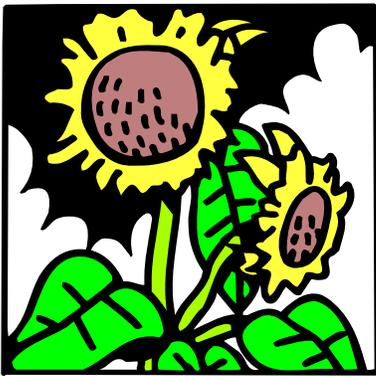


TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 2 - 2nd Quarter - Issue #1



CREATION CORNER Sunflower Saga

Sunflowers have always fascinated me. To see their huge heads shining on top of towering stalks, like a miniature of the sun they like to look towards. I once saw a field of them in mid-western Canada and I will never forget the sight! As far as the eye could see were yellow faces all turned the same way—towards the light of heaven.

But not only are they beautiful, they also 'bear fruit'. Bees gathering the sweetness from them produce a lovely honey. The heavy heads are later packed full of tasty kernels that are good for man, bird and beast as food.

They are a hard-working flower, showing what the Christian life is to be like. Not just standing around looking good on the outside, but busy doing what it was made to do. It keeps its face to the light; it gathers every bit of the water of life with its roots, it makes sweet nectar and it produces nourishing food for others.

Just the other day, one of the tall sunflowers that grew in a side garden near the door of our apartment building, was broken down by some careless hand. I felt sad to see it lying there, as it

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had one fine flower and several buds. I tried to put a splint on it, but nothing helped. It made me realize how helpless we are as humans, we can easily destroy, but we are helpless to heal the simplest thing. Only the power of God can make a sunflower.

Last year I had an amazing example of that heavenly power at work. There was a lady on the second floor, whose windows overlook the flowerbeds I care for. She was ill and pretty much shut in. Looking at the flowers from her window brought her happiness. So I decided to make as nice a garden as I could, for her to see.

Between her window, and me there is a seven-foot wooden fence, and on my side of the fence is where the sunflowers grew. Now I was thinking how nice it would be if they grew up high enough for her to see them. I had been praying as I made the garden that it would grow beautiful and cheer her up as she saw it. I also prayed that she could see the sunflowers.

Now this is what happened, and I actually have a photo of it, as I know few would believe it. The sunflowers on either side of where her window was, did not grow higher than the fence, but in front of her window some of them grew right to the second story and one shiny sun head even looked towards

her window, like it was peeking in. She was so pleased with this evidence of Jesus' love for her.

This year, the lady has moved and none of the sunflowers have gone beyond the top of the fence. Never forget that Jesus loves to answer His children's prayers, especially to bless others.
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TRUE-STORY-TIME

"Send me a Friend"

One morning; in a city in Switzerland, a rich man sat in his beautiful home. He was lonely and discouraged. There was no earthly friend to whom he cared to tell his troubles. He knelt down alone and prayed that God would send him a friend.

That same morning in the same city there was a young lad who had learned about the soon coming of Jesus. His heart was filled with joy as he thought of soon seeing his Saviour. He longed to tell others this truth, that they too might be happy.

"He had decided to sell door to door a book that told about the second coming of Christ. Before he left his room that morning, he prayed that God would guide him to those who needed help. He prayed that God would send an angel before him to get people ready to buy the book.

Up one city street and down another this lad walked, showing the people his book, telling them about Jesus, and here and there taking orders. So the morning passed, until it was nearly noon. On the street where he was working there were still a few houses at which he had not called. He wanted to finish, his work on that street before he stopped for lunch.

The next house was large and beautiful. He always dreaded to call at such rich homes, for often the people did not want to let him in. Still he must not pass any by. He stepped to the door. He wiped his feet on the big rug, and then wiped them again. He rang the doorbell. Then he waited.

Soon a servant opened the door, and the lad gave him his card. The servant carried the card to his master. In a few moments he returned.

"The master is at lunch," he said. "He is sure you have nothing that will interest him, and he does not wish to be disturbed."

"Thank you," said the lad as he walked away.

A few moments later he heard some one hurrying after him. He looked around, and there was the servant whom he had just left.

"The master wishes you to return at once, if you will be so kind," he said.

The lad hurried back to the rich home when he met a fine, rather elderly Swiss gentleman. The gentleman took the lad into the dining room, gave him a chair at the table, and told the servant to lay another plate. Soon they were left alone.

"My boy," said the gentleman, "this morning I prayed God to send me a friend. I was lonely and discouraged, and I knew of no one to whom I cared to turn. Just now when I sent you away, a voice said to me distinctly, 'There! I sent you a friend, and you have sent him away!' So I called you back. Now why did God send you to me? What have you brought me?"

The lad's heart went out in love to this man. The man had all that money could buy, but he did not know the hope of Jesus' soon coming. The lad looked at the man with eyes full of the hope and joy that he himself had found in obeying the commandments of God.

"I have brought you a book which contains a message of hope and courage and faith in the Friend of friends, who can give you all that you wish," the lad answered.

The gentleman was deeply interested. Hope began to spring up in his heart. He believed God had sent this young man in answer to his prayer.

He invited the lad to come back to his home every week and study the Bible with him. It is in just this way that God is seeking out the earnest, praying ones, and getting them ready for Jesus' soon coming. = ^ .. ^ =



TRUE-STORY-TIME

'Just Me, Jesus!'

Years ago our people were very busy with missionary work. They wanted very much to tell every boy and girl in the world about the wonderful news of Jesus soon coming and help them get ready to meet Him. But something has changed. Often now we seem to think that people don't really need us to tell them about Jesus and we have lost much of that missionary spirit. I know some would not think this is true, but after more than 50 years, I can tell you it is true.

Here is a story sent me from India about a little nine-year-old boy who lived in a mud house of a poor rural area. A missionary came knocking on his door one afternoon. The boy came to answer the door and greeted the minister.

The minister asked if his parents were home and the small boy told him that his father is no more and mother left him at home alone and have gone to the government hospital at the distant town, for his little sister is admitted in the hospital due to the viral fever.

The minister felt very sad. He entered the veranda, sat on an old tattered mat on the floor and asked the boy, "Do you go to church?"

"I've never been to church in my whole life," he said.

"Have you ever heard the greatest love story ever told?" and then he told the boy about Jesus. The boy's heart was touched and the minister showed how to pray and give Jesus his heart.

Then he asked the boy if he wanted to come to church. "Sure," the nine-year-old boy replied. The minister got to the house early the next morning. He let himself in and snaked his way through the house and found the little boy asleep in the mat on the floor. He woke the little boy up and helped get him dressed. They got on a jeep and ate few pieces of bread for breakfast on their way to church.

Now, this boy had never been to church before and he sat there not knowing what was going on. Then some guys walked down to the front and picked up some wooden plates. One of the men prayed and the child, watched them walk up and down the aisles. He still didn't know what was happening.

Then, like a bolt of lightning, it hit the child what was taking place. These people must be giving money to Jesus. He thought about Jesus and what

he had learned about His love for him. He searched his pockets, front and back, and couldn't find a thing to give Jesus. By this time the offering plate was being passed down his aisle and, with a broken heart, he just grabbed the plate and held on to it. He finally let go and watched it pass on down the aisle. He turned around to see it passed down the aisle behind him. And then his eyes remained glued on the plate as it was passed back and forth, back and forth all the way to the rear of the church.

Then he had an idea. This little nine-year-old boy, in front of God and everybody, got up out of his seat. He walked about eight rows back, grabbed the usher by the coat and asked to hold the plate one more time.

He took the plate, sat it on the carpeted floor and stepped into the center of it. As he stood there, he lifted his little head up and said, "Jesus, I don't have anything to give you today, but just me. I give you me!"

Oh, dear readers, that each of us might stand in the offering plate and give ourselves to Jesus! Do you still think that it is not important to tell people about Jesus and His love and His soon coming?

Here is a song we used to sing:

"Into the tent where a gypsy boy lay;

Dying alone at the close of the day;

News of salvation, we carried,

Said he— "Nobody ever has told it to me!"

Tell it again! Tell it again!

Salvation's story repeat o're and o're—

Till none can say of the children of men—

"Nobody ever has told me before!" = ^ .. ^ =

STORY LESSON

Keeping our Bones Heathy

Our bones, like the rest of our bodies, are made of what we eat. If our food does not contain enough of what is needed to make healthy bones, our bones will become unhealthy. They may be too soft and become bent or misshapen.

Bread made from the whole grain is so much more healthful than that made from white flour. In making white flour the miller takes out the very best part of the grain, just what is needed to make strong and healthy bones. Oatmeal is a very good food for making healthy bones, as well as dark green vegetables.

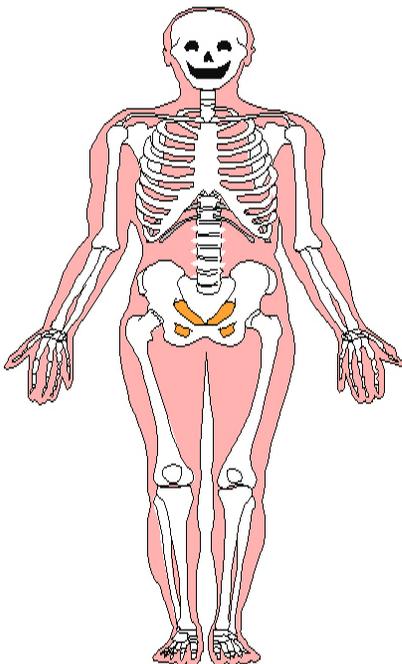
We should not allow ourselves to slouch when sitting, or standing. This is the way uneven shoulders, curved spines, and other deformities can be caused. Always try to stand up straight, and do not slouch when you sit down.

By rough play or by accident the bones may be broken in two, just as you might break a stick. If the broken parts are placed right, our Creator will cement them together and make the bone strong again; but occasionally the bones do not unite, and now and again they grow together out of shape, and permanent injury is done.

Sometimes the ligaments, which hold the bones together in a joint are torn or overstretched. Such an accident is called a sprain. A sprain is a painful accident, and a joint injured in this way needs to rest a long time, so that the ligaments grow together again.

Ligaments can be torn so badly that the ends of the bones are displaced, and then we say they are out of joint. This is a very bad accident indeed, but it often happens to boys while wrestling or playing at rough games.

When a man uses alcohol and tobacco, their effects upon the bones are not so obvious as they are on the blood, nerves, and other organs; but when a growing child uses these poisonous drugs, their damaging influence is plainly seen. A young person who smokes, or uses alcohol, often ends up stunted, so that even the bones will not grow to a proper length and they will be dwarfed. = ^ .. ^ =



MISSION STORY

Stug by an Elephant: E. B. Hare

"OH, Thara! Quick! One of my men has been 'stung' by an elephant. Oh, do come!" panted a stalwart son of the jungle as he came rushing into my office, where I was working at my desk one evening. His hair was all matted, and his work-soiled clothes disheveled. But his veins, standing out with fatigue, the perspiration rolling down his face, his eyes wild with fear, added an irresistible earnestness to his appeal.

One cannot live for twelve years among such people without learning to read them at a glance, so, wasting no time and springing to my feet, I asked, "Where is he?"

"In a canoe at the river bank," he answered, as we left the house.

"And where was he stung?"

We were going too fast for proper conversation, but pointing to his thigh, he simply said, "Here."

"Were his bowels hurt?" I asked again, suspiciously.

He gave no answer, but pushed his way through the grass and the reeds to the river. "There," he said, "Look for yourself;" and I looked. There was a small canoe, some twenty feet long, that would hold about eight people, and lying on some bamboos near the center lay the unfortunate man. I was by his side in a moment. His pale face, tense lips, and heavy breathing lent a seriousness to the situation which reached a ghastly climax when I lifted the blanket to find the poor man's bowels all outside and wrapped up in his dirty loin cloth. He had been gored in the abdomen by his elephant.

A little bunch of boys had followed us clown, so, sending one for a lamp, one for the school blackboard to serve as a stretcher, and another for Brother Baird, I busied myself with a further hasty examination, listening the while to a tale that would make your heart sick.

They told of this certain elephant killing a man last year. His tusks, had been depointed for that, and two men had been put on him. This day, being in a nasty mood, the elephant became infuriated as his drivers tried to urge him to pull out a certain chain; he had knocked one of the men down, and gored him. The man was thought to be dead, and no wonder, for what could look more like death than a disemboweled man? But seeing he still lived, they made a bamboo bed and brought him twenty miles to our clinic, four long hours in the hot sun!

And what kind of hospital had we to care for such a case? Only a rough but neat wooden building, sawed and built by the schoolboys, where, no doctor being available, missionary nurses dispense healing and comfort as they are able. There was not another hospital for sixty miles around; so we had no choice but to receive him and do what we could.

We had a few ounces of ether among our medicines, which we kept for making toothache drops. And soon the wounded man was fast asleep on our little operating table. Brother Baird then carefully washed the bowels in sterile salt solution and, putting them back in place, sewed up the wound as best he could. We then bound him up, and waited anxiously for him to come to. It didn't take long. A look of fright, a groping for the bowels, a tired smile, and he struggled to rise, saying, "Now let me go home."

"But, brother!" we said, "unless the God of heaven works a miracle for you, you never will go home," and we had to tell him earnestly how serious his case was. Hopeless, yes, hopeless, so far as we could see; but we said, "Brother, when we have done our best, we always ask God to do the rest. We are going to pray. If you are able, you pray too." Then Brother Baird prayed and I prayed—not that our case would pull through, but that if God could use this man's recovery to honor His name and cause, He would graciously give us his life. Then the poor jungle man prayed. Oh, such a prayer! Short, simple, and earnest.

"God of the white man, make me better! God of the white man, make me better!"

And the God of the white man heard that jungle man's prayer.

Miracle? It was! For in five days those bruised tissues began to come away. By ten days every stitch we put in had rotted out, and we could see part of the bowel at the widest part of the gash, where also bad-smelling pus was coming away in cupfuls. What could we do? What could anyone do? Brother Baird cleaned the wound night and day, and we prayed. And we saw those muscles grow and stick on to the bowel, then cover it. Then the skin closed in, little by little, and in two and a half months that man walked thirty-eight miles to his home, well and strong. And he is still alive and working hard, (when this was written)-a living witness to the power of the God of the white man; and of course, He is not just the God of the white man, but of all men!
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**Year 2: 2nd Quarter:
"FAVOURITE BIBLE STORIES"
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 1:
"SAMUEL, THE BOY PROPHET"**

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: "And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the LORD, and also with men." 1 Samuel 2:26.

Sunday

Text: 1 Samuel 1:27 "For this child I prayed; and the LORD hath given me my petition which I asked of him: Therefore also I have lent him to the LORD; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the LORD. And he worshipped the LORD there."

In the days before Israel had decided to be like the heathen nations and have a king, there lived a man and his wife Hannah. Now Hannah didn't have any children and this was very sad, especially in those days. So, although he loved her dearly, her husband, Elkanah decided to take a second wife. He could do that in those days, but it was never God's wish for a man to have more than one wife and it always leads to trouble!

The new wife had children and she made fun of poor Hannah. Every year at a certain time, the family went up to the tabernacle and brought offerings and made a thanksgiving feast before the

Lord. And Elkanna would give portions to his second wife and her children and an extra portion to Hannah as he loved her very much, but the second wife would mock her.

Hannah left the table in tears and went into the tabernacle area to pray to the Lord in her sadness, and she asked the Lord for a son. And she did a very special thing; she promised that if God would send her a baby son, she would give him back to the Lord to serve Him all the days of his life!

The Priest Eli saw her praying and because of the emotional expression of her silent prayer, he thought her drunk. He asked her when she would give up her drinking. She softly replied to him, "Please don't think I am a bad woman, I have a heavy heart and I am pleading before the Lord."

Sure enough, the Lord heard the prayer of this faithful woman and at the proper time she had a baby boy. "I will call him Samuel", she said, which means 'asked of the Lord.' Lovingly she nursed him and carefully she trained him, for he was to serve the Lord all the days of his life.

Thought - Even though Hannah loved her son so much, she did not forget her promise to lend him to the Lord!

Monday

Text: 1 Samuel 1:26, 27 "And she said, Oh my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the LORD. For this child I prayed; and the LORD hath given me my petition which I asked of him: Therefore also I have lent him to the LORD; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the LORD. And he worshipped the LORD there."

As soon as little Samuel was old enough, and had enough training to know how to take care of himself and do little tasks to help others, Hannah and her husband took a special offering to the Lord and went to the tabernacle at Shiloh. There they offered their offerings and Hannah took the young child to Eli the Priest and told him the words in our verses.

Now the unselfish, God-loving act of Hannah was a rebuke to Eli, who had been careless raising his own children; his heart was touched and humbled at this great gift of the godly woman and he knelt down and worshipped God. This child was Hannah's very heart, she loved him more than life itself; but she kept her promise gladly because of

her even greater love for God.

She knew also that no greater work could ever be done by her son than to serve the Lord faithfully all his life. She had carefully trained him and taught him all the wonderful Bible stories and how God had led Israel and the promised Saviour to come that the sacrifices of lambs represented.

She also taught him how to help and do his work carefully and faithfully, whether it was a big or little job, and whether it was something he enjoyed or not. He had learned to be honest, obedient and polite. He learned to be quiet and thoughtful, respecting God and authority. She raised him to know what a great honour was his to be 'lent to the Lord!'

Thought - Think about how strange it must have been for little Samuel to be there at the tabernacle with the old priest Eli instead of being home with his mother.

Tuesday

Text: 1 Samuel 11, 12; 17, 18 "And Elkanah went to Ramah to his house. And the child did minister unto the LORD before Eli the priest. Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the LORD. 17 Wherefore the sin of the young men was very great before the LORD: for men abhorred the offering of the LORD. But Samuel ministered before the LORD, being a child, girded with a linen ephod."

Eli had made a bad mistake in raising his sons, because he thought he loved them so much, he did not like to teach them or correct their bad habits. He really did not like to go to the bother of taking the time and effort to train them right, and when they clamored and fussed for something, he had given in and let them have their own way.

This was very wrong in the sight of God, as these children grew up to be selfish teenagers, and finally into rebellious and wicked men. Different times God sent warnings to Eli to discipline his sons, but he would just talk to them in a kind of half-hearted way and that was it. The young men knew their father wouldn't really do anything about their wicked ways, so they ignored him.

This was all bad enough, but Eli allowed these selfish, spoiled men to serve as priests at the sanctuary! This was a terrible mistake, as when the people saw these bad boys serving before the Lord, they were turned away from the precious

service of God and His truth. It helped Israel to turn towards heathen worship and even the heathen commented on these wicked 'priests'.

When the special thanksgiving offerings were brought by the people, they were to kill the animal and then burn all the fat before the Lord for an offering, then the animal was cooked, and the priest was to receive a certain portion for his own use, for he and his family to eat.

But these wicked men saw a chance to make money off the service of the Lord, and they would come and make the people give them what they wanted of the animal, raw! Before even the fat was burned before the Lord. If the people refused, they would beat them up and take it anyway. They were getting all this valuable meat and then running a meat-market selling it to make money.

The people were disgusted and God's Holy Name was dishonored. How could the people ever think about the coming Lamb of God, with wicked priests like these?

Thought - Eli should have removed his wicked sons from the priesthood, but he didn't want to be publicly embarrassed. He didn't seem to care about what embarrassment it was bringing to God and how His name was dishonored!

Wednesday

Text: 1 Samuel 3:9, 10 "Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, LORD; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the LORD came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth."

God tried once more to get Eli to do something about his wicked sons; he sent a man to him with a message that his sons would both die in one day, his family would be dishonoured and God would raise up a true prophet and priest. Eli again warned his sons but he did not do what he could have done; remove them from office.

Eli was old now and feeble, but even though the godly and faithful ways of the boy were a constant rebuke and a lesson to him, he loved Samuel and Samuel loved the old priest and helped him in many ways.

Samuel had gone to bed one night when he heard a voice calling his name, "Samuel, Samuel."

He got up and ran to Eli as he thought the old man needed him for something. Eli said, "No, I didn't call you, go back to bed, dear boy."

But it happened again, and again he ran to Eli, thinking the man must be ill. Again he sent him back to bed assuring him that he had not called the boy. When it happened again the third time Eli realized something wonderful was happening. God was calling Samuel to talk to him!

"Go back", he said, "and when you hear the voice again, you say, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Samuel did this and immediately God began to talk with him. He told him about what was going to happen to Eli and his sons because of what the sons did and Eli had failed to do. He told the child about sad, bad things that would happen to Israel as a result of the wickedness of the house of Eli. God said it was so bad that the ears of people who would hear about it would tingle!

Thought - God can even use a small child in His work if that child loves God and faithfully obeys His Word. But he cannot use the selfish, and those who just want their own way.

Thursday

Text: 1 Samuel 3 16-18 "Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I. And he said, What is the thing that the LORD hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things that he said unto thee. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the LORD: let him do what seemeth him good."

The next day Eli knew that Samuel had received a message from God but Samuel had tried to sort of avoid Eli, he did not really want to tell the old man the terrible message, and because God had not commanded Samuel to tell Eli, he didn't.

Finally Eli called him and asked to know the whole story. Samuel told him and all Eli would say was, "It is the LORD: let him do what seemeth him good." He still did not act to have his wicked sons removed from the priesthood! He could have, because even though he was feeble and old, he was still the ruling power in Israel, and if he had told the leaders of Israel to remove these men, his instructions would have been followed and great

suffering would have been prevented. But he just left it for God to take care of.

From that day on, God often talked to Samuel, the people got to know that there was once again a prophet of God in Israel, and they were glad to know it. Samuel did not get boastful or proud because of being the one that God sent messages to, he remained humble and faithful and God blessed him.

The day came when the Philistines attacked Israel and killed thousands. The people were very disappointed as they thought that because they were 'God's chosen people' their enemies should never beat them; but God cannot bless anyone if they refuse to obey Him and follow His will!

Belonging to a group, a nation, or a church means nothing; God's 'chosen people' are always those who obey Him and follow His will. If Israel had been faithful, the heathen could never have defeated them, but they were following the ways of the heathen and were doing what they pleased instead of following God's Holy Word.

So the next day, the 2 wicked sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, brought the ark of God out of the sanctuary and into the camp of the soldiers. God had not said to do this; it was a terrible wickedness! The people shouted with a great shout as they felt their god had now come to help them. They were thinking about the ark the way the heathen did about their idols. Now they thought they could force God to help them.

It was not so; Israel was beaten and 30,000 were killed, including the two wicked son's of Eli. And the heathen captured the ark!

Thought - There are people who tell you that God will take care of sin in the church and in the leaders, and we should not do anything about it; just wait for the Lord to take care of it. The Lord did finally take care of Eli's wicked sons, but thousands of Israelites were killed at the same time and evil seeds were planted in hearts that led to Israel's later destruction. How much better to obey God and put away sin right away!

Friday

Text: 1 Samuel 4:18 "And it came to pass, when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died: for he was an old man, and heavy. And he had judged Israel forty years."

Eli, 98 years old and almost totally blind, was sitting by the side of the road desperate to hear the news of the battle. A messenger came running but ignoring the old priest ran on into the city and told the people. What a wailing and crying rose up as they heard of the terrible slaughter and that the Ark of God had been captured!

Eli heard the sound and called out to know what was happening. The man came and told him that his sons were dead and the ark captured. Overcome with grief, Eli fell off his chair, and so broke his neck and died. How different things might have been had Eli raised his sons as carefully as Hannah raised Samuel!

Samuel was now priest and prophet and soon he was also chosen by the people to be the judge of the law in Israel as well. He remained faithful and judged the people with the wisdom of the Lord for many years.

Readers, you too can be faithful like Samuel. You can get to know God and walk with Him every day. You do not have to be 'grown-up' to obey God. But you have to give your whole heart to Him and seek every day to learn from His Bible and Spirit of Prophecy. As you learn His will, you must determine in His power to do it faithfully. Then you can walk with God and know Him, just like Samuel did.

But if you think that getting your own way and doing just what you please is fun, then you better think about Hophni and Phinehas, who lived rotten, shameful lives and died while still young men. Also they will not be saved in heaven, but will receive the reward of their wicked lives, eternal death.

And Eli, who thought he was too loving to punish and teach obedience to his little boys; do you think he was really loving them? No way, he was loving his own selfish ease as it would have taken too much work to teach them the way of God rightly. His boys could have been Samuels, but instead their names are thought of with disgust forever.

Who really 'loved?' Hannah, who trained her son and 'lent him to the Lord'; or Eli, who indulged and pampered his boys and, by this, put them into the hands of the devil?

Thought - Children, I urge you, learn to obey your parents, be faithful in your tasks and above all, read and obey God's word; you will be so much happier being a Samuel, than you would ever be living like Hophni and Phinehas! = ^ .. ^ =