

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates

A Riddle for Rosie

Rosie jumped into bed. Tomorrow would be an exciting day because her new cousin Karen was coming to stay with them. “We will have fun even if it is raining,” Rosie said to Mom, snuggling into her blankets. “We can play with Legos or dolls or maybe I can read to her. How old is she?”

“Karen is six, but she is autistic,” Mom told Rosie. “She doesn’t think like other children do and it is easy for her to get angry.”

“What will she do?” Rosie asked.

“I really don’t know. Aunt Sharon said that she thinks no one likes her. She is very sensitive about what people say. You will have to be especially kind to her.”

“I will,” Rosie promised. “God loves her and we do, too.”

The next morning it was raining. Rosie had finished her chores and was coloring with Emma and Kyle at the kitchen table when the doorbell rang. “I’ll get it!” she said, jumping up.

“Why, here is your cousin Rosie!” Aunt Sharon said as she led Karen into the living room. The little dark-haired girl stared at Rosie and clutched a purple lunch box.

“Do you want to color with us?” Rosie asked. She smiled, but Karen shook her head.

“Come on,” Aunt Sharon coaxed. “See what Emma and Kyle are doing. Oh, look at this kitten. Doesn’t it look like Pumpkin? You can color it orange.”

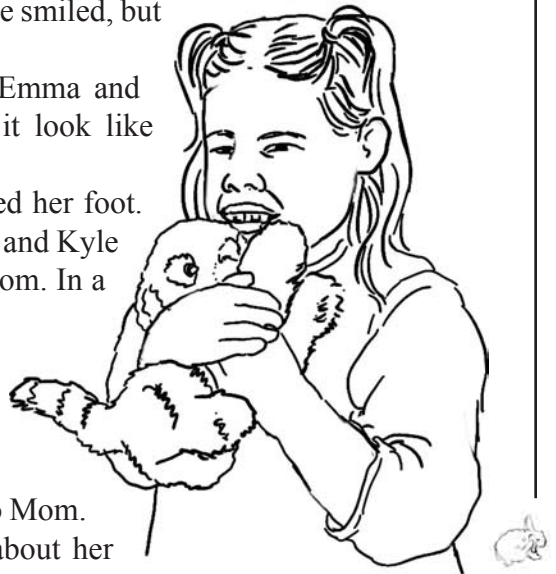
“I don’t want to color,” Karen said, and stomped her foot. “I want to go home and play with Pumpkin.” Emma and Kyle looked at her in surprise, but Rosie ran to the bedroom. In a minute she was back with a stuffed little tiger.

“This is Tigger. You can hold him,” she said, holding out the toy to Karen.

“Oooh!” cried Karen, dropping her lunch box. She hugged the fuzzy orange body and smiled.

Aunt Sharon smiled and handed the lunch box to Mom.

“I packed her a lunch because she is very picky about her





A VIEW FROM THE TOWER: Is It Tattling?

Mom says, “Don’t be a tattletale!” She also says, “If something goes wrong, tell me.” This sounds a bit puzzling, doesn’t it? Let’s see if we can solve the riddle that Rosie had.

Is it always wrong to “tell on someone”? What if your little brother is trying to start a fire with matches? You should tell Mom or Dad before he gets hurt or burns something. But when he takes a cookie from the plate and you run off to tell Mommy, you are a tattletale.

What is the difference?

The Bible talks about talebearers (those who tell tales on others) causing lots of trouble. If we tell someone a secret and they tell everyone else, they are a talebearer. Will you want to trust them again? Probably not. And if you start telling your friends all about what so-and-so does, are you being kind? No. Telling tales is not kind. It is when we start telling things **so someone will get in trouble** that we become a TATTLETALE.

So, when is it right to tell? When you tell something **because you want to protect or help someone**. It is the motive, or the reason you are doing it that makes the difference. If you really love your brother and want to prefer him above yourself, will you want to get him in trouble? Of course not. You wouldn’t want him to get *you* in trouble, would you? When you hear something that will just cause trouble if you repeat it, it is best not to say anything. But when we need protection from something that will hurt us, how good for someone to care enough to warn you!

food. If she throws a fit, it usually is best just to leave her alone until she calms down.” Rosie looked at Karen again. She was still squeezing Tigger. *I am glad she likes him, anyway*, Rosie thought. *I hope she will like us, too.*

After her mom left, Karen crawled on a chair and watched Emma color. “Do you like kitties?” Emma asked.

“I like Pumpkin,” Karen said. “I like this kitten, too. He has stripes like a real tiger.”

“I’ll read you a story about a kitten with stripes,” Rosie said. She found the book and sat in Daddy’s chair. Kyle climbed into her lap. “Once there was a little kitten. He had a striped tail and four white paws,” Rosie began. Karen looked at the picture and held Tigger tightly. Rosie smiled and went on.

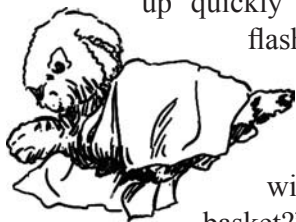
It wasn’t a long book, but Rosie did her best to make it interesting. Kyle laughed when the kitten tumbled down the hill and fell into the pool. Rosie smiled and held up the picture to show Karen, but she wasn’t there. Neither was Emma.

“They went off to the bedroom to play dolls,” Mom said, looking up from her desk. “Maybe after you finish the story you can see how they are doing.” When Rosie finished the story Kyle wanted her to

read his favorite book: *The Little Train That Could*. So Rosie read it to him.

When she finally skipped down the hall, the girls' bedroom was empty. "I wonder what they are doing?" Rosie said to herself as she followed the girls' voices to the back bedroom. They were sitting on the floor next to Mom's sewing machine cabinet.

"Emma? Karen?" Both girls looked up quickly and something silver flashed as it disappeared under Emma's skirt. Rosie frowned. "What are you doing with Mommy's sewing basket?" she asked Emma.



"I'm sewing, 'cause Karen wants to—to make Tigger a coat," Emma said. Rosie looked at Karen. She was holding a bright piece of cloth around the stuffed animal and was frowning.

Rosie hesitated. "You need to ask Mommy—"

"No! No, you don't!" Karen said and glared at Rosie. "It's a surprise!"

"I—I can sew by myself," Emma whispered.

"What do you have under your dress?" Rosie asked. Emma looked frightened as she pulled out Mom's large sewing scissors.

"Nothing. Nothing your business!" Karen hissed and kicked Rosie. "You are a snoopy and I don't like you!"

Rosie didn't know what to do. *Aunt Sharon said to leave her alone if she has a fit. But Mom said we have to ask before we take things, and Emma is not suppose to play with scissors, she thought with a frown. If I tell Mom, that's tattling. I don't want to be a tattletale.* She looked at Kar-

en. "I don't want to be a tattletale, but you can't play in here," she said as firmly as she could. "You can't use Mommy's scissors."

"No, no, no! Go away!" Karen said and jumped up. She pushed Rosie so hard that she nearly fell over.

Rosie felt like crying. How could she be kind to Karen? She felt like going away and letting them play. But should she? Or should she tell Mom? It was all confusing to Rosie. *I must tell her,* Rosie decided at last. *Mommy will know what to do.*

Mom looked up from her writing when Rosie handed her the scissors. "What is the matter?" she asked quickly. "Why is Karen yelling?"

"I don't know what to do—I tried to be kind, but Karen is mad at me," Rosie said, blinking back tears.

"What happened?" Mom asked.

"They are trying to sew something, and I told them they had to ask first, and then she started kicking me and throwing a fit—and when I said they couldn't have the scissors, she pushed me!"

"Thank you for telling me, Rosie," Mom said quietly. She gave Rosie's arm a squeeze and got up. "I'll take care of it. You were right. They shouldn't have the scissors—Karen especially. Even though she doesn't think so, you have been truly kind to her. She could have hurt herself. You have done the right thing."

Rosie let out a long sigh. *I am glad I told Mom. Maybe I can find something else to do with Karen,* she said to herself. *Something she can do.*



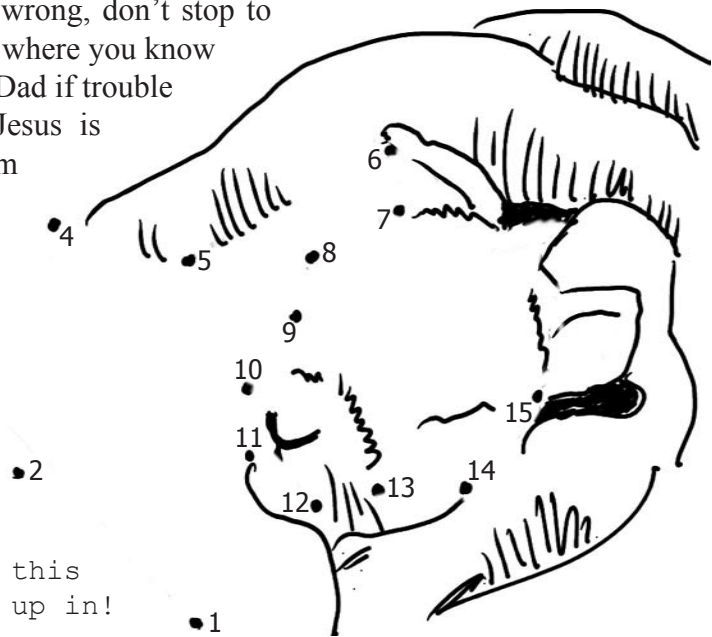
What a Bunny Knows

The baby rabbits are only three days old. Do you want to come to the rabbit shed to see them? Well, then, get your coat and come along!

“Where are the babies?” you ask when we look in the nesting box. It is cold outside, so the little bunnies are hiding under the fur. Wait quietly while I reach in and get one out. But first I need to warm my hand. “Why?” you ask. Because the baby rabbits need to stay warm and my hand is cold. In the nest the babies snuggle together to keep warm.

Squeaking comes from the pile of fur as I reach in for a squiggling little bunny. What a wiggler this one is! Its eyes are tight shut and it is still pink under its fuzzy fur. Oh, look at its darling little ears! Do you want to hold it? Then be careful and cup your hands around it, like this. It could jump right out if you’re not careful. Isn’t it a squiggly thing? It is trying to find the warm nest. Wrap it in this scarf, and just see it calm down! It feels safe and warm again.

We watch the pink nose wiggle through an opening in the scarf. I think this little bunny has a good lesson to teach us. If we pulled a baby rabbit out of the pile of fur, it would be sure to crawl right back in. Even though it is only a tiny blind baby, it knows to stay where it is warm and safe. Did you see how the bunny wouldn’t stop wiggling until we wrapped it up? That is how we should be about doing right. We should never stay out in the cold air of wrong-doing, but hurry back to the safety of right. If someone tells you something that is wrong, don’t stop to listen or join in, but go where you know it is safe. Tell Mom or Dad if trouble comes. Most of all, Jesus is near when you call Him for help. Stay close to Him and you will be safe, just like a little bunny in its warm nest.



Connect the dots to see see what safe, warm spot this little bunny is snuggled up in!

In the King's Garden



Gems for Your Treasure Chest

a collection of projects, recipes, poems, and verses

Little Things

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire;
A little thing, but her mother smiled
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad
With a song of praise and prayer.



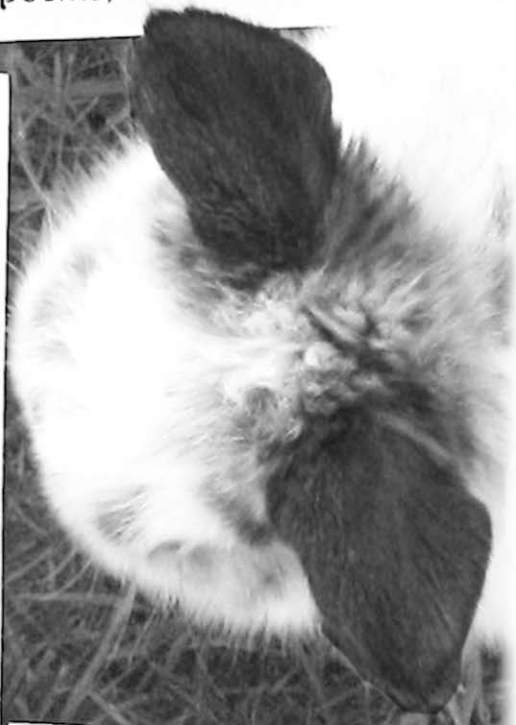
'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned,
To groom the horse, to milk the cow
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The work was all well done.
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be
For the gift of such a son."

Only little things, but they brighten the life
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, but they mold a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

—from *Missionary Gems*

A verse to hide in
your heart:

**"Let nothing be
done through
strife or vainglory;
but in lowliness of
mind let each es-
teem other better
than themselves."
Philippians 2:3**



“Don’t tell me what to do,” Edward said, impatiently. “I know how!”

Alice sighed. “If you think you’re so smart—” she began. Grandpa entered the room and Alice stopped, then said, “Grandpa, Edward won’t listen to me. He thinks he knows how to play the piano, but he doesn’t.”

“Well now, that does remind me of a story,” Grandpa said, taking a seat. “It is a true story about...”

An Arrogant Decision

It was time for the prince of Israel to be crowned king. His father, “the wisest man who had ever lived,” was dead and the kingdom of Israel was now his. *A great kingdom*, Rehoboam thought proudly, as the people gathered before him. *And now it is all mine to do with as I please.*

But the people were restless and a bold man stepped to the front of the crowd. “We have a request to make, O King,” he said, looking Rehoboam straight in the eye. “Your father made our service hard. If you will lighten this oppression, and the demands he put upon us, we will serve you.”

The crowned head tipped slightly. “Come for your answer in three days,” he said.

The crowds dispersed and Rehoboam made his plans. *‘Lighten this oppression’ indeed! Who do they think I am? But a king ought to take counsel on such decisions*, he thought. His father’s wise men were called into the courtroom. They were old men; men who had always been trusted. *Maybe too much*, Rehoboam thought, and narrowed his eyes. “What do you suggest that I should answer?” he asked.

“If you are kind to the people, and please them, and speak good words to them, they will be your servants forever,” one said. His eyes looked tired and his beard quivered.

What does an old man know! Rehoboam sneered. *He is outdated and surely losing his mind. I need to show them a firm hand, not speak wimpy “good words.”* So the new king turned from the old men and called in his personal friends. They were daring and bold—just the sort of fellows that would agree with Rehoboam’s ideas.

“What should you say?” cried a haughty young man. “Why, tell them that your little finger is thicker than your father’s waist. If he made their service hard, you will make it harder!” The courtroom filled with laughter, and Rehoboam sat back in his throne with a smile. *Of course. Who were these people to complain against their king? He would show them who was boss and take the kingdom in hand!*

The three days had passed and again the crowds gathered. The crowned king stood before his spacious palace in royal finery. As Rehoboam cast his eyes over the sea of faces he hardly noticed the bowed shoulders and dark looks. He didn’t care if they were tired of hardship and felt oppressed. “My father made your yoke heavy,” he said grandly, “but I will add thereto!” He knew how to rule a kingdom, didn’t he?

How sadly, he did not. The waiting people turned in disgust. The arrogance of this king was too much, and they shouted their defiance: “What do we care? This is every man for himself!” And so the blow fell that cut off the kingdom of Israel from Judah.



“He was mean,” Alice said. “I wouldn’t want to serve him, either!”

“Being arrogant is a poor way to live,” Grandpa agreed. “The Bible shows us that it is the humble-minded that do well.”


“What does ‘arrogant’ mean, Grandpa?” Edward asked.

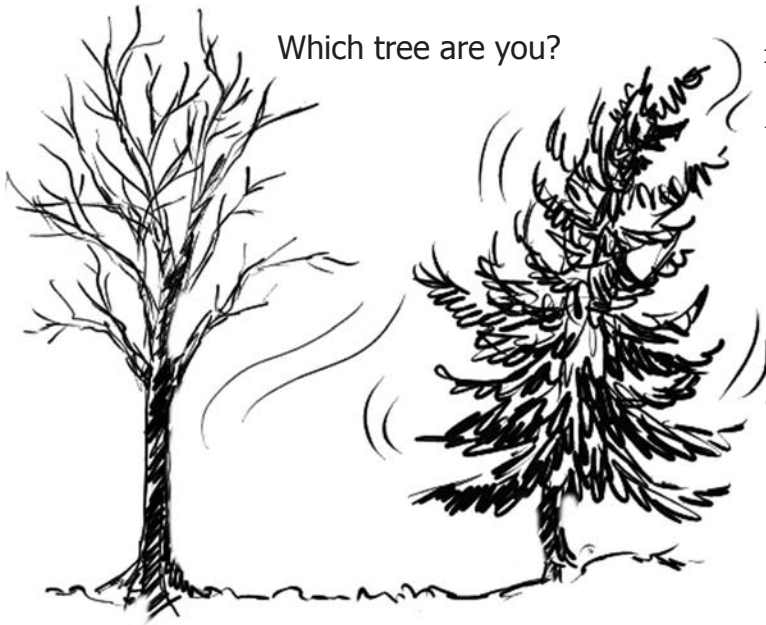
“It means thinking that you know best, and that you don’t need help.”

Edward frowned. “I don’t like Alice telling me what to do—I like to do it myself. She always says, ‘I told you,’ when I do something wrong.”




“I see,” said Grandpa, thoughtfully. “So you would rather make the mistake and learn the hard way?” Edward didn’t answer, so Grandpa continued. “It is much better to have a humble and teachable attitude. It is when we protest and hold out for our own ideas that our pride gets hit the hardest.”

“What do you mean?” Edward was puzzled.


Grandpa stood up. “To be humble is to let your leaves fall so the wind can’t break your branches,” he said and walked to the door. “Come on, and I’ll show you.” 





To do the experiment that Grandpa showed Edward, you will need:

- a windy day 
- a bare-branch tree 
- a tree with leaves 

Do you notice any difference in the way the branches move?

Which tree is more “humble”? Which tree is like a proud person? If you hold on to your own ideas (leaves), you will get more upset when trouble (wind) comes. 



You can also try the experiment inside with a fan and two branches, one without leaves, and one with leaves. What happens? 


My Saturday

I woke up in the morning. "Is it Saturday?" I asked my sister.

"Yep," she replied as she changed into her clothes.

Good, I thought. This will be an exciting day. On Saturdays I often went with Mom to Grandpa's house. It was always easier to get up on exciting days than just ordinary ones. So I jumped out of bed and ran to get my clothes on.

The fire was already started in the family room when I went in. Daddy was seated in his big armchair. I sat down next to my sister and picked up a book, but Dad called me over to sit in his lap.

"Did you have a good sleep?" he asked.

"Pretty good."

"What would you do if you went to Grandpa's today?"

I was kind of startled at the question, but I thought I should make it plenty good so he'd let me go. I told about playing with the cat, about watching nature videos, about helping Grandpa, and about practicing my piano there. I made sure to tell that one.

"Now," said Dad, "tell me what

your day would be like if you stayed here."

I have to make it sound enough good to make it sound realistic, and enough bad that maybe he would want me to go to Grandpa's, I thought. I told him I would do my piano, get the bathroom cleaned, maybe watch my sister when she planned school, maybe read a book. And then I'd help with making a birthday package. Then I thought that maybe that wouldn't be the right thing to say. "Maybe I won't

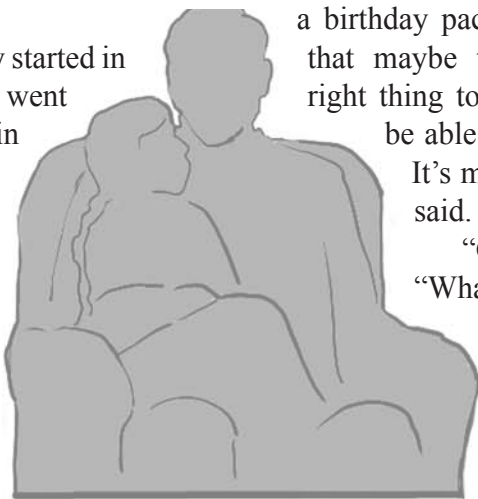
be able to help with that one. It's mostly done anyway," I said.

"Go on," said Dad. "What's next?"

"Well..." I was about to say, "and do the pigeon cage, and clean out the chicken house" but thought better of it.

That, in itself, was a plenty good reason not to stay at home. I thought up some more good and bad things to say about staying at home.

Dad thought for a minute. "Well, I think it would be a better idea to stay here and help with the birthday package and things." How I wished I hadn't talked about that part!



Have you looked forward to something and then plans got changed? When you set your heart on something, it is hard to give up your own way. In this true story a girl tells about her disappointment and how it was turned for good. That is the way God works, isn't it?

“But I can only help with a little bit of it, and maybe there won't be anything for me to do,” I said in my most persuasive way.

“Even if you can't do that, think about all those other neat things you can do, like practicing your piano and doing your schoolwork,” Dad said with a grin. It was no use now. Dad had decided that I should stay home.

Pretty soon we were all ready for family devotions. Someone was sent to get Mom and tell her it was time. When she came in, I put on my most sorrowful look. “Are you coming with me today, dear?” Mom asked.

“I thought it would be best for her to stay here,” said Dad.

I looked at Mom, hoping she would go for my side. But she was sitting in her chair smiling around at everybody and not paying the least attention to me. *I guess I am staying home. Better make the best of things*, I thought.

After devotions, Mom had to leave right away. *Maybe if I just got up later or something, I could have gone with her*, I complained to myself. It didn't seem like an exciting day anymore.

At breakfast my big brother broke his plate while trying to be funny. He was making a tower out of the applesauce jar and vitamin bottles. When he jerked out the middle bottle, a little bottle on the top fell down and broke his plate. It was really funny. A little voice inside me said, *If you had been at Grandpa's, you wouldn't have had to the fun of watching his plate break.*



As the day wore on I did my piano, polished the furniture, and started arranging the living room with cards. A little later Mom called. My sister told me afterwards that Mom wasn't feeling well and that Grandpa had a cold, so Mom wouldn't be home until late. The little voice whispered again, *If you were at Grandpa's now, you would have been impatient with Mommy and bored stiff.* I was starting to feel glad I wasn't at Grandpa's.

In the afternoon I was able to read and have a fun time. When Mommy came home later in the evening, she was feeling much better, and I had had a nice day. Things had turned out just right, even though it was not just as I had planned it.

Something You Can Do

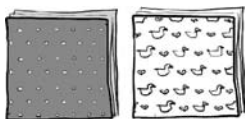
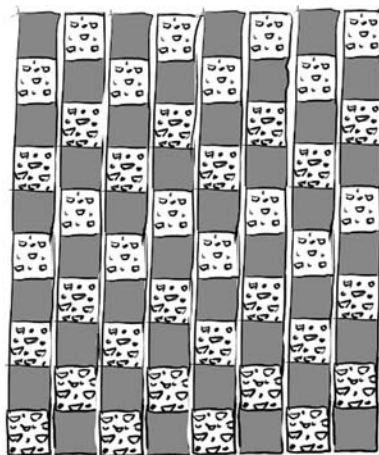
Do you know someone that is going to have a baby? Would you like to make it a special gift?

Here's an idea for

---A Baby Blanket---

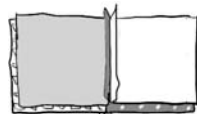
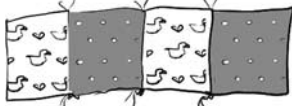
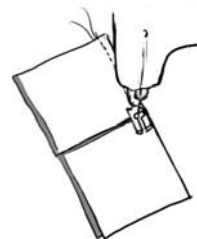
You will need:

- Fabric (cotton or flannel)
- A sandpaper or cardboard square (4 in. x 4 in.)
- Scissors, pins, thread
- A sewing machine
- Someone who knows how to sew



1. Choose 2 fabrics—one dark and one light, or one patterned and the other plain. Use the sandpaper square as a pattern and cut out 40 squares of each fabric. Be careful to make them the same size.

2. Stack up the squares in two piles beside the sewing machine. Put one square of each kind together. The fronts (brighter color) should be facing each other. Now stitch them together along one side, about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the edge.
3. Put two more fabrics together in the same way. Stitch them right after the other squares, like this:
4. Keep sewing the two fabrics together until all the squares are done. Open up the squares and stack them.
5. Take one set of squares and lay another set facing them, with the colors opposite, like this:
6. Sew the edge together. When you open them, it should look like a pattern.



7. Keep adding sets of squares until you have ten squares in a row. Make more rows in just the same way. You should have 8 rows.
8. Iron all the rows flat. Now lay them out so they make a checkerboard, like the picture at the top shows.
9. Pin the first two rows right side together, with the seams matching. Be very careful to keep the squares matched as you sew along the edge. Open them and iron them flat.
10. Now pin the next row on carefully (make sure the colors are opposite) and sew it the same way.
11. Keep sewing until all the rows are together. Your quilt top is done!

To finish the quilt, have someone help you cut a fabric back and quilt batting for the middle. Sew the layers together and finish the edge. Use a big needle and yarn to make “ties” to hold the quilt together.

ON YOUR GUARD

To the young soldiers:

Do you know how much God loves us? A whole lot. A lot more than anyone else in the whole world. Most of us have parents who love us. Sometimes when we do what's wrong, then our parents have to spank us. It isn't very fun at all and it hurts a lot. But it is for our good.



Betsy was playing with the matches by the wood stove. Her mother found her there and took her into the bedroom and spanked her. Betsy cried a lot but she learned that the matches are not something to play with. If her mother had not spanked her she might have accidentally started a fire in the house, or she might have got burned with them. So even though it hurt, it was good for her mother to punish her.

Sometimes God has to correct or punish us, too. It isn't because He doesn't like us. Oh, no! He loves us a whole lot! But He does it for our good. He knows that patience and kindness will make you happy. Do you want to be patient and kind? Sometimes God allows other people to be mean to us. Or He makes us wait a long time for something we want.

Anyone can be kind to the people who are kind to them—even people that don't love Jesus. But Jesus wants us to have His kindness, the kind that works when people aren't being kind to us. He knows when others are mean to us. It makes Him very happy when we are kind back to them, even if no one else sees it. We have to have Jesus' love to have that kind of kindness.

When we are sick we usually wish to feel better again right away. It is hard to think that being sick is any good, but it can be! The flower is cheerful when it's sunny and when it rains.



It might like the sunshine better, but what would happen if it didn't get any rain? It would slowly die. Just like the flower we need hard things (like the rain) as well as sunny times. God could make you feel better right away if it would be best for you. Sometimes He does but, maybe He wants you to learn how to be patient. You can't really have true patience if you get the things you want right away.

God loves us so much that He sends what's *best* for us. Even though we may not like His best right now, we will later. When you look back and see today then you will realize that God's way *was* best.

Love,
Another one of God's soldiers

Ted snuggled closer to his mother. She laid the Bible storybook away and kissed her son on the top of his head.

“Mother,” he said, “I love you. When I grow up, I want to marry you.”

“But I am already married,” Mother smiled. “I am married to Daddy.”

“Oh,” said Ted. He knew that Mother and Daddy were married, but he had forgotten.

“But who will I marry?” said Ted.

“The Lord will provide you with someone to marry,” Mother said.

“Who?”

“I don’t know her,” Mother said, “but right now, she is a little girl who is growing up just like you.”

Ted twisted around and looked his mother in the face. “Where does she live?” he demanded.

“I don’t know,” Mother said, “but we could pray for her.”

Ted and his Mother got on their knees by his bed. Ted prayed first. He asked God to help him to live for Him. “Please help... this special girl...” he prayed. “Help her to love You and do what is right.”

Then Mother prayed. Ted could hear tears in her voice as she asked God to bless Ted and his future companion. Ted knew what a companion was. Mother and Daddy were companions. They did everything together. They helped each other, and it was very special.

Mother said that she and Daddy were one, even though they were two.

The next morning, Daddy helped Ted to write a letter. Ted had to copy the letter over seven times before everything was right! It was a lot of hard work.

Dear future wife,

I am eight years old. I love Jesus with all my heart. This letter is for my wife that Jesus has for me. If you are that girl, then this letter is for you.

I cannot marry my Mother because she is already married to my Daddy.

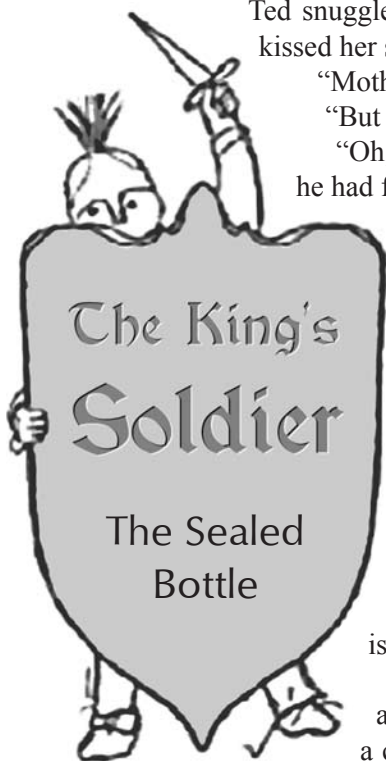
Do good things and let Jesus help you. When we grow up, Jesus will help us to find out where we live.

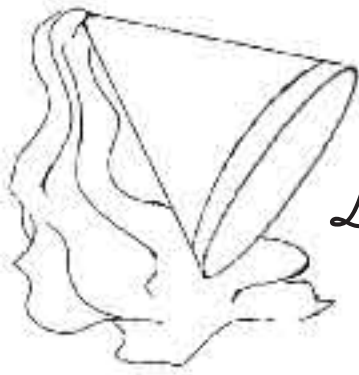
Love, Ted

Daddy helped Ted to put this letter in a bottle. It was a small bottle, and it was made of clear glass. You could see the letter inside. Then Daddy melted wax and sealed the top of the lid before he screwed down the top. Ted had seen Mother seal the tops of jelly jars with wax before.

“This bottle is like you,” Daddy said. “You are sealing up your heart to be ready for the girl that Jesus has for you, so that nothing else can get into your heart.”

After the bottle was sealed, Ted and Daddy drove to the big bridge over the river. They got out of the car. Ted dropped the sealed letter into the big river below. Ted and Daddy watched as the bottle floated down the river until they could see it no more.



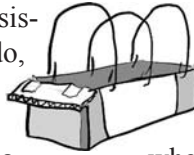


Letter to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess

Dear Princess,

Do you ever have troubles? Do you believe God can take care of your troubles, or do you get frustrated and complain? Princess Precious had just as much trouble as any young girl. Life was busy with a little sister and brother to play with, chores to do, and studies every day. But life wasn't always easy and fun.

One day Precious was busy making a little model wagon for her dolls. "I'm going



to play they are pioneers," she told Valiant, who was helping her. They had bent wires over a shoe box and fastened a cardboard strip for the seat. "How can we make the wheels for the wagon?" wondered Precious. They were puzzling over this problem when Mother called.

"I need help cleaning up the house. There is laundry to fold and cleaning to do." It was hard to leave her project right in the middle, but Precious was wearing her golden gown of obedience. So she hurried to fold the laundry. It looked like a mountain. As she folded, Precious planned her wagon.

If I get it done quickly, maybe I'll have time to finish, she thought. But after the laundry, there was more work to do.

Valiant came by when she was picking up the toys. "I found the perfect wheels," he said. He held up four round plastic lids. "I'll get some sticks for the axles."

We need Someone we can trust to help us make the right decisions. Jesus is always ready to help us. Can you find Him in this picture?



“Good,” said Precious. “I’ll go get the wagon.” But when Precious looked for it, she couldn’t find it. “Did you see my wagon?” she asked Little Joy.



But that won’t fix anything! Precious argued.

Do you believe that the Lord can help you? Remember His promise: God is an ever present help in trouble.

“What wagon?” Joy asked. Then Precious saw it. It was by the window and the shoe box was smashed.

“What did you do to it?” she asked angrily.

Joy looked surprised. “Is that your wagon? I was just using it for my leap frog game.”

Just then Mother called from the kitchen.

“Where has Valiant put my lids? I need them.”

“Oh, dear!” cried Precious. “Everything has gone wrong!” She was so upset that she felt like crying.

“I’m sorry, Precious,” Little Joy said. “I didn’t mean to wreck your wagon.”

Precious turned away. What could she do now? Her project was ruined!

You can pray, a quiet voice whispered.

Precious buried her face in her hands. She didn’t feel happy. Could God really help her? She knew the Bible was true. But did she believe it? *Dear Father in Heaven, please help me. I know you can.* Precious prayed. She took a deep breath. “God can do everything,” she whispered. “I know He can.”

“I’m sorry about your wagon,” Mother said. “I don’t think Joy knew about it.”

“It will be okay,” Precious said, brushing away her tears. “Maybe Valiant and I can make a new one tomorrow.”

“Hey,” Valiant said, “If Joy doesn’t mind, we can use the wheels on her old doll buggy!”

“I won’t mind,” Joy said. She smiled and Precious smiled back.

Love,
Aunt Faith



Princess Precious likes making things, but what will she do when Little Joy wrecks her project by mistake?



Two Little Hands

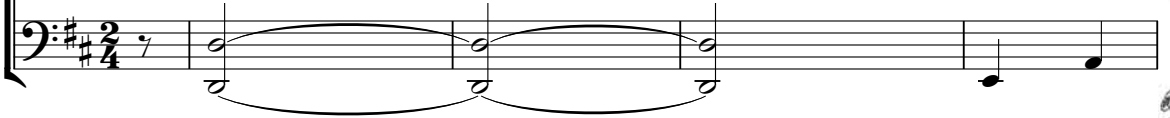
W. A. O.

(Colossians 3:23)

William A. Ogden



1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit-tle tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the path-way Up to the heav'n-ly courts a-bove;
3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit-tle soul for Him to save,



Two lit - tle ears to hear His coun - sel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' won-drous love.
One lit - tle life for His dear ser - vice, One lit - tle self that He must have.



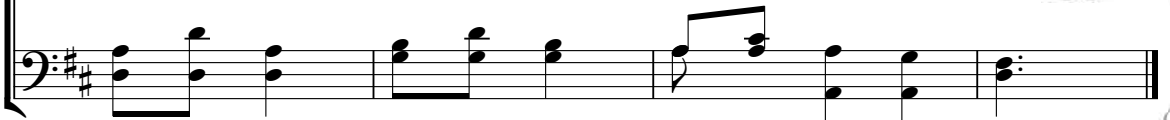
Refrain



Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our child-hood's ear - ly morn - ing;



Lord, we come, Lord, we come, Come to learn of Thee.



Dear Reader,

As this issue's song says, our hands, feet, hearts, and voices have been busy in the Lord's work. And along with working comes learning, for we never "know it all" until the final Graduation Day. And we're thankful we have such a kind, patient Teacher who knows just what we need to learn next.

We would be glad to hear from any of you. We welcome questions, and would be very happy to learn how the Lord has been helping you.

For older ones who want to be challenged and encouraged in Christian living, *Foundation Truth* is published for youths and adults. Back issues and other literature are available at timelesstruths.org.

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, Laura (23), Joel (21), Kara (19), and Amanda (10). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Joel, with help (guidance, proofreading, and contributions) from others.

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*.

Notice: we are working on *Songs and Stories: Book 2* as the Lord gives time. If you would like a copy when it is done, please write us—the music will be available on your choice of cassette or CD.

In the King's service,
The Editors

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*How many bunnies can you find?
 There should be 89, including this one:*



SEND TO:

