) But I knew that God would play with him, and that he was an only child and didn't have many other children to play with. So I went and played with them. God helped me enjoy playing with him. And I was very happy and blessed.

Caroline Dysinger
age 12, Yemen

One day I went outside to pick flowers for the table. I decorated them, and then I put them on the table. Mommy felt nice that I brought flowers in the room. I was blessed from being in nature.

One day Mommy told Caroline or me to mop the hall, but none of us wanted to do it. Finally, after arguing for a long time, I said I would do it. I got a blessing out of doing the work. In the end, Caroline helped with it!

Paul Dysinger
age 9, Yemen



It was a huge green marble – the biggest that Martin had ever seen. It glowed with a green light, and if you held it in your hand, your hand would glow also.

Martin's marble bag was the biggest of all his friends. Mother had made him the drawstring bag so he could carry it on his belt. Martin had so many marbles that the bag was very heavy.

There were all kinds of marbles in that bag. There were cat-eye marbles of red, blue, green, yellow – even purple and orange. Some big, but most were smaller. Then there were the crystals. They cost more, but they were beautiful. Each of them glowed with a light, too.

It was no use to ask Mother to buy the big green marble. “You already have too many marbles,” she would say.

Martin knew that you always paid for things before you took them out of the store. But Martin did not have any money. Besides, Mother did not understand how much he needed that great, big, green marble. Mother was not a boy.

Martin picked up the big green marble. He looked at the green light on his hand. Then he put the green marble in his pocket. But he did not feel good inside.

In his bedroom at home, he took the big marble out and poured all his marbles on the bed. The big marble was more beautiful than all the others, even the other crystals. He lined them up on the window sill. The sunlight streamed through them and the big green one made the most beautiful light of all, but Martin still did not feel good.

“Martin,” said his Mother, “where did you get this big green marble?” She was standing in the doorway, and she looked very serious. “Did you take it from the store?”

Martin wanted to tell her that a boy had given it to him. But he knew it was not so, and Mother would never believe it. He felt like crying and wanted to hide under the bed. Finally he slowly nodded.

Mother looked so sad that Martin wished she could not see him. He wished that she would hurry up and spank him and get it over with, but she did not. She knelt down beside him and talked about stealing.

“God is watching us all the time, Martin,” she said. “He was watching you when you took that marble. He keeps a book in heaven in which He writes down everything that you do. When you took what did not belong to you, He wrote it down.”

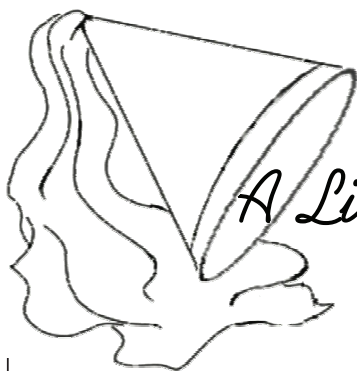
“God was very sad when He saw you do that. He wants you to be an honest person who will not take what does not belong to you.”

Martin felt really horrible now. He was about to cry, and Mother had not even spanked him. He wished so much that he had not taken that marble.

“Do you want to pray, Martin?” Mother asked. “Do you want to ask God to forgive you for stealing?”

Martin nodded. Mother helped him to pray. He asked God to forgive him for taking what did





Letters to *A Little Princess* from an older princess

My dear girls,

Patience is a lovely jewel. Sadly, very few girls have this rare jewel to adorn themselves.

The other day I was watching a little girl play doll house. She was having much fun when her little sister came toddling in.

The baby reached up and touched a doll lying beside the little house. Suddenly the little girl grabbed the doll, pushed her little sister on the floor and said, "NO, baby." Then she saw that the doll her little sister wanted was one that she could play with so she pushed it into her face and went on playing with her own things.

Is that not an ugly picture? If only the little girl had had some of the treasure called patience. The jewel of patience makes princesses very gentle and cheerful when things don't go the way they want. They do not grab, or act before thinking, and they never push others around when they have patience.

What is patience like? It is not like the

not belong to him. Then he felt a little better.

Mother got her coat and her purse. "Martin," she said, "we must take the marble back to the store, and you must tell the lady that you are sorry that you took it."

Martin cried; he did not want to go back to the store. The lady would know he was thief. Maybe she would even call a policeman!

"Can't you go, Mother?" he said.

"You must make your wrong right, Martin," Mother said.

At the store Mother explained what Martin had done. The lady looked at him, and Martin

felt awful inside.

In a low voice, full of shame, Martin asked her forgiveness. "I'm sorry I took it," he said.

The lady said it was all right. She told Mother how much she appreciated them coming back with the marble.

Martin felt much better. God had forgiven him; the lady had forgiven him. The marble was back where it belonged. Everything was all right again.

"I'm never going to steal again," thought Martin. And he didn't.

How many marbles?



golden dress of obedience, *-continued next page-* where everyone can tell if a princess is wearing one. It is not like the crown of love that glows on the princess' head. Patience is a very small jewel, and the only place it fits is right in your heart. There cannot be any patience that shows on the outside; it must be on the inside first. Then, as your patience jewel grows, it can be seen on your face and in your hands. It is what makes a beautiful, fine Princess. There are not very many fine Princesses. Most of them are simple princesses, that are lovely, but still not nearly as lovely as they could be. This is because they do not have the jewel of patience ever growing from the corners of their hearts. Do you want to be just a princess or a fine Princess?

Remember, to have patience, it starts in your heart. Get on your knees and ask your Father, King Jesus, for some patience, even if you don't feel that you need it right now. (It has to grow awhile once it gets in your heart.) How does patience grow? Well, it takes lots of prayer, lots of reading Bible stories, lots of singing songs to the Lord, and then it takes times of testing. What is a test? Well, it is like the story of the little girl playing doll house. That was a test that King Jesus gave her to see if she would use her jewel of patience. Did she pass the test? What do you think? Are you going to pass the test King Jesus gives to you?

Remember, King Jesus will give you just what you ask. If you ask for a little bit of patience, He will give you just a little bit. If you ask for a lot, He will give you a lot. Sometimes it takes a lot of patience in our hearts to pass the tests King Jesus gives to us. So always ask for a lot, and patience in your heart will never die.

Love,
Aunt Grace

Here are some sewing clothes for your princesses. Do you see how Precious is patiently undoing the knots that Joy made?

In each issue we will feature a childrens' song. For a simple song-book binder, we suggest using Avery's inexpensive Sliding Bar Report Cover, found at office supply stores. If the paper tends to come out easily, try putting a few staples along the edge before sliding in. You can also try cutting it down to 7"x 8½" to fit the paper.

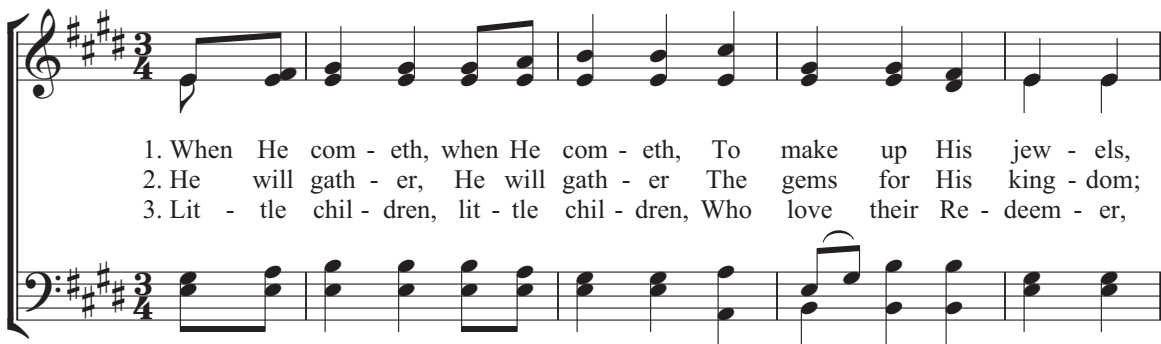


Jewels

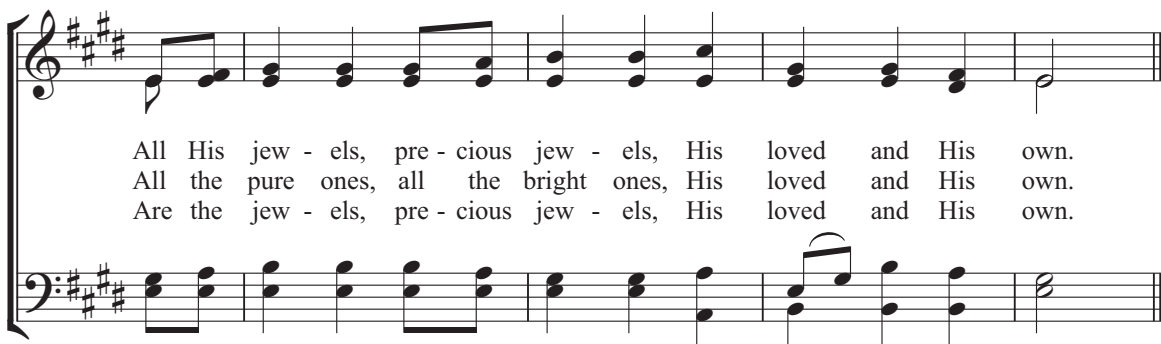
William O. Cushing

(Malachi 3:17)

George F. Root



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,



All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

Refrain



Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,



They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

Dear Readers,

By the grace of God, we are glad to be able to send out this third issue. We hope you will find this a blessing and encouragement in living for God, our King. We desire to only print that which He would be pleased with. "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." (Col. 3:17)

For any of you who may be new to the paper, *Treasures of the Kingdom* is designed for boys and girls ages five to ten. Our goal is to bring the high standard of truth to the young by printing material that builds godly character, spiritual direction, and gives practical instruction.

We are a Bible-believing family that belongs to the church God built in the New Testament. Our family includes Rick and Krista Erickson and their five children: Laura (19), Skye (17), Joel (17), Kara (14), and Amanda (6). We live on a small acreage and are home educated. The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Joel, with help from others, including contributions from our friends, the Spinks family, and guidance by our parents.

Subscriptions are free, but, so that the Lord's money will not be wasted, you will receive six issues, after which you must request another subscription.

We have been encouraged in the Lord by your notes, and do thank you for them. We would appreciate your prayers as we continue laboring for Him in this field. The Lord has been so good to us—in Him we do trust (see 2 Corinthians 9:8).

In His service,

The Editors

Count and see how many separate crickets you can find. There should be 91, including this one:

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A View From the Tower:

Whose Servant Are You? 3

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Please note that we can only accept checks payable to Laura Erickson

Treasures of the Kingdom

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