

# TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

## TEMKIT'S MISSION:

To provide Bible based, true reading material for children and youth.

Year 1 - 1st Quarter - Issue #7

### CREATION CORNER

This week we have another story, this time about taking care of our bodies, it's called:

#### RONNIE AND THE ROBBER

Ronnie was a good boy. He was obedient and helpful. And he was kind and polite to everyone. He used to say, "yes sir," and "Yes Ma'am." and "Please" and "Thank you," and he loved to run errands to the store for his mother or for the neighbors. The store keeper was a nice man too, and he liked Ronnie and often when Ronnie came to his store on an errand, he would give him an all day sucker, or a candy-bar.

Ronnie would say, "Thank you sir." and pop it right into his mouth. Sometimes Ronnie would say to his mother, "Please mother, may I buy some candy today?"

And his mother would say, "I'm afraid too much candy isn't good for you, Ronnie. But you've been so good, here's some money. You can buy yourself some candy this time."

And Ronnie would be so happy he would dance up and down with delight, for you see, Ronnie just loved candy! And he ate as much as he could every chance he got.

Well, one day his mother sent Ronnie to the store to get some milk and bread and fruit and she also gave him some change to buy some candy for himself. After putting the milk and bread and fruit in a sack and giving it to Ronnie; the storekeeper also gave him an all day sucker, and two candy-bars. Ronnie stuffed them into the pockets of his jacket and then bought a small sack of jelly-beans with his change.

He was sure going to have a feast this time!

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And as he left the store, he popped two jelly-beans into his mouth to start with and carried the rest of them in his hand.

He hadn't gone very far when he met three of his playmates, Jack, Paul, and Wally. They took one look at him and saw the candy in his pockets, in his mouth and in the little sack in his hand. "Oh-Ho", said Jack, "Here's Ronnie, plum full of candy! Let's play Robbers and get some of it!"

"Yeess" said Paul with a grin, "Let's do that!" The three of them laughed, "Ha-Ha Ha-Ha HAA!"

But Ronnie said, "Oh, NO you don't! I'll be glad to share my candy with you, but I don't like Robbers! And I don't want to play Robbers. Robbers are bad men who go snooping around in the dark. They knock you on the head and try to steal your money! I wouldn't play with Robbers!"

"I like sharing better, too," said Wally. "So do we!" said Jack and Paul and they held out their hands for some of Ronnie's candy.

Ronnie gave the sucker to Jack and a candy-bar each to Paul and Wally and then he said, "Here, you can have the jelly-beans too, I've had all I want. My tooth is beginning to ache!"

The three boys said, "Thanks Ronnie! You're a swell guy! We sure like playing with you!" and then

went on their way.

Ronnie walked on towards home but that tooth sure was aching! And the nearer to home he got—the tooth ached more and more. It seemed to go Thumm Thumm Thumm! Until he felt sure it would knock his head off!

“Mother! Mother!,” he cried as he ran into the house, “My tooth aches something awful!”

“Open your mouth and let me see,” Said Mother.

Ronnie put the sack of food on the table and then opened his mouth. He pointed to the tooth that was giving him the trouble. “Oh-ho.” said Mother, “Yes, I can see. There’s a little brown hole in that tooth. I’ll have to take you to the Dentist.”

Ronnie lay down on the couch with a hot water bottle against his cheek, while Mother telephoned the Dentist for an appointment.

“Bring him in right away,” said the Dentist. So Mother got the car out and off they went.

Soon Ronnie was sitting in the Dentist’s chair with all the shining drills and tools around him. And there was the Dentist in his white coat, smiling right at him.

“Well; What seems to be the matter, Ronnie?” asked the Dentist.

“My tooth hurts, something awful!” said Ronnie. “OK, Open your mouth and let me see,” said the Dentist. Then he picked up a shiny little poker and poked around here and there ‘til he touched the sore spot and made Ronnie jump.

“Oh-Ho,” said the Dentist, “I see Ronnie, that you have been playing with Robbers!”

Ronnie shook his head, “No sir, I haven’t! The boys wanted to play Robbers with me, but I wouldn’t do it. I don’t like Robbers!”

“Oh I don’t mean that kind of Robbers, with two legs,” said the Dentist. “I mean a Robber that gets inside of your mouth and steals!”

“A Robber? Inside my mouth?”

“Yes, He is so nice and sweet, you’d never think he was a bad Robber! But once he gets inside your mouth, He steals! I know his name, would you like me to tell you what it is?”

“Oh, Yes!”

“Well, it’s CANDY!”

“Candy?”

“Yes, CANDY is one of the worse Robbers there is. Didn’t you eat some candy today?”

“Oh, Yes, and yesterday too, and almost every day. But how can candy steal?”

“Listen, and I’ll tell you. A Robber is someone who takes things that don’t belong to him, Right?”

“Right”.

“Well, your teeth belong to you, and candy has taken a piece of your tooth. That’s why I call candy a Robber.”

“But, How???”

“Just listen now – Our bodies need energy and this can come from the natural sugars found in apples, oranges, dates, figs, bananas, and many other foods. But sugar can’t work for our bodies all by itself. It has to have work-mates called vitamins and minerals to work with it. The natural sugar in fruits, vegetables and other foods carries its vitamin and mineral help-mates along with it. So together they build up the body. Sugar, that is put into those sweet things that you like so much, like candy, cake and ice-cream, this sugar does not carry along its help-mates! Instead it robs our bodies of vitamins and minerals needed for keeping our teeth healthy. It causes the inside of our teeth to begin to loose their strength against the decay germs that destroy teeth. This is why I call CANDY a ROBBER!

Now I’ll have to clean up that hole where candy has stolen some calcium from one of your teeth and plug it up with cement so it won’t ache any more. “

So the Dentist’s grinder went grr-rr-rr-rr, and Ronnie went, “oh, oh Ow” for it didn’t feel very nice. But soon it was all done and Ronnie’s tooth didn’t ache any more.

“Goodbye Ronnie,” Said the Dentist.

“Good-bye,” said Ronnie.

“Now don’t go playing Robbers with candy any more!” said the Dentist.

“I won’t, No-o I won’t!” said Ronnie.

“And remember to get your sugar from fruits and dates and figs and carrots!” said the Dentist.

“I will! I sure will! I sure will!” said Ronnie. And he really meant it! = ^ .. ^ =



## HISTORY

### Joy at the End of the Road Elder Eric Hare's story (Condensed)

#### PART 2

*In last weeks story, Elder Hare and other missionaries had to flee for their lives from the country of Burma in the Second World War. We now continue:*

In a little ditty, in which there may be more truth than poetry, I found a line or two that describes the situation well:

“Mr. Meant-to has a comrade,  
And his name is Didn't Do;  
Have you ever chanced to meet them?  
Did they ever call on you?  
These two fellows live together  
In the house of Never-Win,  
And I'm told that it is haunted  
By the ghost of Might-Have-Been.”

Yes, that's what happens at the end of the road; that's what happens when you come to the day that has no tomorrow - you are “haunted by the ghost of Might-Have-Been.”

Just two days before we escaped, I was packing away some of our most valuable articles in the closet under the staircase, when a well-to-do woman came into the mission headquarters and asked for the superintendent. I pointed to his office and assured her that he was in. She knocked on the door. Mr. Meleen came out, and though I didn't mean to eavesdrop, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation. The woman said, “O Mr. Meleen, I have to go, and I can't take anything with me except a little suitcase and a rug for the journey. You may not know me, but I know you. I live in that grand home just a few blocks away where the coconut palms and the big mango trees are, and now I have to go and leave my lovely home behind. I hate to think of the thieves breaking in to steal and loot and plunder; won't you mission people go over and take all my lovely furniture. Take my beds and my tables and my chairs and my beautiful rugs. I will feel so much happier if I know you mission people can use them.”

And I heard Mr. Meleen say, “O Mrs. \_\_\_ it is too late now. We are all packed up. We will be leaving any moment ourselves. We have been waiting to evacuate our church members, and when they are out we will be going too, with only a suitcase each.

If we could have had some of those things three months ago when we were outfitting our clinic, we could have used every bed and chair and table. But now it is too late—too late! “

I saw the tears come to that poor woman's eyes. “Too late?” she groaned, as if she couldn't believe it. “You are going too?” And as she turned to leave she threw her shawl over her face to hide her grief, and from her lips came the heartbreaking cry, “Oh, how I wish. .” Then emotion choked her words, and she left us to fill in the blanks, but I knew what she wished. Yes, I knew. That's what I call being “haunted by the ghost of Might-Have-Been.”

As we talked over this sad experience we tried to remember if that well-to-do woman, just two blocks away, had ever helped out in the clinic program or the Ingathering program, but we couldn't think of a single occasion on which that poor rich woman had done anything for humanity. And now that it was too late, she had to leave everything behind, and oh, how she wished! And the only picture that will burn itself into her memory is a picture of thieves breaking into her lovely house to burn, break, loot, and steal. I have seen these, and I have seen others “haunted by the ghost of Might-Have-Been.”

Some days later as we were leaving the little town of Pakokku, just after crossing the Irrawaddy River, in our escape into India, W. W. Christensen waved us to stop at the side of the road. We pulled up behind him, got out of our cars, and walked up to see what was the matter.

We found him in conversation with a well-to-do Indian woman. She was saying, “O Pastor Christensen, this is just like the end of the world. Oh, I wish I could get I baptized now. Isn't there time to come back to the river and baptize me? No one can tell what is going to happen tomorrow, and if I were only baptized, I would feel it was all right with my soul.”

And I heard Pastor Christensen say: “It is too late now, Mrs. \_\_\_ Can't you remember six weeks ago I was kneeling in your home with you and your children, pleading that the Spirit of God would help you to make a decision then? We are fleeing for our lives now, and we must be on our way. We pray that God will bring you safely into India, so that we can study together and get ready for baptism then.” And I saw that well-to-do, well-dressed Indian woman sink to the ground and cover her face with her sari as she sobbed, .’Too late! Too late! Oh, why didn't I get baptized six weeks ago? There was

time then. I could have done it then, but now it is too late. It is too late.”

It is impossible to forget things like that. But I was there, I saw people “haunted by the ghost of Might-Have-Been,” and I have to tell you what I saw.

I want to change the picture, for I want to assure you that everybody is not “haunted by the ghost of Might-Have-Been.” Some people come to the end of the road conscious that they have served God with all their heart, and soul, and strength; and though they are not perfect, they have given the Lord the best they had, and when they come into tight places and difficult circumstances, there is a smile of triumph on their countenances.

After escaping from Rangoon we hoped to establish our headquarters at Maymyo in north Burma. One day as F. A. Wyman and I were walking along the road to town we saw a stranger approaching. We stepped to one side to let him pass, but he stepped to the same side. We stepped back again, and so did he. We thought how strange it was, and so we stepped back again. Then as he did likewise for the third time, he extended his hand. We did not mind shaking hands, but we did not recognize him till he spoke.

It was Brother Johns, one of our deacons in the Rangoon church. He had on dark spectacles and was dressed in clothes we had never seen him wear before. He was thinner than usual, but there was a smile on his face. “O brethren,” he said, “I’ve been praying that I could meet some of the workers. You know, I was one of the E-men, and I couldn’t leave the city until the demolition squads had done their work. I had to walk along the railway line by night and hide in the bushes by day. It took me five days to reach the Irrawaddy River, and the steamer was so crowded that there was not a bite to eat for five more days, and every time I wanted a drink I had to pay sixteen cents for a glass of water, but I am so glad to see you.”

He pulled out his pocketbook, opened it, and said, “I was paid my last money two days before I escaped from Rangoon. It may be the last money I will have on this earth, but I folded away my tithe, because I want the Lord to have His share, and I was afraid I might never see another worker to pay my tithe to. Now here you are, and I want to pay my tithe.”

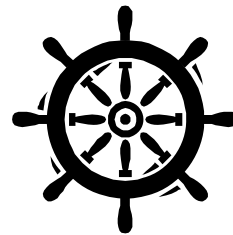
He handed his tithe to me, but I did not feel worthy to take the last money a man might ever have. So I said, “No! No! Brother Wyman is the elder of the church; give it to him.” But Brother

Wyman did not feel worthy, and he said, “No! No! Brother Hare is the union mission department secretary; give it to him.”

But I insisted, “No, no! Give it to Brother Wyman.” Then Deacon Johns took Brother Wyman’s hand and put his tithe in it, and while his face shone with a halo of triumph and joy he said, “Brethren, don’t worry about me: I have known the Lord too long to fear that He will forget me now.” And with that he took another folded bill from his pocket and pressed it into my hands. “This is my Sabbath school offering,” he said; “I want the Lord to have part of my last money.” Then he said, “O brethren, I don’t know where my wife and my children are. The Government promised to fly them out three weeks ago. Have you heard anything about my family?”

We had heard, and we were able to tell him that his wife and little ones were at Lashio, just seventy miles away, expecting to be flown out any time. We told him that if he caught the next train, he might get there in time to fly out with them. He ran to the depot, caught the train, arrived in Lashio half an hour before the plane came in, and flew out with his wife and family. His God did not forget him.

When we got into India we met Deacon Johns again in Calcutta, his face still beaming in triumph, and I will never forget it as long as I live. When we live up to all the light we have, and serve God with all our heart, and soul, and strength, we can approach the end of the road in confidence and joy. When at last I come to the end of the way, I want my face to light up with confidence and joy as Deacon Johns’ did that day, don’t you? To be continued = ^..^ =



## TRUE-STORY-TIME

### When the angels steered a ship:

In June 1887, the ship called ‘Canton’ left New Bedford, Mass., to hunt whales in the south Atlantic. After several whales had been killed and their oil collected into barrels, the ship sailed north to the island of St. Helena to unload the barrels of sperm whale oil and take on water.

Soon after the 'Canton' left the island early in September to return to hunt whales, the ship began to go a different way than the sailors were trying to steer it. Time and again Captain Howland pulled the ship back on the right course, but each time she swung away with a weird will to go in her own direction, her sails flapping in protest.

Captain Howland believed in God. With his eyes on the sky, he said, "This is a good ship and there's no reason why she shouldn't respond to the wheel. It must be the hand of God. Let her go the way she will. May God take us to where He wants us to go!"

During the next two days the Yankee captain spent most of his time standing silently at the rail, giving his orders gently. On the third day First Mate Antone Cruz noticed a number of dots on the surface ahead. When the Canton drew closer, the dots became small boats, scattered, in the boats were ragged, thin human beings waving their hands and shouting hoarsely.

Captain Howland soon learned that he had rescued survivors of the British trader Monarch. The ship with over two hundred cases of dynamite in her hold had caught fire seven hundred miles off the Cape of Good Hope. The flames quickly spread beyond control and the sailors had to leave the ship to save their lives!

Suffering from hunger and thirst, the passengers and crew had drifted about one hundred and fifty miles.

"Thank God for your rescue," the captain told the survivors. "He was the skipper that brought us to you. Thank Him in humble prayer."

Notes: The survivors were taken to the Cape of Good Hope. Later the British Government awarded Captain Howland a solid silver teapot, and a gold medal.

It was the only time during her long career that the Canton failed to steer properly. Captain Howland was a sailor since the age of sixteen and had sailed throughout the world. Records show he was a very good captain. He died in 1923 at the age of seventy.

From: Was God the Skipper? Reported by Henry Galus, in 'Fate' magazine April-May 1952  
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## ADVENT HISTORY

We are continuing our stories about the life of the messenger of the Lord for these last days, Ellen White. We started our story when she was a girl. Her name was Ellen Harmon then. This week she tells a story about a little girl who gave her heart to Jesus.

### Part 7 - The Child and the Parasol

In March, 1840, Elder Wm. Miller visited Portland, Maine, and gave his first course of lectures on the second coming of Christ. Ellen and her brother who were children at the time were going to the meetings.

Elder Miller was telling the people to get ready for Jesus was soon going to come. (This is our message today also.) Ellen wanted to give her heart to Jesus and she was afraid Jesus would not accept her. Finally she remembered the words of Queen Esther, "I will go in unto the king, 'and if I perish, I perish."

She prayed to the Lord and knew that Jesus had forgiven her sins. She felt very happy then. In one of the meetings where many people were praying and weeping asking Jesus to forgive their sins, she saw a little girl who seemed to be in great distress. Her face would go pale and then blush red by turns, as though she were passing through a severe conflict.

Tightly clasped in her arms was a pretty little parasol, (Umbrella) occasionally she would loosen her hold of it for a moment as if about to let it fall, then her grasp would tighten upon it again; all the time she seemed to be regarding it with a peculiar fascination.

At last she cried out, 'Dear Jesus, I want to love thee and go to Heaven! Take away my sins! I give myself to thee, parasol and all.' She threw herself into her mother's arms weeping and exclaiming, 'Ma, I am so happy, for Jesus loves me and I love him better than my parasol or anything else!'

The little girl's face was so happy, she had surrendered her little all. Young as she was, she had fought the battle and won the victory. There was much weeping and rejoicing in the tent. The mother was deeply moved and very joyful that the Lord had added her dear child as a lamb to his fold. She told the people there that her little daughter had received the parasol as a present not long before. She liked it so much, and had kept it in her hands most of the time, even taking it to bed with her.

During the meeting her tender heart had been moved to seek the Saviour, she had heard that nothing must be withheld from Jesus, that nothing short of an entire surrender of ourselves and all we have would be acceptable with him.

The little parasol was the child's earthly treasure upon which her heart was set, and, in the struggle to give it up to the Lord, she had passed through a trial keener perhaps than that of the mature Christian, who sacrifices this world's treasures for the sake of Christ.

It was afterwards explained to the little girl, that since she had given her parasol to Jesus, and it no longer stood between herself and her love for him, it was alright for her to keep it and use it in a proper manner.

Ellen said, "Many times in after life that little incident has been brought to my mind. When I saw men and women holding desperately to the riches and vanity of earth, yet anxiously praying for the love of Christ, I would think, 'How hard it is to give up the parasol!' Yet Jesus gave up Heaven for our sake, and became poor that we, through his poverty and humiliation, might secure eternal riches."

Let's be willing to give up all for Him! = ^ .. ^ =

## BUILDING FOR JESUS

Last week I told you about how important it is to learn to read God's Word, the Bible, as if it were a letter to you. This is true because it is a letter to you, and to me and to each person on earth! A love letter from God.

It is also the 'Owner's Manual' to tell us how to care for our bodies and the road map to guide us on the road of life to the Heavenly Country. It is very important that you learn to read the kind of books and papers that will help you know how to become a real strong and true Christian.

Did you know that when our messenger Ellen White was about to die, she gave one last message? You can find it in the book "Messages to Young People". God thought this message was so important He had her tell the people one last time.

Who was the message for? It was for children and youth! Youth was what they used to call teenagers. That last message was for boys and girls and teenagers.

What was the message about? It was telling the boys and girls to be careful to read good books and study the Bible. And it told the big people to make sure there were true and good books for the

youth to read!

But it said something else too. To show you what else it said let me tell you a little story.

Suppose you are going to wash some clothes. You want them to come out clean and bright. So you put in the water and the soap and everything you need to have those clothes get very clean.

But what would happen if when the washer was washing the clothes, you would open up the lid every so often and throw in a chunk of dirt? Would your clothes come out nice and clean?

Oh No! They would come out dirtier than they went in!

Now all of us want to have clean characters don't we? The Bible tells us we must have the white robe of Jesus' pure character to go to heaven. So we want to put into our minds lots of Bible truth, and good and true reading that will help us learn more about being a real child of the Heavenly King.

But what will happen if every so often we read, listen to, or watch things that are not true? What about things that tell lies to us, or show us wicked deeds? We can never get a pure, clean mind if we keep putting untrue and worthless stories in there. Think about it; and we'll talk more about it next week. = ^ .. ^ =



## WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 7:

For our Bible lessons we are going to use the King James Version of the Bible. Just like the boys and girls used to use to learn to read from in the pioneer days.

There will be some texts to look up for each day and you should practice your memory verse until you can say it without looking. Don't forget to learn the text too.

### "SETH AND ENOCH"

**MEMORY VERSE: "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." Hebrews 11:5**

**Read Genesis 4:16-26, 5:1-24****Sunday**

**Text: Genesis 4:15 “And the LORD set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.”**

Now you remember in our last lesson, we learned that Cain was never sorry after he killed his brother; he was just sorry for himself. He went on hating God and doing as he pleased. He and his children would not obey God or keep His laws.

God let Cain go on living, even though he deserved to die for the terrible deed he had done, and we see what happened. Cain's children and grandchildren were the same, they wouldn't obey God. They became more and more wicked. They were smart and invented many things. We are told that Cain built the first city. God's plan was for people to live in family groups on large farms. Satan knew that in cities he could turn people away from God easier.

Cain's people invented musical instruments, weapons, and false worship. Cain's great grandson took more than one wife. He also was a murderer and proud of it.

Adam taught every one to obey God, but Cain's family would not listen. Things just got worse and worse.

**Thought** - When we do something wrong, let us tell God right away we are sorry and ask Him to help us not do it any more. It is very sad when people get so bad they can do bad things and boast about it!

**Monday**

**Text: Genesis 4:26 “And to Seth, to him also there was born a son; and he called his name Enos: then began men to call upon the name of the LORD.”**

Although we know that Adam and Eve had many children, both boys and girls, the next one the Bible tells us about was Seth. We are told that Seth was more like Adam than either Cain or Able. He chose to obey God and he taught his children to do this also. Now Seth, and the people who chose to obey God, found they had to stay away from Cain and his wicked family to keep from learning their bad ways.

This is where we now find two groups of people, the family of Cain, called the 'sons of man' and the family of Seth called the 'sons of God'. The women in the family of Cain learned how to wear jewels

and decorate their faces and how to be very attractive in a bad way. They learned to dance and play music that made people forget God. They had parties and holidays and worshipped nature and idols. Many of the sons of God ended up marrying these women who had learned evil things and then they stopped following God and their children became very wicked.

Those who wanted to obey God and belong to Him and some day be able to go to heaven had to stay away from all these things.

**Thought** - If I want to obey God and have Jesus get me ready to go to heaven I have to be careful who I play with, who I listen to, and where I go!

**Tuesday**

**Text: Genesis 5:27 “And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died.”**

People back then lived a long time, many over 900 years! They were much bigger than people today, stronger and a lot smarter. We have no idea the kind of things they used to do.

Now Seth had children and grandchildren and finally there was born a boy named Enoch. Enoch was determined to follow God all the way. As he grew up he stayed away from the wicked people as much as he could. He stayed out in the country and not in any of Cain's cities.

He had a little boy named Methuselah, and as he watched that little boy grow up he learned a lot about the love of God. Enoch was a prophet and God sent angels to tell him about things that would happen even down to the end of time.

Enoch loved God so much that there was nothing he liked better than to talk to God in prayer and think about what God taught him. Enoch tried to tell the people to stop being wicked and repent and follow God and have faith in the promised Saviour. He would also tell all the people what God taught him. Some people learned to love God because of what Enoch would teach them. They gave their hearts to God and He could take away their sin, and they became sons of God too.

When Enoch was on earth most of the people were wicked and there were only a few that would follow God and obey him. Enoch was shown that God was going to have to send a flood to stop the wickedness or soon the sons of man would end up destroying everybody and there would be no way the Saviour could come to the earth. Some say his little boy's name meant that he would live until the

year of the flood. Methuselah became the oldest man and when he died, that very year the flood came.

**Thought** - God sends angels and the Holy Spirit to teach every one who wants to learn about Him. He will do this for you also if you ask Him.

### Wednesday

**Text: Genesis 5:23,24 “And all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years: And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.”**

Some times people will say, “If I only lived in a better place, I could be more like Jesus.” Well when Enoch lived on earth, it was a lot like today. It had become very wicked. Enoch made sure he spent time praying and talking to God. He stayed away from the kinds of things that would cause him to forget God.

He didn't have a Bible to read, people back then didn't need books, because their minds were so good that they never forgot anything. Whatever God told to Enoch, he remembered, and told other people.

Enoch continued to grow more heavenly while talking with God. His face would shine with a holy light when he would teach those who would hear his words of wisdom. The Lord loved Enoch, because he steadfastly followed him, God would not permit Enoch to die like other men, but sent his angels to take him to Heaven without dying. In the presence of the righteous and the wicked, Enoch was removed from them. Those who loved him thought that God might have left him in some of the places he used to go to pray, but after looking, and being unable to find him, they knew God had taken him to heaven. Enoch is really the oldest man because he is still alive!

**Thought** - When we go to heaven we will meet Enoch and talk to him.

### Thursday

**Text: Genesis 6:5 “And GOD saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.”**

The ones who didn't want to obey God became more wicked all the time. The Bible says they were so evil that God felt sorry He had ever made them. Our text tells us that every thing they even thought about, or wanted to do, was only evil all the time.

The people who loved God had to live away from

them, in places far from the wicked cities. God's people lived simple lives as farmers and gardeners, the way God wanted people to live.

When we see pictures of the people back then, often it shows them dressed in crude clothes and using simple tools. But we really have no idea what they had or what they dressed like. But if you live for hundreds of years and you never forgot anything you learned and you never got sick, why there is no telling what you could make and build and invent!

There were many, many people on earth then, millions and millions. Enoch had been shown that there would be a flood and his son Methuselah and his children lived to hear Noah preach, warning the people.

**Thought** - Imagine how good you could get at doing something if you could practice for hundreds of years.

### Friday

**Text: Hebrews 11:5 “By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.”**

Did you know that God's messenger wrote about Enoch over 520 times? His example is for us who are expecting soon to see Jesus come and to go home with Him.

When we are tempted to say, “Oh, I can't live for Jesus where I am, there are too many things to tempt me and too many people who are mean to me and make me angry”, Then remember how Enoch lived in a world so wicked that God had to destroy it, and he walked with God for over 300 years.

Enoch was 'translated'. That word means to be taken to heaven without ever dying. There will be a group of people when Jesus comes who will also be taken to heaven without dying.

Have you ever thought about living in heaven? Talking with Jesus and the angels? For us to be ready to do that, we have to practice it here. Think about how you talk to your family, how you act at home. Is it like you would do in heaven?

Angels are watching you and Jesus knows all about what you do and say. You can talk with Him every day and learn how to live from His Holy Word.

Jesus didn't do anything different for Enoch that He does not want to do for you or me. If we seek to obey Jesus, asking Him to teach us and give us



power, He will do it for us too.

**Thought** - What was Enoch's secret? He learned to know Jesus, and to know Him is to love Him more and more every day! = ^ .. ^ =



### **MY MOTHER'S BIBLE**

There's a dear and precious Book, though it's worn and faded now,  
Which recalls those happy days of long ago,  
When I stood at mother's knee, with her hand upon my brow,  
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

As she read the stories o'er of those mighty men of old,  
Of Joseph and of Daniel and their trials,  
Of little David bold, who became a king at last,  
Of Satan and his many wicked wiles.

Then she read of Jesus' love, as He blessed the children dear,  
How He suffered, bled and died upon the tree;  
Of His heavy load of care, then she dried my flowing tears  
With her kisses as she said it was for me.

Well, those days are past and gone, but their memory lingers still  
And the dear old Book each day has been my guide;  
And I seek to do His will, as my mother taught me then,  
And ever in my heart His Words abide.