

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

To give LIGHT THAT SIT IN DARKNESS

KNOCK KNOCK

Jay is in trouble. But being banished to his room does not banish his rebellion.

No scooter for the rest of the week. It isn't fair! No one cares. They lock me up and -

Hi, Jay. It's Uncle Ron.

Thought you might be lonely. Sure miserable to be in trouble, isn't it?

It's prison.

I was locked up once. Solitary confinement. I was eighteen and it was my second offense. Bank robbery.

I was miserable. I blamed my old pals, the judge and my parents.

Especially when I got letters from home. They were glad I was in trouble, I thought. No one loved me.

But I was blind, Jay. Jesus was there, but I didn't see Him. That is because I only thought of myself.

Until the day I got the news...

Dear Ron, Father died yesterday. He has been failing in health ever since you were taken...

They wouldn't let me go to the funeral, of course. It was hard.

I hated them. I knew everyone despised me, but I pretended that I didn't care.

I had given Him those wounds.

It was all my fault!

Then I saw Mama's note on the back...

My dear Son, I am praying that Jesus will very close to you this time. All my love, Mama



But the look in His eyes was so like Mama's - they loved me.

My cell was no longer dark and lonely, Jay.

Jesus filled it with light

Humph.

Take off your blinders, Jay.

My blinders were off and my guilt was choking me.

I looked up to see Jesus' face.

I knelt there in the prison. I found peace and forgiveness.

Shannon and the Shepherd

Shannon looked out at the backyard and smiled. Mommy Eva had said she could play! Shannon hopped down the back steps and screamed for joy. Then she picked up the cat and hugged her close. The door slammed and her foster sisters, Missy and Rochelle, ran past her. Shannon dropped the cat and followed them.

“Let’s play sheep!” Missy suggested. “Baa, baa!”

“Baa, baa!” said little Rochelle.

“I will be the shepherd,” said Shannon. “Come sheep!”

“Say, tah-ho!” commanded Missy.

“I’m going to say it,” Shannon said. “Tah-ho!”

“Baa, baa, baa!” said the girls. Shannon led the way across the yard and they followed.
“Baa, baa!”

“Eat, sheep!” Shannon commanded.

“Munch, munch!” said Missy and Rochelle. They pulled the tall grass with their fingers. “Munch, munch, munch!”

Shannon looked around. No danger yet. “You have to huddle together when I say ‘huddle,’” she told her sheep.

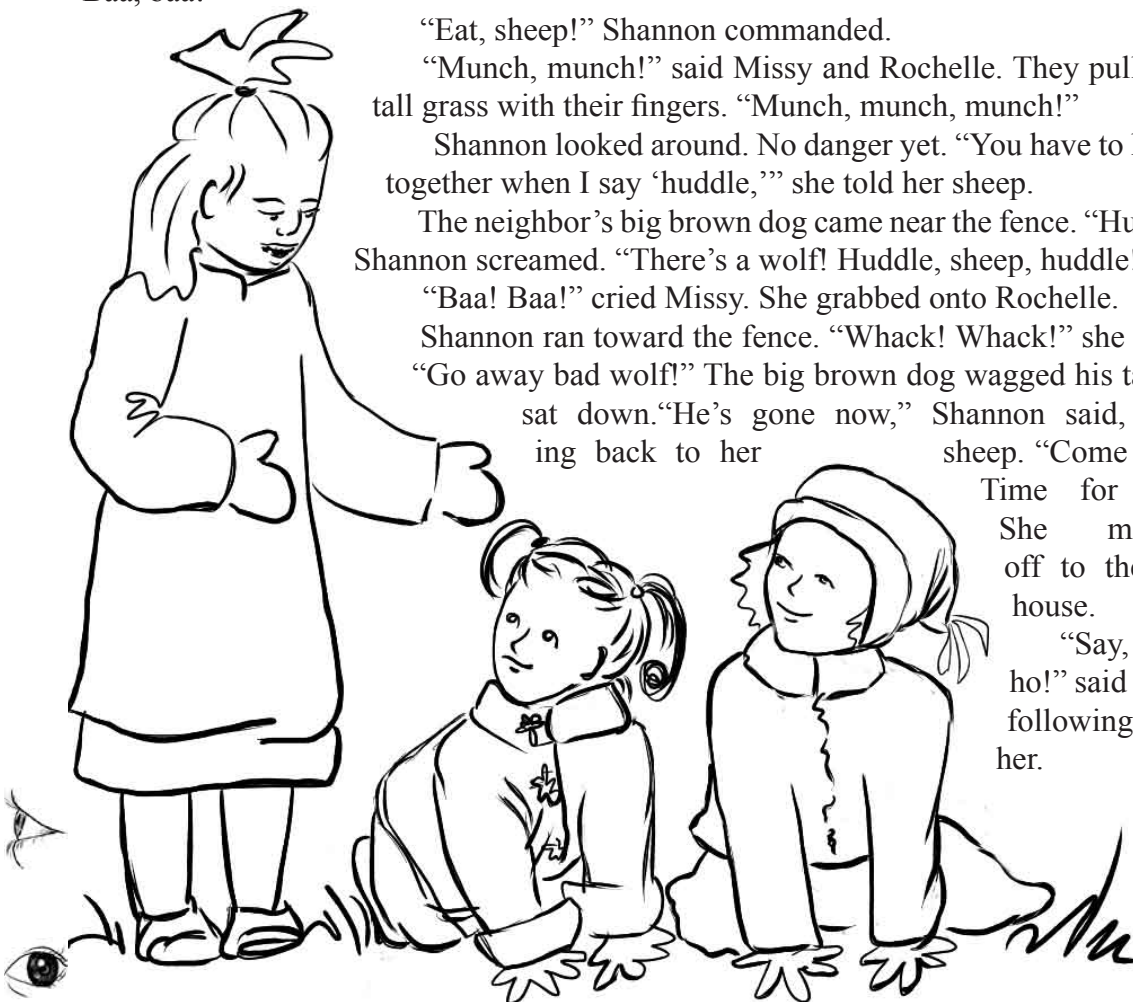
The neighbor’s big brown dog came near the fence. “Huddle!” Shannon screamed. “There’s a wolf! Huddle, sheep, huddle!”

“Baa! Baa!” cried Missy. She grabbed onto Rochelle.

Shannon ran toward the fence. “Whack! Whack!” she called. “Go away bad wolf!” The big brown dog wagged his tail and sat down. “He’s gone now,” Shannon said, walking back to her sheep. “Come sheep. Time for bed.”

She marched off to the play house.

“Say, tah-ho!” said Missy, following after her.



“Tah-ho!” said Shannon. “No, I want to say it myself. I’m the shepherd. Lay, lay! You have to lay down, sheep.”

“Baa!” said Missy. She went into the play house. But where was Rochelle? Shannon looked around. Rochelle was running around the corner of the house!

“Stay here. I have to go get my lost sheep,” said Shannon. Off she ran to catch Rochelle.

“Baa, baa!” said Rochelle in her little lamb voice. “I’m hurt!”

“You shouldn’t run off. You are a bad sheep,” said Shannon. She grabbed Rochelle’s hand. “Now I will bring you home again.”

“Baa!” said Rochelle. Shannon took her back to the playhouse.

“Now lay down and be good!” she said.

The back door opened. “Time to come inside!” Mommy Eva called.

Shannon thought of the hot cocoa Mommy Eva had promised them. She hurried up the steps after the other girls.

“Guess what we were playing?” Missy said, kicking off her boots. “Shepherd and Sheep!”

“I was the shepherd,” Shannon added. “I said ‘huddle’ when the wolf came and I whacked him.”

“That sounds like a nice game,” Mommy Eva said with a smile. “Now it is time to pick up your things so we can be ready for supper.”

Shannon pulled off her coat and sat at the table. “I want hot cocoa!”

“You have to clean up first,” Mommy Eva said.

“I want hot cocoa!” Shannon opened her mouth and began to scream. Missy covered her ears.

“You’ll have to go to your room if you scream,” Mommy Eva said.

Shannon kept screaming and so Mommy Eva picked her up. Shannon was mad. She kicked and yelled, but she couldn’t get away. Then Mommy Eva put her inside the room and shut the door. Shannon screamed louder. Once she had been locked in a dark closet when her real Mommy was mad and no one had listened to her scream. “You don’t love me! You make me scared!” Shannon yelled.

Mommy Eva opened the door. “Stop screaming, and you can come out,” she said. Shannon blinked back her tears and looked at her. Mommy Eva wasn’t mad.

“I’m -- not – screaming – any – more,” Shannon said, between sobs.

“Are you ready to clean up?” Mommy Eva asked with a smile.

Shannon nodded. Mommy Eva took her hand and they went to pick up the toys.

Finally they were ready to sit down for supper. Shannon was hungry! She could



hardly wait as Missy said the prayer.

Shannon smiled when she saw the cocoa cups. Then she looked into her half-full cup and frowned. "I want a lot."

"Finish this first," Mommy Eva said.

Shannon opened her mouth to scream. "I want a full cup! I can drink it!" she wailed.

Out to the bedroom she went again. Shannon screamed until she was tired. Finally she was ready to sit at the table quietly. The others were done eating. Mommy Eva warmed up her cocoa and sat beside her.

Shannon was very hungry now. She drank her cocoa in two big gulps. "I want some more, please," she said.

Mommy Eva went to get more cocoa and Shannon looked out of the dark window. A train whistle blew and she shivered. "I don't like the train," she said.

Mommy Eva handed her the cocoa. "Does it make you scared?" she asked.

"It sounds like wolves."

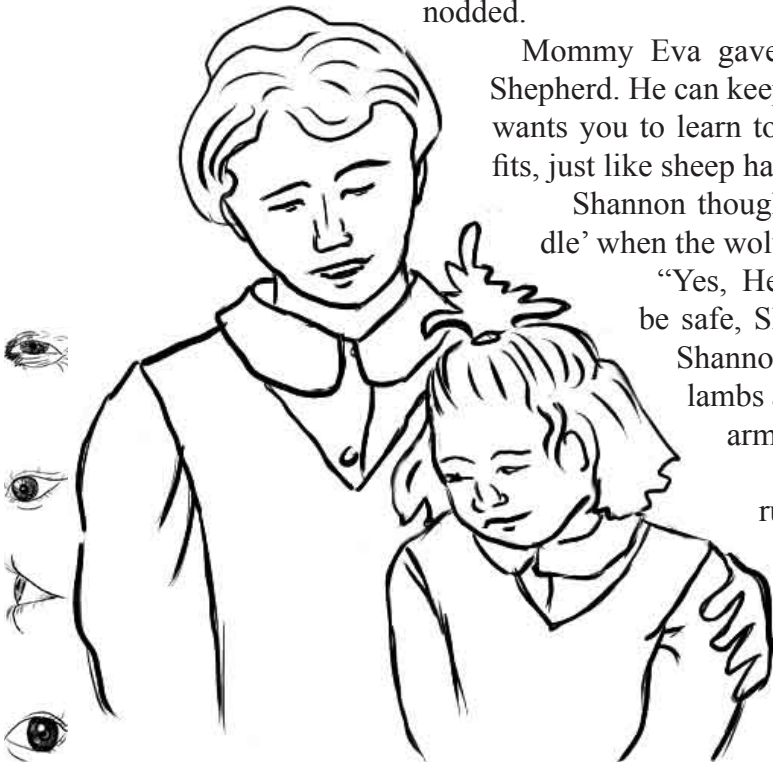
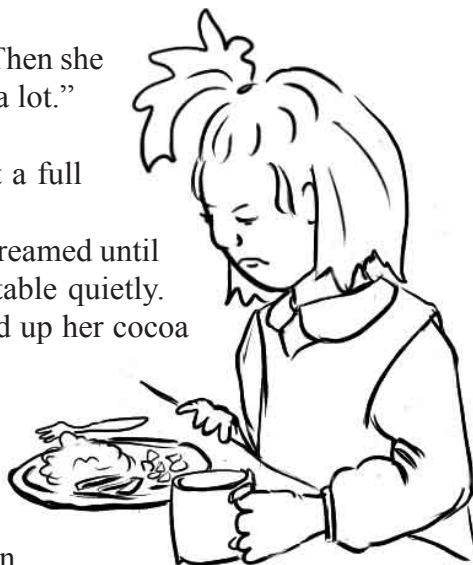
"And are you like a little sheep?" Mommy Eva asked. Shannon nodded.

Mommy Eva gave her a hug. "Jesus is the good Shepherd. He can keep you safe," she whispered. "Jesus wants you to learn to listen to Mommy and not throw fits, just like sheep have to obey the shepherd."

Shannon thought about that. "Does he say 'huddle' when the wolves come?"

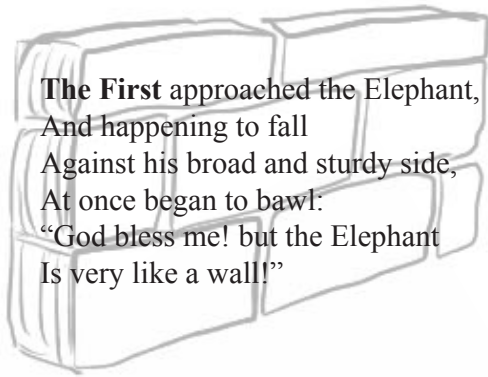
"Yes, He says, 'Huddle close to me and be safe, Shannon.'" Mommy Eva squeezed Shannon close. "Jesus loves the little lambs and He wants you to be safe in His arms."

Shannon smiled. She heard the rumble of the train. "Huddle!" she whispered. Mommy Eva gave her another squeeze. It felt safe and warm.



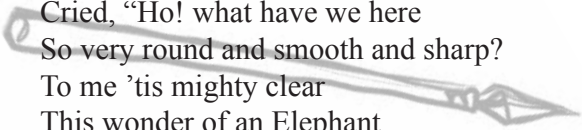
The Blind Men and The Elephant

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind

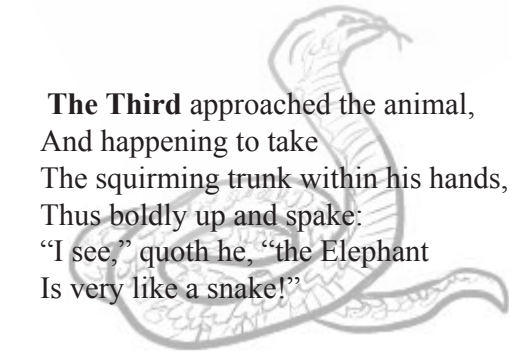


The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
“God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!”

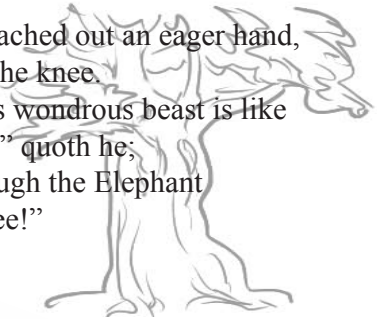
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, “Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me ’tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!”



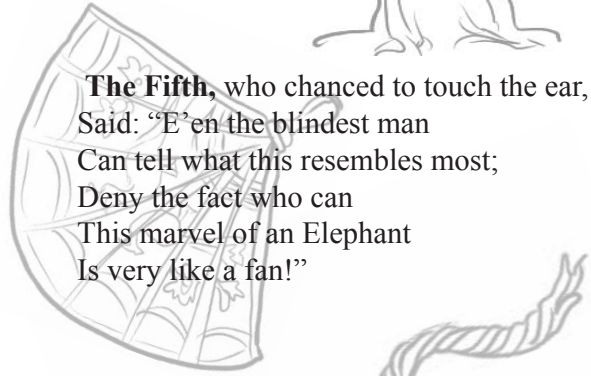
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
“I see,” quoth he, “the Elephant
Is very like a snake!”



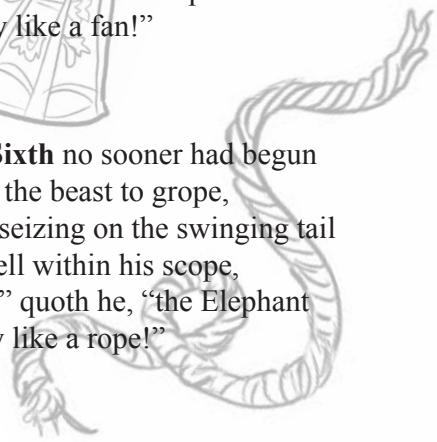
The Fourth reached out an eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
“What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain,” quoth he;
“ ’Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!”



The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: “E’en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!”

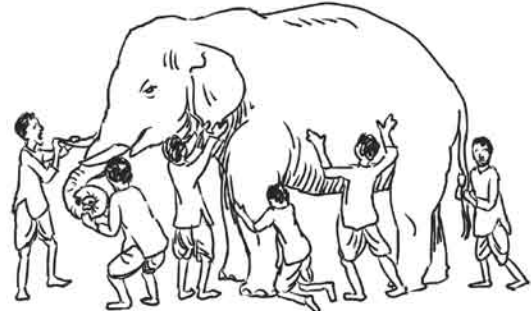


The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
“I see,” quoth he, “the Elephant
Is very like a rope!”



And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

- John Godfrey Saxe



F O G G Y W I N D O W S

I'm going to drive into town. Do you want to come along? It is cold outside, so put on your coat. The air nips at our faces and our breath comes out in clouds as we hurry to the car. *Burr! It's cold*, you say as I start the motor. Do you feel the heat from the vents now? Good. It's a beautiful day to go for a drive, even if it is cold. The sunshine makes the frosty grass and trees sparkle. I'm glad you came along with me.

After several stops we start up the car to head home. Oh, look! The windows are all fogged over. We try to wipe them with our sleeves, but they fog right over again. I start the car and set the air on the windshield. *Turn on the heat*, you say. *I'm cold!* Wait a bit. We still can't see out of the windows. Everything looks fuzzy and dim. It won't be safe to drive yet.

Why do the windows get foggy? you ask. That's a good question. The fog is caused by our warm breath. Remember how we made clouds in the cold air? When we heat up the car, the same thing happens – our breath has water in it, but you can't see it until it gets cold

enough, like when it touches the cold windows. So you can see, *we* are the ones that made the windows foggy! Now let's put the heat on and turn the vents toward the windows. See how fast the fog disappears?

I'm glad my eyes don't fog up! you say, as we start the drive home. Yes, but did you know that there are many people with foggy inside eyes? *What are inside eyes?* you ask. They are the eyes of your heart. When we love God first, life is beautiful and good just like the sparkling sunshine outside. But many people can't see it because their heart windows are fogged up with bad attitudes and selfishness. Like the time when you were playing happily and Mother told you to put your things away. Suddenly you began to complain and say it wasn't fair. What happened to the sunshine and happiness? Well, inside you had fogged up your windows because you were just thinking of yourself. Don't you see? You were the one that made yourself miserable. How terrible! That is why you need to ask Jesus to blow the hot air of *His love* into your heart. He can make the fog disappear so you can see the sunshine again!



Cross off all the "foggy" attitudes on this window. Now circle all the left over letters and put them on the lines below to spell out a Bible promise!

SELFISHNESSINPOORMETHSLAP
YCOMPLAININGPYELLINGRMAD
NOTFAIRESEMEFIRSTNCCRYEI
POUTINGSFFUSSULPUSHNLAZY
EGROUCHYSSMYWAYOFHITJOY
PSGRUMBLEALMSNOTLISTENING

16:11

Now look up this verse and see if you can figure out what it means. It is a good promise to memorize.

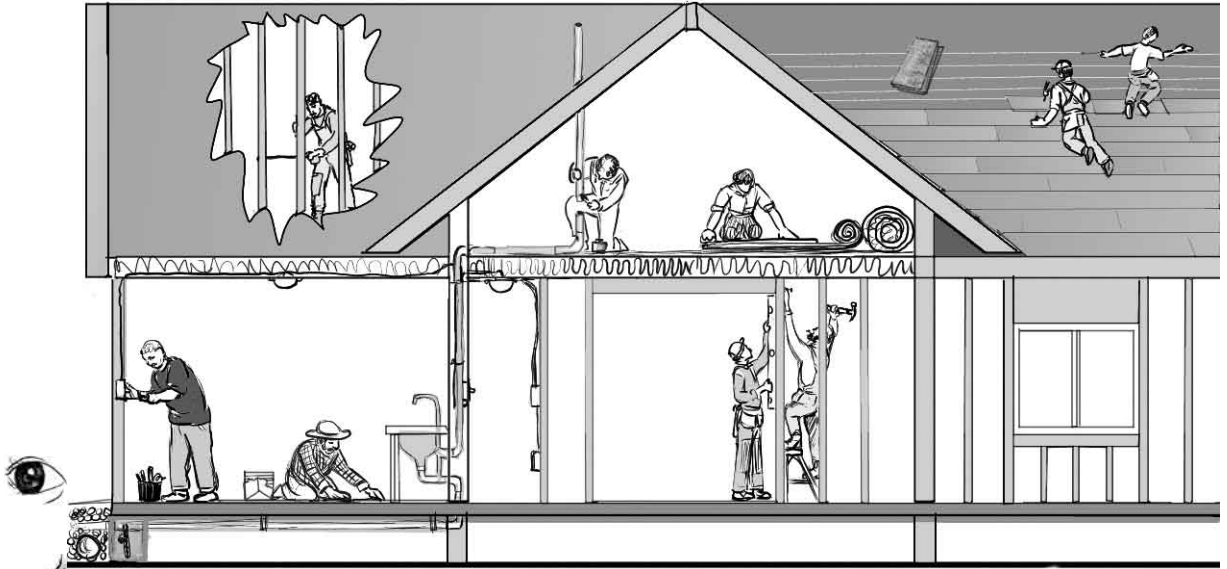
Deeper Thoughts for Seeing Eyes

Thought 1 - What do you think happens to people's heart eyes if they never let Jesus' love inside? After awhile, do you think that they will become blind? What does the Bible say about it in 1 John 2:11?

Thought 2 - Jesus said that He came to open the blind eyes, but can He help those who don't *want* to see? Do **you** really want to see how much God loves you and how He can help you? Just like we can't see anything in the dark, the first step is to let the Gospel Light shine into your life. (See 2 Corinthians 4:4-6) Ask God to **show you** what He wants to do in your life, and then use your heart eyes to start **looking**.

Thought 3 - We can't believe something until we really know about it or see it. Have you really seen Jesus and know what He is like? Or is your heart all fogged up with yourself that you just imagine who He is? Are you like the six blind men in the poem? If you have **seen** an elephant, their ideas of the elephant sound silly, don't they? Jesus said, "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which **seeth** the Son, and **believeth** on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day" (John 6:40). You can't believe on Jesus until God opens your eyes so you can see Who He really is.

The House That Ernie Built



Ernie Whitman built houses for a living. He would drive up to a piece of bare ground and would build a complete house with bathrooms, bedrooms, a kitchen, and a garage. Out of stacks of wood and liquid concrete Ernie would build houses for people to live in.

Many important things in a house can't be seen after it has been built. No one can tell if the inside of the walls were built out of poor quality wood. No one can tell if the concrete was poured with too much sand in the mixture or not enough steel rebar in the foundation forms. No one can tell at first. But after a long time, *everybody* can tell. If the concrete is not strong enough, it will crack. If the framing is not square, the windows won't open. If the roof is not made carefully, then rain or snow will leak into the house. The wood in the

walls will start to rot and little insects called termites will eat them. Mold will grow and make people sick.

Ernie was a very careful builder. He inspected the lumber before it was used. Was it straight? Was any of the wood eaten by termites? All the bad wood was thrown out in the burn pile. Then he would crawl all over the house in his dusty overalls. Ernie checked everything. He measured things. He thumped on things. He grabbed things and shook them. He turned on water and watched it go down the drains. When he had finished crawling and testing, Ernie knew that the house was a good one.

At one house, Ernie found that the big trucks had brought a load of lumber that was not good enough. There were little cracks in the boards. Insects had eaten some of the wood. Ernie saw the

lumber, he shook his head. “No,” he said, “it is not good enough.”

The man who brought the wood called his boss on his cell phone. “They won’t take the wood!” he said. The man’s boss was very upset. The wood cost a lot of money.

The lumberyard boss called Ernie’s boss. “What’s the matter with that builder of yours?” he said. “He won’t take the wood I sent him!”

Ernie’s boss left his air-conditioned office and came out to the building sight in his business suit and fine car. “Ernie,” he said, “why are you rejecting the wood?”

Ernie showed his boss the cracks in the wood and the damage caused by the insects. “If we use this lumber, Boss,” he said, “then the house will only last about six years.”

His boss shook his head. “You are right. We will have to send the lumber back.”

After this, the boss trusted Ernie a lot. If Ernie said that something was bad, it was not used. It was sent back.


Ernie built many houses for his boss. Many families lived in the houses that Ernie built. They were worth what they cost.



After many years of crawling around houses, Ernie was getting old. His knees hurt, and he still felt tired when he got up in the morning. It was time for him to rest awhile before he went to meet God.


“Ernie,” his boss said, “before you retire, I have one more house that I want you to build for me.”


“Boss,” Ernie said, “I really don’t feel like building any more. Can’t you get someone else for the job?”


The boss put a hand on Ernie’s shoulder. “I want *you* to do it, Ernie,” he said. “This is the last house that you will ever build for me. Make it the finest house ever!”


Ernie nodded slowly. He would do it. But he didn’t want to. As he drove away in his pickup truck, he grumbled to himself. “*Why won’t he leave me alone? Haven’t I done enough work for him?*” 



Ernie didn’t feel like doing a good job. He forgot that God was watching, too. “*This time,*” Ernie thought, “*I’m going to take every shortcut that I can.*”  He drove up at the house site. It was the most beautiful place that Ernie had ever seen for a house. But Ernie did not feel beautiful inside. 

He called the lumberyard. “I don’t need Number 1 Grade this time,” he said. “Just send Number 3 if it looks usable.” 

The wood was pretty awful. The head carpenter looked at it. “Ernie!” he said, “You want to use this?” 

Ernie looked mean. “If you’re not good enough to use this lumber, then I’ll find someone who can!” 

The head carpenter didn’t say anything else. He shook his head as he built the inside of the walls with rotten lumber. No one would ever know, at first. Everybody trusted Ernie. 

So Ernie cut corners everywhere. He did all the things that he had never done before. He accepted windows that were not quite made right. He accepted doors that were a little bent. He built more trou-  

ble in that house than he had ever seen in a house before, and he made it look *good!* Ernie figured that the boss would live in this house. The place was so beautiful, but his boss was in for a surprise! He *would be sorry* that he had made Ernie build him this house when Ernie was so tired and worn out!

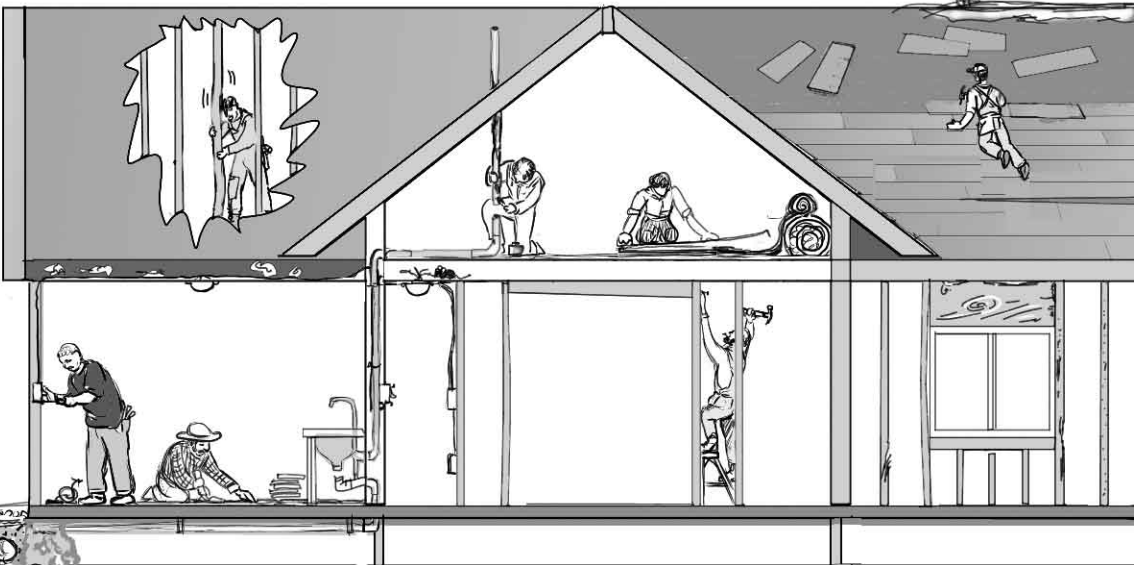
Finally the house was finished. The boss drove up in his fine car. He pushed open the lovely front door, which had two bent hinge pins. They were carefully greased so that they wouldn't squeak. The huge front windows opened easily. Ernie figured they would not stick until the autumn rains came. The boss flipped on the kitchen light switch. It was not

rated for heavy usage, but it worked fine at this point.

Everything looked like quality. An Ernie-built house. It appeared to be his finest ever.

The boss looked out of the window at the beautiful view and smiled. "Ernie," he said, "you have been a wonderful builder for me for many years. I wanted to do something special for you." He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a shiny, new key. He said, "***Ernie, this house is yours! This is for you to live in the rest of your life!***"

"Let every man take heed how he buildeth." 1 Corinthians 3:10



In the story Ernie inspected houses to make sure they were quality. He was always watching out for things that could cause problems later. How many problems can you find in this house? Turn back to the first house picture and see if you are right! Which building would **you** want to live in?

I HAVE SEEN HIM



Benjamin bounded into the quiet house where Gramma sat weaving. “You can’t guess what a great time we had today, Gramma!” he said.

“Then tell me about it,” she said, turning to him with a smile. “Did you see the Master?”

“Oh, yes!”

“And was he the way you had imagined him?”

“Much, much nicer,” Benjamin said with a laugh. “A lot of people were there and He was so kind to everyone and even took some of the little children on his lap.”

Gramma’s shuttle flew back and forth through the loom as Benjamin talked.

“I wish you could have come,” he said finally. “You would have liked to see him, wouldn’t you, Gramma?”

“I *have* seen him,” Gramma said with a twinkle in her eye.

“When, Gramma? Did Jesus come to our town before? I don’t remember it.”

“Yes... He was in this town. But it was many, many years ago.”

“Were you little like me?” wondered Benjamin.

“Just a few years older,” said Gramma. “I lived with my uncle and aunt. It was the year of the first Roman taxing and people were coming into town from all over the country. Uncle Reuben owned the west inn, so of course we were very busy...



Late one afternoon a merchant man and his servants arrived and I was sent to the well for more water. “They will fill up our last room,” I heard Uncle Reuben tell my aunt. “When the Christ comes, we won’t have to pay Roman taxes. But in the meanwhile, it gives us good business,” he said with a laugh.

I’d rather have the Christ come, I thought, as I made my aching arms pull the heavy pot of water from the well. I hadn’t had a free moment all day. I could imagine an easier life. When God’s promised One came there would be justice and peace in the land and all our troubles would be over. That’s what Uncle Reuben said.

Aunt Salome handed me a jar when I brought in the wash water. “You’d better get the milking done now, Nanni,” she said. “Then I will need you to lay out the bedding while I serve the evening meal.”

I almost skipped down the steps. My goat, Lily, was sure to be waiting for me. I could tell her all my troubles as I milked her, and she always listened. But what I saw standing in the courtyard made my heart sink. *More* travelers.

“We don’t have—” I began, but the man stopped me.

“Please, the man told me that you are full,” he said quickly. “But there is no other place open tonight. Can’t you at least give us a corner, for my wife to rest?”

I thought of the crowded rooms upstairs and glanced at the woman on the donkey. She sat hunched and didn’t look very well. We didn’t need these kind of customers. I shook my head.

Lily nibbled at my sleeve and I led her into the stable. The musty smell of fresh bedding calmed my nerves as I tied her to the manger. I leaned against her warm side and began squeezing milk into the jar.

Someone darkened the doorway. “Excuse me, miss.” It was the man again. I looked up and frowned. He stepped closer and glanced around the dim room. “Even this corner of the stable could work.” I hesitated. This was Lily’s pen. He pulled out his money bag. “I will pay.”

Of course Uncle Reuben would be glad. I reluctantly held out my hand for the money and went to tell my aunt about the new borders. “Make sure they get some bedding,” she said as she ladled out hot soup. “Did you say the woman looks ill? Take her a bowl of this broth when you go.”

More work. I grumbled under my breath as I trudged back down the steps. The gloomy shades of night seemed to fill my heart and I felt like crying. My back ached. *If those people weren’t in the stable I’d curl up with Lily and tell her all about it.* Instead I trudged back up to help Aunt Salome lay out the bedding.

It was late when I collapsed into bed. My mat had been moved to the kitchen to make room for borders, but I hardly cared. The dying fire gave off some warmth and I stretched out to sleep. Sometime during the night I remember my aunt bending over me. “You can sleep a little longer, Nanni,” she whispered as she stirred up the coals. I turned my tired body over and gratefully fell asleep again.

It didn’t seem much longer before I opened my eyes to see a rosy glow in the sky. I sat up stiffly. The floors must be swept before the borders started waking, but where was Aunt Salome? She met me in the doorway with a basket of laundry.

“Of all things, that woman in the stable had a baby last night,” she said with a tired sigh. “I don’t know why those crazy shepherds had to show up.”

“Shepherds?”

“They told a fool story about angels singing on the hills...” Aunt Salome shook her head. “They’re gone now and the poor girl is resting. No rest for us, though. Get some water so I can wash these rags, Nanni.”

I sighed. A baby in our stable? I would have liked to see it anywhere else, I thought, as I trudged down the stairs with my water pot. The dawn was breaking over the hill, and the words of a Psalm came back to me: “The Lord is my light and my salvation.” The scribe at the synagogue had read it last sabbath. “When

Christ comes a new day will break for us. We will be saved from all our troubles,” he had said. Life without trouble? For some reason I had my doubts.

Excited voices came from the corner of the street as I hurried toward the well. “Hey, Nanni!” someone said. “Did you hear about the baby born in the stable last night?”

I recognized Jared, the shepherd boy, and stopped. “Yes,” I said, remembering my aunt’s remarks about their early morning visit. “What do you know about it?”

Jared clutched his shepherd’s staff. “Maybe you won’t believe me, but I swear that I’m telling truth,” he said. He pointed to the dark hills beyond the city walls. “We were up there with the sheep last night when he came,” he whispered.

“The angel,” put in a taller boy.

“We were just shaking and sure that the end had come.” Jared blinked and I wondered what he *had* seen.

“He told us not to be afraid and that he was going to tell us good news,” Jared continued slowly. “I didn’t hardly know what to think, but I knew I wasn’t dreaming.”

“Then he said that the Savior was born in the city of David,” added his friend.

“Christ the Lord,” whispered Jared.

“The promised One?” I stared at him. “You are making that up!”

“The light of God was shining all around us, I’m telling you the truth,” Jared said. “And then a whole cloud of angels came. They sang praise to God and peace to men. It was wonderful!”

I turned away in disgust. Aunt Salome was right. It was all a foolish shepherd’s tale. I headed for the well, but I couldn’t help hearing Jared’s excited voice call after me. “The proof was that he was lying in a manger. We came early this morning to see, and found him in that stable. It is the Savior all right, just like the angel told us.”



The Savior? If Jared was convinced, I wasn't. The Christ would be powerful and would come from heaven. He would take away all our troubles. The baby in the stable *couldn't* be the Christ.

I was hurrying back through the courtyard when I heard a faint cry. It was the baby. I hesitated at the stable door, and then slipped inside. It wouldn't hurt to take a peak. Lily bleated and the man lifted a lantern. I could see the woman sitting beside the manger. "You may come and see him," she said.

There he was, a tiny baby lying in the hay. Lily's hay. But the goat didn't seem to mind. I knelt beside the manger and reached out my finger to touch his soft cheek. His mouth opened in a little yawn. Could Jared's story be true? I looked up at his mother's face and she smiled. "Did you hear about the angels?" she asked quietly.

I nodded. So she believed it, too! I could see it in her shining eyes, like the glimmer of the sunrise. I looked down at the baby and for a moment I was afraid. Christ would come to save us from trouble. How could this poor baby do anything for me?

I touched his soft hand and I felt the little fist close around my finger. A lump swelled up in my throat. The grasp of that baby hand reminded me of all my aches and loneliness. Poor baby in the hay! His life would be filled with troubles and aches, too. I blinked the tears from my eyes and looked at his peaceful face. He wasn't worried or afraid.

The first morning light shone into the stable and the words of Jared's angels came back to me. "Good news... peace to men." I wanted that. Could it be true that the Christ *had* come, not in royal robes but as a newborn baby? Had he come, not to take away my troubles, but to give me hope and peace in the midst of them? A happy warm feeling filled my sad heart. Yes, I believed it. Christ had been sent to *my* stable to shine God's love on *me*.

Aunt Salome's call interrupted my wondering thoughts. "Here's the milk jug, Nanni. Hurry with the milking!"



The baby fingers relaxed as I pulled my hand away. I looked at the woman and smiled. "Thank you for letting me see him," I said. Looking around at the cramped little stable, I added, "Please let me know if you need anything. When I finish my work upstairs, I'll bring you something to eat."

She smiled back. "Thank you for making room for us," she said

"Was it Jesus?" Benjamin asked. "Did angels really tell the shepherds about it?"

Gramma nodded. "Not many people believed them, but that day things changed for me. The angel's message was really true. He left with his parents the next week, but I knew I would never forget him. When we heard about the Master preaching and healing, I thought that it must be him. Yes, my Benjamin, I have seen him. I believe he is the Christ, our promised Savior."



Do You See Him?

Laura S. Erickson

(Luke 2:16-20)

Joel A. Erickson

1. Do you see Him? Do you see Him? Ti - ny ba - by in the hay;
2. Do you know Him? Do you know Him? Je - sus came to save from sin;
3. Do you trust Him? Do you trust Him? God of love is God of might:

Shep-herds saw Him and a-dored Him—Christ the Sav - ior came to - day!
Is there dark-ness, pain, or sad - ness? Let God s Son now en - ter in.
Chang - ing those that trust His pow - er, Je - sus gives us joy and light!

Dear Reader,

We are thankful for the opportunity to send out another issue. The Savior is surely just as real and present as He was in that manger over 2000 years ago. May your hearts and minds be opened to the great love of our merciful God today! To Him be all glory and praise.

Feel free to write us. We welcome questions, and are open to addressing concerns that you might be facing.

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.

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, and their daughters still at home: Laura (26), Kara (21), and Amanda (13). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda. We appreciate your prayers.

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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*How many open, seeing eyes can you find?
There should be 119, including this one:*



SEND TO:

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