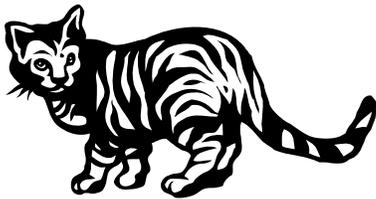


TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 1 - 4th Quarter - Issue #6



CREATION CORNER The Incredible Cat! 4

Last week we started learning about the history of the cat and how it has been a special friend to man. Sadly though, man has not always been as good a friend to the cat!

We learned how at first the cat was welcomed in Europe for its ability to catch rats and mice.

Then, unfortunately, in the 'DARK AGES' when the Papal church ruled the world, there came a time of great ignorance and superstition. Whenever the people are stopped from reading the Bible, and discouraged from learning truth for themselves, there always comes sad, bad times when there is a lot of trouble and cruelty.

In these days, suddenly, in the flick of a tail, cats went from being valued for the good and helpful friends they are, to being considered servants of the devil!

The sacred cat of ancient Egypt became the Witch's cat of Medieval Europe. Eyes that once mirrored the sun suddenly became the seat of demons.

Black cats in particular were thought to be the devil in disguise, and cats in general were suddenly blamed for just about everything. They

soured milk, caused storms, and all bad luck. The poor kitties had not changed, they were still just what God had made them to be, and they went about their business of trying to be good friends to man; but now they were repaid by horrible cruelty.

Even lightning was blamed on cats. The innocent pussy prowling around at night to catch mice and rats, caused people to link it to sorcerers and witchcraft. Any cat in the company of an old woman was assumed to be a witch's familiar evil spirit.

Poor cats! They were just poor kitties, befriended by a lonely women. But they suffered terrible fates for their friendship. They were killed in cruel ways, tossed into bonfires, speared and flung from towers. And the old women caught befriending them usually were killed also as witches.

Dark superstitions and religious persecutions were the order of the day. It is a very interesting thing that today, most people do not know about this sad history from the Dark Ages of Papal rule. You will have a hard time to find it in books or encyclopedias. Why is this? It is

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because the true history, especially of the Dark Ages, has been changed and many of the books that tell the truth, have been destroyed.

When I was young, I had a book about cats that told the whole story in detail. Sadly, I lost that old book and I have not been able to find another one with the story told in as much detail.

If you do find something mentioning this horrible treatment of helpless animals by the church, it will instead just say something about the people's superstition and belief in witches causing the problem, but this is not the whole truth! The fact is the church encouraged and even ordered the torture of cats; it was the thing to do on church holidays, if you did not have heretics to burn, you killed cats.

Pope Innocent(?) VIII, in 1484, even made cat persecution official! But some sensible people still existed even then, and many cats were still secretly kept in monasteries and convents to reduce the rodent population.

I believe that it was truly this terrible slaughter of innocent kitties that helped along the 'Black Death', a deadly disease that killed millions in the Dark Ages. It was carried by the fleas that lived on rats, and the ignorance and superstition of the people, as well as killing off the very animals that God designed to help them fight rodents, allowed this deadly scourge to come around time after time in the 1300-1600s until Europe's population was greatly reduced.

Even two centuries later, the general opinion of cats wasn't a whole lot better. In a book on natural history, Edward Topsel gave the cat a pretty bad rap by describing its teeth as venomous, its flesh poisonous, its hair lethal and its breath infectious.

Not everyone believed cats brought bad luck, though. Some even staked their lives on their good luck. King Charles I of England was so convinced that his black cat brought him luck that he carried him everywhere.

When the cat died, Charles was terrified his luck would disappear. He was right. The next day, he was arrested and eventually beheaded! But even when cats were considered good luck, many didn't fare much better than their medieval ancestors.

Sadly, when they finally stopped getting thrown into fires because they were evil, many were sacrificed anyway because it was thought

they could protect a home from fire!

A rather gruesome example of this custom is on exhibit in a Sussex, England, museum displaying the mummified body of a cat and her kittens who like some magic charm to ward off danger, had been plastered into a cottage wall.

Some thanks for all that mouse-chasing! Anyway, with all this persecution, let's just say the cat population was nearly wiped out by the mid-17th century. Eventually, their tremendously reduced ranks led to a whopping increase in the rodent population that is believed to have caused the Great Plague (Black Death) to hit London in 1665.

After this people began to think that maybe they were wrong about the cat and they realized that the cat's talent for turning small rodents into ex-rodents, was very important. And so, by the 1700s, the cat was the companion of choice once again. The wife of King Louis XV of France even issued a law giving cats the freedom of all French cities. That was sure better than pope Innocent's(?) terrible law.

By the mid-19th century, French chemist, Louis Pasteur, said that cats with their clean habits were "hygienically pure". As you might expect, this helped them to become well accepted again, until finally anyone seeing a cat in a store window, thought that it must be a very clean store!

Eventually, Europeans brought these remarkable creatures with them to the New World. The first pair, in fact, was a gift from a French missionary to a tribe of Indians. And the rest, as they say, is history. = ^..^ =

HISTORY

The Protestant Reformation: 14 St. Bartholomew's Dark Day 1572

August 24, 1572, was the date of the infamous St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre in France. On that day, over 400 years ago, began one of the most horrifying happenings in history. The glorious Reformation, begun in Germany on October 31, 1517, had spread to France—and was joyfully received. A great change had come over the people as industry and learning began to flourish, and so rapidly did the Truth spread that over a third of the people accepted the Reformed Christian Faith.

But as we learned last week, King Francis

decided to take the papal side and terrible persecution followed. In spite of this, the protestant faith still hung on in France after the death of Francis I.

In 1572, King Charles IX was on the throne, but his Catholic mother, Catherine was the real ruler. She urged him to make an end of the Huguenots as the Protestants in France were called.

In Paris, the King of France and his Court spent their time drinking, revelling and carousing. The Court spiritual adviser—a Jesuit priest—urged them to massacre the Protestants—as penance for their many sins! To catch the Christians off-guard they pretended to want to be friends and make peace. Every token of peace, friendship, and ecumenical good will was offered. The King pretended to promise them peace, while he secretly planned their destruction.

A date was set and at midnight a bell was rung as a signal to start the killing. Thousands were killed and the slaughter spread from Paris to other parts of France. Those who managed to escape fled to other countries. The finest and most noble of the people of France, were either killed or exiled. This left that country a sad shadow of what it had been.

When news of the Massacre reached the Vatican there was jubilation! Cannons roared—bells rung—and Pope Gregory XIII had a special commemorative medal made — to *commemorate* the slaughter of over 100,000 French Christians!! King Charles IX also made a medal to honour the occasion! The Pope had an artist paint a mural of the Massacre—which still hangs in the Vatican!

Pope Gregory had the great red dragon of Satan as his shield symbol!

Charles IX, the French king who, urged on by his mother, gave the order for the massacre of the Huguenots, in which 15,000 souls were slaughtered in Paris alone and 100,000 in other sections of France, for no other reason than that they loved Christ and His Word. The guilty king suffered miserably for 2 years after that event. The rewards given him by the Pope were no comfort to him. He finally died, bathed in blood running from his veins, not even 25 years old. To his doctors, who were unable to help him, he said in his last hours:

“Asleep or awake, I see the mangled forms of the Huguenots passing before me. They drop

with blood. They point at their open wounds. Oh! That I had spared at least the little infants at the breast! What blood! I know not where I am. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost forever! I know it. Oh, I have done wrong.”

Did you know that this happening is referred to in the Bible? Yes, in Revelation 11, it talks about a city, “Where our Lord was crucified”, but as you study the prophecy, you realize it is not talking about Jerusalem, but rather, Paris, where Jesus suffered in the person of His faithful followers. Someday, if we are faithful, we will meet those martyrs who lost their lives for Jesus on that dark night.

In the terrible ‘French Revolution’ this chapter describes, the crafty church leaders ended up getting treated with the same cruelty they had dished out to others. The seeds sown on that sad, bad night grew up, and the fruit was bitter!
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TRUE-STORY-TIME

Jesus Told Her

The little girl in this story was only three years old when she did this lovely thing I am going to tell you about. What a great deal of good even a tiny three-year-old can do!

Her father is a very important businessman. Not long ago he became very, very ill. He was so sick that two doctors were called in, and the servants in the great big house where he lived were told to go about their work without making the least little bit of noise, so that the master would not be disturbed.

Nobody was allowed in the sickroom except the nurses and the doctors. They were most particular about this. There was to be no troubling of the patient for any reason whatever, they said. If he did not sleep, then there would be no hope of saving his life.

And that was just what the patient could not do. Sleep would not come. Hour after hour he tossed about, restless and irritable, and constantly getting weaker.

As the days passed and he became steadily worse, the doctors finally decided that there was nothing more that they could do. It was only a matter of time, they said, and the family had better prepare for the worst.

All this time little Gloria had been filled with curiosity about what was going on in the dark-

ened room. She knew her dear daddy was sick in there, but she couldn't understand why she was not allowed to go in, why she had to be kept so far away from him.

Now and then, when nobody was looking, she would creep along to the door of the sick-room and stand outside listening, as quiet as a little pussy hunting a mouse. There she would stay until the nurse opened the door. Then she would run away so fast that there was no time for the nurse to blame her for being there.

How little Gloria did want to see her daddy! She felt that he needed her, and it made her cross to be told that she mustn't go into his room any more.

Then one afternoon, as she was looking around a corner of the corridor, sadly watching the door of Daddy's room, the nurse came out and walked down to the bathroom. And she left the door open!

Like a streak of lightning Gloria sped around the corner and into the room. She just had to see her daddy, and you couldn't blame her very much, could you? But when she saw her daddy she felt very sad. He looked so pale and tired. "Poor Daddy!" she said, gently touching his hand. "I'm so sorry." And then after a pause, "I love you, Daddy."

Daddy turned his head and smiled weakly at her. "I'm glad you came to see me," he whispered, trying to stroke her golden curls. Tears filled Gloria's eyes, and all of a sudden she walked over to the window and looked up into the sky. And there she talked quietly to Jesus, just as though she were talking to a very dear friend. In a moment or two she was back again at Daddy's bedside.

"Daddy," she said very earnestly, with her sweet little face aglow with happiness, "Jesus told me just now that you are going to get better."

Daddy smiled and slowly closed his eyes.

Just then Gloria heard footsteps. It was the nurse coming back! But Gloria didn't even think of running to hide. It was her turn now.

"Ssssh!" she said, as the nurse came in, an angry frown on her face. "Ssssh! Daddy's asleep. Don't wake him up!"

The nurse looked, and to her amazement she saw that Gloria was right. Her patient was asleep at last. The little girl had done more than all the doctors and the nurses together. The poor

sick man, whom everybody had given up to die, slept soundly all that night, something he had not done for many weeks. In the morning, when he awoke, he was so much better that the doctors could hardly believe their eyes. And he kept on getting better until soon he was his old self again.

Today he is back at his work, but he never tires of telling the story of how his life was saved, not by the doctors, but by his own little Gloria and the prayer she prayed at the window that afternoon.

A 'TEENY' MIRACLE

Freda's Frozen Kitten

I might as well tell you at the start of this story that I don't expect you to believe it. In fact, I would find it hard to believe myself if one of my own grand-daughters had not told it to me. And she would never tell me a story that didn't really happen. Not she! She knows better!

Well, it all began in a mountain cabin up in the high

Sierras of California during the winter of 1961. One very cold day a mother cat had five kittens in that cabin. It was a bad day to bring kittens into the world, but all the mother cat could do about it was to try to keep them warm.

The owner of the cabin helped her by making a wooden box for her new family. The box had high wooden sides so the kittens could not fall out. When he had finished it, he put a cozy blanket inside and set the box on the back porch.

It wasn't long, of course, before Freda and Florry, the little girls who lived in the next cabin, heard about the arrival of the kittens. Their mamma had told them that the mother cat was "expecting," and now that the blessed event had happened they wanted to be the first to see the kittens. So they ran over right away and were thrilled when the owner said that they could each have one of the kittens when they were big enough. "To keep, all for ourselves?" they said.

"Yes indeed," said the man. "All for yourselves."

Each chose a kitten. Freda called hers "Teeny" and Florry called hers "Toots."

Every day-sometimes several times a day-the two girls would go over to see their kittens, and as the fuzzy little things grew older and bigger they would pick them up and pet them, then give them back to their mother.

One snowy morning when the girls arrived at the cabin they saw a sad, sad sight. One of the kittens was lying outside the box, very cold and still. Somehow it had climbed over the side of the box in the night, and unable to get back, had frozen. It was Teeny!

“O my poor little kitty!” cried Freda, bursting into tears. She put out her hand to touch Teeny but drew back. Teeny was stiff as a board.

“Oh, dear!” she cried, “if only we had come earlier we might have saved you. You poor little thing!”

“We’d better go and tell Mamma,” said Florry. “Maybe she’ll know something to do.”

“And we’ll take poor Teeny with us,” said Freda, picking up her poor frozen kitten by the tail and hurrying back home with it.

“What in the world have you got there?” cried Mamma as the two girls burst into the house. “Take it outside at once!”

“It’s my precious Teeny,” said Freda. “She fell out of her box last night and couldn’t get back. Then she froze, and I’m afraid she’s dead.”

“She looks awful dead to me,” said Mamma.

“Can’t you do something for her?” asked Freda.

“There’s nothing we can do but bury her,” said Mamma. “I’m terribly sorry, but I’ll get you another kitty someday.” “But I want my Teeny!” wailed Freda. “I don’t want to bury her.”

“I’ll get a pickax and a shovel and make a hole for her,” said Mamma. “I’ll make it near the big cedar, where the wild-flowers bloom in the spring.”

It was a sad little procession that made its way across the snow-covered garden. First, Mamma with the pickax and shovel, then Florry, looking very sad, and finally Freda with what was left of Teeny now cuddled in her arms.

There was no snow under the big tree, and Mamma didn’t have as big a job as she had expected to dig the hole. When it was ready she motioned to Freda to put the kitten into it.

Freda did so, shedding copious tears. Then the two girls dropped on their knees and Freda began to pray.

“Please, Jesus,” she said, “I am so sad about my poor little Teeny. I don’t want to see her buried in the cold ground. If You could give her back to me, I wish You would, and I would love You always and always.”

She was just going to say “amen” when Teeny

said it for her.

From the grave came a faint “Meow.”

Florry screamed, Freda jumped to her feet, and Mamma dropped the shovelful of earth she was about to put back in the hole.

“She’s alive!” cried Freda, grabbing Teeny out of the grave and cuddling her again in her arms. “Thank You, Jesus, thank You so very, very much!”

Soon Teeny’s eyes blinked and her tail began to swish. “Well, I never. . . !” muttered Mamma.

“Isn’t Jesus wonderful?” said Freda.

“He surely is,” said Mamma. “This beats all!”

Now don’t ask me to explain it. I can’t. And yet, maybe, I can. That warm cuddle on the way to the grave could have had something to do with it. Cats and kittens can take a lot of “killing.” But then, too, God has all sorts of lovely ways of mak-ing sad children happy and answering their faith-filled prayers. = ^ .. ^ =

BUILDING FOR JESUS

“PLAGUE!”

Let’s talk a bit more about the terrible ‘Black Plague’ of the middle ages. You know so many people say that if they get sick, it just happens. They were just minding their own business and boom- some germ fell on them and they couldn’t help but get sick. Did that terrible plague just happen? Did God look down and say, “OK, I’m just going to zap you with a nasty disease to punish you”? Is this true? What does the Bible say?

Proverbs 26:2 “As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come.”

This means that things don’t ‘just happen’. This world is set up so that what we do—brings about certain reactions. If I break the laws of health—I get sick.

In the Dark Ages, as we said above, the people did not have the Bible and they were taught by church leaders who had rejected God’s truth. They were taught to believe sad, bad things from Pagan idol worshipping religions. One of the things they taught was that the body is evil and that to come closer to God, we should ignore and neglect the body.

The monks, who largely taught the people, believed that the more dirty and ragged they were,

the more holy they were. They never bathed and did not wash their hair or cloths. (pee-ew!) One church leader back then had so many lice and fleas on his body, that when he died, his filthy clothes wiggled and seemed alive with them. And people said, "Oh, what a holy man!" Now if they had read the Bible, they would know that God likes cleanliness and tells us to care for our bodies, our homes and clothes.

This idea that one was more holy if he didn't care for himself and that work was wrong, because God wanted people to just sit around or kneel around and pray all the time, did terrible things to society back there. It was considered pride to be clean, and keep ones body clean, and a home fresh and tidy. Somehow they got the idea that whatever was nice and good and desirable was somehow wrong, and God was happy only when we are wretched and miserable. If a person was weak and sickly, somehow they were thought more holy.

As they believed that God delighted in suffering, certainly they thought it OK to be cruel, and hurt people and animals. So when you mix all of this together, and also remember what we learned about them killing the very animals God had made to help them, you get a picture of a dirty, wretched way of life! No wonder rats multiplied and insects and vermin were everywhere! No wonder people got sick, and no wonder the 'Black Plague' came. God didn't want it to happen, but when people insist on refusing to obey His laws, the result is disease and misery. Time after time He sent messengers to teach them better ways, and time after time the church leaders killed the messengers.

But God still sought to help the poor deceived people and gradually with the reformation, He restored the Bible to them and they began to learn better ways. As people learned the truth about God, habits improved, the Black Plague stopped coming.

Sometimes, it is true that we are born weak or sick because our parents broke the laws of health. It isn't our fault, but we have some health problem. The good news is that if we will choose to obey God's laws of health, God will bless us, and turn our problem into blessings in some way.

He also does this for people who have been breaking God's laws and have got sick. When they repent and ask God to forgive them, and

start to follow the Laws of health in the strength of Jesus, and care for their body, as He wants them to, He will bless them. Sometimes He heals them completely, but sometimes He sees it is better not to; but whatever way He decides best, He does richly bless all who seek to obey truth.
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Year 1: 4th Quarter:

"BIBLE PICTURE STORIES"

WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 6: "BREAD"

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.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

John 6:51

Sunday

Text: John 6:33 "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

Just like we said last week about water, so it is about our bread or food; Few of us have ever been starving, but still we know when we are very hungry, food is very important to us. And the more hungry we get the more important it seems until it becomes the most important thing on our mind; I must have some food!

Jesus told the Jews some very interesting things about Bread. You find the story in John

6. He told them that He was the Living Bread and that if they wanted to live, they had to eat his Flesh and drink His blood.

They pretended not to understand what He meant, and got very angry with Him. But in their hearts, they did know what He meant; they knew His words had a spiritual meaning. They knew He was not telling them to be cannibals, He was telling them to take His Words into their hearts and let their lives be changed by His truth; but they did not want to listen to what He was telling them.

You see, the Jews for hundreds of years, had been teaching that when the Messiah would come, He would be a mighty King and Warrior, and He would set up His kingdom and rule the world, and they, the Jewish leaders would be the most important people in all the world. They would be rich and powerful; and that is what they really wanted.

Now here was this poor, plain, gentle man telling them that all this idea of greatness was wrong, and that if they wanted to be in God's kingdom, they had to stop wanting to boss and rule others and stop wanting to be rich. OH! That made them so angry!! Because down in their hearts they knew He was right and they just would not accept it!

Did you know that when people get real angry when someone tells them something, it is a sure sign that down inside, they know it is true and they are wrong? Yes, anyone who gets raging angry, when people try to show them a wrong in their beliefs or lives, shows that Satan controls them. Remember this if you ever see it happen.

Thought - There are many Christians today who are looking for a great kingdom to be set up here on earth, with them as rulers in it: they are not happy when you show them the Bible says it will not happen.

Monday

Text: John 6:5 "When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?"

We are going to see what lead to Jesus telling the Jews that He was their Bread. You have heard the story; there was Jesus, teaching the people out in the hills. They were so interested in what Jesus was saying, that they stayed there

for a long time listening and hardly noticed.

Many had come from a long distance, and there were also women and children there. Jesus knew if they had to go all the way back home with nothing to eat, they might faint. In our verse we see Jesus ask a disciple how he would get bread for the people. He was testing Philip's faith and Philip failed that test. He said that they didn't have enough money to buy that much bread, even if there was a bakery near-by.

The disciples still did not fully realize Who Jesus really was. He is the Creator, as God says in the Bible, "Is anything too hard for Me?" "How much food do we have?" Jesus asked them. "Only five little loaves and 2 baked fish", they said. Then Jesus asked the disciples to get the people sat down in an orderly way.

I'm sure the disciples looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders at that, but they had enough trust in their Master to obey. It is important that we have enough trust in Jesus to obey Him, even when we have no idea what to do or how to do it. It is nice to understand why, but we must obey even when we don't.

Thought - These people were so hungry for the Living bread, God's Truth from the lips of Jesus, that even their physical hunger was forgotten.

Tuesday

Text: John 6:11 "And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would."

First Jesus gave thanks for the food and blessed it; then he started handing it to the disciples, and they started passing it out to the people. It wasn't fancy, just plain nourishing food. This was like Jesus' words to them; there was nothing fancy or new; just plain solid Truth from God's Holy Word.

When you are hungry, plain food tastes delicious! So when we really desire to know God's Truth with all our hearts, when we realize how important it is, and we really are hungry for it, Jesus words will be delicious to our hearts.

Notice Jesus gave thanks and asked blessings on what He had. When we remember to always ask God's blessing on whatever we have or do, it will make a big difference. As much difference as a small lunch compared to enough

to feed a multitude!

As we study and learn from God's Word, we are given precious, living truths; 'Bread of Life' is ours and when we have it we are to pass it to others, so that all may be blessed. Not one of the disciples grabbed a loaf and went and sat by himself and ate it, no, they all did what Jesus said, and shared it, and then reached out their hands to Jesus for more. There was plenty for all.

Thought - The more we obey the truths of Jesus' Word and the more we seek to share these precious truths with others, the more we will receive from His hand.

Wednesday

Text: John 6:15 "When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone."

Now something interesting happened, and it helps us to see why working miracles is not the main way God uses to spread truth. These people who had just heard Jesus tell them that His kingdom was not to be set up in this world, forgot all that, and went back in their minds to the idea of a great earthly-king Messiah, and they decided to take Jesus and crown Him king, whether He liked it or not!

The disciples were thrilled! Here at last their Master was getting recognized and because they too looked for an earthly kingdom, they were going right along with the idea. Jesus put a quick stop to all their plans, He told the people to go home, and He told His disciples to get in their boat and go to the other side of the lake. When Jesus commands, all obey; the shouts and excitement died away, and the people began to drift towards their distant homes.

Jesus went away by Himself to pray. The disciples waited at the boat and finally realized He wasn't coming, and they had better do what they were told and cross the lake. You all know the story about how they were grumbly and complaining that Jesus should have let Himself be made king. All at once a storm came up that took their minds off their complaints.

Later, when Jesus came walking on the water, they were afraid, but when they saw Him calm the sea, they realized He was the Son of God and they better not be telling Him how to do His work on earth.

Thought - In our world and churches today, there are many people who are trying to do 'God's work', but they don't want to do it in God's way. They end up working for Satan and not for God at all.

Thursday

Text: John 6:27 "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed."

The next day the people find Jesus on the other side of the sea and begin thinking about the miracles again. "Show us how to do these things", they ask. In other words, now they think He knows some magic tricks, and if He would just tell them the secret, they all could multiply food and never have to work anymore.

Jesus again tried to point them to the spiritual kingdom, he starts to explain that He is the 'Bread of Life' that the Father in heaven has sent down to them. He is explaining that they need to take these truths into their lives and let their selfish hearts be changed.

Then they start saying, 'well, if you're so big, prove it to us by showing us a miracle.' They had just seen Him feed thousands of people from a little boy's lunch, and they knew that in some amazing way He had come across the lake without a boat; but here they were asking Him to prove something to them.

'Our Fathers had manna for 40 years', they continue. In other words they are asking why don't you feed us all the time. Then Jesus told them that the manna, like the loaves, was only good for their temporary life. He told them that all the ones who ate that manna, had still died. He wanted them to accept Him as their Saviour, so they could have Eternal Life.

When He finally told them that unless they 'Ate His flesh and Drank His blood' they would not be saved. Then they saw that He was not going to give them the earthly power and riches they wanted, they were angry at His words. Most of them went away and didn't follow Jesus any more.

Thought - Still today, often when people learn that following Jesus is not the way to become rich and powerful, but instead He wants us to have His character, they turn away and walk with Him no more.

Friday

Text: John 6:68 "Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

As the people walked away from Jesus muttering among themselves and rejecting Him, Jesus felt very sad. He wanted to save these people, He loved them, but He did not give them what they wanted, earthly power. The things of this earth will never be able to really save anyone.

Sometimes we think, "Oh, if I only had lots of money, I would be happy." Go and ask the world's richest people, are they happy? No, they have more problems and worry than the poor.

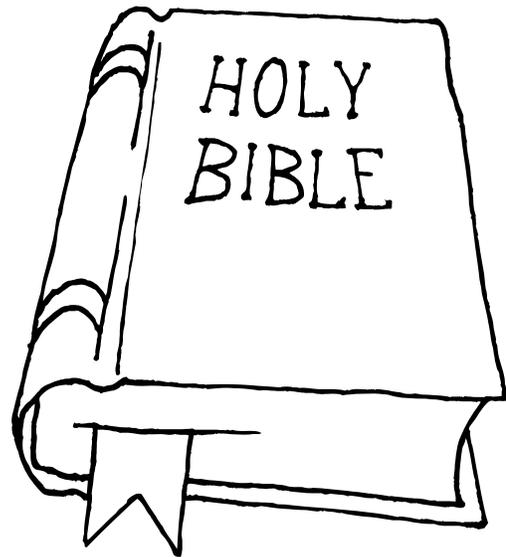
We think, "Oh, if I could just make people do what I want them to, I would be happy." Satan has been doing this for thousands of years now, trying to control and force everybody to obey him, and he is sure not happy; he is miserable and wants to make everybody else miserable also.

If you look around you, it is easy to see that only those who really accept Jesus, those who

'eat up His holy Word', those who trust in Him; they are the happy ones. They find peace and joy in this life that nothing can take away from them. And they will also have Eternal Life with Jesus, where no evil shall ever trouble them again.

Should we go seek the things of this world? Like Peter, we can all say, "Lord, where would we go? You have the Words of Life. You are that Bread that came down to give us life. We won't find it anywhere else."

Thought - Everything in this world fades, rusts, changes, dies and so on. Rich people lose their money; today's fancy car is tomorrow's junk; heroes of today are forgotten tomorrow; today's 'star' is unknown tomorrow; athletes quickly become old and younger ones push them aside; but Jesus is the same yesterday, today and always. If we choose His ways and 'eat' His truth, we will have something precious forever!
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HOLY BIBLE BOOK DIVINE
Holy Bible, Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to comfort in distress;
Suffering in this wilderness;
O thou holy Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.