

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation



Trusting God is like an eagle learning to fly... (Proverbs 3:5)

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|  <p>Little eagle lived in a big nest high up in a tree.</p> |  <p>Every day he was given food</p> |  <p>and warmth</p> |  <p>and he grew big and fat.</p> | |
|  <p>Now his parents said that he must learn to fly.</p> |  <p>But little eagle liked his nest</p> |  <p>and the ground was so far away!</p> |  <p>What will hold me up?</p> | |
|  <p>His parents left the nest.</p> |  <p>I'm hungry!</p> |  <p>I'm cold!</p> |  <p>Little eagle hopped and flapped.</p> |  <p>He got thinner and lighter.</p> |

The Negative Gnats

I know a little princess that lived in a second-story apartment with a houseful of people and many things to do. Some of the things were fun, like reading books and having tea parties and playing with her friends. But that only happened on special occasions, like her birthday. And when her birthday was over, things were not fun at all. At least that was what the princess thought when she woke up after her birthday and realized that life had to go on “as usual.”

“Bother!” said the little princess, trying to pull on her new pink glove. “This day is horrible already!”

“Not if you act like a princess,” said her old auntie. “Come and let me do your hair.”

But the little princess didn’t feel like being a princess. She felt grouchy and out of sorts.

“It’s terrible!” she said, when it was time



to help in the kitchen. “Brother is just going to make trouble and mess everything up today!” And her eyes filled with tears.

“Hi, Sissy!” said her little brother, coming into the room. The little princess only glared at him.

“I know what is the problem,” said her old auntie. “There are negative gnats buzzing in your head today. How will you get them out?”

“I don’t know!” said the little princess with a sob. “I hate to work and work is all I have to do!”

“All you do?” asked her old auntie.

“Are you sure?” asked her tall daddy.

“I’m working, too,” said her young auntie.

“It won’t take long to get our chores done.”

“It will take forever!” said the little princess,

and she pouted so big that the old auntie’s fingers could walk across her lower lip.

“Would you like to trade jobs?” asked her tall daddy.

“Yes!” said the little princess.

But she didn’t want to trade with the young auntie, because she was washing dishes

and vacuuming the floor.

And she didn’t want to trade with the old auntie, because she always was working.

And she didn’t want to trade with her tall daddy, because he was working, too!

She wanted to trade with her gentle mommy, because she mostly sat in the nursery. It would





be fun to hold a baby for awhile.

“Not now,” said her gentle mommy. “You must take care of your own work first.”

The little princess frowned. It didn't seem fair! What the little princess needed to learn was that they all worked because they were part of a kingdom. And the secret rule of the kingdom was that they were all happy because they were serving each other. But instead she complained.

And so the day went, quite miserable indeed. The negative gnats became so horrible that the little princess was covered with itchy bites and all she could do was moan and groan. It was terrible! What else could she do when the gnats were so annoying? The little princess went to bed without an answer. I think it was because she didn't look for one. She just felt miserable.

The next day the little princess awoke feeling more cheerful. When her brother wanted to play with cars, she said, “Sure!” and they had a fun game. But after a bit it was time to work again and suddenly



the itches started up. It wasn't as bad as the day before, but it still was bothersome.

“I don't feel like working,” the little princess thought, when she heard the old auntie call her from the kitchen. So she dragged her feet and went very slowly.

“I've been thinking about those negative gnats,” said auntie with a smile, “and I think I know how to get rid of them!”

The little princess frowned. “How?” she said.

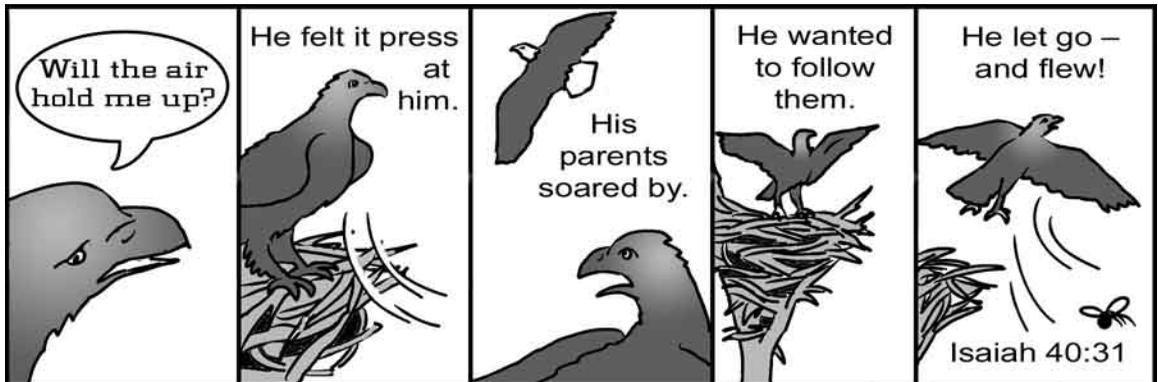
“Use a repellent!” said the old auntie. And she told the little princess how negative gnats like it best in stormy selfish weather. And the more they swarm around someone, the worse trouble they cause. “But there are some very good repellents that they don't like at all,” she said with a wise nod.

“What are they?” asked the little princess, getting a bit interested.

“Well, one is called ‘willing to help’ and another is ‘joyful sunshine.’”

Just then the little princess remembered a repellent that her tall daddy had given her once. “I think I will try ‘obedience,’” she said.

“That should work very well,” the old auntie agreed. “Let



us just see how those negative gnats react to cheerful obedience! It is time to set the table now.”

“Okay,” said the princess, and she hurried to her work. And it really didn’t seem that hard after all.

“You have forgotten a bowl and cup for your brother,” said her tall daddy when he sat down.

“But I have something else to do,” the little princess said, slipping around the corner.

“Oh dear, I think some gnats are coming close. Where is your obedience repellent?” the old aunt asked.

“If you can’t get rid of them yourself, perhaps I will have to help,” said her tall daddy.

“Oh, no! I wouldn’t like that,” said the little princess.

“He is your protector, after all,” reminded the old aunt. “He doesn’t want the negative gnats to eat you up.”

The little princess stood still for a moment, then she ran to obey her daddy. “Bad little gnats,” she said. “Today you will have to go away!”

“As long as you keep that repellent on, I think they will,” said the old aunt. And she was right, wasn’t she?

“Yes!” said the little princess later that morning. “Those little selfish gnats must be real mad when sprayed with the repellent. I want to be obedient AND helpful AND cheerful today! Those are 3 repellents. Three at once! I hope my tall Daddy does not have to help!”

And because she wanted to, the little princess was beginning to learn the secret of the kingdom. I hope she finds the great King’s key to happiness soon. Then she can keep the negative gnats away always!

And that is how the story ends... for now, because the little princess is still making choices!



Deep Inside

Are you in trouble?
Deep inside
Is there something wrong
Not quite right
Tangled up, confused?
Is there fear that hurts
Or anger that is hard and cold?
Maybe just darkness
Because no one knows about it
And you don’t want them to see
How you really feel
Really think
Something you are hiding
Deep inside
Do you have that kind of trouble?

But someone does know
Every thought and feeling
Is written in His book
He wants to banish the wrong
And make everything right
Because He cares
Because He is goodness and love
And deep inside
He wants you to be that way
Because that is how
He designed you to be
Not a failure
No, not a fake, either
But like He is
Pure in heart
And loving what is right
Because that is true happiness
And He wants you
To share it with Him.





Think About It: Friends or Enemies?

Do you know that you have enemies that are plotting to ruin your day and make you miserable? These “bad guys” are sneaky about it and pretend they are your friends. So how can you spot them?

Before you can identify your false friends, you must know who is really out to help you. A true friend will help you do the right thing, even if it is hard. Your parents and others that care about you are your true friends. They stick by you and want to help you in life. But there is someone who cares about you more than any person. God is the one who can make your day worthwhile, no matter what goes wrong!

So if you are feeling rotten because you have work to do or plans have been changed, it is time to remember there is a plot going on. The bad guys are sneaking up.

How can you spot an enemy? By its attitude. You see, it isn't the messy room or the spilled milk that is plotting against you. Nor is it your pesky brother or the people that give you work to do. Your enemies aren't visible at all, but they sure are real. They hover close, like the negative gnats in the story, and fill you with bad feelings. But they pretend they are defending you. “No one really cares about you,” they whisper. “Your day is ruined because you can't do what you want.” It is a very sneaky trick to make you weak and miserable.

How can you make them go away? The first thing to do is to call them names – their real ones, of course. “I know who you are!” you can say, “You are whiny little Self Pity. I'm not going to have a crybaby like you for a friend!” Try it once and just see if he doesn't back off in surprise.

Remember who your friends are? Now is a good time to listen to their advice. Maybe they will remind you of some good-attitude repellants like “Count-Your-Blessings” and “Prompt Obedience.” Those quickly make the bad attitudes lose their power.

But you will never really win until you get rid of the enemies inside. If you like to be selfish and unthankful, it is because you have let the “bad guys” make their club house in your heart. They are bullies and will make you their slave. Jesus is able to save you from their power, and fill your heart with good attitudes instead. He is the best friend you could ever have. Will you let Jesus kick them out? If you trust and obey him, the “bad guys” can't trick you or beat you up.



This boy is having a bad day. Can you help him find his enemies (and x them out!) and circle his friends?

I was sewing for my sister, but it didn't turn out the way she liked. A thought said, “I can't ever do it right!” but I knew that was a “bad guy” and I shouldn't listen. Jesus said, “You can try again later.” I didn't feel like trying again, but I knew He was my friend and would help me. I chose to listen to His advice and ignore my enemies. And sure enough, the next time I succeeded!



Too Much Swimming

- A story from when Apa was young

Slap-slap-slap-slap.

Ricky's flip-flops hit the hot sidewalk as he hurried to the big pool. He couldn't wait to go swimming! His big brothers, Ken and Jon, raced ahead and dove into the water. Ricky wasn't far behind, and soon the pool was filled with wild splashing in a game of "sardines."

The next hour disappeared quickly. Ricky and his younger sister Margy practiced diving and then joined the others in a game of Marco Polo. They were only on their second round when they heard the fatal call. "Time to go home!"

"Can't we stay a little longer?" Ricky begged.

"Just to finish this game?" Ken added.

But Mom was firm. "Not today," she said, as she handed Margy a towel. "We have company coming tonight. Besides, you wouldn't think it was so much fun if we stayed here all day. Too much of a good thing is too much."

"That's what moms always say," Jon muttered, as they slowly climbed out of the pool.

"I could play in the pool forever!" Margy said.

Ricky had to agree. Who ever heard of too much swimming? Mom was just making that up!

The days continued to be hot and steamy, and Ricky was glad when they could make another trip to the pool. "I hope we can stay longer this time," he whispered to Margy as they climbed in the car.

They were earlier at the pool than usual, so none of their friends were there yet. "Hey, Bobby!" Ricky called when they finally arrived. "Let's race!"

"No, fair!" he spluttered when Bobby



reached the far side first. "You got a head start!" They lined up for another try and several of the other boys joined them. After several more races someone suggested playing "sardines."

Ricky was "shark" when more friends arrived. After several times across the pool without catching anyone Ricky was getting really tired! He made a desperate lunge after Margy, but she was too far ahead. Soon everyone was across again!

"I'll be shark this time," Ken offered, and Ricky was glad to catch his breath. His lungs were tired and he didn't feel like playing anymore.

When Bobby suggested Marco Polo, Ricky shook his head. "I'm tired out." He looked across the pool and was surprised to see his mom still talking with the other parents. Usually she got them headed home by now. Playing in the pool all day suddenly didn't seem so exciting as he had thought.

"Come on!" Bobby urged. "Don't be a spoilsport! I'll be Marco."

"Okay," Ricky agreed, but he didn't have much fun. What time was it anyway? The shadows were getting longer and Ricky almost wished his parents would call them. But Dad was dozing on a beach chair and Mom was still talking.

The boys started a water ball game next, but it didn't go very well. Ricky seemed to make a lot of mistakes, and even when his team scored, he couldn't get very excited about it.

It was a relief when Mom's voice rang out across the pool, "Time to get ready to go, kids!" Without another word Ricky crawled out of the pool and headed for his dry clothes.

He stomach felt sick and he ached all over. What had gone wrong? Deep down inside, he knew. Mom had been right. Too much swimming wasn't good for anyone. Next time he would be glad when

it was time to go early. It was better to enjoy a little swimming than to ruin his whole day by getting too much!





Saved from **FEAR**

I am an orphan. I have no dad or mom and I live with my grandmother who is very old. But I thank God because since the time I was left without parents, when I was seven years old, she took care of me.

I was 13 years old when a minister came to hold meetings in our village. On January 28, 2006, I decided to give my life to Jesus Christ. That is when Jesus took over my life and changed me. After one month my grandmother also gave her life to Jesus Christ. She has also been changed by Jesus. Praise God.

Let me tell you how Jesus changed our lives. Before we accepted Jesus Christ as our Savior, life was very hard for us. We had no friends to help us, and we had no faith in God because we did not know Him. We were always in fear of evil spirits and people that were unkind to us. Everywhere we went we had no peace. Often I was late to school because of the problems we had. My life was miserable.

I thank God that He is the one who has plans for everybody. I thank God for His plan of saving us from a sinful life and the darkness of this world. Now we have something to thank God for. We are His children by grace, through Jesus Christ. Praise be to God.

I thank God for saving me. Now I am His child and He has changed my life. I am now in peace with God and also in school. Praise Jesus. I still have problems, but I trust God with all of them. I have learned that my help comes from my Heavenly Father, and that gives me peace inside. I love God with all my heart, spirit and my soul. When I have a problem, I tell my Heavenly Father because He cares for me.

1 Peter 5:6-11

By Paul Muthiani
- age 17 

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 ever been afraid? Sometimes we have little worries, and some times there are big troubles that threaten us. Read about how God helped other children to trust Him. How about you?



Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy

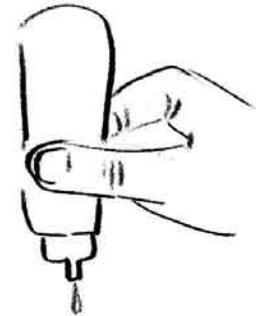
Does God Care About a Cat's Eye?



Have you ever felt worried about something? One day I noticed that my cat's eye had a problem – it was all watery and red and the pupil (the little black part) was really big. The vet gave us a little bottle of eye drops for him. He said to drip one in my cat's eye three times a day. The vet said if we didn't get the drops in his eye, he would probably go blind!

My sister and I tried holding the cat to get the drops in his eye, but kitty scratched and squirmed out of our arms – he doesn't like to be held. We tried holding liver over kitty's head but just when we squeezed the drop out of the bottle he would turn his head and the drop would fall on his fur!

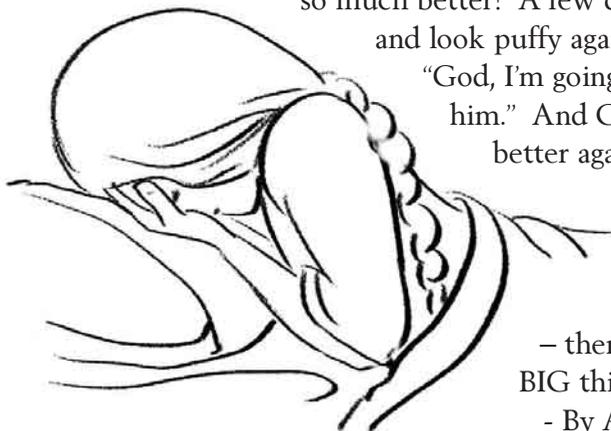
The next day kitty's eye was much worse. My stomach felt all knotted up when I looked at it because I couldn't do anything to make it better. I knew that God wanted me to trust Him and believe that He would take care of the cat, but my mind couldn't let go of the problem.



That night I asked God to help me. "I want to trust you, God, and not be worried about my cat. Help me to believe that you really do care about the cat and that you will take care of him."

And do you know what? Right then, God helped me to let go of the cat's problem. It didn't really matter anymore whether the cat's eye got worse or better because I knew God was in charge and he would do what was best. Instead of feeling afraid of what would happen, I went to sleep that night feeling so peaceful.

The next morning I looked at the cat's eye and guess what? It was so much better! A few days after that kitty's eye begin to water and look puffy again but instead of being worried I said "God, I'm going to keep trusting you to take care of him." And God did take care of him. His eye got better again.



The cat's eye problem was like a special test from God. I needed to learn to trust God and not be worried when little things went wrong – then I would be ready to trust Him when BIG things went wrong.

- By Amanda, age 17 

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!

REQUESTS

Please pray for my school fees for my education and my living needs. I have so many oppressing needs, but God knows them all. I am waiting on God to provide.
- Paul Muthiana, age 17

The Lord has blessed the Lawrence's ministry in Makindu, Kenya. They are working on a new center building (since they couldn't afford the rented one), so please pray that it would be completed soon. Also, for fall rains so that people can grow food to eat. Many are eager to hear the gospel. Please pray that these people will be encouraged to love and trust God. (See updates and photos of this ministry on my blog: livingwaterbarrenland.blogspot.com)

Dorcas (age 5) is an orphan that lives with her brother and grandma. She is having a hard time, so please pray that she will know God's love and comfort in her heart.

I'd like prayer to do my schedule without complaining and disputing. - Emma, age 6

My grandmother is gone to the hospital because she has a broken hip. Please pray that she will come back soon. - Kashara, age 4

THANKSGIVING

I broke my toe and the doctor (who straightened it) said that it would hurt a lot. But I'm thankful that it hasn't been hurting, because God helped me. I am also thankful for a Mama and Daddy, because they teach me how to work. - AutumnGrace, age 9

Two things were missing. Harold (my special stuffed animal) and a car key. We looked for hours. God caused us to miraculously find them within minutes of asking! - Emma, age 6

Time to Write!

NEXT ISSUE we would like to print HOW GOD CARES.

How does God show His care for us? What has He done for you?

Please send in your writing within a month!

We are praying that God will give you something to share with the rest of us!

A Place for Prayer

Love

Courage

Gentleness

Trust

Kindness

Faith

Open to the Light

I want to pick a bouquet for the table! Let's go outside and see if any flowers are blooming.

These yellow ones are pretty. What are they called? you ask. They are black-eyed-Susans, and I think they will look very cheerful on the table! See how their petals are golden like the sunshine? The buds are green because they haven't opened up to the light yet. It is the same way when we open our hearts to God's love. Everything is gloomy and dark when we are selfish, but if we trust God, He fills us with His light!

Oh, look at this one, you say. *Its petals are all funny!* How strange. It looks like it was afraid to open its petals up, doesn't it? *I think it was being selfish and that made it ugly,* you say. That is a good reminder to us, isn't it? If we think we must take care of ourselves, then our lives become shriveled up like this poor flower. Who is suppose to care about you? *My parents,* you say. *And God, too.* Do they care about you because you work so hard or are very smart? You shake your head. No, it is because you need them and they love you. Just like the flowers need the sunshine. When they open up to the light, they become beautiful.

Like these ones! you say, holding up a bright handful. Yes! And our lives can be just as bright and cheerful, if we don't forget their secret.



**What is
the flower's
secret of being
beautiful?**

_____ in the _____
As you trace around the flower petals, write the letters on the lines. They will spell six words. Can you find this verse in the Bible? What is something that you need to trust God with today?

Let's tell God all of our needs, and trust Him to care for us. *And not curl up any of our petals!* you say with a smile. That is right. If we close our heart, He cannot help us, can He? God wants to give us His peace and joy every day, so let's remember to ask Him for help in all our problems. God is like the great sunshine and knows how to make our lives beautiful and bright. Let's open our hearts to Him!



The God of Rain Has Not Forgotten

The boy followed his mother to the edge of the town. As usual he was hungry. The dust was dry between his toes, and even the leaves on the trees were withering. "I will bake us some bread after we have filled our jug at the well," Mother told him.

Bread. That was all they had left to eat these days. Once they had eaten cucumbers from the garden and sweet juicy grapes. The vines beside their house were all dead and brown now. "Why does the garden not grow any more?" the boy asked.

"The god of rain has forgotten us," Mother said.

"Is Baal the god of rain?" the boy asked.

"I do not know," Mother said with a sigh. "Since Princess Jezebel married the king of Israel, everyone is praying to Baal, but it doesn't seem to help."

"Do the people in Israel have rain?" the boy wondered.

"No," Mother said slowly. "Some people say that their Lord God is angry

that they are praying to Baal, and so he took away the rain. Who knows? Maybe he is the god of rain, after all."

"Will the water in the well go away, too?" the boy asked, as he watched his mother let down the water pot. He could not see the water, but he could hear the splash far below in the darkness.

"I do not know," Mother said. Her words were jerky as she hauled up the rope. "I just - wish - I - knew - who - could - help us." She looked at the barren fields and shook her head. "There is no grain to grind for flour, and our olive oil is almost gone."

The water helped fill the empty place inside. But Mother's words were troubling. Would there soon be nothing left to eat?

The boy was helping Mother gather some sticks for the fire when a stranger stopped next to them. "Please, lady, could you fetch me a little water to drink?"

The man must have come up the road from Israel. His clothes were dusty and faded, and he looked like a tramp. He smiled kindly as the boy stared at the him.

Mother didn't say anything, but hur-



ried back to where she had left the water pot. The man called after her. "Bring me a bite of bread, too, will you?"

Mother stopped and looked at the stranger. "As sure as the Lord your God lives, I don't have a bit of bread in the house," she said coldly. "The fact is, we only have a handful of flour and a little oil left. I was gathering a couple sticks to make a fire so that I could make one last meal for me and my son. After we eat that, we'll just have to die."

Mother's lips trembled, and the boy scowled. But the man didn't back off. "Don't worry," he said. "Go ahead and make your meal. But first give me a little bit, and then you and your son can eat."

The boy looked quickly at Mother. She wouldn't let this stranger take away their last bread, would she? But the man was still talking. "The Lord God of Israel has promised that your flour bin will not be empty and your oil will not run out, until the day He sends rain on the earth."

The boy studied the man's confident face. Did he really know the god of rain? He heard his mother take a deep breath. "Come to our house," she said, picking up the water jug. "You may have a drink and rest while I bake the bread."

The boy followed his mother with the sticks, but he was not happy. His stomach ached from hunger and he did not want the stranger from Israel to stay with them. "But Mother, there is not enough food for three people," the

boy whispered, as he watched her build a fire in the little clay oven. "The flour bin is almost empty, and there isn't much oil left." He tipped the oil cruse and looked inside.

"I know," she said, kneeling by the mixing pan. "It is all we have."

"And will you give it to the stranger?" the boy asked.

Mother didn't say anything. She scooped a handful of flour from the bin and sprinkled a few drops of oil over it. Then she poured in some water and kneaded it into a little loaf of bread. The boy looked at it hungrily. "For the man of Israel," said his mother, setting it on a baking pan.

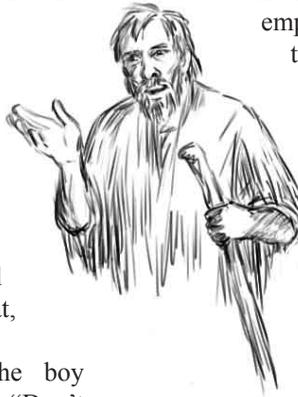
"But what about us?" asked the boy.

"We will serve him first, like he has asked. Perhaps his God will have pity..."

The boy turned the flour bin sideways, and looked up in surprise. "Mother, look!" There in the bottom was a mound of flour. "It is enough for our bread!"

Mother laughed softly. "The man spoke the truth. We will live!" she said. Sure enough, when she tipped the oil cruse, more oil drizzled out. "See? The God of rain has not forgotten us!"

(1 Kings 17)



Let me tell you...

When Jack Needed Daddy

Daddy was packing the van. Jack held his ball and watched. In went bags of clothes and shoes. In went his booster seat and water wings. "If you want to take your ball, put it in, Jack," Daddy said. "As soon as we get Mommy and the babies it will be time to go."

"Time to go?" asked Jack. He was a big brother now, but he didn't like the idea of going. Ever since his twin sisters were born at the hospital he had been afraid Daddy and Mommy would disappear again. "Daddy going?" Jack asked. "Don't leave me, Daddy."

"I won't leave you," Daddy said with a smile. "We are all going together. Your aunties are coming with us."

"And Mommy and Sissy?" asked Jack.

"Yes, and the babies, too," said Daddy.

Soon everyone was climbing in the van. Jack's seat was in the very back. It seemed very far away. "Daddy, I need you," said Jack.

"I will sit next to you," said Daddy.

Jack smiled. "I'm hungry!" he said, as Daddy buckled him in.

"We will stop for some food on the way," said Daddy.

Jack felt happy with

Daddy near. He felt safe. Daddy talked and laughed. And then he gave them food to eat. Soon it got dark and Jack felt sleepy.

Suddenly the van stopped. Jack looked around. Daddy was outside! "Daddy, I need you!" he cried, banging at the window. "Daddy, I'm scared."

"Daddy is getting gas. He'll be back soon," Mommy said.

Jack wasn't so sure. "Daddy!" he called. "Daddy, I'm scared!"

"I'm here, Jack," Daddy said, climbing into the back seat. Jack sighed. Everything was all right again. He leaned his head on Daddy's shoulder and fell asleep.

A bright light made Jack wake up. The van door was open and Daddy was getting out! Jack's heart beat fast. Was Daddy leaving him?

"Don't leave me, Daddy! I'm scared." Jack reached out his arms and tugged on his car seat.

"Alright," said Daddy. "I'll stay next to you."

At last Daddy was back in the seat where Jack could touch him. "Daddy, I love you," he said softly.



"I love you, too, Jack," said Daddy. He put his big hand on his head and everything was safe again. The van drove on through the night and soon they both fell asleep.

Jack opened his eyes. Where was Daddy? Someone else was sitting next to him and it was NOT Daddy. It was someone called "Auntie." Jack sat up and began to cry loudly, "I need you Daddy!"

"Daddy is driving," said Mommy.

Jack did not listen. "Daddy, I need you!" he cried. He leaned forward in his car seat, but he couldn't reach Daddy. Panic made his heart beat faster. "Don't leave me, Daddy!"

"I'm here, Jack." It was Daddy's voice, far, far away. Jack cried louder. Why didn't Daddy come? Every other time he came. Didn't he care?

"Jack, you are waking up the babies," said Mommy. "Stop crying and Daddy will come later." But Jack didn't stop.

"Jack is too loud!" Sissy complained.

"Let's pray for him," said Auntie. She asked God to help Jack to calm down soon.

"I need you, Daddy!" Jack sobbed. His voice was getting hoarse.

"Daddy is coming to be with you," Auntie said softly. "He is driving first, then he will come."

"Daddy, I need you!" Jack said again, but he didn't cry so loudly now.

"After Daddy drives, he will come and sit with Jack." Jack stopped crying to listen.

"Sit with Jack," he said. "Daddy sit with me." He gulped back a sob.

"Yes, Jack," Auntie said with a smile. "Daddy will come soon. First he has to drive."

"First drive?" Jack repeated. "Daddy will come soon?"

"Daddy wants Jack to be quiet, and he will come soon," Auntie agreed.

At last Jack stopped crying. He looked at a book with Auntie. He even smiled and laughed.

After awhile the van stopped and Daddy got out. "Here I am, Jack," he said.

Auntie let Jack out of his car seat and he shouted happily. "Daddy! I quiet!"

"Yes, you were," Auntie said with a smile.

"And now Daddy can be with you!"

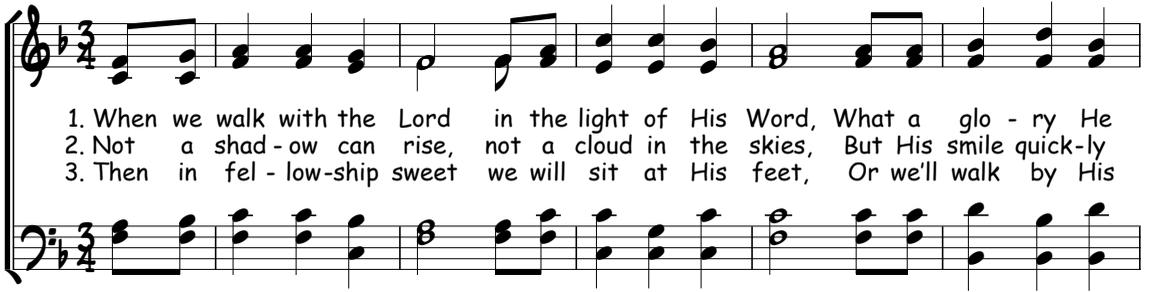


Questions:

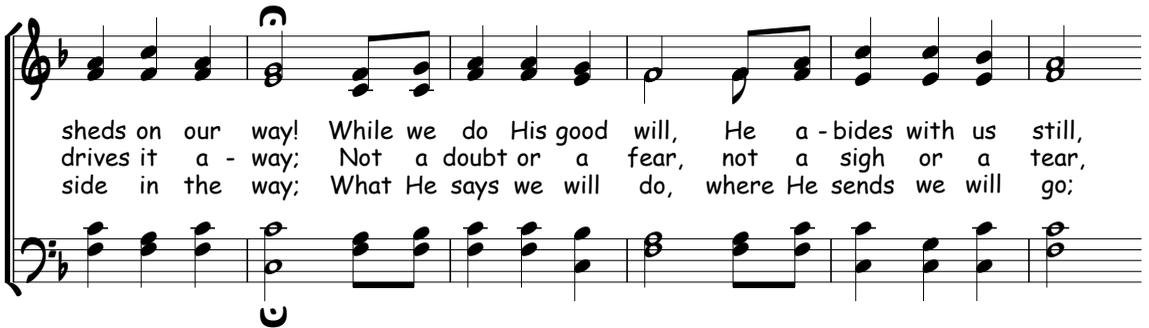
Have you felt afraid or bothered, and it seemed like no one was there to help you?
What did Jack learn? How do we know that God cares, even if we cannot feel Him?

Trust and Obey

O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee. —Psa. 84:11-12

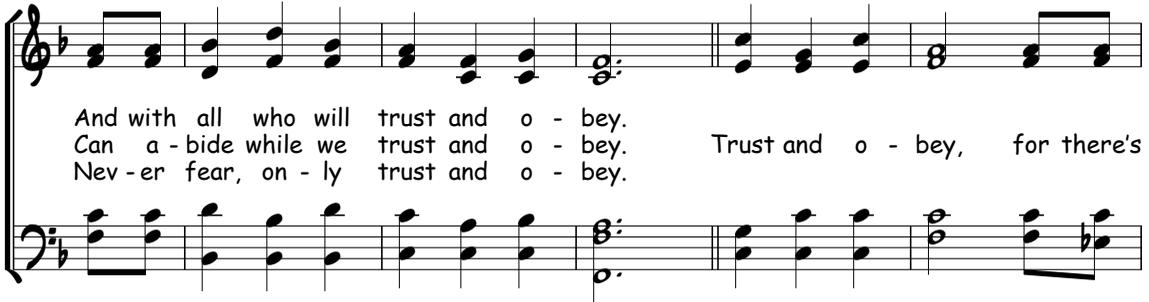


1. When we walk with the Lord in the light of His Word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick - ly
3. Then in fel - low - ship sweet we will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, not a sigh or a tear,
side in the way; What He says we will do, where He sends we will go;

Refrain



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.



Dear Reader,

This summer has been a busy one for us, with three new nieces to help with and enjoy. There are always new needs and challenges in life, but God is able to help us meet them all with hope and a good attitude. I pray that this issue will encourage you to trust and obey Him!

How has God been good to you? Please share it with us. It doesn't have to be big to bless others! Moms and older siblings, help the children in your families write their stories. You can also share 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 53

Fall 2010

| | |
|---------------------------|---|
| <i>Comic Story</i> | 1 |
| - Little Eagle in the Air | |
| <i>Live and Learn</i> | 2 |
| - The Negative Knats | |
| <i>Poem</i> | 4 |
| - Deep Inside | |
| <i>Think About It</i> | 5 |
| - Friends of Enemies? | |
| <i>A True Story</i> | 6 |
| - Too Much Swimming | |

| | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Buried Treasures | - Saved from Fear | <i>middle section</i> |
| | - Does God Care about a Cat's Eye? | |
| | <i>A Place for Prayer</i> | |
| | <i>A Lesson from Life</i> | |
| | - Open to the Light | |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Tale of Truth</i> | 7 |
| - The God of Rain Has Not Forgotten | |
| <i>Let Me Tell You</i> | 9 |
| - When Jack Needed Daddy | |
| <i>Sing Unto the Lord</i> | 11 |
| - Trust and Obey | |

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*How many gnats can you find?
There should be 113 including this one:*



SEND TO: