

Treasures of the Kingdom

Casting Up a Highway for the Children of This Generation



When 16-year-old Greasy starts reading the Bible he stole, the other robbers are curious to know more...

This story from Russia is also available online in the complete text and audio at library.timelesstruths.org

As Greasy read, the others listened carefully.

My mother was a believer. We used to read that book, pray and sing.

Did Jesus really die for people like us?

Strange power in it. I wonder why...

The robbers began to feel guilty about their bad life, but they kept coming back to hear more.

We're in a mess, Yuri. We need to live like Jesus taught.

Show us what to do, Lord!

Finally Yuri and Greasy told the rest...

Boys, I can't be a robber anymore. I've given my life to God.

Me too.

I don't want to be a thief either.

Let's live honestly, men!

I've been your leader, but I'm going to start a new life with God's help.

How? We can't pay back what we robbed.

Or return those sheep we killed.

We can turn ourselves in to the police.

I agree with Yuri. It's my turn to suffer - it is only fair.

They'll lock you up - maybe send you to Siberia!

“Look, we got a package!” 6-year-old Jackson said, slamming the kitchen door.

“I think Grammy sent us something,” Mother said, looking at the address.

“What is it?” Jackson asked. “Can I open it?”

“You opened it last time!” Tasha argued.

“No one will open it right now,” Mother decided, putting it on the counter. “We’ll save it for after lunch.”

“Besides, I’m cutting carrots,” Tasha said importantly, turning to the chopping board. She was eight and felt very grown up because she was allowed to use a sharp knife.

“It won’t be long until lunch,” Mother added, as she stirred a pot on the stove.

Jackson disappeared, and a moment later a loud wail came from the other room.

“Jackson!” Mother called, “Leave Oliver to play by himself right now.”

“But he had my truck!” Jackson said with a frown.

“He won’t hurt it, will he?” Mother asked. “Why don’t you help us make soup?”

Jackson put his truck on the kitchen table. “I want to cut something,” he said.

“You’re too little,” Tasha said.

“I’m not!”

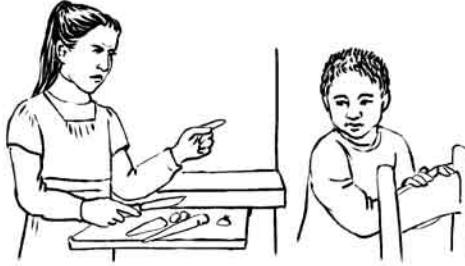
“There are potatoes to scrub in the sink,” Mother suggested. “If you are very careful, you can help peel them, too.”

“Mother, Jackson ate one of the carrots I cut!” Tasha complained.

“I’m hungry,” Jackson grumbled, pushing his chair over to the sink.

HARD HEART

Soft Heart



“I don’t mind if you have a carrot, but it would be better to ask first,” Mother reminded him.

“But we need all the carrots for the soup,” Tasha said stubbornly.

“Tasha dear,” Mother said, “are you being kind? Remember how you wanted to use my art pens this morning? Would you have liked it if I said ‘no, you are too little – you might break them?’”

Tasha didn’t answer. Chop, chop, chop went her knife. “Here’s a carrot for you,” she said at last, handing her brother a piece. “It

was too hard for me to cut anyway,” she added.

“Thanks,” Jackson said, crunching into it happily. “Doesn’t my potato look good, Mama?”

“Very nice!” Mother said, stopping by the sink. “If you hold the peeler like this, it will be even easier.”

“I want to help!” Oliver said, coming into the room.

“I don’t think—” began Tasha.

“How about carrying the potatoes to your sister?” suggested Mother.

“This one is all ready!” added Jackson, handing his little brother a shiny potato.

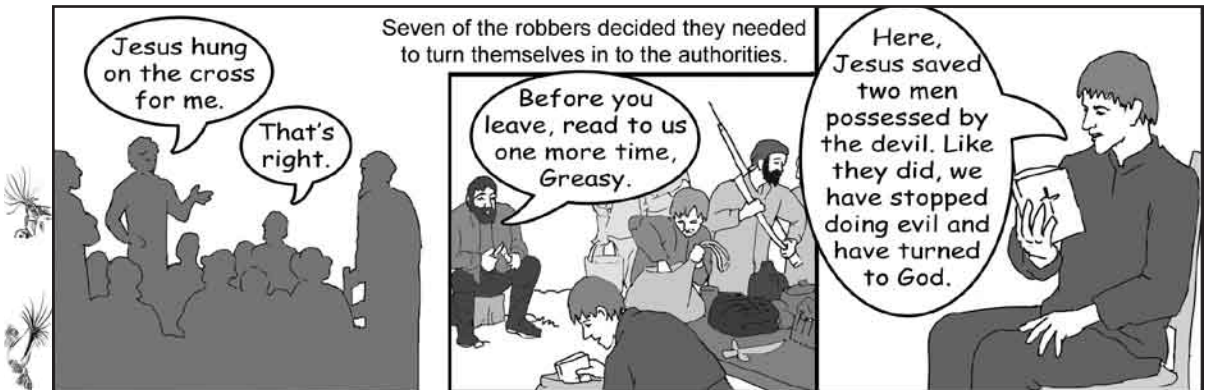
“I like to hear you speak kindly to one another,” Mother said with a smile. “Can anyone remember our memory verse about being kind?”

“‘Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another,’” Tasha said, “‘even as God for Christ’s sake has forgiven you.’ Ephesians 4:32.”

“That’s right,” Mother said. “What do you think ‘tenderhearted’ means, Jackson?”

Jackson looked at his sister. “Being nice?” he suggested.

“Let’s think about the word *tender*,” Mother said,



poking a fork into the soup pot. "How do we know when the vegetables are done, Tasha?"

"When they are soft when you poke them," Tasha said, importantly.

"That's right," Mother agreed. "And that's how God wants us to be toward one another. When others are 'pokey' toward us, we shouldn't argue or fight back, should we? That is the hard-hearted way to act. What is the soft-hearted way?"

"To be kind anyway," Tasha said slowly. Then she smiled. "Like when I gave Jackson a carrot!"

"That's right. But it isn't easy to be tenderhearted toward others," Mother said, as she dished out bowls of soup. "Especially when they do things we don't like. Who do you think can help us have a tender heart?"

"Jesus!" Jackson said.

"What do you think Jesus did when his little brother or sister took his toys?" Mother asked.

"He shared them," Jackson said. Then he looked at Oliver and the truck on the table. "You can play with it," he offered to his little brother. Oliver reached for it eagerly.

"And while Tasha makes the toast, you can help me set the spoons and plates around," Mother told Jackson. "It is time to eat!"

"After lunch you can open the package," Tasha whispered in Jackson's ear, as they sat down at the table.

And do you know what was inside? A bag of red play dough!

"What a nice gift!" Mother said. "Grammy must have remembered that your old play dough had all dried out."

"It was all hard and crumbly,"



Tasha added. She pinched off a piece of play dough and rolled it between her hands. "I like this one much better!"

"I like it!" Oliver said, patting his piece excitedly.

"It's really soft," Jackson added, poking his finger through the middle of his lump. "See?"

"Yes," Mother agreed. "It's nice and soft, just like God wants our hearts to be. When we are tenderhearted, then He can make our lives beautiful!"

"I'm going to make my play dough into a heart," Tasha decided, running to get the cookie cutters. "Won't that be pretty?"

"Yes, indeed," Mother said with a smile.



Playdough Recipe

Mix in pan:

2 cups white flour

1 cup salt

4 tsp. cream of tartar

2 cups water

¼ cup oil

1-2 tsp. food coloring

1/8 tsp. of fragrance,
optional

Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until it forms a ball.



Then they poured out their hearts to God.

Help me!

Forgive me for murdering!

I promise...

...live for You...

...my evil heart...

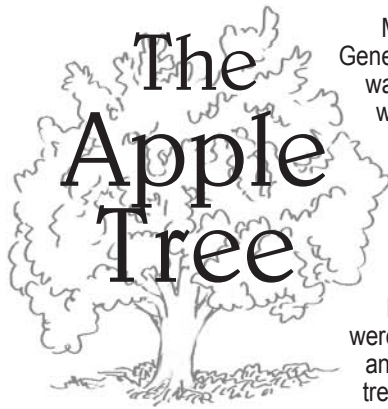
I was so wrong...

Goodbye!

God be with you!

Where is the State Attorney?





The Apple Tree

Mikal loved Uncle Gene's old apple tree. It was tall and strong, with a perfect lookout spot high up in the leafy branches. Here Mikal could hide away from his troubles and forget about being a foster kid. The birds and ants were his friends and the great tree gave him shade and comfort.

Uncle Gene was always friendly and let Mikal come to the orchard whenever he wanted. The old man would often come out to check on his baby apple trees. Then Mikal would scramble down to help him – and ask questions. Uncle Gene didn't seem to mind.

"Why are you making a fence? What are you doing to their trunks?"

Uncle Gene showed him where the deer had nibbled the branches and rabbits had chewed on the bark. "These little things need protection so that they will grow and have fruit," he said. "I'm wrapping their trunks until their bark gets thick enough."

"When will they have apples?" Mikal wanted to know. "The big tree has lots way up in the branches. Can I pick them?"

"Wait until they turn rosy gold, then you can take some home for apple pie," Uncle Gene said. "That old tree has the best fruit for cider, too. Come fall, I'll show you how to make it."

And he did, when the days grew colder and the

highest apples fell. But the little trees didn't have any fruit at all. "It was the dry summer," Uncle Gene said. "They don't have deep enough roots or leafy enough branches, and now the cold winds are here." He shook his head and sighed. "I've been trying for ten years to get these little ones to grow, but they are having a hard time."

Mikal felt sorry for them. He knew what it was like to be little and have a hard time. It was hard to never belong anywhere and wonder what would happen next.

That's what it was like to be a foster kid. He watched Uncle Gene clip off the tallest branches with his pruners. Uncle Gene said it would make them stronger, but it made the little trees look even smaller.

Mikal looked up at the big apple tree. Even though the leaves had all fallen and cold winds blew, it still stood tall and strong. He put his arms around a thick branch and swung his legs up. "I wish we could have more apple trees like this one," Mikal said, climbing up to

his favorite branch.

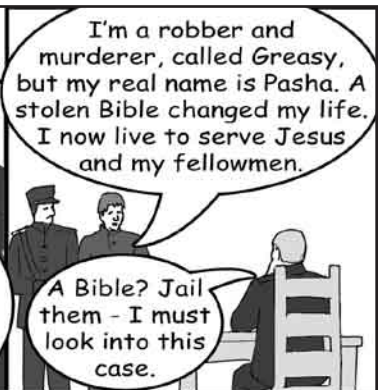
"More apples, too," Uncle Gene agreed. "And I've been thinking of a way that we can. Wouldn't you like to pick all kinds of apples on one tree?"

"How?" asked Mikal. "On this tree?"

"Yes," said Uncle Gene. "This tree would be the perfect one. It is strong and well-rooted, but it doesn't have much fruit on the lower branches. So I am going to try grafting some of the baby trees into it. If they grow, then this old tree will be full of fruit!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mikal. "How can you grow baby trees in a big tree?"

"Come tomorrow and I'll show you," said Uncle Gene, putting away his pruners. "I have to get some grafting supplies ready first."



"Tomorrow I have adoption class after school," Mikal remembered suddenly, sliding down the trunk.

"Adoption class?" Uncle Gene said. "That's sounds new and exciting. Maybe a bit scary, too." He smiled at Mikal. "Come after class and tell me about it."

Uncle Gene was waiting for him when Mikal ran up the lane the next day. A tray of carefully cut sticks lay on the ground and Uncle Gene had a saw in his hand. "What are you going to cut?" Mikal wanted to know.

"A new home for our little trees," said Uncle Gene. "You see, grafting is like adoption. These little sticks are like children that are going to be adopted. We are going to choose a good home for them on this tree so that they can grow and have fruit. How did your adoption class go?"

Mikal shrugged. "They said we have to get ready for a new family," he said. "But I don't want a new family."

"I didn't either," Uncle Gene agreed. "Not until I learned to love them, that is. Then I thought adoption was the best thing ever."

"Were you adopted?" Mikal asked in surprise.

"Yes, but not by a human family," Uncle Gene said. "I tell you more about it after we get started."

Mikal followed him around the big apple tree until they came to a low branch. "We'll make our first home here," he said, rubbing the bark with the saw. "That should give you enough stepping room for climbing."

"But I don't want to cut off any branches," Mikal protested, as Uncle Gene started to saw.

"That's the only way we can have more fruit," Uncle Gene said with a smile. "If we don't cut it, the sap of the tree can't flow out."

"Why do we need the sap?" Mikal asked.

"Because that is the life of the tree," Uncle Gene explained. "It is like the love flowing in our hearts. If we just love ourselves, we don't have room for others. But God showed His love toward us by sacrificing his only Son, just like we are sacrificing this branch." Uncle Gene showed Mikal how to hold up the branch while he finished the cut.

"What do we do now?" Mikal asked, looking at the bare circle of wood.

"Make cuts, like this," Uncle Gene said, cutting an x across the circle. "These clefts are the home where the new branches will grow. That is what an adoption family does. They open up their hearts and homes for a new child, ready to love them even if it hurts. And that is what

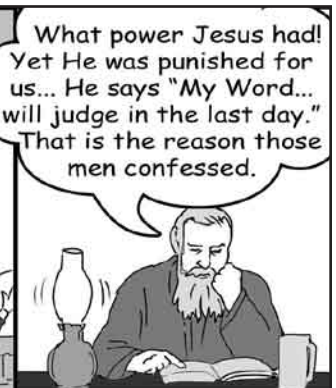
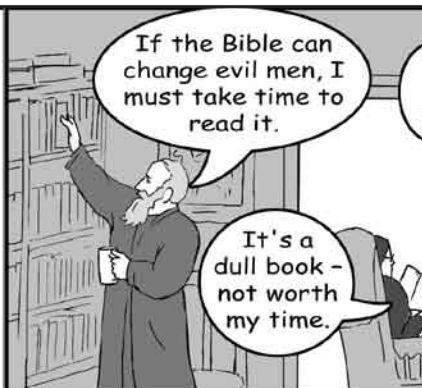
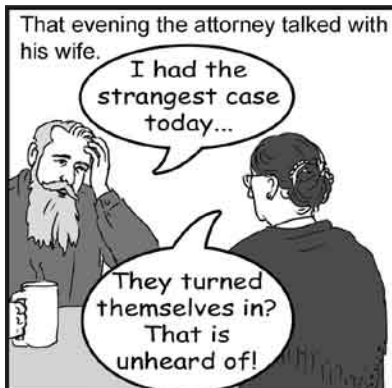
God did for me so that I could be adopted into His family."

"I didn't know God adopted people," Mikal said. "Were you a boy, like me?"

"No, I was a man – lonely and selfish. I wish I was adopted when I was little, but instead I just tried to live my own life, like one of those poor little trees that never grew." Uncle Gene picked up one of the little sticks in the tray. "But God had better things in mind for me, just like we have plans for these apple sticks."

He showed Mikal a grafting chart. "See how these little sticks need to be cut?" he said. "That is so they can fit into their home in the big tree branch. If they don't get trimmed on each side, they won't bond with the big tree and grow together."

He showed Mikal how to scrape the sides of each stick with a knife to peel off the bark and make a wedge shape. "Doesn't it hurt it to take off the bark?" Mikal asked.



"No, because we are going to squeeze it so tight into the big tree that it won't miss its own bark at all. That's how it was with me. When God talked to me about being part of His family, at first I didn't want anything to do with it. I wanted my own roots and my own branches. But I was really miserable. Troubles kept chewing on me like little rabbits – I thought no one liked me and then I lost my job."

"What happened then?" Mikal asked.

"One day I heard about the love of Jesus and suddenly I felt something deep inside. It was like God was opening up my heart and showing me that I needed Him – I couldn't be happy by myself. Just like these little sticks can't live without the tree."

Mikal looked at the little stick in his hand. "Is this one ready?" he asked. "Can I put it in the crack?"

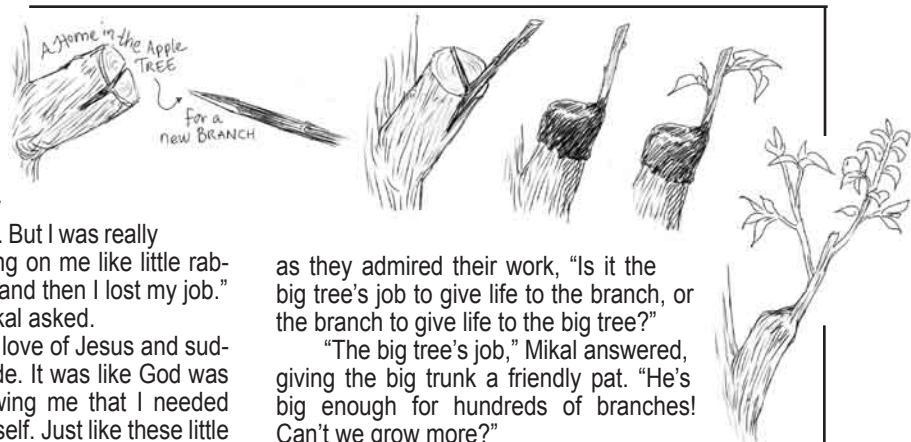
Uncle Gene looked at the scraped stick carefully. "Let's give it a try," he said. "Watch that the inner bark lines up, because that's where the sap flows."

Mikal wedged his little stick with Uncle Gene's help. "This will be the 'Mikal branch' on the old apple tree," Uncle Gene said. "How'd you like that?"

Mikal smiled. "Will it grow big and have fruit?"

"That depends," Uncle Gene said. "Our part is to cover him up so no air can get in. His job is to let the tree sap flow into him and so they can grow together." Uncle Gene opened up a can of black goop and showed Mikal how to paint it over the branch and stick.

"Now what do you think, Mikal?" Uncle Gene asked



as they admired their work, "Is it the big tree's job to give life to the branch, or the branch to give life to the big tree?"

"The big tree's job," Mikal answered, giving the big trunk a friendly pat. "He's big enough for hundreds of branches! Can't we grow more?"

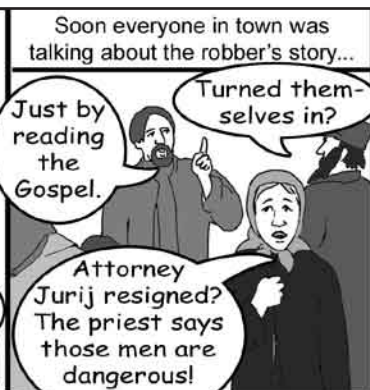
"Yes, indeed," Uncle Gene said with a chuckle. "You can help me again tomorrow."

"There is life enough for all that will receive Him," he added. Mikal noticed that he wasn't looking at the old apple tree, but far off over the gray hills to where the sun was setting. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," the old man whispered. "That's what Jesus said, and it is true. When His life flows in you, then you will know what it means to truly live."

He placed his hand on Mikal's shoulder and smiled. "Adoption is a scary and wonderful thing, my friend. It hurts to love, but it is worth it. Someday we want to come back and see this Mikal branch full of leaves and fruit, don't we?"

Mikal nodded. He touched the little stick and looked up at the big old tree. Would it really become a new branch on the apple tree? Mikal hoped so.

It was getting dark and Uncle Gene picked up his tools. As Mikal headed for the lane, the old man called after him, "Open your heart to God's love, my boy, and you will grow to be a strong and fruitful man. It is wonderful to be part of His family."



To be continued.

Whosoever Shall Call Upon The Name of The Lord



"And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized." (Acts 9:18)

For a few days I had a guilt of my selfishness and sin. I knew that I needed to have more of Jesus in my heart. I had the sorrow that Jesus died on the cross for my sin. I was talking to Mama and Papa one Sunday night, December 12, 2011 and asked Jesus to forgive me for my sin

and take over my life. We sang some hymns and read out of the Bible. He filled my heart with peace and joy. One week later (the 19th) we went down to Roseburg and I was going to get baptized and my friends Mary and Esther were going to also. So we got baptized together.

"And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

God is great!!

-Brooke Aleah,

age 12



Buried Treasures

Do you have an experience to tell? I will be sending an email notice* before the next issue. I hope to hear from you!

*email us if you aren't included

Do you know how much God loves you? He knows how to help you in every need you have! He is able to solve math problems - and heart problems, too! Are you ready to seek His help?

I HOPE WE CAN PRINT YOUR STORY NEXT!

Love
Courage
Gentleness
Trust
Kindness
Faith

The Red-Eyed Dog of Despair

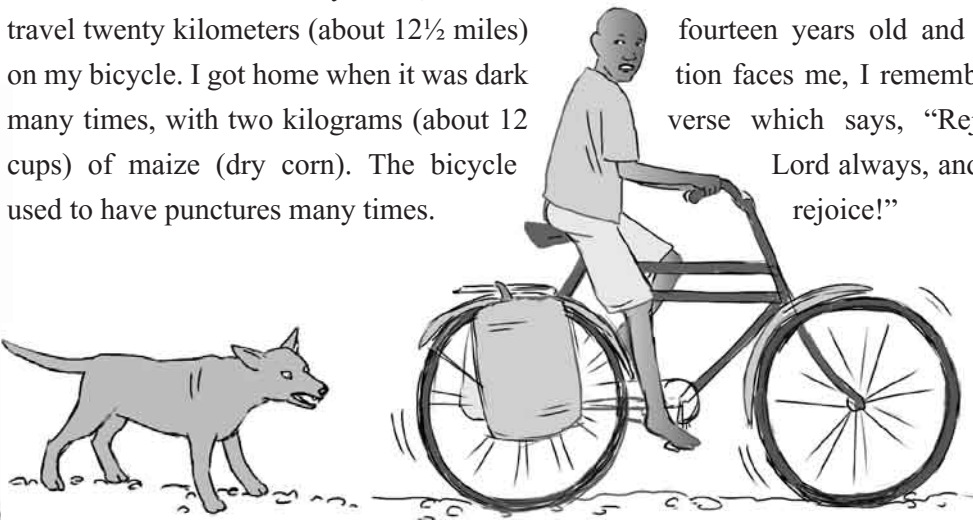
From the time I was 12 years old I went with my mother to church. As I was growing up, I asked myself why my mother was always going to church. My life was very difficult and I used to wonder why I was born. The reason that I was not happy was because I had not repented of my sins and asked God to forgive me.

The time that my older brother disappeared from home was very difficult for me. I was left with my three younger brothers and my mother. My mother was very sick and was not able to do any work. I had to look for food for my brothers and my mother when I was so young. It was hard work, because I had to fetch water from the river and sell it to get money to buy food. I was selling twenty liters (over 5 gallons) for 5 shillings (almost 6 cents) to buy food for us. From the town to my home, I would travel twenty kilometers (about 12½ miles) on my bicycle. I got home when it was dark many times, with two kilograms (about 12 cups) of maize (dry corn). The bicycle used to have punctures many times.

One day, as I was on the way, I wondered, “What if I stay like this all my life?” On thinking that, I almost went crazy. I started to cross the road without any reason, not realizing that I was riding my bicycle. I stopped in the middle of the road without thinking, and all the vehicles stopped. After I crossed to the other side, it seemed that I saw a dog with red eyes following me and barking aloud. Although I didn’t know how to pray for myself, I said, “In the name of Jesus stop following me!” and it stopped. Because it was sent from the devil, it stopped when I said that. Then I thought, “How powerful the name of Jesus is!”

I went to church the following Sunday and asked God for forgiveness. After I realized the power of God in my heart, the Lord took away the problems that I had. From the time I believed, I have seen the way God loves and cares for His children. Now I am fourteen years old and if a temptation faces me, I remember a favorite verse which says, “Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice!”

- Zechariah
from Kenya,
age 14



Patience
Meekness
Truth
Goodness
Peace
Joy

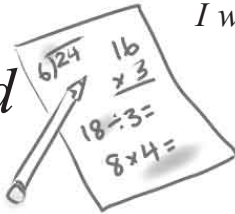


One day I was taking a walk with my Daddy, Momma, and my two brothers. I was having so much fun that I forgot to stay close to my Dad and Mom, and ran far ahead. All of a sudden a car turned down the road I was running on, and came driving towards me very, very fast. Daddy yelled, "Get off the road Jo!!!" I obeyed, and ran off the road as fast as I could! Daddy ran to me and picked me up. He said: "Good job for obeying right away. That car could have hit you if you didn't obey. From now on when we take a walk on the road, I want you to always hold my or Mama's hand." I am happy I obeyed. - Josiah Courage, age 3



I Obeyed

What God Did for Me



I was almost done with my math. All I had left was a bunch of division and other things. I started crying. Momma told me to go ask God for grace to cheerfully obey. When I came out, I

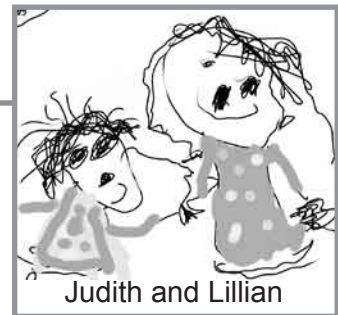
went and started working on the division. They seemed really easy. All God wanted me to do was ask Him. - Isabella, age 11



How God Helped Lillian to Smile

One day Mommy and Judith and I went to Granny Rowe's house. We showed my baby cousin to her. She loved to see the baby. We got home late to have naps. And I felt kind of grouchy with Mommy when I woke up. I wanted to obey Mommy, but I didn't feel like smiling. Mommy said,

"Let's pray," and she got on her knees with Judith. I got on my knees, too. "Help me obey," I prayed. "Help us to be cheerful with what we do," Mommy said. Judith said a little prayer, too. When we got up, we went outside. We watered the garden and ate peas and had a good time. God helped me to have a smile that day! - Lillian, age 4



Judith and Lillian

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 each other!

A Place for Prayer

REQUESTS

Please pray for my friend, Kailey. She is in the hospital with cancer. - Annabelle Lynlee, 10



Please pray that I will work extra hard on my school work so I will get done before summer. - Brooke, 12

Pray that me and my brothers and sisters, if it is God's will, be saved. - Paulina, 9

THANKSGIVING

God wants us all to rejoice in Him. So I am. Will you with me? - Brooke, 12



Thank God that me and my brothers and sisters could be together. - Paulina, 9

Sometimes I have very bad dreams. It is very scary for me. God is helping me when I pray to Him about it. God comforts me with my Daddy and Mommy praying with me and singing to me. God is Light. Pray to God and He will help. - Jo Jo, 3



You Can Give, too!



Hi, my name is Judah. I'm 5 1/2 years old. Did you know that even if you're a kid you can help poor people? I'll give you some ideas about how to make money to give to people who don't even have enough money for food.

If your Dad does not have a very dangerous job, you can ask him if you can go to work with him. If he has a lawn business, you can help by picking up branches or grass clippings. I help my Dad with felling trees in any way he needs help.



If your Dad works in an office, you could ask if there are any extra jobs he needs done at home - like stacking firewood, splitting wood, burning garbage, organizing his shop, or watering and weeding. Some other ideas are doing a bake sale, car wash, or selling veggies from your garden. If your Grandpa and Grandma give you money for your birthday, you could help people instead of buying a toy.



People in Hungary need Bibles, so that they can know God before they die. You can buy them a Bible for \$15. Sometimes Christians have to hike all day to remote tribes so they can preach to them. You can help them



buy a motorcycle. Buying a bag of beans is only \$30, but it could really help a hungry family. Some babies are starving. It is only 10 cents to buy a nutrition mix for them. Maybe your Dad or Mom could help you look at the website www.christianaid.org or you can call them at 1-800-977-5650 for a free pamphlet.



SAFE ON THE ROCK



Today let's visit a tide pool by the ocean. The tide has gone out and it is a good time to explore! See how the ocean water is trapped in the rocks? Let's see what is living here.

I don't see anything, you say. Just rocks and shells. Look more closely – these rocks are covered with living creatures. These purple shells are mussels, and the gray bumps are barnacles. They will keep tight shut when the tide is out, but look closely at the ones that are underwater. *Oh! It is wiggling its legs!* you say excitedly. Yes, the barnacles

use their legs to pull food to its mouth. But if you try to touch it, it closes right up!

It feels like a rock, you say. Is it really an animal? Yes, and a very interesting animal, too. When it is first hatched it floats about in the ocean and other animals eat it. *Are some floating here?* you ask, staring into the pool. Probably, but they are very tiny and hard to see. As they grow bigger, they change into a little bubble shape with legs and go hunting for a safe place to live. It has to be something solid where it can attach and build its hard little house. *Like on this rock?* you say. *Wow! There are hundreds of them here.* That's right. These barnacles have all found a safe place to live together. It seems that the floating ones can smell where the other barnacles are, and so that helps them find a safe place. If they don't find a home quickly, they will soon be eaten or die of starvation.

Look, they are eating again! you say. *I didn't know barnacles were so interesting.* And they have a wonderful lesson to teach us, too. Just like the barnacles make their homes on the rock, we are safe when we make our home in the Lord. *Like how the wise man built his house on the rock,* you say. That's right. Jesus said that whoever hears what He says, and obeys Him, will be safe when storms and troubles come.

What will it be like for these barnacles when the waves come crashing in? *Wouldn't they be safe, because they are stuck on really tight?* you ask. Yes, these are safe, but I wouldn't want to be a floating barnacle and get tossed up on the beach or eaten by a fish! If we don't build our life on Jesus, that's just what happens to us. Have you ever noticed how easy it is to do the wrong thing when other children are doing it? And how it is easy to believe something just because someone else believes it? That's what it is like to be a child. God wants you to grow up safely, so He gives you parents to protect you, and He talks to your heart about doing right. Just like a floating barnacle, you have to make your decision where to build your life. Where have other people ended up? Who are the happy ones that are safe when troubles come? It is time to look around and see where the safe rock is, and build your life on what is solid and good. Then you won't get tossed around and get into lots of trouble!



Baby Barnacles

Where is the Rock?

Connect the letters in the picture and fill in the blanks below.

Who is the rock that we should live on? Look for the hidden word in the picture.



Stay _____ to the rock and you will be _____.

A Case of Stubbornitis



"Mom, we're having an Indian show-and-tell today," Peter announced at breakfast. "You know what I'm taking?"

"Hmmm, I guess not," Mom said, buttering her toast.

"The arrowhead that Uncle Steve gave me," Peter said, pulling it from his pocket.

"That will be nice," Mom agreed.

"And I'm going to tell how Raven Wing gave it to him, and how he got..."

"Better save the story for school," Mom interrupted. "It's time to leave."

Peter grabbed his coat and backpack. Mom gave him a kiss good-bye. "Listen to your teacher," she said, "and remember to think about others before yourself!" But Peter was thinking of showing Sam the arrowhead and didn't pay attention.

At story time Mrs. Matthews read about Chief Black Hawk. She chose Sam to sit up front and wear the feather headdress. Peter didn't like to sit by himself. Besides, Shelley kept getting her head in the way of the pictures. So Peter scooted over until he was sitting next to Sam. He gave his friend a poke.

"You won't guess what I have in my pocket," he whispered.

"Get back to your seat, Peter," the teacher said.

"But I can't see the pictures," Peter muttered. He shoved his hand into his pocket and pulled out the arrowhead.

"Peter!" Mrs. Matthews held out her hand. "Give that to me."

"But I don't want to," Peter said. "I want to keep it in my pocket."

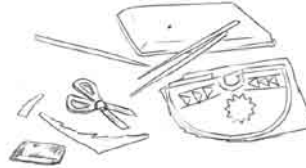


"I'm waiting for you." The room was quiet as all the other children looked at him. Peter clenched his arrowhead and frowned. Slowly he handed it over to his teacher and went back to his seat. His throat felt tight and he crossed his arms glumly. Now his day was ruined.

It got even worse. "Peter's uncle works at an Indian reservation," Mrs. Matthews told everybody at show-and-tell. "Did he give you this arrowhead?" Peter looked at the shiny black stone in his teacher's hand and nodded. He wished it was back in his pocket.

"Tell us about it," the teacher said.

"I don't want to," Peter said. He felt sick in his stomach.



"I'm sure the others are curious about it," Mrs. Matthews smiled. But it wasn't a nice smile, Peter was

sure. Why did she have to mess everything up? He couldn't remember anything he wanted to say and he felt like sinking through the floor.

"Did your uncle find it or did someone give it to him?" Mrs. Matthews prompted.

"Someone gave it," Peter muttered.

"Was it from an Indian at the reservation?"

Peter nodded.

At last the horrible questions were over and the arrowhead was safely back in his pocket.

All day things kept going wrong. Peter had to share his eraser with Shelley. She got it all smudgy like he knew she would. And then he had to take out the recycles right when he and Sam were working on their teepee model. Sure enough, they didn't have time to finish before school was over.

Peter got off the bus in a sour mood. He felt for his arrowhead. His pant pockets were empty. "I probably left it on the teepee table. Now someone's going to take it," he worried. "And Mom won't even care. She'll make me do chores and..."

"Hi Peter!" Mom called from the front door. "Snack is ready and then Dad wants you to clean out the hamster cage today."

"I don't want snack. My stomach hurts," Peter said. He dropped his coat and backpack and headed toward his room.

"I'm sorry you don't feel well," Mom said, putting her hand on his shoulder. "Put your things away and tell me about it."

"I don't want to," Peter said, looking at the floor.

"Has it been a bad day?" Mom asked quietly.

Peter nodded. He remembered all the things he didn't want to do. And all the bad things that had happened when he had to do them. His stomach felt hard and cold. "Did you know that bad days can be turned to good days?" Mom said sweetly. She lifted Peter's chin. "I had a bad morning, but do you know what? It's a good day now because I asked God to help me to have the right attitude. Shall we ask God to help you?"

Peter didn't answer. He didn't want to pray. He didn't want to have anyone help him. He just wanted to be left alone for once.

"Will you tell me what went wrong?"

Peter shrugged. "I lost my arrowhead," he said at last.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Mom said. "Let's ask God to help you find it."

"I don't want to," Peter muttered. "I think someone at school took it."

"Maybe they'll bring it back," Mom said. "You can look for it tomorrow. It's time to hang up your coat and do chores."

"But I don't want to," Peter said, shaking his head.

"Peter," Mom said firmly, "there are many things to do. You will be much happier if you wanted to do them."

"But I don't want to!" Peter almost wailed this time.

"And that is the problem,"

Mom agreed. Suddenly she laughed. Peter looked at her in surprise. "I do think you are sick, Peter. Sick with stubbornitis and infection of the attitude. Come with me," she said, leading him down the hall.

"But I don't want to!" Peter dragged his feet all the way to his bedroom.

Mom sat him down on his bed and looked straight into his eyes. "Peter, this is serious. Stubbornitis is dangerous. It makes you miserable and will kill you if you don't get rid of it."

Peter didn't say anything. What was Mom talking about? He knew he was in trouble. But he didn't want a spanking and he didn't want to lie in bed all afternoon. He was surprised when Mom began telling him a story.

"Remember how God saved the people of Israel from being slaves in Egypt?" she began. "After they crossed the Red Sea, God led them through a wilderness. And it wasn't very fun. It was dry and hot and everyone got thirsty. Guess what they started to say?"

Peter shrugged.

"They complained and said it was better to be slaves in Egypt," Mom continued. "When God provided water and food for them, they still weren't happy. What do you think their problem was?" Mom looked at Peter.

"I don't know." Peter looked at his hands and frowned.

"The problem was their attitude," said Mom. "God had good plans for them, but they were selfish and hardhearted. Nothing seemed to go the way they liked it. They worried and complained and didn't trust God at all. At last they came to the land that God had promised to give them. And do you know what happened then?"

Peter knew about the twelve spies that brought back the giant bunch of grapes. He had seen it in a picture once. But Mom wasn't talking about that. Her voice was serious and she shook her head sadly.

"They didn't like the land either, that's what. Even though it was a wonderful place, all they could think about were the giants and the big walled cities. When Caleb and Joshua said, 'Let's go up and take the land, because God will help us,' they only wailed, 'But we don't want to! We will be killed!' Their stubborn, hard hearts didn't believe that God loved them or would help them. So guess what? All the bad things that they were afraid of happened to them. Instead of living in Canaan with fruits and fields and houses, they wandered in the wilderness forty years and died there."

"All of them?" asked Peter.

"All the ones who had stubbornitis," Mom said. "You see, the problem was in their hearts and so they



couldn't get rid of it. Wherever they went and whatever happened it was always bad, because they had a bad attitude. And so they had a bad end."

"But Joshua and Caleb didn't," Peter remembered.

Mom smiled. "Why not?"

"Because they didn't have a bad attitude," Peter said slowly.

"And how come they didn't, do you think?" Mom asked.

"They had been slaves in Egypt. They were thirsty and hungry in the wilderness, too. The same troubles happened to them, and they saw the same giants in Canaan. Why did they keep trusting God and have a good attitude?"

"I don't know," Peter shrugged.

"Because they wanted to?"

Mom nodded her head. "Yes, Peter. Because they wanted to. Because Caleb chose to trust God with all his heart, he was able to go to Canaan and conquer the giants. That's the only way anyone can get

rid of a stubborn heart. When you don't want to, you never can get rid of it. Are you ready face the giants, like Caleb, and pray for a better afternoon?"

Peter thought about all the bad things that had happened that day. Especially about his lost arrowhead. He thought of Caleb fighting the giants of Canaan. He probably had a bow and arrows. Maybe he lost an arrowhead once.

Mom folded her hands. "God won't make you, but He so much wants to help you if you will ask. That's when you will find that God can make all the bad things turn out good. Shall I pray for you?"

Peter nodded and closed his eyes. As Mom prayed, he suddenly knew what Caleb would've done. "Dear Lord," he added, "help me find my arrowhead."

Mom gave him a hug. "Time to put your things away and clean that cage," she said. "And if you are hungry, your snack is on the table."

"I want to clean the cage first," Peter decided. And he felt good saying it. In the hallway he picked up his coat.

"What's that?" Mom asked, pointing to a shiny stone on the floor.

"My arrowhead!" Peter said, reaching for it excitedly. "It must have dropped from my coat pocket!"

"God answered your prayer quickly, didn't He?" Mom said with a laugh.

Peter grinned. It was going to be a good day, after all.



Only One Thing

I am a sheep
and I want lots of things:
I want a big field
that's not too wide
And a shed for shelter
that's not too small
I want grass to eat
that's soft and green
I want water in a pool
that's fresh and clean
I want to have friends
To run and play with
I want to explore trails
But not get lost
I want to be cared for
and guarded from danger
I want to lie down
and know that I am safe...
But what can a sheep do
to make it all happen?
I think I will ask
for only one thing:
I want to belong
to a Shepherd that is good
One that is strong enough
to hold and protect me
One that is smart enough
to know all my needs
One that loves me
and cares for me always
Because then I would have
everything that I need
And I would want
Nothing else!



"The LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want." Psalm 23:1



Think About It: **What Do You Want?**

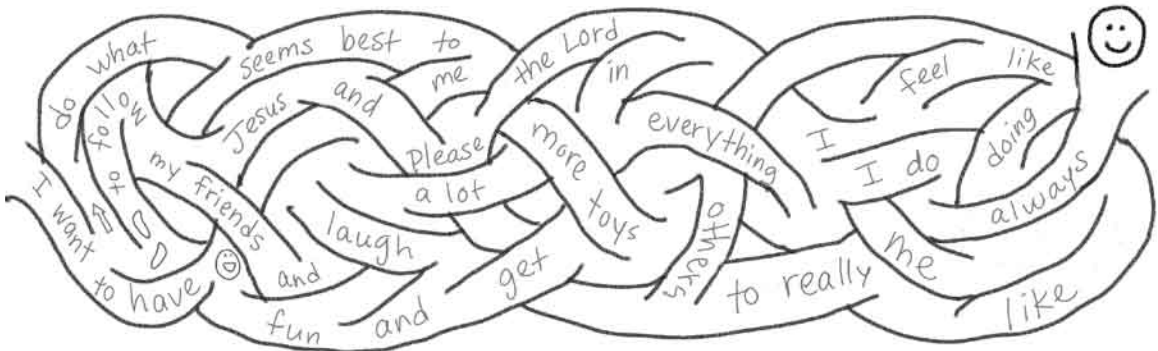
Toys? Friends? To get something done? For others to be happy? To feel well? These are all wants, and there are many others, too. Everybody can think of things they want, because God made us with the ability to have desires. And He also knows how to satisfy our desires and give us good things. That's why He wants us to ask Him for things we want. The problem is, most people want the wrong things. Or they want it in a selfish way. So even when they get what they want, it doesn't make them happy.

In the story, Peter wanted to show his arrowhead to his friend. That wasn't wrong, was it? But when Peter decided to have his own way instead of listening to his teacher, he began wanting the wrong thing. Soon his day was ruined because his wants were all selfish. Everything seemed to go wrong until he made a choice to want the right thing. Only when we stop being stubborn and selfish can God help us. That's why the Bible promise is, "God resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble." (James 4:6)

Another kind of want that God warns us about is called "covetousness." That big word means to want something that isn't ours, and want it so much that we can't be happy without it. Maybe you like your friend's bike or horse or toy. If you want to take it home and have it for yourself, that is wrong because you aren't being kind and thankful. You just want to make yourself happy. Do you think it would work? No, because even if they gave it to you, you would not be really happy. Only God can give us peace and joy in our hearts, but we can't have it if we are disobeying Him. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked." (Isaiah 57:21)

God is the giver of all good things. If we ask God to help us want the right things, then we will be truly happy. That's how Jesus lived. He wanted to please His Father and show God's love to everyone. Even when He was suffering on the cross, Jesus wanted to forgive and help those around Him. And guess what? He got what He wanted! That's because when we want God more than anything else, He can give us the desires of our heart.

What do you want today? Start on the left and follow the maze. Do not cross any solid lines. How can you get to the smily face?





Dear Reader,

It is wonderful to know Jesus—His power, His presence, His care for all the little details. I pray that this issue will encourage you to know Him for yourself - to want to belong to Him and be His child. Where else will you find happiness?

We always are glad to hear from you! It is a blessing to read your letters and emails. I also welcome contact 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

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution License. (To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 559 Nathan Abbott Way, Stanford, California 94305, USA.) Basically, you can copy any or all of this magazine, unless otherwise copyrighted, as long as you give credit and make clear our licensing terms; for example: “Republished from Timeless Truths Publications (timelesstruths.org), licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution License.”

Number 57

Summer 2012

<i>Comic Story</i>	1
- Greasy the Robber, part 3	
<i>Live and Learn</i>	2
- Hard Heart, Soft Heart	
<i>A Living Parable</i>	4
- The Apple Tree	

Buried Treasures	- Whosoever Shall Call	<i>middle section</i>
	- The Red-Eyed Dog of Despair	
	- I Obeyed	
	- What God Did for Me	
	- How God Helped Lillian	
<i>A Place for Prayer</i>		
- You Can Give, Too!		

<i>Lessons from Life</i>	7
- Safe on the Rock	
<i>Building on Truth</i>	8
- A Case of Stubbornitis	
<i>Poem</i>	10
- Only One Thing	
<i>Think About It</i>	11
What Do You Want?	

Treasures of the Kingdom

PO Box 1212, Jefferson, OR 97352

e-mail: totk@timelesstruths.org

website: totk.timelesstruths.org

How many separate barnacles can you find?

There are at least 107 including this one:



SEND TO: