

# Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

## At the Palace Gates

### Don't Give Up

Rosie looked at her garden patch and sighed. A few brown leaves fluttered in the wind and piled against the dead sunflower stalk. "I wish I never grew a garden. Then I wouldn't have to clean it up," Rosie muttered, as she pulled at a stubborn bunch of dry grass.

"Nice looking grass," Chad teased as he came by with a rake. "I didn't know you were growing hay in your garden."

"I wasn't!" Rosie said, glaring at her big brother. "It just grew here."

Chad looked surprised. "Really? Well then, it was nice of you to take care of it..." Rosie threw the clump of grass at his boots. Chad became serious. "I'm sorry for teasing, but what *were* you growing in your garden?"

Rosie didn't answer. She thought of the little green plants she had cared for in the spring. Having a garden had seemed so fun back then. But when summer came... Rosie looked down at her cucumber vine surrounded by weeds. One fat yellow cucumber poked out between the grass. She reached down and picked it up.

"I planted some flowers and cucumbers and a tomato plant... but I think they all died," she told Chad in a small voice.

"I guess it is easier to start a garden than to finish it, huh Posie? At least you can save the cucumber seeds for next year," he said, cheerfully.

"I don't want to grow a garden ever again," Rosie said. "It never grows nice like yours or Irene's."

"Maybe you just need to learn to stick to things more," Chad said with a smile. "If you don't give up, you can grow a better garden next year. Pull out all the plants and then Daniel and I can bring you a bunch of leaves to tuck it in for the winter."

So Rosie was left alone again. Tug. Tug. A few tall weeds came out easily, but when she grabbed the cucumber vine it pricked her. Ouch! She was about to leave it there when she saw a little round puff ball caught underneath it. Puff balls were so fun to smash! *I know what I'll do*, Rosie told herself. *I'll get a hoe and chop out that old vine! No excuses. It has to come out anyway.*

The vine came loose with one tug of the hoe. Rosie smiled. *Don't give up*, she told herself. She picked up the puff ball and



put it in her pocket to save for later. She would do her work first.

Chop. Chop. Rosie was getting cold and tired. “Where did all these weeds come from anyway?” Rosie muttered to herself. She remembered her nice little garden in the spring. What had Mom said? *Pull the weeds out when they are little or they will grow.* Rosie looked around at her garden patch. There were only a few weeds left in the corner by the sunflower stalk now, but they looked like the biggest and most prickly. Rosie put her cold hands in her pocket and felt the puff ball. *Don’t give up.*

The weeds were just as terrible as Rosie thought they would be. She was chopping them up with the hoe when Dad came by. “It is looking good,” he said as he stood watching her, “but you’d better get those roots out if you don’t want them growing back.”

Rosie sighed. She felt like crying. Dad didn’t know how hard she had been working. How would she ever get those roots out of the ground? “My fingers are cold,” she said in a sad little voice.

Dad laid a hand on her shoulder. “You can do it if you don’t give up,” he said, giving her a shovel.

Rosie brushed back a tear and slowly began to dig. She wouldn’t give up. Dad said she could do it, and so she *must*.

Soon only the tall sunflower stalk remained. Rosie grabbed it with both hands and pulled. The sunflower hardly moved. “You—will—come—out,” Rosie puffed as she shook it. She

## A VIEW FROM THE TOWER

### Perseverance

Have you ever felt like giving up? We all do, especially when it seems like the work is taking forever or it is hard for us to do. But there is a special promise to those who won’t give up. In Galatians 6:9 it says: “And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”

To reap means to get the results of what we work for. When you plant cucumber seeds, you want the reward of eating cucumbers. But if you gave up part way through, would you have your reward? No. You must *persevere* and never give up until you are done. Maybe you start by getting the soil ready and watering the plant when it is little. That is good. But if you let the weeds choke it out or never picked the cucumbers, you wouldn’t reap them. All the work you did would be wasted.

Everything that is good in life takes *perseverance*. To have a clean room, you mustn’t give up until it is clean. To learn to ride a bike, you mustn’t give up until you have learned. To play the piano well, you mustn’t give up until you have mastered it. Is there something you want? You will not have it unless you *persevere* through all difficulties and never give up.

There is something much more valuable than cucumbers or fine piano playing for you to have. It is something that everyone wants, but most people give up on. What is this wonderful thing? It is “the crown of life” promised to those who will *never* give up. A crown that is given to those that love Jesus their whole life through and serve Him until they die. Will you have one? Then you must ask God for the perseverance to never give up.





looked up at the round flower top hanging over her. A few gray seeds still clung to its face like a little smile. Rosie liked sunflower seeds better than puff balls, and so she began to pull again.

“Is it too hard for you?” Chad asked, as he came by with a wheelbarrow of leaves.

Rosie didn’t answer. With one last heave she felt the stalk come loose in her hands. “No, I got it!” she called to her brother. “I’m ready for the leaves now.”

At dinnertime Rosie gave Mom the sunflower seeds to roast in the oven. “Where did you get these?” Mom asked. “I didn’t know that we had any sunflowers in the garden.”

“I did,” Rosie said, warming herself by the wood stove. She was very tired. It felt good to be inside. It felt good to sit down. It felt good to know her garden patch was all “tucked in for the winter.”

Soon everyone was called to the table. “Thank you, Lord, for strength to finish up our work today,” Dad prayed. “Bless this food to nourish our bodies, Amen.” He smiled around at the family. “Good job everyone who helped finish up the yard work today. It looks much better.”

Rosie looked across the table at her big brother. “Thank you for helping me, Chad,” she said.

“You’re welcome. It always feels great

to finish things we’ve begun,” he said.

“That reminds me of some projects the girls need to finish up,” said Mom. “Irene and Rosie have knitting to work on.”

Rosie thought of the blue scarf that lay in the knitting basket. It had looked so easy when Irene was making one, but hers seemed to take so long. “Do I have to finish it?” she asked.

Mom smiled. “Let’s not give up, dear. I know you will be glad when you get it done. Weren’t you making it to give to Grandpa Coleman?”

“Yes, but...” Rosie stopped. Her hand had touched something in her pocket. It was the puff ball. *Don’t give up*, it seemed to say. Rosie pulled it out and smashed it between her fingers.

“What was that?” Irene asked.

“Just a puff ball that I found in the garden,” Rosie said. Then she smiled at her big sister. “Can you help me with my knitting? I want to learn to knit fast like you do.”

“Sure. After we do the dishes,” Irene agreed.

“And after we enjoy the sunflower seeds Rosie grew for us,” Mom said, pulling the pan from the oven.



“Sunflower seeds? Yum!” Chad said. “Just think—you did get something from your garden after all.”

“Because I didn’t give up,” Rosie whispered.



# The Bramble



Come out with me to the raspberry patch today. The tall canes have grown thick and it is time to cut them back for the winter. Grab those pruners, and come along.

The south wall of the garden is perfect for growing raspberries, but other things like to grow there, too. As we cut out the old canes we must watch for invaders. Do you see that strong vine climbing up the wall? That is a blackberry bramble. We must get rid of it. *Why?* You ask. *It looks nice growing there and blackberries are good to eat.* But this is a wild vine and it will soon take over the raspberry patch. Use your pruners and be careful; it has sharp thorns.

Snip! Snip! The proud vine is pulled off the wall. *There, I have cut it down and it won't bother our raspberries again!* You say. You must not know brambles. Cutting it down is not enough – we must now get out our shovels and dig out the root or it will grow back. *But I don't like to dig,* you say. If we don't dig it out, the bramble will come up again. Its roots will grow thicker and its vines will spring up all along the wall. We must get the shovel and dig it out before it has a chance to get bigger.

Did you know that there are brambles that want to grow in your “heart garden,” too? Maybe you like to tell others what to do all the time. First it might look like a good idea, but you really are causing trouble when you worry about everyone else. “Stop bossing me around!” they complain. “Fine!” you say. “I’ll won’t say anything any more!” But deep down inside you still *feel* pushy and bossy. Soon the “bossy” bramble grows up again. If you ask God to work in your heart, He can get rid of the bramble. What do you think your heart Gardener will do? That’s right, He will dig out the root of the problem so good fruit can grow in your life. Will you let God get out His shovel?

Are these attitudes “brambles” or “good fruits”? Draw a picture to show what it is.

“I’ll be quiet so Mom can rest.”

“I can do it by myself!”

“No one called me to help, so I’ll go play.”

“If I start right now, I can get my chores done faster.”

## In the King's Garden





# Gems for Your Treasure Chest

a collection of project recipes, poems, and verses

## No Gain Without the Pain

No gain without the pain  
When efforts at music seem slow;

No gain without the pain  
When stirring or kneading out dough;

No gain without the pain  
When getting the fire to light;

No gain without the pain  
When trying to do what is right.

## Overcoming Obstacles

In the fall there are lessons all around us about overcoming hard things. Geese fly south, squirrels store nuts, oaks lose their leaves, and turtles bury themselves in the mud. How many things would survive if they just gave up when cold weather came? Look around you and see if you can discover other ways animals and plants find a way over obstacles. What about you? Do you let troubles pull you down? Do you complain and melt when you have extra work to do? Or do you take the challenge and work harder? See if you can find God's way to overcome your obstacles today!

A verse to hide in your heart:

**"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due in season we shall reap, if we faint not." Galatians 6:9**

“Why does Edward get money for doing chores and I don’t?” complained Sammy. “It’s not fair that he gets to work for Mrs. Wilson. I can work as hard as he can!”

Grandpa looked up from his book. “That

sounds just like the story I was reading about the children of Israel this morning. Did you ever hear about the time the ground split open?” Sammy shook his head, so Grandpa began

## Just As Good As Moses

Everyone in the Israelite camp had jobs. Some hauled water and others took care of the animals. The Levites had the special job of serving in the Lord’s tabernacle. But only the family of Aaron, Moses’ brother, were allowed to be priests.

Korah was a Levite, and he didn’t think it was fair. “Why does Moses have to be in charge? I think that we are just as good as he is,” Korah said to his friend, Dathan. “Moses and Aaron just like to act better than the rest of us,” Dathan agreed. Soon the two men had gathered together all the smartest and most popular princes in the camp.

When Moses heard what the revolt had to say, he was upset. “Tomorrow you will see who God is pleased with,” he told them sorrowfully. “You must all bring incense before the Lord and we will see who the Lord will choose. Sons of Levi, why do you complain about the work that the Lord has given you?” But Korah and his followers would not listen to their leader’s words. The more Moses talked, the more stubborn they became.

The next morning Korah, Dathan, and all the princes stood with their censers of incense before the tabernacle. Then Moses stepped forward and called out to the people, “Depart from the tents of these wicked men, or else you will be consumed in all their sins!” The crowds fell back as Korah and Dathan stood in the doorway of their tents with their families.

“Now you will know that it was the Lord who sent me to be your leader,” Moses said. “If the Lord makes the earth to open up and swallow these men and all they have, then you will know that they have provoked the Lord.”

At that moment there was a great rumble and the ground beneath Korah and Dathan’s tents cracked open and screams pierced the air as they disappeared from sight. In panic the people scattered in every direction. But the princes, holding the burning incense, did not escape. For their rebellion the Lord sent a fire to consume them where they stood.

Sammy's eyes opened wide as Grandpa finished the story. "Did they get all burnt up?" he asked.

"The princes did," said Grandpa solemnly. "And Korah and Dathan got buried in the ground. Why do you think God did that?"

"Because they were being bad and wanting their own way," Sammy said, looking down.

"I don't suppose that you would have joined them?"

Sammy shook his head.

Grandpa stood up and put on his coat. "How about being Grandpa's helper today? I need a strong boy like you to help me get firewood."

"OK," said Sammy, running to get his boots. "I like watching you split the big logs, Grandpa!"

Grandpa laughed. "You can learn how to crack logs, too. We'll bury all the Korahs and Dathans with God's help, won't we?"

"How?" asked Sammy.

"By some hard work. I'll show you," said Grandpa with a wink. And he did.



Korah and all he had got swallowed up when he complained and tried to do things his own way.

Can you find:

- A ball
- A bracelet
- An ax
- A pot of fire
- A baby
- A man
- A basket of manna
- A sleeping bag
- A jug of milk
- A broom



Now, see if you can find a verse in the Bible that talks about being "content with such things as you have."





# RHODA'S FAITH

Rhoda made her way down the darkening street, balancing a water pot on her head. "It's not true what those women said," she told herself. "My Lord Jesus *did* rise from the dead on this very day. *I know* He did, even though I was too little to remember."

The young girl lifted her face from the gray cobblestones to the sky. It was still blue and the tallest houses still shone with sunlight. Rhoda smiled. "It's just like these dark streets. You have to look higher to see that God has not forsaken us, that His Son still lives," she whispered to herself. "He has been shining in my heart ever since... ever since..." Rhoda's voice faltered, but inside her thoughts went on. *It was last summer when I understood that God sent His Son to die for me... the day that Brother Peter first preached at Mistress Mary's house. And now Brother Peter was in prison.*

The clang of a shutting gate made Rhoda shiver. She *must not* think of that horrible day last week when they heard that Brother James had been killed. But the jeering of the crowds still rang in her ears. Had it not been the same way when Jesus was crucified? "Let us not be doubtful, but believing," Brother Thomas had told them that fearful night. "It was the words the Master told me, and we must not forget that He has promised to be with us always... even unto death." It was the next day that the king's soldiers had come for Peter.

*Do you have words to praise your Lord Jesus now, foolish one?* Rhoda shook her head to brush away the mocking thought and nearly upset her water jar. "I *will* trust in Him," she

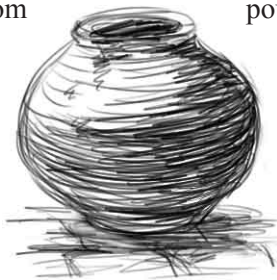
said fiercely, turning to hurry down the dark alley toward home.

The darkness seemed to follow her through the gate into the torch-lit court yard. Many had already gathered for the prayer meeting in Mistress Mary's home. Rhoda hurried to pour water for the new arrivals, but the doubts *would* come. *What good will it do to pray? How can we know God will answer? He let Brother James get killed.*

She was interrupted by Sister Martha's quick voice. "Rhoda, would you please take these hot rolls to the kitchen? I thought some might be hungry if the meeting runs late like it did last night." Her warm smile and words helped a little. Rhoda knew that the others were bearing the burden, too. She must be brave. She must believe.

In the kitchen Trusty, the dog, met her with a quick wag of the tail. Brother Thomas had found the poor thing on the street at the beginning of the passover and had suggested Rhoda care for it. As the wet nose touched her bare foot, she remembered again his words: "He has promised to be with us always... even unto death." The girl put her arm around the dog's neck and felt the warm life within. "Trusty, if I care so much for you, I know that Jesus cares for me," she whispered.

More water was needed at the gate. Rhoda was hurrying back with another jug when she saw who it was—Peter's mother-in-law. "Yes, Rachel has heard that the execution is set for tomorrow," the old woman was saying in a steady voice, "but I don't believe Herod will have his way this time."





“It will be as *God* wills, mother,” the gentle voice of Mistress Mary answered, as she took her arm and led her toward the gathering room. “We must never doubt His plans, though they be different than ours.”

A small sob caught Rhoda’s ear and she turned to see little Salome following along in her grandmother’s shadow. Rhoda ran to put her arms around the child’s neck and kiss her wet cheek. “Don’t cry, deary,” she whispered. “Are you afraid?”

The little head nodded and leaned close to hers. “I want to see Papa again,” she said. “I want him to hug me again, and—and—” Salome began to hiccup, “I want to—to say I’m sor—sorry for breaking his—his lamp.”

“I’m sure he loves you very much,” Rhoda said, taking the small girl into her lap and brushed the hair from her wet cheeks. “Jesus will take care of your papa. Do you want to come and see my dog? His name is Trusty and he is very nice.”

“You have a—a dog?” Salome looked up at the bigger girl with a tear-stained face and tried to smile. A handful of water washed off the little cheeks and quieted the hiccups. Soon Salome and the dog were playing happily on the kitchen floor. Rhoda smiled as she handed her small friend a roll. Little children trusted so easily.

It was more than an hour later when Rhoda lifted the sleeping Salome from the hearth. The kitchen was getting cold and her grandmother would want to know where she was. “Be good, Trusty, and watch the kitchen for me,” Rhoda whispered as she started off across the dark court yard.

The child was heavy and so walking wasn’t easy. A cold gust of wind blew and the girl turned to shield her burden. Salome moaned and turned her head. Rhoda looked down at the little face in the moonlight and thought of the father in his prison cell. Was it cold in there? Would Brother Peter ever see his family again?

Poor little Salome! *Oh, Lord God, send help even right now!* her heart prayed.

A murmur of voices greeted Rhoda as she stumbled through the door into the gathering room. “Is the little one asleep?” Mistress Mary whispered as she lifted the little girl and laid her on a blanket. Her grandmother was sitting nearby with her old wrinkled hands clasped and head bent. One of the men on the other side of the room was praying. “Lord, our eyes are upon You. Our brother may be in prison, but we know *You* have not forsaken him.”

Young Master John looked up as Rhoda sat down by the door. He looked tired, and very sad. Rhoda knew that he had always liked being with Brother Peter. She gave him a little smile. How she wished she could lift off the trouble that hung over them like thick smoke! Again she whispered a little prayer, “Lord Jesus, I know you love us and care for us. If you would be pleased, send Brother Peter back to us.”

The minutes ticked by as prayers continued to flow from full hearts. Rhoda was getting sleepy. She leaned against the door post and thought of all the late meetings she had sat listening to Brother Peter preach. He had such an energetic and interesting way in which he spoke, that even she could understand. Like the time he described the day he had stepped out onto the stormy sea of Galilee. “It was a mar-



velous feeling to be standing out there, actually walking on the waves toward the Master! The wind was high that night and we had been rowing hard...”

Rhoda’s head jerked up. What was that? She heard the sound again. No, it wasn’t Trusty’s bark. It sounded more like a knock at the gate. Who could be coming in

## Something You Can Do

Do you feel like baking something special? This recipe gives good practice in team work and perseverance. The dough needs to be chilled, so think ahead! With some nuts and seasonings, and your mom's permission, you can make

### ---Peppernuts---

Cream together in a Kitchen Aid or other mixer:

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 cups brown sugar

Add and beat:

- 4 eggs

Sift together and mix in:

- 6 cups flour
- dash salt
- 1 tsp. Cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. Nutmeg
- 1 tsp. Cloves



Add and mix well:

- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. Anise seed (crushed)
- $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. Anise flavor
- $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. Soda (1 T. hot water)
- 3 cups pecans or walnuts, chopped fine

Chill dough for several hours. Take pieces of dough and roll into ropes on table top. Use flour if dough is sticky. If dough falls apart, be patient and work slowly. With a butter knife, cut the ropes into bite-sized pieces. Lay them in rows on cookie sheets. Bake for 10 minutes at 350-375 degrees, or until golden brown. Use a metal spatula to remove cookies to a pan and let cool. Put in little bags or jars and give as gifts. These cookies taste better the older they get!

at this late hour? She blinked her eyes awake and slowly got to her feet. Salome’s grandma was praying, but Rhoda couldn’t hear what she was saying. She *could* hear someone at the gate though.

The court yard was darker now, for the moon was hidden by the rooftops. The stones were cold on her bare feet. Knock, knock! Rhoda shivered. “Who is it?” she asked.

“It is I, Peter!” came a muffled voice through the door. Rhoda’s heart leaped. She *knew* that voice. It *was* Brother Peter! Oh, she must tell the others quickly!

Grandma was still praying when Rhoda flew into the room, half laughing in her excitement. “He is here at the door! Brother Peter is here!” she cried. Faces turned toward her as in a dream. But it *wasn’t* a dream! Rhoda was sure.

“Hush, dear,” Mistress Mary said, laying a hand on her arm. “You are overtired and have been hearing things.

“No, no! It is true!” Rhoda skipped on her feet and nearly kicked little Salome.

Sister Martha lifted her hand. “Dear child, don’t go crazy!”

“Don’t make a fool of yourself, Rhoda,” Master John hissed.

“But he’s there at the gate—Brother Peter is at the gate,” Rhoda insisted. She looked from one disbelieving face to the next. Would no one listen?

“What is the child saying?” Salome’s grandma asked. “Did she say she’d seen Peter?”

“Maybe it was his angel,” John’s uncle Barnabas said. He smiled at Rhoda kindly. “Wasn’t that what you saw?”

Rhoda shook her head. “Angel’s don’t knock. Just hear him now!”

The room fell silent. Knock,

knock, knock! Master John looked at his mother. “Someone *is* at the gate,” she said. “We better go see.”

Rhoda danced on her toes in excitement as she followed Mistress Mary and the others to the gate. *Oh, open it and let him in!* She wanted to shout. *Brother Peter is really here!* Yes, for there was his voice again. John unbarred the door.

There stood the familiar form of the man for whom they had been praying all night. “It’s Brother Peter!” a young woman gasped, as they all stood there in amazement. “How did you—how did it—what happened?” Master John faltered.

“Are we seeing things, or is this really you, my brother?” said a deep voice from behind Rhoda. She turned to see Uncle Barnabas.

“It is really I,” said Peter, a wide smile spreading on his face.

“My son, Simon Peter!” an exultant voice cried, and Grandma pushed forward. “I knew that God would indeed deliver you, and surely He is worthy to be praised!”

A chorus of voices began then, and it was with some difficulty that they were quieted enough to hear the amazing story. “I can’t stay long, but I must tell you all how the Lord has delivered me from prison this night,” Brother Peter said in his deep, ringing voice. “I was asleep, chained between two guards, when I was startled by a bright light and an angel that smote me on the side. ‘Arise up, quickly!’ he said. And just like that the chains fell from my hands....”

Rhoda leaned forward and caught a glimpse of two little arms wrapped around the bearded man’s neck. A tear came to her eye, but she blinked it away with a happy smile. The Lord Jesus *had* heard her prayer and had brought Salome’s papa back safely.



“What’s so bad about being lazy?” said eleven-year-old Jim. “I like being lazy!”

A quiet despair arose in the heart of his teacher. Hardly anyone realizes how awful sin is until they try to escape it. But Jim didn’t care. His feelings ruled his life. His parents didn’t know how to handle him, so he did what he pleased at home. When he didn’t feel like doing something he got bored. He ate when he felt like it and didn’t like to work. It made him tired.

At school Jim had a hard time studying. His mind constantly jumped around, looking for whatever *felt* interesting for a moment. When he had work to do he would fidget and distract himself. Jim’s mind was like a little puppy that has never been trained. It would get very excited and rush about, and even want to work for a little while. But not much would get done. He had not trained his mind to obey.

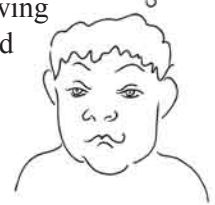
The other children at school began to train their minds, and Jim started to fall behind. “I’m just stupid,” Jim would tell himself. Why did he do that? **It was easier** to tell himself that he was stupid than it was to learn to work. So Jim lied to himself.

“You are not stupid,” his teacher told him. “You can learn if you will apply yourself.” Jim didn’t want to think about that. He was stubborn and he didn’t want to be wrong. It was easier to be lazy and think he was stupid.

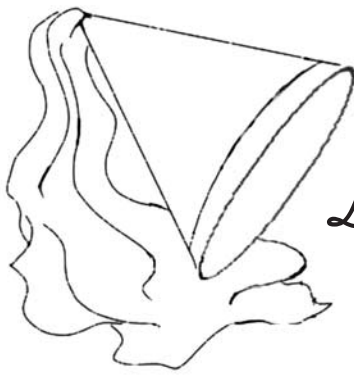
Every now and then, something would catch Jim’s interest and he would really try to learn. For a little while Jim would actually work hard. He would enjoy his lessons and his teachers would begin to have hope for him.

But at home Jim was poisoning his mind. His favorite thing was to watch TV and play video games. The more bad guys and killing the better. As he killed millions of imaginary enemies he felt like a hero. His teachers warned him that he was destroying his mind and heart, but Jim didn’t believe them. At school he was made to work hard and think about useful things. But at home he was allowed to drink all the poison he wanted.

The video-game poison made Jim act strange. “Bang! Pow-pow-pow!” he would say when he was suppose to be studying. Another bad guy was blown to pieces and Jim would smile to himself. But it was all in his imagination. While Jim was pretending to blow the enemies away, the *real enemies* were *really* blowing Jim away. *Real* monsters like Laziness, Stubbornness, and Pride. And behind it all, their master: the DEVIL. And it wasn’t a game; it was real life! *How the devil laughed!* Jim thought he was a hero, but was he?







Letter to a  
*Little Princess*  
 from an  
 older princess

Dear Princess,

Maybe you dream of living in a tall tower room in a castle. But why are castles built, anyway? They are built for protection from the enemy. For you see, life in a kingdom isn't just flowers and crowns...

When Princess Precious had lived in the village of Sin (she was Wretched then) she had heard of the Evil Knights. They attacked the helpless and hated the King. In the dark village streets she had been afraid of them.

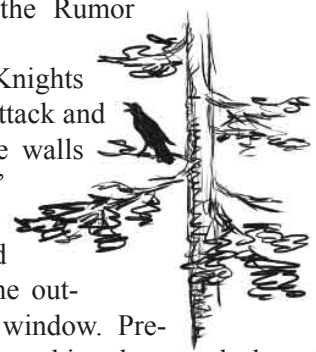
But here in King Jesus' castle everything had seemed so safe—until the day she heard from the Rumor Raven.

“Evil Knights will soon attack and these castle walls will crack!” the black bird screamed from a tall pine outside her tower window. Precious couldn't see anything down below, but the Knights were always invisible in the daytime. That night she could hardly sleep.

“Precious dear, you look tired,” Mother Matron said the next morning.

“I kept hearing noises,” Precious said. “Do you think the Evil Knights will come?”

“The Evil Knights? They might try to attack sometime,” Mother Matron said calmly. “But I'm not worried. Inside our castle we



## A Word Riddle to get out of the Mind Trap



This word is used 20 times in the Bible (KJV).

The second letter is m, as in *mind*. We use our minds in this word.  
 Two of the letters are a, as in *action*. This word refers to action.  
 Three letters are i, with three other letters between each of them.  
 The last letter is n, as in *noun*. This word is a noun.

It is something dangerous to us, but part of us. We need God's help to use it right.

If you can't guess, look in Romans 1:21 and 2 Corinthians 10:5. The word is used in plural form here.



are very safe.”

“You mean, there might be a *battle*?” Prince Valiant asked, coming up.

“There often are, for King Jesus has many enemies,” Mother Matron replied.

“If the Evil Knights come, I am going to be on the walls with the archers!” Valiant said excitedly. Precious shivered. What if the walls *did* crack? What if those evil black-robed men got inside the palace and carried her back into the forest? The idea frightened her terribly. Where could she be safe?

When Precious went for her morning visit with the King, He seemed to know exactly what she was thinking. “Precious, come for a tour of the castle walls,” King Jesus said. “There are reports that our enemies plan to attack.” He smiled down at her and led her into the outer court.

The stone walls that surrounded the castle rose up before them, connected by a tall watch tower in each corner. They *were* very high, but the Evil Knights had battering rams that could smash down walls. “What if the walls fall down?” Precious asked, nervously.

King Jesus smiled and took her hand. “These walls are solid and thick enough to keep out all enemies. Would you like to see their foundation?” He asked, pointing to a hole at the base of the wall. Precious stepped closer and looked down.

Steep steps disappeared into the dark-

ness. “Where do they go?” she asked.

“Come and see,” the King said, taking a bright torch and leading the way. Precious took hold of His sleeve and followed carefully. Down, down, down they went. It was cold and damp all around them, but when she put her hand against the wall she felt smooth stone. Then the steps stopped and they were standing on a hard rock floor in an underground room.

“Is this a secret hideout?” she asked.

King Jesus smiled. “We are standing on the foundation of the wall, which was dug deep into the ground. It was laid upon the rock so it could stand firm in the worst attacks. There is no way to get under it or through it.”

Precious touched the great strong stone in front of her. “Who dug down here to make it?” she asked.

The King pointed to a carving that said:

— Wall of Salvation - Cut and Laid by Jesus Christ  
A Sure Foundation for Those That Put Their Trust in Him —

“What do you think?” King Jesus asked. “Will the Evil Knights be able to hurt you if you stay inside these walls?” Precious smiled and shook her head.

May you also, dear princess, be kept safe inside those walls.

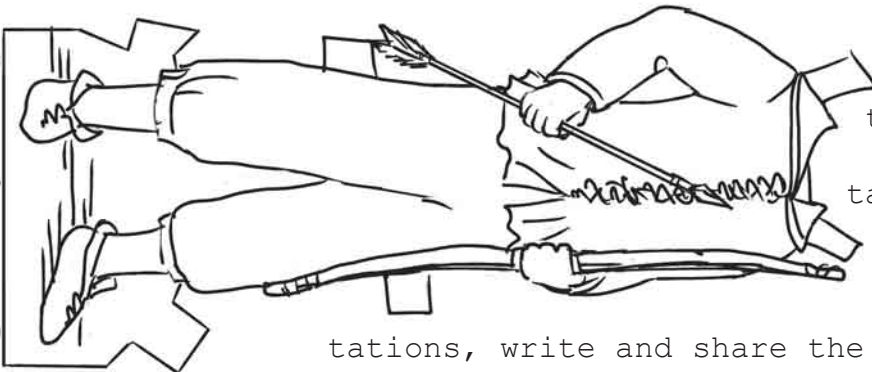
Love, Aunt Faith



What will happen when the Evil Nights come to attack the castle?

If King Jesus has helped you overcome temp-

tations, write and share the story with us!

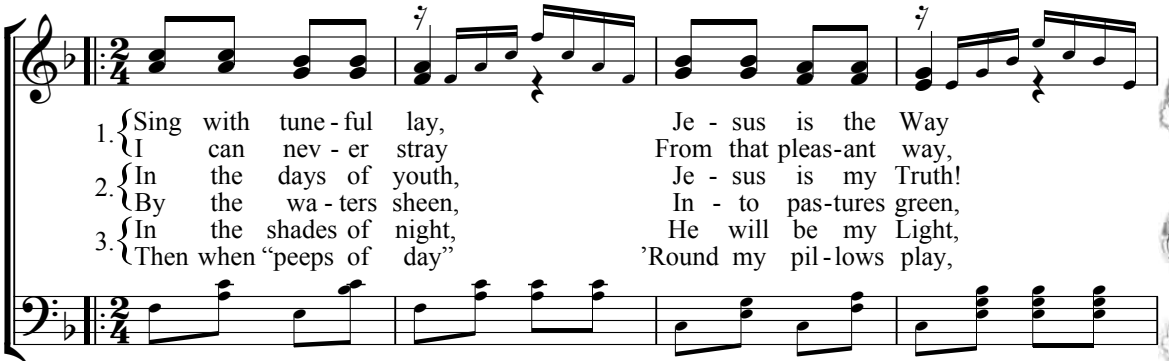


# Sing with Tuneful Lay

F. L. B.

(John 14:6)

Frank L. Brstow



1. { Sing with tune-ful lay, Je - sus is the Way  
I can nev - er stray From that pleas-ant way,  
2. { In the days of youth, Je - sus is my Truth!  
By the wa - ters sheen, In - to pas-tures green,  
3. { In the shades of night, He will be my Light,  
{ Then when "peeps of day" 'Round my pil-lows play,



To the gold-en strand Of the hap - py land;  
While I faith-ful stand, Hold-ing to His hand.  
Fol-l'wing by His side, He shall be my Guide;  
Man - na un-fore-seen, Dai - ly He'll pro-vide.  
He will vi - gil keep O'er me while a - sleep;  
Ev - er will I pray Truth to Light my Way.

*Refrain*



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am in the way;



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves to - day! day!

Dear Reader,

Thank you for your patience in this long wait. With our brother now happily married (October 22) we have been challenged to fill in his place, but our trust is that this work is the Lord's and He will supply. So if further issues continue to run late, please pray for us. The King sent His Salvation in "the fullness of time" – may this little paper help reflect the light of heaven to those ready to receive it.

We would be glad to hear from any of you. We welcome questions, and would be very happy to learn how the Lord has been helping you.

For older ones who want to be challenged and encouraged in Christian living, *Foundation Truth* is published for youths and adults. Back issues and other literature are available at [timelesstruths.org](http://timelesstruths.org).

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, Laura (25), Kara (20), and Amanda (12). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda, with help (guidance, proofreading, and contributions) from others.

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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Treasures of the Kingdom

PO Box 1212, Jefferson, OR 97352

e-mail: [totk@timelesstruths.org](mailto:totk@timelesstruths.org)

website: [totk.timelesstruths.org](http://totk.timelesstruths.org)

*How many puff balls can you find?  
There should be 93, including this one:*

**SEND TO:**