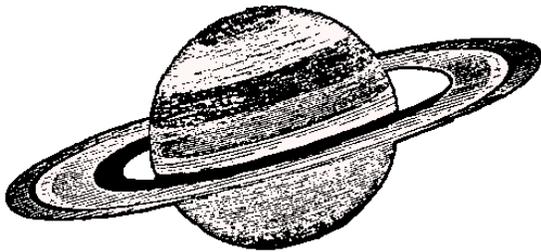


# TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

## TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 2 - 2nd Quarter - Issue #4



### CREATION CORNER

#### ORIGIN OF MATTER

Today we begin a course in Creationism for young people. This is part 1.

Evolution is the teaching that everything came out of nothing. Now don't look at me that way; I'm not going crazy! It's the evolutionists who have strange ideas.

They believe everything started with an explosion of nothing. Yes, nothing. There was nothing there, and then it exploded! and produced something, which later became everything. And that's why we're here today.

Well, that's what they believe. We wouldn't mention it, except they want you to believe it also. And that makes it serious. Evolutionists have put this theory of everything-from-nothing, into schoolbooks. In fact, they don't want you to read lessons like this one, because it will tell you the other side—the true side—of the story. But we want you to be able to decide for yourself. Are you ready to start? Here we go:

We will start at the beginning. As you probably know, everything is made of matter. By that we mean the 92 natural elements, such as hydrogen, helium, carbon, iron, sulphur, etc. But where did

they come from? How did matter first come into existence? Everything must have come from something!

The truth is that everything came from God. In the beginning, He created everything. There really is no other alternative. Think about it a minute: There is just no other possible way everything could have come into existence.

Yet the evolutionists have come up with one other possibility: Hold onto your seat, they say everything came from nothing! Their best-known theory for nothing making itself into everything is called "the Big Bang theory." It reads like a fairy tale. Here is how the story goes:

There was nothing, anywhere, absolutely nothing. No planets, no stars, not anything—anywhere in the universe.

Then it happened: This nothing decided to get together. How can nothing get together, when there is nothing there? Well, the evolutionists say that is exactly what happened. So it huffed and puffed, and pushed and shoved itself into a tight little ball. Now, don't imagine that gravity pulled it there, because there was no gravity. Gravity only operates when there is something for it to pull on.

Then, having squeezed itself into as tiny a place

### CONTENTS:

**CREATION CORNER**

**HISTORY**

**TRUE-STORY-TIME**

**STORY LESSON**

**MISSION STORY**

**WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON**

as possible, what do you think that nothing did? According to the evolutionists, the emptiness exploded! Yes, it blew up. What a bang! The Big Bang Is the name the evolutionists give their little story.

Actually, there is more to the tale than that, but let us stop here for a moment and see if the story, so far, is true. First, common sense tells us the Big Bang story cannot be right. But there are scientists and scientific facts, which also laugh at the idea. Look at this:

First, you can't squeeze nothingness together. That is because there is nothing to squeeze together. Well, that sounds logical.

But, in outer space, the conditions are worse. Out there, there are no hands to push it together! In fact, there is nothing to do the job, Remember the evolutionists tell us it did it by itself! Fairy tale.

Second, there would be no way the emptiness could explode. Keep in mind there was nothing there, not even a little firecracker. And no matches either. How can nothing explode?

Third, it was then supposed to blow itself outward. What was supposed to do the blowing? Can nothing push nothing anywhere?

Enough with that part of the meaningless theory. Let's go to the next part:

After the imaginary Big Bang exploded, the nothingness is said to have changed itself into hydrogen. Now, that's a pretty neat trick. I wish I could explode nothing into gold or diamonds. But it doesn't work that way. Yet, according to the strange theory, nothing blew itself into hydrogen, the simplest of all the 92 elements.

What is hydrogen? It is a gas. The air you breathe is also a gas. (Don't confuse it with the "gas" [gasoline] we put in our cars; that is a liquid.)

Then that hydrogen is supposed to have traveled outward; on and on it went. Well, this is one point, which is scientifically correct. If hydrogen were, indeed, rushing outward in outer space, it would just keep going, without ever stopping. It would go on forever; there would be nothing to stop it.

Keep in mind that, first, the evolutionists would have to change nothing into hydrogen. This they did by just saying it was so. Next in their story, they would have to get that hydrogen changed into stars. Finally, they would have to make all the other elements. How did they try to do these last two things? Yes, as you might expect, they try to do it by inventing more topsy-turvy ideas, which go against the laws of physics!

The evolutionists tell us that, after traveling awhile, hydrogen gas here and there stopped, began circling, and then began pushing itself into balls which became bigger and bigger—and pretty soon were stars!

What do real scientists say about that? We are told there is no way that hydrogen gas can clump together by itself. Try going out on a foggy day and picking some fog out of the sky. Then press it together into a solid ball. Of course, you can't do it, because fog is a vapor.

However, fog is just a lot of water droplets, so you could figure a way to drip it into a puddle. But a gas would be even harder to press together. Air is a gas, and it has hydrogen in it. Go out on a sunny day—and try pushing air into a solid ball! You won't make it.

Now, if you can't do it—could the air do it by itself? In outer space, the hydrogen gas is supposed to have pushed itself into stars. But gas in outer space cannot do that, any more than the air outside your window can. Actually, it would much harder for hydrogen gas in outer space to do it—since it is so much thinner than the air you breathe.

But there's another thing: This foolish theory also requires that the hydrogen push itself together into stars. Now, don't say "gravity did it." There was no gravity. The bigger the object, the more powerful the pull of gravity. But thinned-out hydrogen gas could not possibly pull itself together. The amount of gravity would be too tiny. It takes very large objects for gravity to start sticking things to each other. Free-floating gas in outer space would never, never have enough gravity to push it together.

You, see, a star can only hold itself together after it is formed, not before. Only God can make a star. And how could the wonderful island universes—the galaxies of organized, orbiting stars—have been formed? And how do they stay together? On and on we could go.

The truth is that it is the God of heaven who made everything. There is no other answer to where everything came from. There really is no other way everything about you could be made. God loved you and me enough to make the stars and our world. He made the plants and animals, the sea and the sky, and us too. Thank God that He is a God of love. Thank Him that He did all this because He loved us so much.

Before we leave this subject for today, we must say that neither evolution or creation can be actually proved. Either way requires faith, so evolution is not a science, it is a faith. = ^ .. ^ =

## HISTORY

### The History of Mohammed: part 3

Mohammed's first important message was supposed to have been given to him one night in the year A.D. 610, as he was alone in the cave. According to a report, later written by his chief biographer, Muhammad ibn Ishaq, Mohammed said this was what happened:

“Whilst I was asleep, with a coverlet of silk brocade whereon was some writing, the angel Gabriel appeared to me and said, ‘Read!’ I said, ‘I do not read.’ He pressed me with the coverlets so tightly that me thought ’twas death. Then he let me go, and said, ‘Read!’ . . . So I read aloud, and he departed from me at last. And I awoke from my sleep, and it was as though these words were written on my heart. I went forth until, when I was midway on the mountain, I heard a voice from heaven saying, ‘O Mohammed! Thou art the messenger of Allah, and I am Gabriel!’ I raised my head toward heaven to see, and lo, Gabriel in the form of a man, with feet set evenly on the rim of the sky, saying, ‘O Mohammed! thou art the messenger of Allah, and I am Gabriel!’ “ (Koran, xcvi).

It is said that his wife, Khadija believed his vision as true, and after that he had many more. Often when they came, Mohammed went into convulsions and lay there heavy with sweat. If another person was there, they neither saw nor heard an angel. At times, Mohammed would hear a bell ringing; and he would be thrown to the ground, writhing, given a vision, or hear something. Afterward, he would state what was said to him and someone wrote it down. This is not at all like the Bible prophets, but more like the accounts of people in Jesus day who were possessed of devils.

Scholars say the *Koran*, containing those dictated messages, is an unintelligible book—if unconnected with its author's biography. Many incidents of his life assumed shape in some revelation. In his later years, for example, a convenient vision came whenever he decided he needed to add another wife to his collection. When he told the latest vision to his wives, they would accept the that Gabriel wanted him to take the one he had in mind. Joseph Smith, ‘prophet’ of the Mormons used to do the same trick, and the women would fall for it.

If the *Koran* was arranged in order it would make it the best biography of Mohammed's life.

But, instead, everything is arranged in a jumble—with the longest chapters first and the shortest last.

It was in A.D. 609, when Mohammed was forty years old, that he publicly announced his mission for the first time.

At the time that these visions began, Mohammed had lived for years in Mecca as a quiet, peaceful citizen; so when he began telling his visions to others, few paid any attention to them. With the passing of time, the Quraish—the ruling tribe—became disgusted with his tales.

During the first three years after announcing his mission, Mohammed had gained only fourteen disciples. By this time he was forty-three years old.

He opened his house to anyone who would come and listen to him, but few were interested. Commerce and trading were all that brought money into Mecca, and it seemed to be a waste of time listening to Mohammed's stories. This continued on for twelve years.

Mohammed was careful not to say that he had a new religion for the people. He said he was trying to bring the people back to the old-time religion of earlier years. This way he was allowed to continue speaking publicly in Mecca far longer than he otherwise could have.

Keep in mind that, besides Kaaba worshipers, there were Jews and Christians in Mecca and the surrounding towns. When speaking to Jews, Mohammed would pretend to support the Hebrew prophets. When talking with Christians, he said Christ was from God, and the Gospel was true. (Later, when he had power, Mohammed had a different message about Jews and Christians.) Mohammed took great care to please the Arabs—for he knew they could be very dangerous.

Mohammed's first convert was his aging wife, Khadija. His second was his cousin Ali. Mohammed had a feast and invited forty guests, then he announced himself to be Allah's prophet, and asked, “Who among you will be my vizier, to share with me the burden and the toils of this important mission, to become my brother, my vicar, and my ambassador?” (In Muslim countries, “vizier” means a high government official.)

Silence filled the room and, then, shouting, Ali rushed forward and said, “I will be your vizier, O Apostle! and obey your commands. Whoever dares to oppose you, I will tear out his eyes, dash out his teeth, break his legs, and rip open his body!”

Mohammed expressed delight to have such a helpful friend. No one else at the feast accepted him.

His third convert was his servant, Zaid, whom he had bought as a slave and set free. The fourth was his relative, Abu Bekr, an influential businessman among the Quraish. Abu Bekr brought five other Meccan leaders who also accepted Mohammed's messages. These six, known as his "six companions," would later write memoirs of Mohammed's life. Abu Bekr was the main one; for, on Mohammed's death, he became his successor. = ^ .. ^ =

## TRUE-STORY-TIME

### Room for Jesus

A tiny boy who had never heard about Jesus in Hawaii was brought by a friend to the children's Sabbath School.

He thoroughly enjoyed himself. He listened to the stories, shared in the songs and play, and became a leader in group activities.

Day after day he heard stories of Jesus—a new name to him—until finally he seemed to feel as if he knew Him. Then one day his teacher told him that when Jesus was here on earth He had no home.

"'Foxes have holes,' " she repeated, "'and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head.' Jesus had no place He could call His own."

The boy listened, and when she finished he came up to her quietly.

"Teacher," he said, "this Jesus-didn't He have any home?"

"No, sonny, not here."

"And you say He's coming back here again?"

"Yes, soon."

The boy's face brightened, and he said firmly, "Teacher, you tell Jesus when He comes again that we have plenty of room for Him at our house."

I hope each one of us have room for Jesus, both at our homes and especially in our hearts! = ^ .. ^ =

## STORY LESSON

### Healthy Muscles

If you are right-handed, usually you can lift more with the right hand than with the left. A carpenter swings his heavy hammer with his right arm, and that arm becomes slightly larger and stronger than his left. Exercise helps our muscles to grow large and strong, so that our bodies will be healthy and vigorous.

If a person kept one hand in his pocket all the

time and only used the other hand and arm, the idle arm would become small and weak, and the other would grow large and strong. Any part of the body that is not used, will after a time become weak. It is important that we get exercise every day, just as we eat and drink every day.

Some kinds of play, and almost all kinds of work, are good ways of getting exercise. A very good exercise for little boys and girls is running errands or doing chores about the house. Then when these are done, there is always plenty of running, swinging, and ball catching that can be done out of doors.

Most of our food goes to nourish our muscles. Some foods make us strong, while others do not. Plain foods, such as bread, vegetables, potatoes, and nuts, are good for the muscles; but rich cakes, candy, pop, and other things which are not food, such as mustard, pepper, and harmful spices, do not give us strength, and are not good for the bodies that God has given us.

We should not try lifting heavy weights, or doing things which are way too hard for us when we are small. Sometimes the muscles are permanently injured in this way.

Our clothing should not be so tight as to press hard upon any part of the body. This will cause the muscles in that part not to work as well. If the clothing is too tight around the waist, harm can be done. The lungs cannot expand properly, the stomach and liver are pressed out of shape, and the internal organs are crowded out of their proper places.

People can spoil their feet by wearing tight shoes. Their muscles cannot act right, and their feet grow out of shape. Years ago in China, it was the custom for rich ladies to have tiny feet. They would tie up the little girl babies' feet in tight cloths so that they could not grow. This was very painful and the little ones would cry and cry as their feet were squeezed out of shape. By the time the girl grew up her poor feet did not even look human. A woman who had such feet, found it so hard to walk that she had to be carried about much of the time. Do you not think it is very wrong and foolish to treat the feet so badly just for fashion?

When a drinking man drinks an alcoholic drink, it makes him feel strong; but when he tries to lift, or to do hard work, he cannot lift so much nor work so hard as he could without the liquor. Alcohol poisons the muscles and makes them weaker, his muscles become partly paralyzed, so that he cannot

walk steady or speak as clearly as before. His fingers are clumsy, and his movements uncertain. If he is an artist or a jeweller, he cannot do as fine work as when he is sober. When a man gets very drunk, sometimes he will "pass out," and he is for a time completely paralyzed, so that he cannot walk or move, and seems almost like a dead man.

If you had a good horse that had carried you a long way in a carriage, and you wanted to travel farther, but the horse was so tired that he kept stopping in the road, would you let him rest and give him some water to drink and some nice hay and oats to eat, or would you strike him hard with a whip to make him go faster? If you whip him, he would act as though he were not tired at all, but do you think the whip would make him strong the way rest and hay and oats would?

When a tired man takes alcohol, it acts like a whip; it makes every part of the body work faster and harder than it ought to work, and wastes the man's strength and makes him weaker, although for a little while his nerves are numb, so he does not know he is tired and ought to rest.

The evil effect of tobacco upon young people is so well known that laws have been made which do not allow alcohol or tobacco to be sold or given to people under a certain age. This shows us the harmful effects of these poisons on the body. When we use alcohol, tobacco, or any other hurtful drug, we rob our body of energy, and steal away the vigour we need, as we grow older.

Tea, cola drinks, and coffee, contain caffeine and also cause us health problems. A person who drinks tea, cola or coffee feels less tired for a while but he is more tired afterwards. These drinks are also whips, they really act in the same way as do other narcotics and stimulants. They make a person feel stronger than he really is, and thus use more strength than he can afford to do. Later he suffers for it.

When you grow up to be men and women, you will want to have strong muscles. So you must be careful not to give alcohol, tobacco, or caffeine drinks a chance to injure them. If you leave these things alone you will be sure to suffer no harm from them. Remember: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" 1 Corinthians 6:19. God has given us a wonderful house to live in. Let's take wise care of it. = ^ .. ^ =

## MISSION STORY

### Young John Fulton

Young Johnny Fulton was so inspired by his mother's accounts of the brave early missionaries to the cannibal islands that he decided while still a little fellow to someday follow in their footsteps. Johnny was just five years old when, on the suggestion of Mrs. Fulton's younger sister, the Fultons moved to California from Nova Scotia. It was quite a move. Johnny's auntie had become a Seventh-day Adventist and encouraged his family to join also. Eventually Mother said she was going to become a Seventh-day Adventist but Father was bitterly angry at such an idea and determined never to leave his own Presbyterian church.

Finally he went into the wilds of Oregon to build a home for his family and moved them out there when Johnny was nine years old. He wanted to get as far away from Adventists as possible. The country was beautiful with trees and mountains and sparkling salmon rivers, and although mother Fulton was sad to be so far from her Adventist friends, she knew it was good for her children to be away from the bad influences that had been starting to affect them in California. Every day they brought home some exciting story, perhaps of seeing a startled deer with its great antlers leap away from them like a streak. Without a doubt, it was a good place for a boy to grow up.

Mother Fulton hoped that father's hostility toward the truth would disappear. Often she would leave a magazine on a chair near the fireplace, hoping he might pick it up and read. But to show her that it was no use trying, he wouldn't even touch the paper with his hands, but would pick it up with the fire tongs and throw it into the fire. Mother Fulton remained sweet and patient through it all, but his harsh attitude, and the loneliness gnawed at her heart.

During the first winter in Oregon, little Ella came down with rheumatic fever. They were so far from the city, no doctor would come. Father had to be away all day plowing and John was away all day at school, so mother stayed at home alone and cared for her sick daughter. But she was not alone and friendless. God had promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Instinctively she reached for her Bible and found James 5, "Is any sick among you? . . . let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

“Ella!” called Mother Fulton, trying to suppress her excitement. “Just listen to these words in the Bible.” And she read the verses from James 5 aloud to her sick little daughter. “Ella dear, do you believe that Jesus could heal you if I anointed you with oil and prayed for you?”

“Yes, Mother, I do,” said Ella.

“Then let us do what Jesus tells us to do,” said Mother.

She took some oil and anointed Ella’s forehead and prayed. God honored their faith, and little Ella, who had been in bed for weeks, got right up and walked! She even went to meet her father as he came back from the field that evening. Father Fulton could not believe his eyes. God had performed a miracle for his little girl and for his good wife, and they were Adventists! Could she be right after all? He wondered.

One day soon after this, a new family moved into the wilds near them. When the neighbor’s wife arrived, Mother Fulton went over to see her. When she came home there was a curious smile on her face.

“Do you like the new neighbors?” father asked.

“I surely do,” mother replied with that curious smile.

“What makes you so happy about them?” asked father suspicious.

“Well, Father, I might as well tell you now, for you’ll find out sooner or later. They are Seventh-day Adventists.”

“To think—I couldn’t get away from them, even here!” father gasped.

The new neighbors were wonderful folks. Father couldn’t help liking them. They were just his kind of people, and they soon became fast friends. Later A.T. Jones held some meetings and father consented to take his family to them. But, he added, “you needn’t think I’m going to become an Adventist. I’ll never do that.”

Finally one day in 1879, while chopping wood, father threw down his ax, strode into the house, and with tears flowing down his cheeks, he said, “Mother, I can’t stand it any longer. I know it’s the truth. I can’t run away from it. I can’t fight it. I’m going to give in and become an Adventist too.” And he did.

One night when John was fourteen years old there was a terrible storm. The lightning flashed, thunder roared, and rain pelted down. Father Fulton got up about midnight and went to check on

the horses and cows in the barn. The flashes of lightning lighted up the whole mountainside and made a patch of giant fir trees that had been killed in a forest fire many years before, stand out like an army of ghosts, waving their naked arms menacingly toward him.

Suddenly there was a terrifying crack as a bolt of lightning struck one of those ghostlike giants. It crashed to the ground. The top of the tree was pinned to the ground by the branches, but the bottom part, a log sixty feet long and six feet thick, broke off and began rolling down the steep mountainside toward the house. There was no time for Father Fulton to warn mother, Ella, and John, who were in the house. Faster and faster rolled the log, breaking off the smaller trees and flattening shrubs and bushes in its way. The house lay directly in its path!

“O God save them!” cried Father Fulton. He closed his eyes in an effort to shut out the scene. His house would be crushed like matchwood and the lives of his loved ones snuffed out if God did not intervene! Then a miracle happened. As that log came thundering down, one end stuck momentarily in a large clump of green trees and turned it just enough to miss the house and it continued on its course of destruction, finally coming to rest in a hollow.

Trembling with emotion, Father Fulton rushed into the house and told his loved ones of their miraculous escape. Then while the storm raged outside they offered prayers of praise and thanksgiving to God for preserving their lives and property.

In the morning the storm was over and the family rose early. As they gazed wide-eyed at the track the log had left on the mountainside, veering just before it hit the house, goose pimples came out all over them. For a moment no one could speak, then father said, “God must love us.”

“Yes,” agreed mother, “He must have a work for each of us to do.”

“Mother,” said John with awe in his voice, “could it be that God wants me to be a worker for Him? And that’s why He saved my life? Maybe a missionary to Erromanga?”

“Who can tell where it will be, my son?”

“Then, Mother, I must go to Healdsburg College just as soon as I am old enough.” And from that day there was a new determination seen in everything John did. = ^ .. ^ =



**Year 2: 2nd Quarter:**  
**“FAVOURITE BIBLE STORIES”**  
**WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 4:**  
**“BALAAM’S DONKEY”**

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: “How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the LORD hath not defied?” Numbers 23:8**

**Sunday**

**Text: Numbers 22:3,4 “And Moab was sore afraid of the people, because they were many: and Moab was distressed because of the children of Israel. And Moab said unto the elders of Midian, Now shall this company lick up all that are round about us, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field. And Balak the son of Zippor was king of the Moabites at that time.”**

Israel was camped on the borders of the promise land. Already they had begun to conquer some of the heathen nations and some of the mighty kings had been destroyed. But our dear Father in heaven is very kind, He told Israel that they were not to bother certain people because God wanted them to have some more time, hoping that they would learn of Him and stop their cruel, heathen practices.

Moab was one of these nations God had told them to leave alone. The Moabites were descendants of Lot and lived in the land of Ar. Now the Israelites were not bothering Moab at all, but Balak, their king, heard they were nearby, and how

they had destroyed wicked nations already, and he was afraid. He also talked to the Midianites who were close by, he said that they would eat Moab and Midian up like a cow eats grass.

What could he do? Then he got an idea—he would send for Balaam, who was a magician and thought to be a prophet of God. He would pay him lots of money and get him to put a curse on Israel and then, he thought, Moab and Midian would be able to destroy Israel! He believed in magic and not the true God of heaven. So they sent messengers to the land of Mesopotamia where Balaam lived to ask him to come and curse Israel.

**Thought** - Balak was worrying about something that wouldn't even have happened.

**Monday**

**Text: Numbers 22:5,6 “He sent messengers therefore unto Balaam the son of Beor to Pethor, which is by the river of the land of the children of his people, to call him, saying, Behold, there is a people come out from Egypt: behold, they cover the face of the earth, and they abide over against me: Come now therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me: peradventure I shall prevail, that we may smite them, and that I may drive them out of the land: for I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed.”**

Off the messengers went on their long journey to the home of Balaam. They carried rich gifts for the prophet and even richer promises if he would come and do what Balak wanted.

Now Balaam had once been a true prophet of God, but he had turned to magic and sorcery. He was greedy and covetous, but he still claimed to be a prophet of God. When the messengers came to flatter him and ask him to curse Israel, he knew this was not right and he should just refuse. But he wanted the money and the honour, so he tried to do what many people today are trying to do—serve God and yet serve the world also for money and honour. Instead of sending the messengers away, he asked them to stay for the night and he would ‘pray about it’.

That night the angel of God told him “Thou shalt not go with them; thou shalt not curse the people: for they are blessed.”

Now when he got up the next morning he sent them away “Get you into your land: for the Lord

refuseth to give me leave to go with you.”

The messengers returned to Balak they did not tell the king that God had told Balaam not to come. He thought Balaam just wanted more money, so what did he do but send them back again with even greater promises of money and fame. He sent the message for Balaam to let nothing stop him from coming to do this job.

Balaam wanted so much to go with the men, he knew it was wrong, but he told them again he would ‘pray about it’. He had no business to pray about it when God had already told Him ‘No!’

The angel came again and told him “If the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them; but yet the word which I shall say unto thee, that shalt thou do.” God told him this because Balaam was determined to have his own way.

But when he got up in the morning the messengers had already left. Now this was another signal to him. They had not called him but had just left. God had even removed the temptation. Would Balaam stop now and obey God?

**Thought** - You may have noticed that people today often say they will ‘pray about it’, when they really know what God wants them to do already. It is wrong to ‘pray’ and ask God about what we already know God wants us to do. There is a time to pray and a time to obey!

## Tuesday

**Text: Numbers 22:21,22 “And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, (donkey) and went with the princes of Moab. And God’s anger was kindled because he went: and the angel of the LORD stood in the way for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass, and his two servants were with him.”**

Balaam was determined to go with the messengers no matter what God said, so he saddled his donkey and headed down the road after them. He was urging his poor little donkey to go as fast as she could, to catch up with the messengers from Balak.

But “the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him.”

And the donkey saw the angel of the LORD standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and she turned out of the way, and went into the field. Balaam beat the donkey, and made her get back on the road.

The second time the donkey saw the angel she

swerved against a wall and Balaam’s foot was crushed against the wall. He was really angry now and beat his poor donkey again and kept going. He was so blind with rage and greed that the donkey was a better prophet than he was—she could see the angel!

Then the poor beast saw the angel again in a narrow place—right in front of her and she could not turn, so she fell right down trembling with terror. Balaam was furious. He wanted to kill his poor little donkey and began to beat her cruelly.

Then God allowed the donkey to speak with a human voice! She said, “What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?”

Now this is really amazing, Balaam was so blind with anger at not getting his own way that he answered the donkey back and never realized that something was very strange here. “I wish I had a sword,” he shrieked, “And I would kill you!”

Here was a ‘great prophet’, and a magician, going off to say words which were supposed to hurt or destroy a whole nation of people, and yet he didn’t even have the power to kill his own donkey! So much for the claims of magic!

The donkey replied, “Am not I your donkey, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? was I ever wont to do so unto thee?” Balaam stopped for a minute, “Nay”, he answered and then he saw it! An angel with a drawn sword right in front of him! Now he fell to the ground on his face!

“Why are you beating your poor donkey?” the angel demanded, “I came out to stop you because your way is displeasing to me. I would have killed you, if your donkey had not turned aside, and saved her alive. She saved your life!”

Now Balaam tried to make an excuse, and offered to go right back home. But the angel said he could go with the men, but he would only be able to speak the words God wanted spoken.

**Thought** - How stupid, anger and greed make a person to be; Balaam didn’t even notice he was arguing with his donkey!

## Wednesday

**Text: Proverbs 12:10 “A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.”**

Balaam showed the kind of spirit that controlled him, by his treatment of his donkey. “A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.”

Proverbs 12:10. Few realize as they should the sinfulness of abusing animals or leaving them to suffer from neglect. Our Creator made the animals also, and He cares about them, "His tender mercies are over all His works." Psalm 145:9. The animals were created to serve man, but we have no right to cause them pain by harsh treatment, neglect or cruelty.

It is because of man's sin that suffering was brought into the world. Suffering and death came, not only upon the human race, but upon the animals. Because of this, we should seek to lighten, instead of increasing, the weight of suffering which our sin has brought upon God's creatures. He who will abuse animals because he has them in his power is both a coward and a tyrant. A character that likes to cause pain, whether to our fellow men or to the animals, is satanic.

Many think nobody knows about their cruelty and it will never be known, because the poor dumb animals cannot reveal it. But could the eyes of these men be opened, as were those of Balaam, they would see an angel of God standing as a witness, to testify against them in the courts above. A record goes up to heaven, and a day is coming when judgment will be pronounced against those who abuse God's creatures.

The tendency, even among Christians it seems, is to say, "Oh, It's only an animal, it's only a bird, it doesn't really matter." But God sees the little sparrow fall, and He also sees the one who threw the stone that felled it! All such deeds are written down by the angels and the holy watchers in the books of record. When tempted to be cruel, remember, "God seeth me!"

**Thought** - Always do what you can to prevent people from being cruel to God's creatures, do not agree with those who excuse cruelty, and never go along with those who love to cause pain and torment other creatures.

### Thursday

**Text: Numbers 23:10-12** "Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! And Balak said unto Balaam, What hast thou done unto me? I took thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast blessed them altogether. And he answered and said, Must I not take heed to speak that which the LORD hath put in my mouth?"

When Balaam arrived at Balak's kingdom the king had come out to meet him. But Balaam sadly said, "I can't say what I want to, I can only say what God tells me to say." He knew the restraining hand of God was on him and he wasn't very happy about it.

Balak took him up to the high place in the mountains where Baal was worshipped and there he could see all the tents of Israel in the valley below; all neat and orderly, with the pillar of cloud there in the middle over the sanctuary. It was beautiful.

Balaam knew something about the sacrifices of the sanctuary and he thought if he had the king offer a real big sacrifice, the God of Heaven might decide to be on Moab's side. In this idea, he had become like the idol worshippers, who thought their sacrifices were gifts from them to their gods. His wicked and selfish choices had made him stupid.

He had them set up 7 altars and offer sacrifices on each, and then he prayed and stood up to say what God told him to say and he pronounced a blessing instead of a curse. Three times it happened and each time all Balaam could do was bless Israel.

Balak was furious at Balaam and told him to get out of his land. Balaam left disappointed but not before God had once again spoken through him to bless Israel and pronounce a wonderful prophecy. Then he went home like a whipped dog.

**Thought** - If Balaam would have listen to what God spoke through his own mouth at that time and repented and turned from idolaters and worshipped God, all would have been well with him, but he was too greedy and proud to admit he was wrong.

### Friday

**Text: Numbers 23:20, 21** "Behold, I have received commandment to bless: and he hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it. He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel: the LORD his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them."

If only Balaam would have repented and obeyed God, but even after this, when he got home, he was still determined somehow to get honour and riches by harming Israel. The Spirit of God left him and Satan controlled his mind.

He knew if he could get Israel into sin then they would lose God's blessing. So he thought up a

wicked scheme. He went back to Moab and told them to hold a big feast to their idol gods and send beautiful Midianite women into the camp of Israel to invite them to come to the party. Balaam even joined in to invite them, and because he was known as a 'prophet of God' many decided it was OK to follow his idea.

The camp of Israel was quiet at this time as Moses and the leaders were making the plans for the battle to take the rest of the land of Canaan. The people were at this time supposed to be praying and searching their hearts to get rid of all sin, so God could really bless them, but instead, some became 'bored'. Also, they thought they needed to be friends with the other nations or how could they 'win them to the worship of God?'

When the pretty girls arrived and started to invite them to come and see the feasts and join in the holiday cheer, some began to go along with it. The music was exciting and they got caught up in the beat. The dances hypnotized their minds and

before long many in Israel had actually joined the Midianites and Moabites in their idol worship and did many things that were evil in the sight of the Lord. At these feasts the people were seduced by these wicked but beautiful women and they committed adultery with them as well as joined in the idol worship, and drunken festivities

God had no choice but to punish Israel and a terrible plague broke out and thousands of people died of sickness. God also commanded the magistrates of Israel to put to death the leaders in this terrible sin that Israel had committed.

But the Midianites were also punished by the order of God. Israel made war against them and in the war, Balaam the wicked 'prophet', who was not as wise before God as his own donkey, was killed.

**Thought** - Balaam was like Judas; they both wanted to use their connection with God as a step to getting rich and famous; and they both lost their souls! = ^ .. ^ =

