

The Two Bikes

Read Psalm 71:16, John 1:12 and Psalm 68:35

I was driving down the road that goes through the windmill farm, which is rather windy and hilly. I noticed 2 people cycling along on pushbikes. They were pedaling along and it looked like a lot of energy and sweat. Then the next minute a flash two-wheeler motorbike came cruising around the corner and roared up the hill. What a difference between the two kinds of bikes! On *costs* so much energy, time and sweat. The other one *has* so much power and energy.

Those two bikes remind me of people in life! Some are like the pushbike; struggling through the road of life in their own strength, stressing over their problems, using up all their energy trying to stay on the right track going somewhere for God. The motorbike is like the people who have learnt how to trust in God and His promises and who take all their problems to God. They live their lives in God's strength each day, because they've handed their life and all their problems over to Him and they trust Him to work things out in His own time and way.

The two bikes also represent two other kinds of people. Some people are like the pushbike; pedaling furiously, trying to earn their way to Heaven. They're trusting in their own way and their own strength. The motorbike is like the people who are trusting in Jesus Christ to get them to Heaven. They're "riding" not "pedaling." John 1:12

Which ones are you? What is your trust in? Do you waste your hours stressing and worrying? Or do you live in the strength of the LORD? Are you "trying" or "trusting?"

Keys for Kids

Read John 14:1-6

Ethan squirmed as his mother talked to him. She had recently become a Christian and was trying to explain how he could receive Christ as Saviour, too. "I want you to be in heaven with me someday," she said.

"Don't worry, Mum," answered Ethan. "Uncle Alan says I'm such good kid that if anyone makes it to heaven, I will."

"Uncle Alan is a very smart man, but he's mistaken about the way to heaven," Mum replied. "It's not your goodness that will take you there. Jesus is the only way."

Ethan turned toward the door. He didn't want to talk about salvation anymore. "I have to go finish my paper-route collections now," he said hurrying out of the kitchen.

As Ethan was busy on his route, he saw a girl and a little boy. "Don't cry, I know how to get to 102 Shelby Street," he heard the girl say. "You go that way one block," she said, pointing north, "and turn right. That's main Street. Then go three blocks and you come to Shelby. Your house is right there on the corner." Ethan frowned. Those directions weren't right!

As the girl went into her house, Ethan met the boy. "You're Jimmy Jones, aren't you?" asked Ethan. "I deliver papers to your house. Remember me?"

The little boy looked at him and nodded. "That girl gave you the wrong directions," said Ethan. "You have to turn left at Main Street, not right." Jimmy's lip began to tremble, and Ethan took his hand. "I'll take you home, okay?" Ethan asked. Jimmy nodded and smiled, and soon Ethan had delivered him to his family.

On the way home, Ethan suddenly realized that he was just like Jimmy! He was trying to follow directions to Heaven that were given by someone who didn't know the way. He needed to listen to what God said in his Word, and God said Jesus is the only way. I was Jimmy's way home because I

took him there, he thought. Jesus is the way to Heaven. I want him to be my Savior and take me there.

How about you?

Are you following the right directions to heaven? God knows how you can get there. His directions are found in his Book, the Bible. He says you must trust in Jesus, the only way to Heaven. Will you trust him today?

Follow Jesus' directions

No Time!!

Erin is sitting on a chair reading a Bible, when her friend, Sophie, comes along reading the newspaper.

Sophie: "Hi Erin, what's that you're reading?"

Erin: "Oh, it's my Bible. I've been reading a really exciting story! You should read it!"

Sophie: "Oh no! It's ok. I don't have time to read the Bible.

Erin: "You're joking, right?"

Sophie: "No, I'm serious! You don't know how busy I've been. This week I've been flat out like a pig eating!!"

Erin: "Really, what have you been so busy doing?"

Sophie: "Oh, just my favorite hobbies, you know, swimming, playing hockey, bike riding, horse riding, hanging out with my friends, and I've been working. I have just got a new job working at a café, and I get \$18 an hour. Pretty good, aye?? Also, I just got these really neat books, they're mystery ones. So I've been reading heaps! And I've been....."

Erin: "Wait a minute! You just said you have no time to read the Bible, but then you say you have hours to read mystery books!! And you obviously have time to read the newspaper!!"

Sophie: "Well, I...um...just...um... Look! It's none of your

business!!”

Erin” “I’m sorry! But, hey guess what!! You won’t believe what happened the other day! I had an amazing answer to prayer. You see, there’s this Christian Camp I really want to go to, but I didn’t have enough money. So I prayed and in 2 weeks God gave me all the money to go. Isn’t that exciting??”

Sophie: “You just happened to get that money. God doesn’t answer prayer like that. You see, once back at Primary School, I prayed that God would give me a best friend, and after a whole week, I still didn’t have a best friend! Besides, I don’t have time to pray, like I told you, I’m just too busy!! But hey, guess who rung up the other day! You know that girl that I used to be best friends with back at Primary School? Out of the blue she just rang up! We talked for 3 hours!! It was so great to catch up with her!!”

Erin: “Oh, I see! You have hours to chat on the phone, but you don’t have any time to talk to God. Shame on you, Sophie. And hang on, you said God didn’t give you a best friend, but then you said your best friend rang up!! That doesn’t make sense!!”

Sophie turns her back on Erin. The next minute....

Sophie: “Hey Erin, do you want to come over to my house on Thursday night? I’ve got these new movies from the video ezy. You’ve just got to see them!!

Erin: “Sarah, Thursday night is Bible Study night! How come you don’t come anymore?”

Sophie: “Well, I really just can’t fit it in! I always have something on!”

Erin: “For goodness sake, Sophie! None of your excuses would hold water! You don’t have time to read your Bible, but you have time to read unrealistic mystery stories and the newspaper, as well as everything else you enjoy doing. You don’t have time to pray, but you somehow find spare hours

to gossip on the phone. And you don't have time to go to Bible Study, but you have time to watch silly, sloppy, ungodly videos. Your problem is not that you don't have time; your problem is that you think the wrong things are important. You will always make time for things you think are important!"

A Funny Story about Brother Andrew.

This story happened when he was in the army, and it was before he was a Christian.

...Part of the education of a commando was the development of self-confidence. But here I needed no schooling. From childhood I had had a completely unfounded confidence in my ability to do anything I set out to do.

Like drive a Bren carrier, for instance. These were heavy armored vehicles mounted on caterpillar treads, and handling them was difficult even for someone who could drive an automobile—which I could not. But each day as we went out on maneuvers I watched the driver of the carrier on which I rode, until it seemed to me that I had the hang of it. Unexpectedly one day I had a chance to find out. Coming out of company headquarters, I ran into an officer.

"Can you drive a Bren carrier, soldier?"

A quick salute and an even quicker, "Yes, sir."

Well, that one there has to go to the garage. Let's go."

In front of us at the curb was the carrier. Three hundred yards away was the garage. Seven other carriers were

parked there, nose to tail, waiting to be serviced. I hopped snappily into the driver's seat while the officer climbed in beside me. I looked at the dashboard. There in front of me was a key, and I remembered that the driver always turned that first of all. Sure enough the engine coughed once and then caught. Now which of those pedals was the clutch? I pressed one of them and it went to the floor, and I knew I had been lucky twice in a row. I put the carrier into gear, let go of the clutch pedal, and with a great kangaroo leap we launched into space.

The officer looked at me quickly but said nothing: no Bren carrier ever starts smoothly. But as I raced full throttle down the company street, I noticed that he was holding on with both hands and bracing his feet. We covered the three hundred yards with only one near-accident—a sergeant who discovered on the spot how great were his powers of flight—and then we came to the line of carriers.

And I knew that I was in trouble.

I didn't know where the brake was.

Arms flailing and feet flying, I tried every button and lever I could find. Among the things I pushed was the accelerator, and with one last surge of power we plowed into the row of Bren carriers parked at the curb. All seven of them bucked forward, each slamming against the other, until we came to a rest, hissing and smoking, our engine at last dead.

I looked at the officer. He stared straight ahead of him, his eyes large, sweat pouring down the sides of his face. He got out of the car, crossed himself, and walked away without one turning to look at me. The sergeant ran up to me and pulled me out of the driver's seat.

“What on earth got into you, soldier?”

“He asked me if I knew how to drive it, sergeant. He didn't ask if I knew how to stop!”

Helpers of the King

Jesus needs the children,
We may help the King,
To the loving Savior,
Others we may bring,
We may scatter sunshine
All along the way,
Helping Jesus day by day.

Jesus needs the children,
We may tell his love,
How He watches o'er us
From His throne above,
Follow in His footsteps,
All His words obey,
Helping Jesus day by day.

Jesus needs the children,
We may shine for Him,
Bringing cheer and gladness,
Light that cannot dim,
He will ever keep us
So we cannot stray,
Helping Jesus day by day.

Ever happy hearted,
Helpers of the King,
Following our Savior,
Joyfully we sing,
Trying to be like Him,
In our work or play,
Helping Jesus day by day.

The Monkey's Heart

From Tom Thumb Tales

There was once a crocodile whose wife was always worrying him for something new and dainty to eat. She one day saw a right young monkey swinging on a branch by the river bank and decided that she must have his tender little heart for lunch.

Her husband, most unwillingly, went to see what he could do about it.

“Mr. Monkey,” he said, swimming under the bough, “there is much better fruit for you on the other side of the river.

Why do you stay over here?

The monkey suspected nothing.

“Is that so?” he answered. “But I can’t swim, so I have to stay here.”

“That is easily solved,” put in the crocodile; “just jump on my back and I’ll carry you over.”

All went well until midstream was reached—then the crocodile began to submerge. The monkey shrieked: “Hi! Hi! What about me!”

“It’s my wife’s fault,” said the crocodile. “I’ve got to kill you so that she can have your heart for lunch. She’s sure it would taste so sweet and tender.”

The monkey thought quickly.

“But,” he said, “you silly crocodile, don’t you know that monkeys never carry their hearts with them—they would soon get damaged with all our jumping and bumping about in the trees. We always hang them up where they’ll be safe”—he pointed to a cluster of large nuts back on a bough high above the bank—“I tell you what, crocodile, you carry me back safely and I’ll get my heart and throw it down for you. I can manage very well without it.”

The crocodile, still only troubling about saving trouble from his selfish wife, turned and took the monkey back to land. Once there, the monkey climbed quickly to safety, and tossed a nut down, mockingly, to the stupid crocodile.

So many are like that crocodile, stupid and cruel too, caring nothing for the suffering they cause others if only they save themselves trouble or inconvenience. It is really the same spirit as that of the boy or girl who causes lots of unnecessary work for mother in the home. Do you try to save her trouble by being tidy and thoughtful and helpful—or are you of the crocodile sort?

“Be kindly affectioned one to another,” Romans 12:10

Lucky to Be

Trained

By Lovella Koehn

For about the twentieth time that day, Doug Garner heard his dad calling, “Doug! Doug, where are you?”

“Right here,” Doug mumbled irritably to himself. “I’m here under the shade-tree resting.” He knew needn’t bother telling Dad that. It didn’t matter HOW tired he got, Dad always seemed to think he should work like a man.

Struggling to his feet, he dragged his heels all the way to the barn. Why did he have to do all the work around this place? Seemed couldn’t think of another person when he needed help except him! Just for once, he’d like to spend a day doing as he pleased ---just once!

Doug was so engrossed in his stormy thought he didn’t notice until he was in the barn that Dad had company. Hal Undling! Embarrassed, Doug tried to put on a natural smile. He thought the world of Hal and wouldn’t want Hal to see him grouchy for anything.

“Hi there, Doug,” Hal called. “Where’ve you been? Your dad and I had about decided you’d left the country!”

“Hi,” Doug said weakly, raking his mind for an explanation. “I-uh, I was just coming.”

“Yeah, I see,” Hal replied, then said, “we wanted you to see what I’ve got on the trailer.”

For the first time, Doug noticed Hal’s horse trailer parked around the corner. Wonderingly, he hurried out to see. A foal! A beautiful, perfect, spotted filly stood uncertainly in the corner of the trailer.

“Oh, it’s, why, it’s a foal!! Is it yours, Hal? Did you buy her today?” Doug’s eyes never left the gangly creature.

“No, one of my mares dropped it several months ago and I haven’t the time to work with it. Just wonder if you’d –“
Doug spun around and grabbed Hal’s arm. “Hal!” he screeched, “You mean you’ll ---let me see now, what did you say?”

“You didn’t let me finish,” Hal chuckled, “but I think you have the general idea. I’ve known you like horses and I think it’d be good for both of you to see if you can train her.”

That’s how it came about that Doug Garner found himself with a pony he could call his own. For the first few weeks he could think of little else. He borrowed books on horse training, talked to neighbors who had horses, and spent hours planning what his filly would do someday.

Everything else took second place.

At last he began training Lucky, as he’d instantly named her. But, somehow, things didn’t go exactly as he planned.

When Doug put a light rope on Lucky’s back she began to kick wildly. Nothing would calm her down until the rope was OFF, then she wouldn’t let Doug near her for a day or two.

Doug continued patiently. He tried different articles on her back and around her neck, but each time she fought it off. Soon Doug’s patience began to run low. What kind of animal was this, anyway? How stupid could a pony get? He began to mope around the house instead of working with Lucky.

Fin ally Doug began to realize Dad or Mum had never said much at all about his project. They had just sort of let him go about his own business for once. His mind was just beginning to process this unusual state of affairs, when mum noticed him loafing.

“Am I glad to see you, Doug!” she exclaimed. “I can see

I'm not going to get to Sewing Circle in time if I don't have some help. Could you run down to the garden and get some ripe tomatoes? And there's my sewing machine. Will you swing it into the trunk for me, please?"

"But, Mum, you know I have my work at the barn—you know, with Lucky. How can I ever get her trained if I have to work in the house all day?"

"It won't take all day to do those jobs, I promise!" and Mum was on her way to the bedroom to dress.

With heavy mutterings, Doug obeyed. Then he rushed to the barn. He flopped on the straw and stared at Lucky. What was wrong with that dumb pony? Why wouldn't she calm down and get used to a halter? He'd thought by this time he'd be leading her all over the year. "Don't you know what you're for?" Doug asked aloud.

Lucky pricked up her ears. "I'm about tired of you," Doug went on, since she seemed to be listening. "Why don't you give in and just do what all good ponies should?" Lucky walked over and began nuzzle at Doug. He scratched her ears and patted her head. Suddenly a warm feeling began creeping up. Before he knew quite what was happening, Doug threw his arms around Lucky's neck and started to cry. All sorts of strange thoughts were tumbling around in his mind. Then he stood up.

Now he knew. Lucky wasn't a mean stupid animal. She was just like him! Sure, Lucky bucked and kicked over the slightest weight on her back; but he bucked, too, over every job he was asked to do. Lying back on the straw, Doug began looking at himself. Here he was, a strong, healthy boy and not really willing to do anything he knew he should. He knew he grumbled nearly every time he was asked to help in any way. Actually, Dad and Mum must be getting AWFULLY tired of it. The more he thought about himself, the worse he felt. Pretty soon, he hid his face in the straw

and cried hard.

The next moment, dad was there. “Something wrong, son?”

In jerks and sobs, Doug told Dad he was sorry he was such a grumpy boy. Then he talked about Lucky and how hopeless it was.

“It’s not a bit hopeless; Doug,” Dad chuckled. “In fact, you’ve just now started training her.”

“Started?” Doug remembered the HUNDREDS of tries.

“Sure,” Dad said, “Because now you’re in it with her.”

Then Dad gave him a lot of hints he’s known all along about horses. He told some of his own experiences with them. An hour slipped away before they remembered work to be done.

“So Dad, you say I need to be friendly with Lucky and MAKE her control herself?” A glimmer of light began twinkling in his eyes. He didn’t say another word, but he knew he’d hit the nail on the head. SELF-CONTROL!

Doug could hardly wait to begin his new program with Lucky. Poor Lucky could not understand much, but she could understand love and patience. For the next couple of months Doug did nothing but chat with Lucky. He stroked her, and patted her head. He made a habit of leaning hard against her. Lucky loved it.

At last Doug decided it was time to try the saddle. Dad had said, “Put it on quickly and LEAVE it on. Don’t mind her bucking.” Doug couldn’t stop thinking how he had to treat himself the same way. GO AND DO IT IF YOU WANT TO OR NOT.

On the morning of the saddle trial, Doug had plenty of treats on hand for Lucky. He rubbed her down, talking to her all the while, and even mentioned the need to do unpleasant things at times. Casually he walked to the hanging saddle with Lucky close at his heels. As lightly as possible, he

dropped it over her back, securing it quickly. She threw back her head, rolling her eyes in fear and anger. Then like a shot, she was off, tearing around the pen. Doug called to her gently and kindly. She would stop for a bit, then off she'd go again. She couldn't shake the saddle. Gradually, she quieted.

Instantly, Doug was there, offering sugar lumps and apples. Her fear was gone for the moment. Doug didn't know when he'd felt so happy... He raced to the house to shout the good news.

Encouraged as he was, Doug soon realized carrying a saddle wasn't nearly all of what Lucky needed to learn. She needed to learn obedience and how to understand all the signals. As he worked on and on with Lucky, he noticed he was often unwilling and grouchy and sour. How he hated it! He tried ever so hard, but before he knew it, he was in a bad mood again.

Next day he had another long talk with Dad. He told Dad how discouraged he was about himself. "I just can't be what I want to, dad," he groaned. "I have tried SO hard." "I know you can't, Son. Neither can I. We both need God. No matter what we are doing, we need God's help, but you must ask for it."

That night, Doug prayed, asking God for help. After he crawled into bed he began thinking about his pony. He thought how Lucky kicked and fussed over a rope on her back a few months ago. Now she was carrying him on a saddle and listening for his commands. But she sure couldn't have trained herself to do that. No siree! She had to have the right kind of help. "I guess that's what I need, too, God," he mused sleepily. "You'll have to start training me." Then he was asleep.

Several months later, Doug was ready with his surprise. Dad had gathered a group of underprivileged children to enjoy

Lucky's accomplishments. How pleased he was when she not only gave each of them a ride, but pulled a little cart on a harness, and obeyed every command. As the children whooped with delight, Doug felt a joy he'd never felt before. He realized he was a much more cheerful boy and actually LIKED helping others.

"But, Lucky," Doug whispered in her ear that evening when he was feeding her an extra big supper, "we didn't do it ourselves, did we? Nope, we had to get some help." Then he raced to the house for the delicious supper Mum was just putting on the table.

Can the World See Jesus in you?

Do we live so close to the Lord today,
Passing to and fro on life's busy way,
That the world in us can a likeness see
To the Man of Calvary?

Do we love, with love to His own akin,
All His creatures lost in the mire of sin?
Will we reach a hand, whatsoever it cost,
To reclaim a sinner lost?

As an open book they our lives will
read,
To our words and acts giving daily heed;
Will they be attracted, or turn away

From the Christ we love today?

Can the world see Jesus in me?
Can the world see Jesus in you?
Does your love to Him ring true,
And your life and service, too?
Can the world see Jesus in you?

Missionary Story

Brother Andrew Learns to Trust God (part 2)

Preview....."there in perfect condition, to be admired by five sets of wondering eyes, was an enormous, glistening, moist, chocolate cake!"

With this kind of experience behind me, I was not really surprised to find waiting for me when we got back to school, a check from the Whestras that was exactly enough, when converted into pounds, to pay my second term's fee. The second term seemed to go even faster than the first, so much was there to grasp and to ponder. But before that term was over, I had received money to keep me there a third, this time from—of all places—some buddies at the veterans' hospital. And so it went throughout the second year too. I never mentioned the school fees to anyone, and yet the gifts always came at such a moment that I could pay them in full and on time. Nor did they ever contain more than the school costs, and—in spite of the fact that the people who were helping me did know one another—they never came two together.

God's faithfulness I was experiencing continually, and I was

also finding out something about His sense of humor. I had made a covenant with God never to run out of money for school fees. My covenant said nothing about running out of soap. Or toothpaste. Or razor blades.

One morning I discovered I was out of laundry soap. But when I reached the drawer where I kept my money, all I could find was sixpence. Laundry soap cost eight pence. “You know that I have to keep clean, God. So will you work it out about the two pennies?” I took my sixpence and made my way to the street where the shops were, and sure enough, right away I saw a sign. “Two pence off! Buy your SURF now.” I walked in, made my savings, and strolled back up the hill whistling. There was plenty of soap in that box to last, with care, until the end of school.

But that very night a friend saw me washing out a shirt and shouted, “Say, Andrew, lend me some soap, will you? I’m out.”

Of course I let him have the soap and said nothing. I just watched him pour out my precious Surf, knowing somehow that he wasn’t going to pay it back. Every day he borrowed a little more of that soap, and every day I had to use just a little bit less.

And then it was toothpaste. The tube was really finished. Squeezed, twisted, torn apart, and scraped—finished. I had read somewhere that common table salt makes a good dentifrice. And no doubt my teeth got clean, but my mouth wore a permanent pucker.

And razor blades. I had not thrown away my used blades, and sure enough the day came when I had to resurrect them. I had no hone, so I stropped them on my bare arm. Ten minutes a day on my own skin: I remained clean shaven—but it was at a price.

Throughout this time I sensed that God was playing a game with me. Perhaps He was using these experiences to teach me

the difference between a Want and a Need. Toothpaste tasted good, new razor blades shaved quicker—but these were luxuries, not necessities. I was certain that should a real need arise, God would supply it.

And a true need did arise.

It was necessary for foreigners in Britain to renew their visas at periodic intervals. I had to have mine renewed by the thirty-first of December, 1954, or leave the country. But when that month rolled around, I did not have a cent to my name. How was I going to get the forms down to London? A registered letter cost one shilling—twelve pennies. I did not believe that God was going to let me be thrown out of school for the lack of a shilling.

And so the game moved into a new phase. I had a name for it by now. I called it the Game of the Royal way. I had discovered that when God supplied money He did it in a kingly manner, not in some groveling way.

Three separate times, over the matter of that registered letter, I was almost lured from the Royal way. I was, that last year, head of the student body and in charge of the school's tract fund. One day my eye lit first on the calendar—it was the twenty-eighth of December—and then on the fund. It happened to contain several pounds just then. Surely it would be all right to borrow just one shilling.

And surely not, too. Quickly I put the idea behind me.

And then it was the twenty-ninth of December. Two days left. I had almost forgotten how bitter salt tasted and how long it took to strop a razor blade on my arm, so intrigued was I over the drama of the shilling. That morning the thought occurred to me that perhaps I might find those pennies lying on the ground.

I had actually put on my coat and started down the street before I saw what I was doing. I was walking along with head bowed, eyes on the ground, searching the gutter for

pennies. What kind of Royal Way was this! I straightened up and laughed out loud there on the busy street. I walked back to school with my head high, but no closer to getting the money.

The last round in the game was the most subtle of all. It was December 30. I had to have my application in the mail that day if it was to get to London on the thirty-first.

At ten o'clock in the morning, one of the students shouted up the stairwell that I had a visitor. I ran down the stairs thinking that this must be my delivering angel. But when I saw who it was, my heart dropped. This visitor wasn't coming to bring me money, he was coming to ask for it. For it was Richard, a friend I had made months ago in the Patrick slums, a young man who came to the school occasionally when he just had to have cash.

With dragging feet I went outside. Richard stood on the white-pebble walkway, hands in pockets, eyes lowered. "Andrew," he said, "would you be having a little extra cash? I'm hungry."

I laughed and told him why. I told him about the soap and the razor blades, and as I spoke I saw the coin.

It lay among the pebbles, the sun glinting of it in just such a way that I could see it but not Richard. I could tell from its color that it was a shilling. Instinctively I stuck out my foot and covered the coin with my toe. Then as Richard and I talked, I reached down and picked up the coin along with a handful of pebbles. I tossed the pebbles down one by one, aimlessly, until at last I had just the shilling in my hand. But even as I dropped the coin into my pocket, the battle began. That coin meant I could stay in school. I wouldn't be doing Richard a favor by giving it to him: he'd spend it on drink and be thirsty as ever in an hour.

While I was still thinking up excellent arguments, I knew it was no good. How could I judge Richard when Christ told

me so clearly that I must not? Furthermore, this was not the Royal Way! What right had an ambassador to hold on to money when another of the king's children stood in front of him saying he was hungry? I shoved my hand back into my pocket and drew out the silver coin.

“Look, Richard,” I said, “I do have this. Would it help any?”

Richard's eyes lit up. “It would, mate.” He tossed the coin into the air and ran off down the hill. With a light heart that told me I had done the right thing, I turned to go back inside.

And before I reached the door the postman turned down our walk.

In the mail of course was a letter for me. I knew when I saw Greetje's handwriting that it would be from the prayer group at Ringers' and that there would be cash inside. And there was. A lot of money: A pound and a half—thirty shillings. Far more than enough to send my letter, buy a large box of soap, treat myself to my favorite toothpaste—and buy Gillette supers instead of Blues. The game was over. The King had done it His way.

Things to think on.....

If you died today, and Jesus said, “Why should I let you into my heaven, when you deserve to go to Hell for your sins, what would you say?”

If you knew that you only had one week more to live, what would you do in that week?

If Jesus stayed in your house for a week, how differently would you act?

Why do you think God gave you two ears and only one mouth??

Why do you think your mouth can shut but your ears can't???

Lessons from David (part 2)

1 Samuel chapter 17

Last lesson we learnt about God choosing David to be the next king, and we learnt that having a good heart is more important than having good looks!

This lesson we will learn a few more things about David.

So here we have the story of the predicament that Israel was in. There is a huge giant called Goliath that wanted to fight Israel, but no one was able to fight him. No one was big enough or strong enough to fight this huge giant. So this giant is out there challenging everyone, making Israel's God look ridiculous. That's until David arrived on the scene!

David wanted to take on the giant! David of all people! He wasn't big and strong like all the other soldiers, why on earth him? Was he just trying to show off and show everyone how big and brave he was? He was just a little shepherd boy! Impossible! Or not?

King Saul said to him, "You can't do it, you're too young." Through this story we see that God can use anyone no matter how young. God can use you, even though you're a child or a teen.

Now notice that this was probably just an ordinary day of the week. Not Sunday or their Sabbath. David believed in God every day of the week, not just on Sunday. He was real, he had a personal relationship with God. Some people are only Christians on Sunday. And God is not near or real to them at all, it's just what they do on Sunday or do out of tradition. They can't talk about God, they can only talk about church. Are you like David? Only young, but real? Having a real relationship with God every day of the week?

David used what he had. His sling!! He didn't need to have King's Saul armor, which was way too heavy and strange. He just used what he had. God wants us to use what we have to serve and honor him. Do you play an instrument? Play it for God. Can you sing? Sing for God.

What talents do you have? Use them for God. What things do you have? Use them for God. Think of some practical ways you can use your things or talents for God like David did. And remember, we all have a tongue, a voice, a brain, ears, eyes, hands, and feet. God wants to use them too. How can He use them?

Hero Story (part 2)

John Bunyan

Preview...

. “Sir,” he said after having introduced himself, “can God save so wretched a sinner as I?”

“As you?” the preacher smiled. ‘Let me tell you what I was before God saved me. Then you’ll worry no more about your own sins.’.....

And he told John Bunyan of his years in the army. “I served with King Charles’s army and was taken prisoner in battle and condemned to die. The night before I was to be hanged, my sister came to bid me farewell. Believe it or not, she found all the guards asleep and all my fellow prisoners in a drunken stupor. Only I was awake, for I had wanted to talk to my sister. So she whispered to me, ‘Now’s your chance to escape. Get as far away as you can.’ So, like St. Peter, I escaped from my jailers. “For three days I hid in a ditch until the search for me died down; then I went to friends in London. Finally, I came here to Bedford, where no one knew me. Since I’d had some training in medicine, I set up as a doctor. “You would think I would have been grateful to God for my escape, but I was not. I was not even a good doctor, for I spent all my time drinking, gambling, and swearing. One

day I read a little book. The message of the writer spoke to my soul and made me consider my sinful ways and turn to Jesus Christ as my Savior. How surprised my neighbors were to see their wicked doctor so soon changed into a God-fearing preacher!”

John Bunyan was amazed to hear a story so similar to that of his own life. Then and there he found a friend and counselor in this fervent preacher. John moved his family to Bedford, partly to gain more work in a larger town and partly to join Mr. Gifford’s congregation. With good Bible preaching and counseling, Bunyan turned from his sins and put his trust in Jesus Christ. Soon he too was eager to tell friends and neighbors of this wonderful Savior. John Bunyan was a fine preacher, and many townspeople came to hear about Jesus from him.

Not long after he became a Christian, trouble came to John Bunyan. His wife became sick and died, leaving him with four small children, the oldest a blind daughter. Not long afterward his good friend John Gifford also died, leaving the congregation in Bedford without a pastor.

Then in 1658 Oliver Cromwell died. Two years later King Charles 11 was invited to rule England, but when he came to the throne, he no longer allowed religious freedom for the people. All Englishmen had to return to the Church of England, even those in the little Bedford congregation, or be punished.

By this time John Bunyan was a leader of the Bedford church. One cold night, November 12, 1660, a group of men and women, their dark cloaks wrapped tightly about them, quietly but quickly walked in small groups to a large farm house. They carried no lanterns, for they did not want the king’s soldiers know of their meeting. Once inside, they nervously whispered to each other, waiting for one other member to arrive.

Finally, John Bunyan's broad shoulders appeared in the doorway, "Peace to you, brethren," he greeted them warmly.

"Brother Bunyan," said one who stepped quickly toward him, closing the door, "we have bad news. We think you should not preach tonight."

"What's that? What have you heard?"

"The magistrates know you have been preaching. They are sending men here to arrest you tonight. Please flee to safety!"

Everyone in the crowded room looked at John Bunyan, wondering what he would do. They had come to love this tinker-preacher and did not want him in jail.

After a long silence Bunyan spoke cheerfully, "Come, let us have our meeting. I will preach. Nothing can happen to me unless it is God's will. First, let us pray."

So these poor country folks, many who could not read but who could recite from memory long passages of Scripture, settled onto chairs or benches or stood about the room to pray and then listen to their bold preacher.

Then came a heavy tramping on the doorstep and a rough voice called, "Open, in the king's name!" Two men pushed to the front of the quiet room, "John Bunyan, tinker?"

"I am John Bunyan."

"You are under arrest for preaching unlawfully. Come with us."

So it was that he left the care of his family to his little congregation and to his new wife, Elizabeth.

Bunyan had not been in prison many months before his pious ways and joyous attitude won the respect and confidence of his jailer. Talking kindly to his fellow prisoners, praying with them, and teaching them the Bible, he soon had an influence over them as well. So when a member of Bunyan's congregation was on her deathbed

asking for him, the jailer let him out to see her, only warning, “Be back before night.” By and by the jailer allowed Bunyan some freedom to go away to preach and to visit his family.

One day, however, a man on horseback rode to the jail to speak to his friend, the jailer. “Ho, friend,” he called out. “I hope all your prisoners are safe in their rooms. You are to have visitors this afternoon.”

“What? What’s this you say?” he asked in alarm.

“Someone has been telling tales of you to the magistrates, and they are coming to check on John Bunyan.”

“Oh, I am ruined then!”.....

Part 3 (next month)

Can you finish the verse?

*Romans 6:23 “The wages of sin is death; but ..”

*1 Timothy 6:6 “But godliness with contentment is...”

*Hosea 9: 17 “My God will cast them away, because...”

*Proverbs 21:17 “He that loveth pleasure shall be a ...”

*Ephesians 5:16 “Redeeming the time , because...”

*Philippians 2:14 “Do all things without....”

*Hebrews 3:19 “So we see that they could not enter in because...”

*Revelation 20: 15 “And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was...”

*1 Corinthians 16:14 “Let all your things be done with...”

*Romans 5:8 “But God commendeth his love toward us, in that,....”

Secret of the Caves

Chapter 3—Mr. Lanton Behaves Strangely

The journey to the middle cave was made without mishap, and as they climbed the iron ladder the boys examined it closely. The rungs were not bright like those of the longer ladder, and they guessed that it was seldom used. It seemed clear now that the boxes in the upper cave had come from somewhere above, and not from the sea cave. Having replaced the stone trap the boys smoothed a layer of sand over it, and hastened down to the sea cave. The sea was almost up to the mouth of the tunnel.

“I feel sure that those boxes were taken down from the Manor,” Nigel said, as they rowed out of Black Mike’s cave.

“Let’s see, doesn’t a man named Hayden live there, Raymond?”

“Yes, but no one seems to know him very well. He’s away most of the time, I believe. An old servant looks after the house, but he’s so deaf it’s not possible to converse much with him. I heard that from Bessie.”

“It would have been a surprise for him if we’d gone right through into the manor,” Nigel chuckled. “It hasn’t been a bad effort for a couple of sissies, eh, Raymond?”

Raymond smiled faintly. Hinchcliffe had morning prayers,

and a service each Sunday morning, at both of which attendance was compulsory, but the religion of many of its occupants was purely formal, and ended with the outward observances that were got through as comfortable as possible. Mr. Baker, the master of the Third and a fine Christian gentleman, had been quick to realize the true position. He had asked the Head's permission to begin a Bible Class, permission which had been readily granted on condition that the attendance as voluntary. Progress was slow, but the Bible Class was growing. Raymond and Nigel had already accepted Christ as their Savior and king, and they were two of the Class's keenest members, a keenness that had soon earned them the title of 'sissies' from a section of their Form.

"No, not a bad effort at all," Raymond agree. "But you know, Nigel, we have been sissies, in a way. We ought not to have broken bounds like that. I must confess that I wasn't quite easy about it all the time we were there, but now—well—it's no good blinking the fact, we ought not to have gone in. As Christians, we should be giving an example to the other fellows, not breaking bounds."

Nigel nodded slowly. "I know," he admitted. "I wasn't easy about it, either. Yes, you're right, Raymond, we ought not to have done it."

They replaced their boat in the school boathouse, and then walked through the village and up to the school. As they walked in at the gates, the Junior captain came to meet them. "What have you two been doing?" Robertson asked. "Mr. Langton came in about ten minutes ago looking like a bear with a sore head, and he told me to send you to his study as soon as you came in."

"Oh!" gasped Raymond in dismay. "that sounds like trouble."

"I wonder if he knows we've been out of bounds," Nigel

murmured, as they hurried to their Form master's study. "I don't see how he can have found out anything so quickly, but if he has, we'll just have to take our medicine." Feeling rather uneasy, they entered Mr. Langton's study. He was sitting at his desk and he frowned at them as they entered.

"You sent for us, sir?" murmured Raymond.

"I did. Where have you boys been this afternoon?"

"For a row on the bay, sir."

"Have you been in Black Mike's cave?"

The question was sudden and direct, and there was no way of avoiding it except by a deliberate lie, a way that Raymond and Nigel would have scorned to take. They faced Mr. Langton squarely.

"Yes, sir," Raymond replied quietly.

"I suspected so. I saw you pulling round the Point as I came back along the cliff road. Why did you go into the cave when you knew that it was out of bounds?"

"We—we thought we'd like to go in again, sir," stammered Raymond, utterly confused. "It—it's an interesting old place and there is really no danger, sir, but we were wrong to go in. We can see that now."

"That is something!" Mr. Langton said coldly. "As I cannot trust you to obey the Headmaster's commands, I shall cane you and then give the boatman orders that you are not to take out a boat for the remainder of the term."

"I don't mind the swishing—we deserve that—but it's rotten that we can't take a boat out again!" Raymond said, as they reached their study. "Boats are allotted only to chaps who have passed a swimming test, and there isn't a scrap of danger in going into the cave. The other masters have never made a fuss about fellows going into the cave, and I don't see why Mr. Langton should be so mean about it."

"I'm glad we didn't mention the other caves," Nigel said.

“Well, it’s clear that we can’t go there again now, and I don’t see how we are going to return this box. We must tell Bessie the whole story as soon as ever we can. Perhaps she’ll take the sandal-wood box back for us.”

After classes on the following day they went down to the village at a trot, and found Bessie Prior in her little garden. She listened carefully to what the boys told her.

“What a dinky little box it is!” she exclaimed, when they had finished. “It sounds ever so interesting, and I must see those caves for myself. I wish we could all go together, but that’s out of the question now.”

“We’ve never been Langton’s favorites,” Nigel said. “Not that we want to be, of course—a master shouldn’t have favorites. Mr. Baker hasn’t and I wish he’d been master of the Fourth instead of Langton. Our parents can only just afford to keep us at Hinchcliffe, and Mr. Langton makes favorites only of rich fellows. It’s jolly disgusting the way he makes up to them—he even has them to tea in his room sometimes. Do you think, Bessie, that we ought to tell anyone else about the secret caves?”

“I don’t think I would, just yet,” Bessie replied slowly. “If that cave is only a storehouse, Mr. Hayden won’t want a crowd of people exploring it, and it would get you into more trouble. Don’t say anything until I’ve been and had a look round. I may find something that you missed.”

“Well, be careful,” warned Raymond, “and mind you don’t get cut off by the tide.”

“I’ll watch it!” laughed Bessie.

A little later they returned to the school. As they sat at tea in their study, Cyril Batson looked in and grinned broadly at the.

“What dark secret are you two hiding?” he asked. “I thought you were the good boys of the Form and above suspicious, but Langton’s been here while you were out and

I think he's been searching your study. He looked very angry about something, and I took care that he didn't see me!"

"We've nothing to hide," Raymond said in surprise. "I don't see why he should want to search our study, but thanks for the tip, Batson."

Batson nodded, and went on up the passage. In the study, the two brothers looked at one another with startled and excited faces. Why had Mr. Langton come up to search their study while they were out? What was it that he had hoped to find?

Chapter 4—The Man from the Manor (Next month)