

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation



Taken from the book translated by Charles Lukesh

Also available online as text and audio at library.timelesstruths.org

<p>His real name was Pasha. His parents were peaceful Russian farmers, who taught their children to be hardworking.</p>	<p>They were highly respected in their community.</p>	
<p>Beware, for it is written: owe no man anything!</p> <p>Shura! Look at his nose!</p> <p>He lost again!</p>	<p>On Sundays they went to church...</p>	<p>and on holidays the priest came to play cards.</p> <p>He who endures to the end will be saved!</p>
<p>But life changed for Pasha's family after years of crop failure...</p>		
<p>I'm going east to look for better farmland</p>	<p>Three months later...</p> <p>Papa's home!</p> <p>Good news! We're moving!</p>	
<p>I've never been on a train before.</p> <p>It will be a long trip.</p>	<p>The travelers made slow progress.</p>	<p>Sometimes they had to stay in crowded stations.</p> <p>Many people got sick.</p>

Ruth's Test

"Ruth, you need to pay attention if you're going to pass that test tomorrow."

"I'm trying," said Ruth with a sigh. "Is seven times three, eight-teen?"

"Seven times three?" asked her mom. "Don't guess. Think, Ruth."

"I am thinking!" Ruth wailed.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Mom. "Your mind seems to be somewhere else today."

Ruth frowned. Her mind was full of the neighbor's new puppies, but she didn't want to admit it. "I'm thinking about seven times three," she said.

"Try skip counting," suggested Mom. "If you don't remember your sevens, try counting by threes. It works both ways."

"Three, six, nine..." Ruth counted slowly, and then wrote down the answer. Multiplication was so hard to remember!

Maybe Dad would let her have one of the puppies. Her favorite was the one with—

"Is six times two, eight?" Mom asked, looking over her shoulder. "You need to pay attention to what you are doing." Ruth sighed. It seemed forever before that math page was done!

"You should practice your reading, too," Mom said, just when Ruth was ready to hurry outside.

"I already read that book," Ruth said quickly.

"Then it shouldn't take long to read it to me," Mom said with a smile.

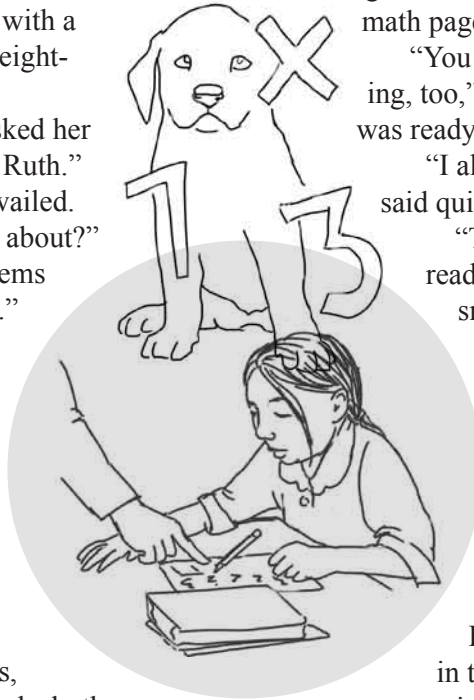
Ruth sat on the couch with a sigh. "Daniel woke up before the breakfast," she began quickly.

"Slow down, Ruth," said her mom. "What word is this?"

"Break of day," read Ruth. She looked at the dog in the picture and thought of the puppies again. "He took his gun and went outside," she said.

"He did what?" Mom asked. "You need to stop guessing and read."

"I'm trying!"



“Trying to study – or trying to get outside as soon as possible?”

Ruth hung her head. “I want to go see the puppies next door,” she admitted. “I wish I could take one home!”

“Puppies are exciting,” Mom agreed. “Are they fun to read?”

“Read? You don’t read puppies!” Ruth said.

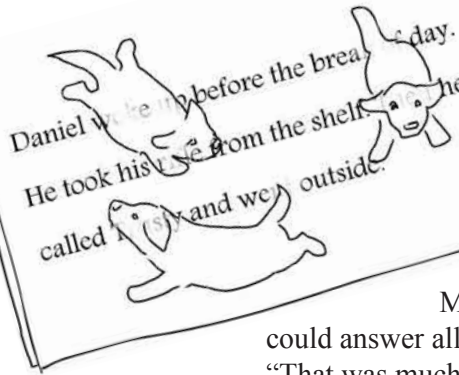
“That’s what I thought,” Mom said. “And if you are going to learn something today, you’d better not leave your mind in the doghouse.”

Ruth giggled.

“It is not so funny,” Mom said. “It would be pretty sad if you flunked your test just because you were daydreaming. You know, Dad and I have been thinking about a reward if you did well.”

“What is it?” Ruth said quickly.

“I’m not sure if you’re ready,” Mom said, slowly. “The reward is for someone who can pay attention and be diligent. Can you read this book without making any mistakes?”



“I’ll try,” Ruth said, and took a deep breath. This time she made her mind read instead of daydreaming. It was hard work to focus on the words at first, but she didn’t give up. Soon she was only thinking about Daniel and his hunting trip. By the time she got to the last page she was even a little bit interested.

Mom was pleased when she could answer all the questions correctly. “That was much better,” she said with a smile. “If you focus like that on your test, I think you just might be ready for a bigger responsibility.”

“Like what?” asked Ruth.

“How about something wiggly with a wet tongue?” Mom hinted.

“You mean, a puppy!” Ruth squealed. “I will take very good care of it and spend time with it every day!”

Mom smiled. “If you keep your mind on your lessons, I believe you will.”



Think About It: Interesting or Important?

Like Ruth, you are making choices of what you will pay attention to. Many things that come to your mind are interesting. A few are important. How can you tell the difference?

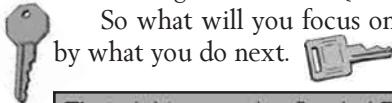
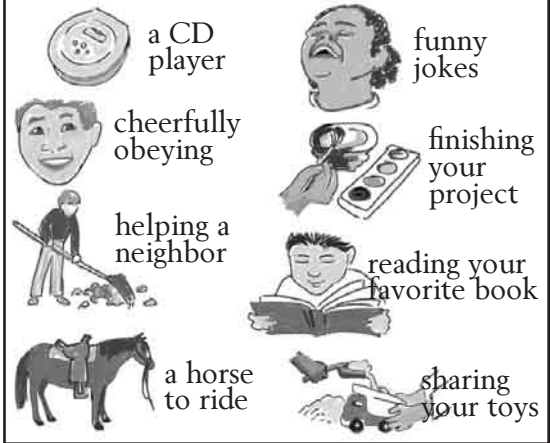
Interesting things **grab your attention**. *I wish I could have a puppy. Or, I can't wait to go outside. Then, Who is on the phone? And, Look, there's a spider on the ceiling!* Soon your thoughts and ears and eyes are off in different directions. Watch out! Instead of helping you, these daydreams and distractions will lead you into trouble. Especially when you need to focus on more important things.

Important things are those that will **prepare you for life**. Maybe school work or chores aren't very fun, but they give you skills and usefulness. Later, when someone needs your help to solve a problem or get work done, you are ready to be their hero! And it is the character skills of honesty, patience, and diligence that prepare you for more exciting things. Jesus said, "He that is faithful in least will be faithful also in much." It was when Ruth showed that she could be faithful in her school work that she was ready for a puppy.

Even more important are the attitudes and values of your heart. I'm sure you want to be kind and good. Maybe you even want to love and serve God. But it doesn't just happen. If you think about yourself first and ask God for things you want, you really love yourself most. What happens when tests and trials come? You won't remember that God is the answer to your problems because you're thinking about yourself. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added unto you." You see, you must first ask God to give you the right kind of heart—a heart that wants to serve and obey Him all the time. When you are God's servant, then He is able to fill your life with joy and blessings. When God (not yourself) is **most important** then you will have the desires of your heart!

So what will you focus on today? Will it be *interesting* or *important* first? Don't tell me—show me by what you do next.

Which ones do you like to think about? Circle them. Which ones are important to God? Color them bright yellow. Are any of your circles colored yellow?



That night memories flooded Pasha's mind...



Learning to focus your mind and thoughts is so important! Your mind learns habits when you are young that are hard to change later.

Have you ever been in the woods? Usually it is crowded with tall trees and big bushes. Is it easier to walk on a trail, or struggle through the bushes and trees? The trail, right? That's how it is with your mind. When you are young your mind is like a forest that is just beginning to grow. The trees and bushes are small and you can walk almost anywhere. Soon you make trails—places where you keep stepping and the plants don't get a chance to grow. After awhile you grow up, just like the forest grows up. The trees get very tall and the bushes make it difficult to walk anywhere you want. It is

TRAIL BLAZING

much easier to stick to the trails you have made. You have to work very hard if you want to make a new trail now!

When I was young I made a bad trail. Whenever our family had worship or prayer I made a trail of thinking about something else that seemed more interesting to me. Now, when I really want to learn more about God, or keep my mind focused when other people are praying, I have to work hard to not go down my old trail. It's so easy to do because I've used it for so many years. God is helping me to make a new trail of listening and focusing, but it is much harder now. I missed so much I could have learned while I let my mind wander. Teach your mind to follow good paths now because it's so much harder later! - An older trail blazer



Let me tell you
about...

Teddy's Turnaround

Teddy woke up feeling grumpy. Auntie June came like usual after breakfast to take care of Teddy and Franklin, while Mommy taught school to the bigger children. When it was time to do laundry with Auntie June, he pouted because it wasn't his turn to pour in the soap, and he pushed Franklin off the stool. When Auntie June pulled out the Legos, Teddy didn't feel like playing nicely either. He grabbed all the train pieces and tried to knock down Franklin's tower. "You need to play sweetly, Teddy," Auntie June said. Teddy looked at her and his frown only got bigger. Teddy didn't want to play sweetly so he grabbed Franklin's Legos again. Franklin let out a howl and Teddy smiled a tiny mean smile. He was glad that Franklin was mad too. Auntie June looked at him sadly and pulled him into her lap. "Teddy," she said, "I'm sorry that you are having a grumpy morning. You will have to sit in your crib until you can be sweet and play happily again." Teddy kicked when Auntie June lifted him into his crib. He was about to scream when Auntie June started climbing in his crib, too! Teddy put his fingers in his mouth and looked at her carefully. Why was she in the crib? Auntie June wasn't in trouble. "Teddy," Auntie June said softly, "I don't want you to have to be in this crib. Do you know that?" She was looking right into his eyes. "I want you to have a wonderful day with Franklin and me. Are you going to choose to have a cheerful heart and be sweet so we can play together again?" Teddy studied her face. Did she really want him to have a good day and not be in trouble? Teddy felt his heart get a little bit soft and he wanted to sit in Auntie June's lap. He reached out his arms, but his face still had a big frown. "You can come and sit in my lap, but first I need to see a smile," said Auntie June. But Teddy wasn't ready to have a cheerful heart yet. He was still thinking about being mean and making Franklin mad. After all,

Franklin had grabbed some of his toys, too. Did he want to give up his grudge? Auntie June wanted him to have a good day, and suddenly Teddy knew that he did, too. He was ready to give up being stubborn and say he was sorry to Franklin. His heart began to feel warm just thinking about it. He smiled a little smile and looked up at Auntie June. She was smiling at him too, and he climbed into her lap. "I'm so glad that you chose to be cheerful, Teddy,"

she said, hugging him.

"Do you know what it's time for? It's time to pick up all the Legos with Franklin and then we can go outside! Are you ready to give Franklin a hug and be sweet?" Teddy nodded happily and together they crawled out of his crib. And that's how Teddy's morning turned around!

- By "Auntie June"

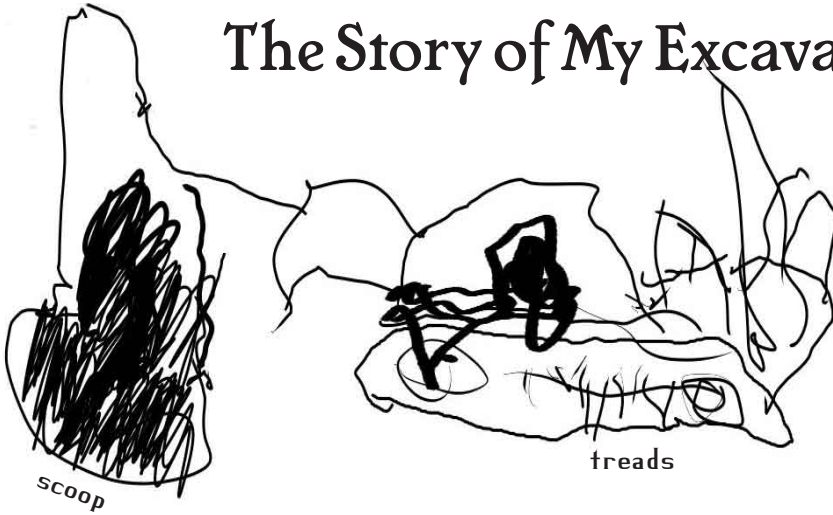


Do you think Jesus wants us to deal with our problems by ourselves or help us through them, like Auntie June helped Teddy?

When we can't change our feelings on our own, who can help us?

After we ask for Jesus to help us, we have something to do too - it's putting our mind on our blessings. How many blessings do you have?

The Story of My Excavator



Dane said,
"Which one
would you like?"
There was an
excavator and a
semi. And I chose
the excavator.
I played with
it a long time

and enjoyed it. But then the treads kept coming off. So Mom said, "Let's put them in a special spot every time you play with them, so you won't lose them." Then one day we couldn't remember where the special spot was. We looked and looked, but we couldn't find them. We prayed that we would find them. After several months we moved several places and we thought we would never see them again. Then one day Dad brought me my treads. I said, "What? Where did you find them?" "Out in the dirt," Dad said. He found them out in the yard. They had been lying there for several months. So we realized that God helped us! Then I lost the whole excavator, with the treads. We thought I must have left it in Washington. Yesterday, when I was looking for a screwdriver under our trailer, I found the excavator instead! I was amazed. I learned that God cares about people, and excavators when they get lost.

-Judah
almost 5



Have
you ever
been scared
or lost some-
thing that was
important to you?
Others have,
so read what God
has done to help them
in their troubles. Don't
forget - He can help you!

Buried Treasures

I HOPE WE CAN PRINT
YOUR STORY
NEXT!

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

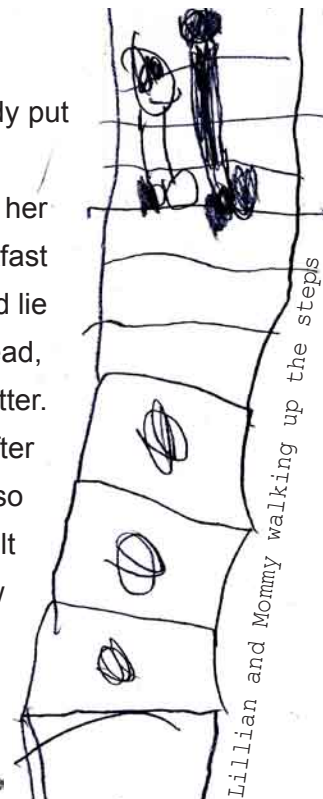
Love
Courage
Gentleness
Trust
Kindness
Faith



My Mama's Leg

Mama couldn't walk and couldn't put baby to bed, so Daddy put Judith to bed and Mama read me a story.

Mama couldn't hardly do anything. She couldn't walk with her leg and couldn't get breakfast, so Daddy helped with breakfast and Mommy took care of the baby. She had to rest her leg and lie down. Mommy wanted to be anointed and have oil on her head, because she was sick and she wanted God to help her get better. So we prayed at Prayer Meeting for God to fix mommy's leg. After prayer meeting we went home. Mommy's leg was still sick, so Daddy held her by the hand. When we got home Mommy felt stronger so she could do my bath and did baby. After a few days Mommy said "My leg is all better." Now Mommy could walk without hurting. She could go up the steps and down the steps. Mommy was very happy because God had given her a new leg. Daddy was happy too. - Lillian, almost 4




When Lucy Ran away




On Thanksgiving morning we were excited to go to Granny's house. But then my dog, Lucy, vanished! We got in the car and went around the neighborhood, calling and searching. But in vain. I was miserable. I thought that she might have been killed. I thought that we might have to get a new dog. Then we prayed and asked God to keep Lucy safe. Three days later my grandpa came over to help us move our piano. He told us that on his way to our house he had stopped at the post office. At the post office he had seen a sign that someone had put up, that they had found a lost dog. Mama called the number on the paper. Yes, it was Lucy! Papa went to pick her up. God is a wonderful God and He DOES hear prayer. - AutumnGrace, age 10

Almost Dead

I am thankful that God helped my bunny. One day I went out to my bunny hutch and one of the baby bunnies was lying on the wire, almost dead. I brought it inside and wrapped it in a blanket. I tried to give it food, but it wouldn't take food or water. At devotion time I prayed that God would help it stay alive. When I looked at it next, it was getting a little stronger. I decided to give it a little food, and it was really hungry. It ate three spoonfuls of mashed up rabbit food! I had to keep it in the house for a couple more days, then Mama said I had to put it back. I was a little worried, because it was still sneezing. Now he is perfectly normal and I feel very thankful. - AutumnGrace, age 10 



Lost and Found

One time we were at the beach, at the coast, and I was following my dad on a trail. It was a big sand trail and my dad and his brother Paul were biking. I was behind them on a bike, and the trail meandered around. So they circled around and then I was back behind them. And they went faster and I was trying to follow them. They took a short cut in the woods, and I went after them. They were going so fast that I thought, "They know how to ride motorcycles!" Then I turned around on the short cut to go back to my mom. But the short cut was very long and I couldn't see to the end of the trail. I started to scream for my family, so they could hear me. There were so many tree roots and sand that I couldn't ride, so I ran beside my bike. I started screaming and crying because I felt lost. I didn't know where my family was. I was running and running. Then I heard Nana's voice through the trees. At last I found her and my Dad picked me up. I had a lot of blood in my nose and it came out on his shirt. Then we went down to the beach and I was safe! God helped me be lost and found again. - Judah, almost 5 



Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy

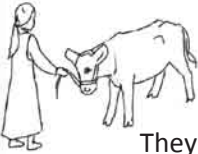
Do you know that God cares?

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. See the song page - it is about prayer, too!

A Place for Prayer

REQUESTS

Pray that me and my sister, Isabella, will have wisdom in how to train our pet calves. - Niklanna, age 11



There are children all around us who don't have loving families. They don't know about the Father in heaven either, and are often afraid and lonely. Let us pray for them to know God's love and care. - Miss Laura

THANKSGIVING

By God's help, the Bible Center in Makindu now has a roof! We trust the Lord that it will bless the needy. - livingwaterbarrenland.blogspot.com



God has blessed me to pray with my boys. One of them has bad dreams a lot. The other night he told me, "Mom, I have scary dreams when you don't pray with me, but when you pray with me before bed, I don't." - a praying mama

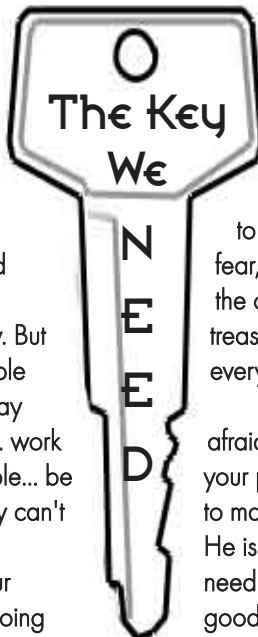
I am so thankful that God knows and cares about each of you - every trouble, worry, or desire is important to Him. Will you thank Him for caring for you today? I will! - Miss Laura



Life is full of problems and questions. Where can you go for the answers? Do you sometimes feel locked up inside, like no one understands you? Often you don't know what your problems even are!

You see, your life is like a locked chest. How can you find out what's inside? You need a key—the right key. But where is it? Who has it? Lots of people think they know the answers. They may give good suggestions. Be cheerful... work hard... study... eat well... read the Bible... be kind. These "keys" are good, but they can't fix your heart.

God knew we couldn't solve our problems. Even by trying hard and doing



good things. There is only one key that fits the lock. It is Jesus. He is the great God of heaven that shrunk down to fit our little key holes. If we let Jesus open our hearts, He can fix every problem we have inside. He lived like a man

to show us that He understands every fear, trouble, and need we have. He broke the curse of sin and death and offers us the treasures of heaven. Jesus is the Master key to every need we have.

So when you are in trouble, upset or afraid, where should you turn? Can you solve your problems by just trying? Do you know how to make yourself happy? No. But Jesus does. He is the One you can trust. He is the One you need. Jesus is strong enough, smart enough, good enough. Always.



Have you ever tossed a candy wrapper on the ground and someone said, "No Littering!"? Littering makes everything look trashy and disgusting. Trash is something we need to get rid of. No one wants to have it around. What would it be like to live in a town where the streets are covered with garbage? Some places are like that, and let me tell you - they stink!

But there are more things than wrappers and bags to throw away. What should you do with a grumpy attitude or selfish thought - leave it lying around or toss it in the trash? You see, happy lives are like clean streets. They are beautiful, but they don't just happen. You have to make choices. It is much easier to just drop your trash (or your dirty shirt or book or toy) than to put it where it belongs. But what will happen if you do? Everything will become a mess and the important things will get lost or broken. Sloshing through garbage and clutter is a miserable way to live, if you ask me.

Did you notice that "No Littering" signs often have a big fine written under them? That's because littering causes a mess that others will have to clean up. On the King's Highway there are "No Littering" signs, too. Just as we like to have clean streets and houses, the God of Heaven delights to have everything clean and beautiful. He lives in a city where the streets are pure gold and the gates shine as pearls. Nothing trashy or defiling is allowed there - no dirty words or thoughts, no sneaky plans or bad attitudes. (Revelation 21:21-27) And the penalty for littering is steep: eternal death.

If your life is cluttered with dirty thoughts and bad attitudes, it is time to think about cleaning up. God wants you to get rid of your trash and live a clean life. He knows that you can't do it by yourself, so God offers you His cleaning power. Jesus is able to clean up the most messed up lives and keep them spotless and pure. But you have to want a clean life more than anything else. Do you really believe that

God won't accept litter in your life? Then it is time to take action. The Bible is full of promises for those that want to have clean minds and pure hearts. And it also tells us that those who love their sins and dirty ways will be thrown out into outer darkness "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. 22:11-13) Will you throw out your doubts and arguments and choose to live trash-free?

Can you pick up the trash?

Cross off all the trashy attitudes and find the hidden promise! What kind of heart will you have?



GOOD Bad Boy BOY,

James was excited to go the beach. He helped Daddy pack the cooler and sand toys in the trunk of the car. "Here is the water thermos and diaper bag," Mom called from the house.



"I can get them!" James said. "That's a good boy," Mom said with a smile. The thermos was heavy, but James didn't complain. He liked to be a helper. He especially liked it when Mom called him, her "good boy." Good boys were always the ones that everyone liked. Bad boys always got in trouble.

At last everyone was in the car and they were driving down the road. James began to feel hungry. "What's for lunch, Mom?" he asked.

"Here are some apple slices and chips for you to share with Kayla," Mom said.

James passed out the snack. "Two for me, two for you," he told his little sister. The salt from the chips stuck to his fingers and he licked them off. Suddenly he remembered Mom's rule—"no fingers in your mouth."

James felt bad. He had done the wrong thing! "I just stuck my fingers in my mouth," he told Mom.



"Are your fingers sticky?" Mom asked. "Here's a wash cloth." James was puzzled. Was he a bad boy or a good boy now?

The drive to the beach took a long time. James looked at all the books that Mom had packed. The baby and Kayla fell asleep, but James didn't want to take a nap. He wiggled in his seat and swung his legs.

"Don't kick the seat, James," Mom said. "Be a good boy and sit still."

James looked out the window and frowned. He hated sitting still! Suddenly his leg jerked up. "James!" Mom said.

"I can't sit still," James complained.

"You need to obey Mom," Dad said. "Look out the window and count semi trucks."

"I don't see any trucks," James said, stubbornly. He felt naughty inside. How could he be good all the time anyway? Dad knew how to solve the trouble, and soon James was sitting quietly in his seat again. It felt much better to be a good boy and count trucks than to be naughty.



James was glad when the car finally stopped. He grabbed the sand toys and led the way down to the beach. Dad followed with the baby carrier and Kayla walked with Mom. It felt good to run and jump on the soft sand! James ran toward the water, then waited for Dad to catch up. "Can we go in the waves?" he asked.

"Let's go!" Dad said, taking his hand. Together they ran and jumped over the little waves. The water was so much fun!

When James was cold, he sat in the warm sand next to Mom's beach blan-

ket. She was reading a book and Kayla was making sand cakes. James got out his plastic shovel. "I'm digging a big hole!" he said.

"That's nice, but be careful," Mom warned him. "We don't want to get sand on the baby."

James tried to be careful. He dug and dug. Soon he had a hole big enough to sit in. "Dump sand on me," he told Kayla. She dumped her pail of sand on his lap. Soon James was buried in the sand. "See, no legs!" James said. Kayla laughed and then ran off down the beach. James tried to jump up, but the sand was too heavy. He wiggled to get loose and sand flew in every direction!

"James!" Mom scolded, shaking the sand from her book. "I told you to be careful!" She hurried to brush off the baby, who was beginning to cry.

"What happened?" Dad asked, hurrying over.

"James flung sand everywhere," Mom said, pressing her lips together.

James hung his head. He was in trouble again! Suddenly two big tears came out of his eyes and he began to cry. "I did—didn't mean—mean to!" he sobbed. "I don't want to be a ba—bad boy!"

"I know you don't," Dad said gently.

"Are you going to punish me?" James asked.

"We only need to punish you if you need help to be sorry," said Dad.



"I am glad that you are sorry," Mom added, giving him a hug. "And I'm sorry for being cross with you."

James brushed away his tears. "Am I a good boy now?" he asked.

Mom smiled at him. "You want to be good," she said. "That makes me happy. Now let's pray that God will help you be a good listener and obey." Soon James was running on the sand with Kayla. He felt happy again.

That night, as they drove home, Dad had a story to tell. "Remember how we were talking about being good today?" he asked. James nodded.

"Well, once there was a man who tried very hard to do everything right," Dad began. "He thought that if he did everything perfect, God would be happy with him. So he was careful to obey the rules. He was careful to stay away from bad people. 'I am very good,' he thought. 'I will have Jesus come to my house for lunch today.' He thought Jesus would be impressed with how good he was.

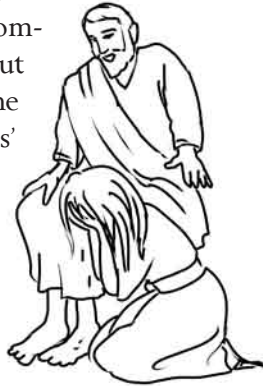
"When they sat down to eat, the good man was very careful to keep his hands clean and not to spill his food. But Jesus wasn't impressed at all. You see, Jesus was looking at the man's heart and what he saw was a very selfish man. The man didn't want to make Jesus happy. He just wanted to make himself feel good.

"Now in that same town there was a woman who lived a bad life. She didn't obey God and got into lots of trouble. She had begun to feel very sorry for how she lived, and wished that she could



change. 'I have been so bad,' she thought, 'but maybe Jesus can help me.' So the bad woman decided to go to the good man's house to see Jesus.

"When she came in the room, the good man was not happy at all. He didn't want such a bad woman in his house! He was about to send her out when she came close to Jesus and began to cry. 'If Jesus is so good,' the man thought, 'he will know that this bad woman should be punished.' But Jesus didn't get angry. As the woman's tears fell on Jesus' feet, she knelt down to wipe them off with her hair and kiss them. No proper woman would do that! But Jesus knew that she was very sorry for all the wrong things she had done. He saw that her heart was full of love and desire to do right, so He forgave her and said, 'Your faith has saved you. Go in peace.'



"And so what do you think, James?" Dad asked. "Was Jesus more pleased with the bad woman or the good man that day?"

James thought about the story. "The bad woman?" he asked. It still sounded puzzling to him.

"Yes," Mom replied. "Do you think Jesus is more happy with someone who thinks they are good, or someone who really wants to have a good heart?"

That one was easy. "A good heart," James replied.

"And because the bad woman was sorry, Jesus could give her a good heart," Mom explained.

"Then she wasn't bad anymore?" asked James.

"That's right," Mom agreed. "When God changes our hearts, then we will do good because we love God and want to make Him happy."

"Lots of people try to be good," Dad added, "just like you wanted to be a good boy today. But when you had naughty feelings about sitting still, you didn't have a good heart, did you? I had to help you be sorry. When you were sorry, it helped get rid of the naughty feelings, didn't it?"

James nodded. "But I then I got in trouble again," he said, remembering the sand.

"That was because you were not thinking," said Mom. "That is called a mistake, because you didn't mean to disobey. You didn't have a bad attitude, but you needed help remembering. What is most important is that you have the right attitude, not if you do everything perfect."

James sighed. It was beginning to make sense. "But I don't like to be in trouble," he said. "I want to be a good boy all the time."

"And that is why we are praying that your heart will be changed. Only God can give you a good heart. Instead of trying to be good all the time like the man in the story, Jesus helps me obey because I love Him," Dad said. "And it is wonderful to know that He is pleased with me." His voice sounded like the warm, soft sand and James felt his eyes closing.

"Always remember, we love you, too," Mom whispered. She reached back her hand and gave James a knee squeeze.

The car was full of love and James knew that he wanted it to be that way always.



Drawing shared by Brooke, age 12

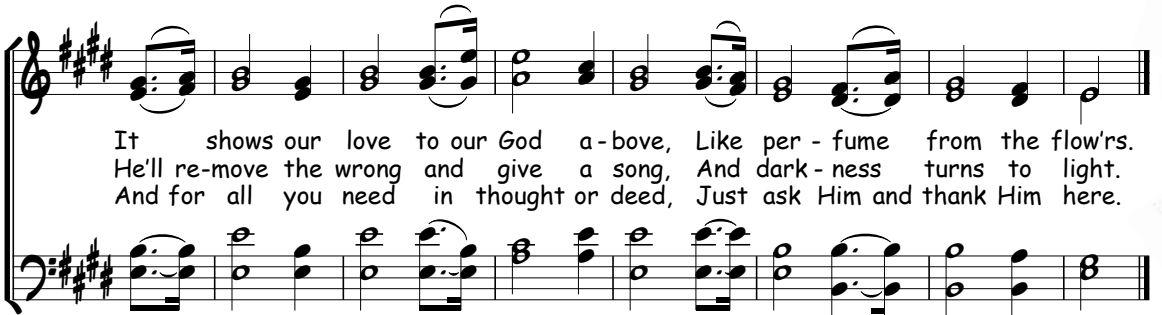


The Child's Golden Key

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice. —Psa. 55:17



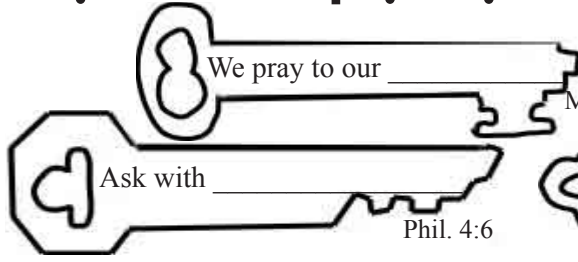
1. Prayer is the key on a bend-ing knee To be-gin our morn-ing hours;
 2. If your soul is sad, or you feel all bad, Then ask Him to make it right;
 3. Take the gold-en key in your hand and see That Je-sus is al-ways near;



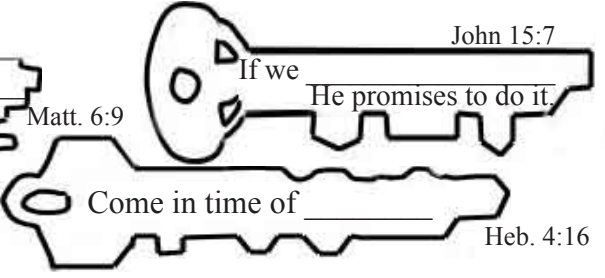
It shows our love to our God a-bove, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
 He'll re-move the wrong and give a song, And dark-ness turns to light.
 And for all you need in thought or deed, Just ask Him and thank Him here.

Words: attr. to John Parker, pub. 1875; alt. by Laura S. Erickson, 2011. Music: John R. Sweney, 1909. Public Domain.

Do you know these prayer keys?



We pray to our _____
 Ask with _____
 Phil. 4:6



John 15:7
 If we _____ He promises to do it.
 Come in time of _____
 Heb. 4:16





Dear Reader,

Do you know Jesus? The Son of God who became a servant of all, that He might be the Answer to all our problems? I'm thankful to be serving Him today. Without Him I can do nothing—and with Him all things are possible.

We always are glad to hear your stories! Moms and older siblings, please help the children in your families share their testimonies. You can also contact me by phone. Just 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. Online 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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*How many keys can you find?
There are at least 100 including this one:*



Where is the one you need?

SEND TO: