

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation

Proverbs 30:26

A Place for Pika

Pika lived on a beautiful mountain slope, but he had many troubles.

He would escape one danger...

only to face another.

He never felt safe!

There's room in my tunnel.

A little snug, but...

SCRITCH! SCRATCH!

Not safe enough!

Pika survived the summer the best he could, storing hay for winter. But there was no place to call home.

Cold winds began to blow, and Chipmunk made a new burrow.

Put your hay on my house, and we'll be cozy!

Will it be safe?

Sure!

But one snowy morning...

The Beggar Boy & the Feast

Luke 14:16-24

Ruel was a poor boy. His mother sewed buttons and mended suits in exchange for a little room behind the tailor's shop. And Ruel begged for their food. Most people were too busy to notice the poor boy on the street corner. But one woman was always kind. Every week when she came from the market she was sure to give him a loaf of bread and some milk or butter. One week there was an extra treat - a little cluster of grapes.



"Thank you very much, ma'am," Ruel said. "You are very kind!"

"Don't thank me," she said with a smile. "Thank my master."

Ruel watched the woman carry her basket up the street. "I wonder who her master is?" he thought.

* * *

One day Ruel got a job cleaning the innkeeper's stables. The stable boy had hurt his arm and was glad to pay Ruel to shovel for him. It was hard work, but Ruel was glad to do it. "Did you hear about the feast?" the stable boy asked. "The innkeeper has been invited,

and I hope that I can go along to tend his horses. They say the man who is giving the feast lives in a great mansion!"

"Who is the feast for?" Ruel asked.

"All his friends I guess. I just wish I was invited!"

"Maybe there will be leftovers," Ruel said, licking his lips. He was always hungry and just now even table scraps sounded good.

* * *

The next afternoon he saw the kind woman again. Her arms were so loaded with baskets that she could hardly walk. "Let me help," Ruel said, hurrying over.

"Thank you," the woman said. "I should have taken the master's advice and brought along help. He sent for a wagon-load of groceries earlier this week, but it wasn't enough. A feast requires a lot of food!"



"A feast?" Ruel asked, surprised. "I heard about it from the stable boy. Your master must be a very great man."

"Dear me," the woman laughed. "My master is greatness itself."



And Ruel thought so, too, when he followed the woman through a gate and into a beautiful courtyard. He had never seen such a big house or such fine gardens! He ran home with several coins in his pocket to tell his mother all about it.

* * *

"I've heard there was going to be a great supper," his mother said. "I was sewing buttons on the mayor's wedding vest and he told us about it."

"So he is going, too?" Ruel asked.

"He was invited, but he is getting married this week and said he couldn't be bothered to go."

"Too busy to go to a feast?" Ruel was surprised.

"I guess when you have plenty of food, you don't value it so much," his mother said, shaking her head. "Were you able to bring home something for our supper?"

Ruel showed her the coins that he had earned and then went back up the street to buy some bread and cheese.

"Maybe I should buy grapes instead of cheese," he thought. "Mother liked them so much!" He was just trying to figure if he had enough money when a whip snapped behind him. He jumped aside as a team of fine horses and a carriage went by. He was surprised to see the innkeeper in the front seat.

"That's strange," Ruel said to himself. "He is taking the road out of town. If the feast is tonight, I am sure he is going to miss it."

Soon Ruel was standing before the market stalls looking at the juicy fruits and fine cheeses. He was wishing he was rich enough to buy some of both when he realized that there was only one coin left in his pocket. "I must have lost the others when I jumped out of the road," he thought sadly. "Now we shall only have bread for supper. Poor mother will be disappointed!"

* * *

"Do you have any extra change? Just enough to buy some milk or butter?"

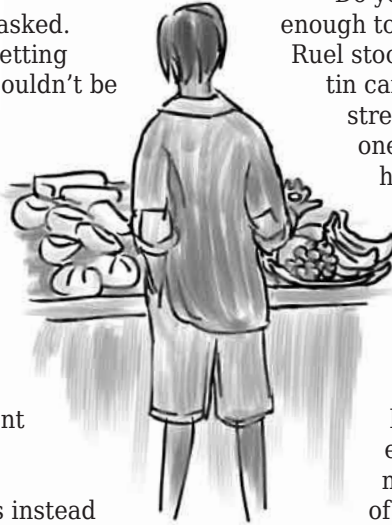
Ruel stood on the corner, holding out a tin can. It was getting dark and the streets were strangely empty. No one noticed the beggar boy. "They have all gone home to supper," he thought. "I guess I'd better go, too. Bread is better than nothing."

He was turning down the alley when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Ruel turned, surprised to see a well-dressed boy looking at him with friendly eyes. "You are invited to my master's feast," he said, quite out of breath. "Do hurry and come!"

Ruel's face grew hot. "There must be some mistake," he said. "I am only a poor boy."

But the young servant shook his head. "The master wants you to come. We have brought in the lame and blind from every street corner, but he is not satisfied yet. Aren't you hungry tonight? That loaf of bread is hardly much food."

Ruel's eyes filled with tears. "I was just



wishing for a good supper for my mother. Can she come, too? Are you sure your master will have us?"

"It will please my master to have you both. Let us go and get her at once!" the servant said.

The courtyard of the great man was filled with people when they arrived. Ruel had never seen so many beggars and handicapped people in one place! As Ruel and his mother joined the crowd, he heard an excited whisper behind him. "Hey, you were invited, too?" It was the stable boy. With his good arm he was leading a blind old man. "Just think! The innkeeper didn't come because he wanted to look at some property out of town," he said in disgust. "I only wish Grandpa could see how beautiful this all is!"

It was a marvelous sight. Ruel and his mother stood in the doorway and stared at the great supper that had been prepared. The long tables were loaded with cheese and fruits of all kinds, baskets of hot rolls and pots of soup. Busy servants were setting out steaming platters of meat and vegetables, and serving food into large bowls. Among the workers Ruel recognized the kind market lady.

"I am so glad you've come!" she said, hurrying over with a wash basin and towel.

"My master will soon be here, so wash up and sit down."

"How can this feast be for us?" Ruel was still puzzled. "Where are all the fine guests that were invited?"

"Ungrateful wretches!" the maidservant's eyes flashed. "They asked to be excused, and excused they are. They will not taste of my master's supper!"

"I would rather have the poor and hungry any day," said a deep voice, and Ruel looked up into the kindest face he had ever seen. It was the master himself! Ruel didn't know what to say, but the great man welcomed them warmly, shaking their hands like they were important guests. Then, taking Ruel's mother gently by the arm, he led her to a comfortable chair. "My dear lady, do not fear. In my house all that you need will be provided. You are welcome to stay as long as you desire."



Ruel could hardly believe his ears. For the second time that night his eyes filled with tears. What a great feast indeed! But the greatest of all was the good master, who had taken poor beggars and made them his friends.



The rock was a wonderful place... even Badger couldn't budge it.



When cold winds blew again...



Pika found safety in the rock. Where can we be safe?


- 1 Sam 2:2
- Psalm 94:22
- Prov 18:10



Think about it: God's Feast


- God has prepared a great feast for us in the Bible. But most people think of other things that they'd rather do. How many excuses can you find in this picture? Is the boy paying attention to them?


- God's feast is only for those that are hungry. Look up these Bible verses (KJV) and fill in the blanks to see what a hungry person will act like.



 Jesus said unto them, I am the **bread** of life: he that _____ to me shall never hunger; and he that _____ on me shall never thirst.

(John 6:35)



 Jesus saith unto them, My **meat** is to _____ of him that sent me, and to finish his work. (John 4:34)

 And the **fruit** of righteousness is sown in peace of _____ . (James 3:18)

 If we eat the good things God has, what does this verse say that we will act like?  **Butter** and **honey** shall he eat, that he may know to _____ , and _____ . (Isaiah 7:15)

Can you find these foods (shown above) hidden in the picture? What about the good things God has hidden in your day? If you are hungry, you will!

A verse to hide in your heart: O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. Psalm 34:8





Red and blue lights flash behind you. “Uh, oh! We’re in trouble!” Mom says, as she pulls the car over to the side of the road.

If you have ever had a police officer stop someone in your family, you know it is kind of scary. What will happen? Will you get a ticket? It is never fun to be in trouble, and sometimes the punishment seems unfair. “Mom wasn’t being dangerous,” you might think. “She had to go fast because we are late!” But it doesn’t matter what you say, they will probably give her a ticket anyway. Being angry won’t help, will it?

Have you ever wondered why there are patrol cars on the roads? Yes, it is to keep us safe and help people remember to obey the laws. Driving would be much more dangerous if there was no traffic patrol! No one likes to get pulled over. It is never fun to get a ticket. But sometimes that is the only way to help drivers learn. And once they learn to obey and be safe on the road, patrol cars aren’t scary anymore.

What about you? You don’t drive a car, but you do make choices to obey and be safe, or not. And just like there are traffic patrol on the road, God gives us “be-

havior patrol” in our lives. Most often it is your parents that have the job of “pulling you over” when you are misbehaving. When you know you are in trouble you might feel scared or angry. But it won’t help to run away or try to defend yourself, will it? The best thing to do is to stop, listen, and submit. Submitting is like paying a ticket. It isn’t fun to give up your own way, but it is the only way to learn a lesson. If you get stubborn and argue, you will probably get in worse trouble!


Correction is needed in our lives. It reminds us what we should be doing and protects us from more trouble. It is also called “reproof.” Proverbs 15:32 says, “he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.” When you get into trouble or someone corrects you, it is time to learn something! A police officer might pull someone over to remind them to fix their brake light, and God might send us sickness or disappointments to teach us good things. He wants us to trust Him and come close to Him in our troubles. If you do, you will learn that reproof is not so scary.



Do you think it is hard to be corrected? Actually, punishments get much harder the older you get. It is important to be quick to listen and submit now! Spankings and skinned knees are small consequences compared to broken homes and broken health. Watch the lives of older people and see if you can learn from them. Most of all, learn to trust God’s patrols so He can keep you safe!


Can you decode this Bible Patrol Ticket and read the verse?

Now for the big challenge: will you **obey** it the next time someone has to correct you? What happens if you **don’t**? Can you think of a good “fine” to pay as a reminder?

Time to Pay Attention!

H+  in+  (-con)

and  w+ 

and refuse it  .

Proverbs 8:33



Editor's Note: Last issue a reader shared her healing experience involving a natural doctor. We believe that God heals today and wants us to trust Him completely with our bodies as well as our souls. Suffering is part of life, but God is able to fill us with His joy and peace when we put our trust in Him. Every affliction is an opportunity to know more of God's love and power. (Psa. 34:19) May your faith be inspired to trust Him more!

~~~~~How God Helped a Little Girl~~~~~



I was on the airplane coming home from Oklahoma. Our seats were toward the back of the plane. We asked a lady that had a little girl if we could sit by her. She said, "Sure, you can sit here." I noticed that the little girl didn't look very happy. She lay in her mama's lap very still. Sometimes she cried and moaned. Her mama asked for a cold napkin to put on her head. She did not like it. She cried and cried. The lady

asked Mama if she knew of any way to slow down a high fever. Mama said, "Vinegar water would help and cool baths would slow down a fever. And even when she does not like it, just put her in the water and she will feel a little better." The lady said, "I will try that when we get home. Thank you very much for that advice." The plane trip was about four hours long. All during that time the little girl grew worse and worse. Finally her mama started to cry. "She's never been so sick before. I am very worried!" Mama said, "I don't want to offend you, but when my children are sick, the best doctor I know is Jesus." Mama offered to have prayer for the little girl. The lady said she had been praying all day. So we had prayer on the plane. About ten minutes later the little girl started playing peek-a-boo with me. She was well! Her mama said, "I don't think my mother is going to believe she was sick."

-AutumnGrace,
age 8



Do you have an experience to tell?
Just write or call me at 503-769-7567 &
I will help you write it up! - Miss Laura

Buried Treasures



I HOPE WE CAN PRINT
YOUR STORY
NEXT!

Have you been sick or had problems? God has good for you! Here are some more treasure from trouble that other children have found! Do you believe that God is able to help you, too?

Love

Courage

Gentleness

Trust

Kindness

Faith



MY STOMACH ACHE



It was going to be a fun day! My family and I were going to the Danielsen's house to help them with their work party.

As soon as we arrived, I started with the pile of dishes in the kitchen. Then Mrs. Danielsen had another job - "You can start mixing up this meatloaf for me" she directed. I was shaking in some salt and spices when I began to get a really bad stomach ache.

I decided that if I just kept on working it would have to go away sometime. But it didn't. After a while it was getting hard to concentrate on making 5 times the recipe for all the people that were coming for lunch. I knew I wasn't going to be much of a help that day if I couldn't even make a recipe!

It was then that I decided to go to my doctor. I have the best doctor in the world and he always has time for me. I found a quiet spot and knelt down. "Dear Lord," I prayed "I really want to be a blessing today and feel well enough to help. Please touch my stomach and help me to feel better." I felt peaceful inside because I knew that God would take care of me. And he did! Right as I got up, the stomach ache was gone!

All day I felt so happy inside and so thankful that I could work! God hears us when we have the right attitude in our heart, and he knows what is really best for us to have.

- Amanda, age 17



The Time I Heard God Talk to Me


One time I was sitting down eating oatmeal. I didn't want to finish it, but Mommy said I should. I was complaining when I heard a voice say, "Kaden." It sounded like my daddy telling me to obey. So I said, "Yes, Daddy!" My mom said, "Dad's not here." So I was thinking it was a voice from God. Mommy agreed. "I think God was telling you that you need to be obedient," she said. "God has put Daddy and I in authority over you and He wants you to listen to us." - *shared by Kaden, age 5*



One day *When God Protected Me*

I was riding my new bike by the farm greenhouse. I was riding real fast, and I wanted to put on my brakes to slow down. But I forgot to use my hand brakes, because I was used to peddle brakes. So I tried peddling backwards and it did not work.



I just kept going faster and hit a railroad tie. Then my head yanked forward and my chin hit the handlebars very hard. I was thankful that one of my bones in my chin didn't break. - shared by Kaden, age 5 

The Roller Blades

My friend Caleb had roller blades. They were fun to use and could go fast. "Mommy, I wish I could have roller blades," I said.

"You will have to save up your money," my mom said. I didn't have any money, so it didn't seem like I would get any for a long time.


After science class the next day, Caleb and I went off to play. Then Caleb had an idea.

"We could dig up your mom's flower bed for her." "Sure," I said. "My mom said she would pay us, too."

Soon we were working hard with shovels and picks. After awhile Mom came outside. "That looks very nice, boys," she said, "I will pay you three dollars for it."

I put the money in my pocket. "I will save it for roller blades," I thought.

The next day I went with my mom to Goodwill. I went over to the toy section, and there I saw some roller blades! They were adjustable to fit my size. "Mom, look!" I said. "That is wonderful," Mom said. "They are even half-off, so I think you have just the right amount of money to buy them!"

I was very happy to have my own roller blades. On the way home Mom said, "Let's thank God for them. He helped you decide to work so you could earn the money. And then He worked it out that another child outgrew their roller blades, and then took them to the store just in time for you to buy them!" - shared by Kaden, age 5 

Love

Courage

Gentleness

Trust

Kindness

Faith

Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy

Do you know that God cares?

Whether our needs are big or small, God wants us to talk to Him and ask for His help. When good things happen, it pleases God that we are thankful. Let's remember to pray for one another, too!

A Place for Prayer

REQUESTS

Please continue to pray for the needs of the orphans in Kibwezi, Kenya. They need food, clothes and school supplies. Most of all, pray that they will know and trust in God's loving care!



The Lawrence family is thankful for God's supplies to start the "Bible Center" in Makindu, Kenya. The Lord has also answered prayer and sent rain so crops could grow this spring! The people are very poor, but many are hungry to learn about God. Please pray for this ministry. At the Center the Lawrences plan to take care of orphans and the elderly, and teach trades to students, as the Lord provides.



My family is adopting two little girls. Please pray that I will be a kind sister.
- AutumnGrace, age 8



I have been wanting a doll, but my Papa wants me to learn to be content. Please pray for me that I will have peace inside. - Annabelle, almost 8

I would like prayer to get my school done, to be diligent. - Brooke, age 10



THANKSGIVING

I am thankful for God's protection on our Ohio trip. - Brooke, age 10



On my first airplane ride I got real airsick. So in the airport I asked God that I wouldn't feel sick on the next airplane ride. And God helped me. Every time I felt a little sick, I prayed and then I felt better. - Annabelle, almost 8



I was having a hard time keeping up with my chores and it was getting overwhelming. I prayed and the Lord has been helping me to do a good job. - Jason, age 11

Aunt Pam and Uncle John were coming over to eat and we were planning to have smoothies. But then Mommy said that we didn't have the ingredients. So then I said, "Let's ask God if we can have smoothies." After I prayed, the phone rang. It was my cousin telling us that he had made smoothies for everyone! Isn't it wonderful how God answered my prayer so quickly? - Kaden, age 5



“Papa isn’t feeling well,”

said Sissy Bamford to her brother. “I guess you’ll have to do the milking tonight.”

Bud sighed. Papa was always sick. “Didn’t the doctor give him a new medicine?” he asked, as he followed Sissy out to barn.

“Yes, but it is the worst stuff ever!” Sissy said, wrinkling her nose. “I had to have it last winter when I had the flu, and it made me gag. Maybe Papa will feel better if he rests.”

“Can’t you make us some pudding again, Sis?” Bud asked when he brought the milk in.

“Not tonight,” Sissy said, tying on an apron. “Mama’s headache is worse. I’ve given her some pills and she’s resting. I’ll have to make supper, though I don’t feel too well myself.”

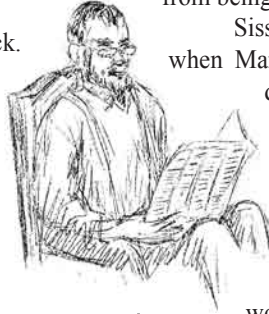
“Isn’t Mama’s head better?” Papa asked, coming into the kitchen. He looked thin and pale. “Dr. Gains said he might have a new medicine for her to try. I should stop by his office tomorrow.” He sighed. “The Lord knows I’m trying to take care of my family, but I hate to think what the doctor’s bill looks like.”

Papa poked his head into the pantry, muttered to himself. “He’ll be asking about that stomach pep. Better get my evening dose. Nasty stuff.” Bud winked at Sissy.

When Papa appeared with a black bottle, he was shaking his head. “My, it seems that we have enough medicine bottles on the shelf for five families!” He tried to laugh, but clutched his stomach with a groan.

Sissy hurried to get him a cup of water. “You aren’t feeling any better tonight?” she asked.

“It’s the old army dysentery again,” he muttered. “I guess I won’t have any supper. He fell into his big chair and wiped his face with a handkerchief. “Bud, get me my reading



glasses. I think I’ll read from those gospel papers Peter sent me. I’m not going to let a stomach ache keep me from being blessed in my heart!”

Sissy was setting the soup bowls on the table when Mama came downstairs. “How’s your head, darling?” Papa asked, looking up from his paper.

“Good enough to join the family for supper,” Mama said, pouring herself a cup of tea. “Sissy, I don’t know what I’d do without you!”

Sissy tried to smile, but her mouth wobbled and tears came to her eyes. Mama put her arms around her. “Poor dear, you’re all worn out! Didn’t you sleep well last night?” Sissy only shook her head.

“Maybe we should have Dr. Gains...” began Mama, but changed her mind. “Let’s sit down to eat, and pray this food to strengthen you, dear.”

“Well, I’m hungry!” Bud said, cheerily. “The soup sure looks good.” Sissy wiped her eyes and sat down, while Mama brought a plate of crackers. Bud thanked the Lord for the food and added, “please bless our family to be feeling better soon!” Mama and Sissy nodded in agreement.

“Listen to this!” Papa announced, a few minutes later. “There are some gospel meetings being held at the city hall in a couple weeks. I think we ought to go!” Mama smiled a little. “You haven’t been feeling well enough to go anywhere, James. Are you sure you could manage the late nights?”

“Some good spiritual encouragement might be just what we are needing,” Papa said.

“Like the Bible says, when the outward man perishes, the inner man is renewed day by day.”

“I guess that applies to us,” Mama agreed. “I’m afraid our spirits have been about as low as our health lately. It can’t be much worse going to a meeting.”

So it was decided, and in two weeks

The Bamfords’ New Doctor



time the Bamford family was sitting in the city hall listening to a traveling gospel preacher.

"He talks different," Bud whispered to Sissy.

"That's because he's from the east," Sissy whispered back. "But listen! He's telling about the friends who brought the sick man to see Jesus. You like that story. Remember how they tore up the roof?"

Bud was quiet and soon both of them were listening with interest. They had never heard anyone tell about Jesus quite like this before. It seemed like they were actually back in the land of Galilee.

"Suddenly, above that crowded room, came the sound of tiles being moved," the preacher said, looking at the ceiling. "Listen! Is someone trying to break in?" Bud and Sissy looked up, too. As he continued the story, they could imagine the bed being let down and Jesus standing there.

"These people really want help. They believe Jesus is the answer. Do you think Jesus will disappoint them?" Sissy felt a prickle go down her back as the preacher looked straight at her.

"Do you believe Jesus has the answers for your needs tonight?" he asked. "Maybe you have suffered many years. You've tried to find peace and rest, but nothing works. Will you come to Jesus? He is able to heal your soul and your body, too."

The meeting went late, but Papa didn't seem a bit tired as they drove home. "That man preached the Bible, Susanne," he told Mama. "I've never heard anything like it. He said that Jesus still heals today, and I believe it. Just that story about how his little boy was healed of scarlet fever was enough to convince anyone."

"Wasn't it wonderful?" Mama asked, her eyes shining.

"I liked the story of the man who was made well again," Sissy said softly. "I believe Jesus forgave my sins, but can He really make my body strong, too?"

"And cure Papa's stomach problems and Mama's headaches?" asked Bud.

"That's what I mean to find out," said Papa. "I

believe Jesus has the answer, and I'm going to have it, even if I have to tear open a roof to find it!"

The next morning the Bamford's sat around the kitchen table. "I'm more sure than ever that the Lord wants to be our healer," said Papa. "I didn't know the

Bible was so full of this truth. See if you can count how many people Jesus healed while I read this chapter, Bud." He adjusted his glasses and began to read Mathew eight.

"I think I counted six," Bud said, when he had finished.

"But one night lots of people were healed," put in Sissy. "I think it was more than ten or even twenty!"

"Lepers, palsy... even devil possession," said Mama. "Most doctors give up on such cases."

Papa smiled. "But they were all healed, because they came to Jesus. Do you think Dr. Gains could have done all that?" The children shook their heads.

"If Jesus called us to leave everything and follow Him," Mama said slowly, "what should we do with all the medicine in the pantry, James?"

Papa made a face. "Useless trash! I say they're only fit for the dump heap. Jesus doesn't need any stomach pep or pills to cure our ailments!"

Sissy and Bud looked at each other and grinned.

"Get an old basket from the shed, Bud," said Mama. Soon the children were helping her fill it with all the medicine bottles. Tall bottles, short bottles, full ones and some nearly empty.

"I think that there must be a hundred!" Bud said. He smelled a bottle and nearly gagged. "This stuff stinks!"

Sissy giggled. It was fun to see all those bottles disappear. "No more icky, sticky, yucky pep!" she said, tossing Papa's black bottle into the bin.

"These shelves look much better cleared out," Mama said. "If I have another headache tonight, I'm not going to be asking for pills. I'm going to be telling Jesus about it!"

"It's better than calling Dr. Gains," said Sissy. "Sometimes he's out, or he's too busy to come."



Papa looked at the basket of medicines and whistled. "I knew we were taking a lot of stuff, but I never knew how much money we were wasting! Once Bud helps me dump all these, we'll take Bossy down to Dr. Gains and settle the bill."

"What is he going to do with Bossy?" Bud asked.

"Milk her, I suppose." Papa grunted as he lifted the basket. "Come along."

"But what will we do without a cow?" Bud asked, as they poured out the medicines on the alley trash heap. "Mama always trades milk and eggs for groceries."

"God will take care of us, son," Papa said. "And with no more doctor's bills to worry about, I think we'll have some money for groceries." He wiped his face with his handkerchief and smiled. "I know Jesus can make me a strong man again, and I am going to trust Him!"

Bud held Bossy by Dr. Gains' gate while Papa knocked on the door. "Coming by for that relief pill for your wife?" the physician asked, when he saw Papa.

"No, doctor," Papa said, firmly. "I've come to pay off our bill. We've found a better physician."

Dr. Gains straightened up. "A better physician? Well, well. I've tried my best, but there is always something we can learn. Who is it, if I may ask?"

"Jesus, the Healer of Galilee," Papa replied.

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Gains, taking Bossy's lead rope. "Jesus was the best physician that ever lived. I do hope you folks get help."

The next week Papa asked several ministers from the gospel meeting to come over. They gathered in the Bamford living room while Papa explained. "For many years I have suffered from poor health. I have tried everything that the best doctors can prescribe, but I have been unable to work and often have terrible pain. Now I have taken Jesus as our family physician, and have been praying what I should do to be healed. I know my case isn't too hard for Jesus!" The visitors smiled and nodded.

Papa put on his glasses and opened his Bible. "So I want you to anoint me with oil and pray for me, as it says here in James 5. 'The prayer of faith shall save the

sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.'"

"We will be happy to do that," said an older man, taking out a tiny bottle. Bud and Sissy looked at each other, but the minister must have guessed their question.

"There is nothing in the oil to make you better," he explained. "We are just obeying God's Word, and asking for His healing power to make you whole." He put his finger on the bottle and touched Papa's head. "Let us lay our hands on you now and pray," he said.

The others came near and rested their hands on Papa's head and shoulders. The older man asked the Lord to heal Papa's body and make him completely well again. "In the name of Jesus, by whose stripes we are healed," he prayed. "We know that You are with us now, Lord, and believe you will do what we ask."

Sissy and Bud opened their eyes. Papa was smiling. "I believe I am healed," he said.

"Amen," said the visitors, getting to their feet. "Jesus is the best healer there is! Trust Him now and trust Him when you don't feel well, either. 'According to your faith be it unto you,' Jesus says."

"Are you all better?" Bud asked, when they had driven away.

"I don't feel any different than usual, but I've obeyed Jesus and I know He'll take care of my body," said Papa. "Let's go do the barn chores while Mama and Sissy make supper."

"Are you planning to eat tonight?" asked Mama.

"I'll try," Papa said with a smile.

It was several evenings later that Sissy said to Bud, "Isn't Papa much better than he ever was? He's eating all his meals and this morning he said he's going to see if he can find work."

"He must've got work," agreed Bud. "He's been gone all day. I'll finish the chores and surprise him!"

A few minutes later Bud burst into the house with an armload of wood, with Papa close behind. "Praise the Lord, I've been hired!" Papa said. "Digging ditches takes a lot of strength, but I've worked all afternoon and don't feel any pain. Susanne, I know the Lord has



healed me!” He gave Mama a big hug.

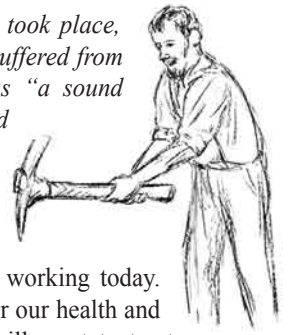
“God is so good to us,” she agreed. “Ever since I’ve decided to trust Him for my head I don’t think I’ve had one bad headache. Even Sissy’s been sleeping much better!”

As they sat around the table that evening, everyone’s face was full of smiles. “Bring me the Bible, Bud,” said Papa. “Let’s read a Psalm of praise tonight. And I don’t need any glasses either, for God has healed my eyes, too!”

- From a testimony by James Bamford in the book *Two Hundred Instances of Divine Healing*. In 1909,

seventeen years after this story took place, he testified that he had “never suffered from those old complaints” and was “a sound and well man” since Jesus had healed him.

Editor’s note: Though the Bamford family lived one hundred years ago, their “better physician” is still alive and working today. We are thankful to trust Jesus for our health and happiness, and pray that you will want to trust Him, too!



Let me tell you about...

Kaden's Good Morning

Kaden rolled over in bed. His throat hurt and he coughed. He felt Mommy’s hand pull up the covers. The big bed felt cozy and warm. Daddy was away, and Kaden was glad that Mommy had let him sleep with her. He snuggled close and soon fell asleep again.

The next thing Kaden knew, light was coming through the windows. It was morning. Kaden still felt sleepy. He tucked his head under the covers and closed his eyes. His head felt hot and the sore place was still there when he swallowed. Kaden put his hands together. “Dear Jesus, please bless this day. Help me to be a good boy and help Mommy,” he whispered. “And please help me to feel better soon.”

Kaden coughed and Mommy pulled him close to her. “Good-morning, Kaden,” she whispered. “You can rest awhile longer if you like. I’m going to get dressed and prepare breakfast now.”

Kaden lay still for several minutes. He could hear Mommy’s feet on the floor and the rattle of dishes in the kitchen. Suddenly he heard a squeak from the crib next to him. Kaden sat up and looked at his little brother’s sleepy face. “Good morning, Patrik!” he said.

Patrik’s eyes blinked. He reached up his hands and grunted. “Do you want to get up?” Kaden asked. He reached down and pulled his brother onto the bed. “I’ll sing you a song, Patrik,” he said. “Jesus loves me, this I know!” he began, cuddling his little brother close.

“Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so,” Kaden sang. He opened his eyes and saw Mommy standing in the doorway. She was smiling at him.

“Good-morning, Patrik!” she said, picking him up. Then she put her other arm around Kaden. “It is surely is a good morning when I have such a sweet boy to be my helper.”

- shared by Kaden’s Mommy





Pain Warnings



Would you like to bake some cookies? I want to make them for a surprise for Daddy. Won't that be fun? Here is his favorite recipe. Let's first get out the ingredients we need.

Together we measure and mix. *Yum, this is good!* you say, licking your fingers. *Can I put the chocolate chips in?* Yes, but why are there only a few left? I thought I filled this measuring cup. Did you eat them? You look down because you are ashamed. Slowly you nod your head. Well, I guess these will have to be for Daddy's cookies! The rest of us will have to have them plain. *I'm sorry I ate them up,* you say. *Can't we get more?* No, dear. I want to help you remember to ask first next time.

At last the cookies are done. Be careful, this tray is... *Ouch! It's hot!* you shout, shaking your fingers. Did you burn them? Here, cold water will help. *They still hurt,* you moan. I'm sorry you got burnt, but I'm glad you felt the pain. *Why?* you ask. Because it made you pull your hand away. If you didn't feel pain, you could have been burned much worse. The pain was a warning to protect you. When people don't feel pain it is a terrible thing. Often parts of their body get infected and rot, just because they can't feel!

I'm glad I can feel things, you say. Yes, God gave us pain sensors to protect us. Pain is good in other ways to. Remember how you were ashamed about eating the chocolate chips? That was a good kind of pain, because it helped you see that you were wrong. Do you know what would happen if you told me a lie? *I would get in worse trouble,* you say. Worse trouble indeed. If you didn't confess your wrong, the sin of deception would grow in your heart. And the Bible says, "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." (James 1:15)

Just think! Sin is like rot inside of you. That is why you have to be corrected and disciplined when you choose wrong, to keep you from becoming rotten inside. Imagine your heart like the old moldy squash by the compost pile. *Yuk! That's gross!* you say. Yes, doing wrong is disgusting. But if we are not sorry for sin and don't feel pain in our hearts when we do wrong, that is just how horrible our lives will become. Aren't you glad that God gives us pain warnings inside, to help protect us? Be careful to listen to them so that you will be saved from worse trouble and pain later!



STOP THE ROT!

Can God keep you safe from the rot of sin? Yes! If you listen to His warnings and ask Him to take all the wrong things out of your heart, He will fill you with good things. Find these naughty words hidden (across and down)-- in the puzzle and cross them off!

FUSS	REDJFUSS
DEMAND	OIECEILN
COMPLAIN	COMPLAIN
LIE	THARGUEE
ARGUE	LSNEAKOR
SNEAK	DADLWAYS

Do you know a Bible secret to keep the rot out?
Write the letters leftover from the puzzle to see:

----- !





Dear Reader,

Is your heart filled with God's goodness? As you count the bottles in this issue, think about all the good things God has stored up for you - and remember, when we give our lives to God, He can use us to bless others! (See 2 Cor. 4:6-7)



We are always glad to hear from you. Has God answered your prayers? Is there a need that you would like to share? If you don't have time to write, I'd be happy to hear about it by phone. (Call 503-769-7567 and ask for "Miss Laura.")



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, Kara, and Amanda. The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda, as we look to the Lord to provide content and direction.



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



In the King's service,
The Editors



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Number 52

Summer 2010

<i>Comic Story</i>	1
- A Place for Pika	
<i>A Parable</i>	2
- The Begger Boy and the Feast	
<i>Think About It</i>	5
- God's Feast	
<i>Highway Signpost</i>	6
- Highway Patrol	

Buried Treasures	- How God Helped a Little Girl	<i>middle section</i>
	- My Stomach Ache	
	- The Time I Heard God	
	- When God Protected Me	
	- Rollerblades	
<i>A Place for Prayer</i>		

<i>A True Story</i>	7
- The Bamford's New Doctor	
<i>Let Me Tell You About</i>	10
- Kaden's Good Morning	
<i>Lesson from Life</i>	11
- Pain Warnings	

Treasures of the Kingdom

PO Box 1212, Jefferson, OR 97352

e-mail: totk@timelesstruths.org
website: totk.timelesstruths.org

*How many bottles can you find?
There should be 98 including this one:*



SEND TO: