

# TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

## TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 2 - 3rd Quarter - Issue #1

### HISTORY

#### God was Ready the Day the Banks Closed

Elder Williams would never forget the events of Thursday, March 2, to Sabbath, March 4, 1933. We should never forget them either.

A thousand dollars is a lot of money to keep in a small safe. Yet W. H. Williams, undertreasurer of the General Conference, asked his secretary to place ten \$100 bills in an envelope, date it, mark the amount, and put the envelope into the office safe. In subsequent weeks the secretary stuffed, dated, and marked other envelopes, also storing them in the safe.

It was 1933 a time of depression. Funds were scarce, and many people were going hungry, a general feeling of concern prevailed. The drawing of cash from the bank and then storing it in the office safe was not the only strange thing that the secretary had noticed Elder Williams doing lately. He had recently written letters to the overseas divisions, urging them to send in their budget requests for the next Annual Council. This was far in advance of the usual schedule. Why all the rush?

Then Elder Williams asked Mr. Rogers to drive him to the Union Station in downtown Washington, so that he could take the midnight train to New York City. Why did he need to go to New York City that night? Mr. Rogers wondered, but asked no questions.

A few days later, Elder Williams told a story that made a lasting impression on everyone present. Here it is as told in his own words:

It was closing time on March 2. People were

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rushing home from work while I sat alone in my office enjoying the quiet hush after a busy day. Because my wife was not at home, there was no need for me to hurry to an empty house. "I will go home and go to bed early," I mused to myself.

Just then, there was a pressure on my shoulder, and a clear voice commanded, "Go to New York City tonight."

I sat up and braced myself in my chair. Then I bowed my head and prayed, "Lord, I have no authority to transact business in New York City at this time. What am I to do when I get there?"

The pressure continued: Go!

I was tired. I dreaded a late-night trip to Union Station by streetcar. Had Chester Rogers gone yet? Stepping outside my office, I met my faithful secretary.

"Chester, will you take me to the train tonight?" I asked. To this he agreed without question.

Early the next morning I arrived in New York City. I prayed that the Lord would keep me from improper transactions that day. Why was I there, anyway? As the morning advanced, the answer came clearly: "Go to the two banks and send the mission money to each division." But this was too early in the month, I reasoned with the

Lord. However, there seemed to be no alternative.

When the banks opened that Friday morning, I found myself at the first bank, facing the teller who normally handled our mission transactions. He knew our schedule. Would he straighten me out? I wondered. But the teller did not raise so much as an eyebrow at seeing me that day at such an early hour.

When I told him that I wished to send the mission funds to the usual places, he replied, "Yes, Mr. Williams, I'll be happy to care for that."

After checking to be sure he had the correct addresses, I gave him a list of the various amounts to send to each division. As I did so I found myself saying, "In fact, I'd like to send three times our regular amount in each case, please."

With a telescopic view my mind's eye could see the figures of our accounts. Yes, We had enough in the bank to cover three months' appropriations for each place, but it certainly would leave little in reserve!

The teller indicated that he would carry out my wishes. After turning away from the window, I stepped back again. "You'll be sure to attend to this at once, please?" I urged.

"Yes, of course, Mr. Williams, it will be the next thing I do," replied the teller.

When I had gone there that morning I had been trembling so much that I could scarcely walk. But, inside the bank, all my quaking and fears had vanished. Out on the street the shaking returned. How could I ever explain to the General Conference officers what I had just done without their authorization?

Again I felt the pressure on my shoulder and heard more words: "Go to the other bank and send those funds now." The voice sounded as though there was no time to lose!

Again I followed the instruction. At the second bank I again met a cordial reception and I transferred the mission funds in exactly the same manner I had at the first bank, not forgetting to caution the teller that the money should be cabled at once, and receiving the same assurance I had at the first bank.

Then the next stop became clear to me: I must cable the divisions and say, "Conserve funds. Letter follows." Having attended to this, I suddenly realized that I was completely exhausted.

It was a relief to think that now I could take the train back to Washington and the streetcar back to Takoma Park. I would arrive in mid-afternoon, and the General Conference offices would be closed. However, there would be many Seventh-day Adventists scurrying here and there on the streets, preparing for the Sabbath. I preferred not to meet anyone.

Since the streetcar line ends in front of a shopping area, I wondered if anyone would tell me that he had needed me in the office that morning. In weariness and apprehension I prayed, "Lord, let me get home alone. Don't let me be obliged to talk with anyone when I get back. Please help me!"

I must have dozed a bit. All at once I realized that we were being switched onto a siding. Soon the conductor explained that there had been a wreck ahead, and it would be some time before the track was cleared. When finally I arrived at Union Station in downtown Washington and then made my way to Takoma Park by streetcar, it was already dark.

The streets were deserted. I walked the few blocks to my home on Carroll Avenue without meeting a person I knew. Soon I was in bed, after praying that the Lord would grant me a good night's rest and would prevent my awakening on the Sabbath with my mind in a turmoil over the past day's activities.

The Lord granted my request, for I slept soundly. In fact, Sabbath was well along before I awakened to find the sun shining across my bed. It was March 4, 1933, and it was the day a new United States president was to be inaugurated—Franklin D. Roosevelt. For a moment I lay there. How good it was to relax!

Then, through my open window came the raucous voice of a newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Banks closed! Extra! Extra! Banks closed nationwide!" I sprang from my bed. In my pajamas I rushed to the door for a newspaper. I had to know what had happened! And there it was—a two-inch-high black headline proclaiming: "Banks Closed Nationwide!" As I began to realize what this meant, tears came to my eyes, making it difficult for me to read.

I was humbled to realize that the Lord had used me to save most of our mission funds. I spent the rest of the Sabbath alone with God, praising the Lord. I prayed that He would always keep me humble in His service.

Immediately after sundown my telephone rang sharply. It was Elder J.L. Shaw, our General Conference Treasurer. He was calling a meeting of the Treasury personnel immediately in his office. "You have heard the news," he said. "What will we do to support our missionaries?" Then he hung up before I could answer.

I noticed that, as the treasurers entered Elder Shaw's office, everyone was tense and all were talking in subdued tones. All were especially concerned for our overseas workers. "With the banks closed there will be no funds to support the missionaries in the field, neither will there be money with which to bring them home," Elder Shaw explained to us.

At that point I requested permission to speak. I quietly related to them my story.

We had a prayer season that evening instead of a business meeting. Instead of agonized prayers for help, there were prayers of praise and gratitude for God's wonderful guidance. Nor did we forget to beseech Him to keep us humble in the future. Oh that He might always lead us as He had in this instance, we prayed.

As we rose from our knees someone remarked that we had been so concerned for our overseas missionaries that we had given no thought to the need of our workers at headquarters. How would we provide for them? How long would the banks be closed? Then I remembered the \$1,000 items in the little safe in my office. Quickly we counted the envelopes. With care there would be enough cash with which to meet our payroll for the next three months—the same length of time for which we had sent funds the day before to the overseas divisions.

When Elder Williams sat down that morning on which he shared this experience, it was evident that the congregation had been deeply moved.

Thousands of small banks, indeed, went permanently out of business on March 4, 1933. Many large banks did not open again until after a panic-filled period had passed—a period of three months. During that time it was not possible to send funds out of the United States.

During that time the Seventh-day Adventist Mission Board did not recall one missionary. Neither did the General Conference find it necessary to borrow funds in order to carry on its work, and the payroll for the General Conference was met on schedule, during the time the

banks were closed, from the dated and marked envelopes in the little safe in Elder Williams' office. = ^ .. ^ =

## STORY LESSON

### THE CAKE

Mike came barging into the kitchen where Grandma was working, dropped his back-pack in a corner and flopped into a chair. "What's up, Mike?" asked Grandma.

"Oh Grandma, everything seems to be going wrong! I can't understand it. There's this teacher at school, and he always seems to be picking on me, I don't know why. Then my best friend Jack, well he's moving away next month, and I'll probably never see him again. And you know how much I wanted to run in the school marathon? Well, my bad leg is acting up and the doctor says I can't run after all. And Mom and Dad, well they promised me a bike for my birthday, and now last night they told me that I won't be getting it. Something about Dad loosing one of his business accounts or something."

"Well Mike, it sure seems like you are having many trials", grandma replied.

"Yah, and that's not the half of it!" Mike went on, "But what I don't understand is, I pray to God every morning. I ask Him to take charge of my life and lead me and teach me as He sees best, and still all these bad things are happening! Doesn't God hear my prayers?"

Grandma went on for a while mixing away at the cake she was baking, then asked with a twinkle in her eye, "Well Mike, how would you like a snack?"

"Hey, I wouldn't mind at all!" Mike said eagerly.

Grandma pushed a bottle towards him, "Here have some nice cooking oil", she invited.

"Yuck" says the boy.

"Well then, How about a couple raw eggs?"

"Gross, Grandma!"

"Would you like a bowl of flour then? Or here's a teaspoon of baking powder?"

"Grandma, that's all yucky!" Mike replied disappointed.

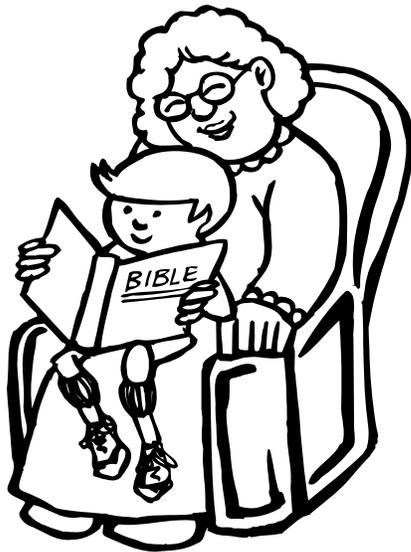
"Yes, Mike, all those things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious cake! God works the same way. Many times we wonder why He would let us go through such

bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!”

“Do you really think He’s doing that for me?” the boy asked uncertainly.

“I know he is”, Grandma said as she poured the cake mixture into the baking pans, “ He promised in Romans 8:28 “And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” Our Heavenly Father will never break His promises. Notice that it doesn’t say that all things will seem good to us at the time, but that they will all work together for good in the end. Come over after supper, and taste what a yummy cake these yucky things can make.”

“Sure will, Grandma, and thanks!” Mike looked more cheerful as he gathered up his books to head for home. = ^ .. ^ =



### TRUE-STORY-TIME

#### Our Father’s Book by Nicholas

When I was young, my parents had bought me a bike for my birthday. I had never been on a bike in my life, nor have I ever seen such a beautiful sight in all my limited days. This bike was HUGE, the bike of bikes! It had the biggest bell, it was the reddest red, it had the bestest, shiniest fenders, it also had the fattest balloon tires I ever saw! Even at this age I knew those fat tires were a bit much! I mean c’mon, I’m living in Smalltown Suburbia USA, not Baha Mexico. And what’s with these streamers?! Look-

ing back, I must have been a comical sight on that massive bike. I was all of 57 lbs soaking wet in full combat gear! I probably looked like a pipe cleaner on a full dress Harley.

Regardless, I couldn’t wait to get that bike outside! It appeared as well that neither could my brothers and sisters. You see... I come from of a very large family, and there was a line forming at the door of eager professionals that wanted to teach me all the pro’s and con’s of the fine art of bicycle riding. Well, needless to say, all’s that transpired was a brood of cries proclaiming, “It’s my turn to teach him... No, it’s my turn!!” Soon I found myself watching everyone else teach me “how easy it was” to ride a bike without once getting close enough for even my expectant panting to warm the seat of my “not so new anymore” bike. It wasn’t until my father arrived, to stop what was now developing into a block wide children’s convention of hopeful bikers, before I ever got on my bike!

My time had arrived! My father helped me up on the seat. He spoke to me briefly about the importance of balance. Then he started to walk me down the sidewalk. Then, BAM!! The man let go. As I was coming to I heard the sounds of laughter. This confirmed I was still among the living, as I was still within earshot of concerned loved ones, hence, the laughter. So I raised my bony body to it’s feet, and got back on my bike.

Well, after about ten or fifteen falls I was able to keep the bike mostly upright without the extra help of my father. I was even getting better at avoiding Mrs. McCarthy’s cat. Ya know...it wasn’t until the 7th or 8th fatal accident with her cat that it finally realized it wasn’t the dinner bell I was ringing on them handlebars. As time went on, I became pretty good at riding my bike. I even learned how to fix my bike when it got a flat, or threw a bearing. My father was always there to show me the way to do it right. In no time at all I became so good with bikes that I was able to take them apart and reassemble them within minutes.

I could now go anywhere I wanted on my fat-tire bike. By the way, those balloon tires were actually a blessing in disguise. Did you ever try to hand pump those skinny tires? My arms were about the size of broom handles back then. There was no way I was able to pump 60 or 80 lbs of pressure with my brittle biceps. Besides, you feel every pebble God has placed on the

planet when you ride one of those skinny tire bikes. No Thanks! I'll stick with my nice smo-o-o-oth fat tire cruiser. This was all thanks to my father, because he knew in advance what type of bike was best for his child.

This brings to mind another story where a Father told His children how to do something. However this story is no laughing matter. He was actually so concerned with making sure that they wouldn't forget His instructions that He wrote them all down in a book.

Such a loving Father He must be you would say. Yet, some of His children never even bothered to read their Father's book. They just trusted others to read the book for them and explain what it said. But the people they chose to read their Fathers book were not His children, nor did they love the Father. These readers didn't even love the children! They would read the book and then tell the children things the Father said, even when the Father didn't say it..."and divining lies unto them, saying, Thus saith the Lord GOD, when the LORD hath not spoken." [Ezekiel 22:28]

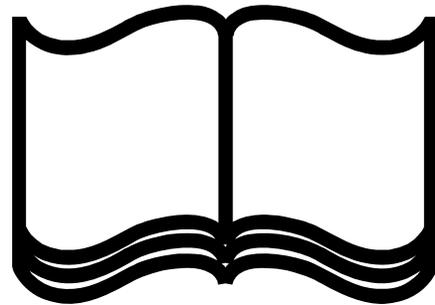
These false readers and their followers are soon to experience an immense wrath of such proportions from the Father that it can only be described as nightmarish judgments encased in flames. Nevertheless, The Father is merciful toward His children who are under the false influence of these readers, in that He is giving them one last plea today, "saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." [Revelation 18:4]

The list is absolutely endless of the amount of, "false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravaging wolves." [Matthew 7:15] These "false prophets" appear to be so loving and kind that the children never suspect that they would ever be harmed by them. "For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock." [Acts 20:29]

Today's world is saturated with one child after another being lied to in ways that they are so plainly warned about in their Fathers book that it seems so senseless that they won't even read it for themselves. Their Father even warns them that He will severely punish them for not reading His book. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected

knowledge, I will also reject thee, ... seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children." [Hosea 4:6]

I Urge you— read our Heavenly Father's Book! Read it for yourself! Know it for yourself! = ^ .. ^ =



## WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

Year 2: 3rd Quarter:

**"THE AMAZING EXODUS"**

### WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 1: "BABY MOSES"

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: "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season..." Hebrews 11:24, 25**

#### Sunday

**Text: Genesis 15: 13, 14 "And he said unto Abram, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; And also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge: and afterward shall they come out with great substance."**

Many, many years had passed since God had given this prophecy to Abraham, the father of the children of Israel. You will remember how

Jacob, to whom God gave the name of Israel, had moved into Egypt at the time of the great famine, when Joseph was used by God to save the lives of many people including all his family.

They had been given the land of Goshen in Egypt and lived there and had many babies and grew in number until they were a large nation living in Egypt. The Pharaoh at the time of Joseph was very thankful to the God of heaven for Joseph and his work in the country of Egypt. Because of Joseph's wise planning under the guidance of the true God in Heaven, Egypt had become a very rich and well-off nation. Remember that all the peoples around it had to come to buy food from Egypt and thus they heard the story of the one true God of Heaven and they also brought a lot of riches to Egypt.

Joseph knew about the prophecy God had given to Abraham and so when he was old and dying, he made his family promise they would take his mummified body with them when they left.

For many years Israel lived there in Egypt and did very well there because the Egyptian knew that the God of Israel, through Joseph had saved their lives. But finally there came a wicked and proud King to the throne of Pharaoh, and he wanted to control everything and everybody!

The Bible says it this way: "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph. And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." Exodus 1:8-10

Now it wasn't so much that this Pharaoh hadn't heard the story of Joseph and the great famine, he had probably learned it from childhood, but he didn't want to admit that there was any God higher than himself. The Egyptians worshipped Pharaoh as the son of the sun god. He knew that the Israelites worshipped the God of heaven and were very different in their ways than the Egyptians, so he got to thinking that if there were a war, maybe the Israelites would fight against Egypt and leave the country with

all their valuables.

Satan gave Pharaoh a cruel plan and he ordered that all the Israelites were to be slaves and he made them to work under cruel slave-drivers who beat them if they did not get enough done for Pharaoh. It was the Israelite slaves that built most of the great wonders of Egypt.

**Thought** - When things were easy for God's people, many forgot God and if He had told them to leave Egypt— they probably would not want to bother. But now as things became very hard, they began to cry to God for help.

### Monday

**Text: Exodus 1:15-17** "And the king of Egypt spake to the Hebrew midwives, of which the name of the one was Shiprah, and the name of the other Puah: And he said, When ye do the office of a midwife to the Hebrew women, and see them upon the stools; if it be a son, then ye shall kill him: but if it be a daughter, then she shall live. But the midwives feared God, and did not as the king of Egypt commanded them, but saved the men children alive."

It seemed no matter what the Egyptians did to the Israelites, that still God blessed them and they multiplied and grew stronger. So he then ordered the nurses that delivered the babies to kill all the boy babies. He hoped then there would eventually be no more Israelites who might fight against him.

But the midwives believed in God and they knew it was a terrible sin to kill the baby boys, so they made up an excuse and refused to do it. Then Pharaoh made a law that anyone who saw an Israelite boy baby was to throw him into the river as an offering to the gods. The Egyptians worshipped the river Nile.

Now I don't know for sure if Pharaoh knew about the prophecy that God was going to send help to the Israelites, but I do know that Satan did, and so this plan to kill all the boy babies was to try and prevent God's Word from coming true, just like Herod tried to kill baby Jesus centuries later.

But God has a thousand ways to see to it that His Word never fails. You would think that Satan would learn that and quit, but pride and wickedness also make one crazy and very fool-

ish, so he keeps on fighting against God and trying to destroy his people.

During this terrible time a lovely baby boy was born to Amram and Jochebed of the tribe of Levi. There was something extra special about this baby that made his parents determine to keep him from being killed. Of course every baby is special, but this man and wife somehow thought that this was going to be the promised one, who would deliver Israel from the cruel slavery.

The Bible says: "When she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months." By this time the little fellow was such a size that his loud cries could be heard and they were all afraid he would be found and thrown into the river. What were they to do?

**Thought** - When things seem impossible to us that is when God will show us that nothing is impossible to Him!

## Tuesday

**Text: Exodus 2:3,4 "And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him."**

The loving mother wove a basket boat for her precious baby and carefully made it all waterproof so it would float, then she put warm cloths in there and wrapped up the baby and put him inside. Then she closed the lid of the basket so the baby could not fall out or be seen. Secretly she went and hid the basket in the bulrushes and cattails at the side of the river.

They all prayed to God to protect their dear baby boy, and Miriam the sister of the baby watched to see what would happen. The gentle movement of the water rocked the baby to sleep and everything was still by the riverside.

All at once Miriam hears happy voices; someone is coming! It was the princess, the daughter of Pharaoh, coming down to the river with her maids to have her bath in the sacred river. Miriam must have been terrified! I am sure she probably prayed that the Princess would not see the basket-boat.

But God had other plans and sure enough the Princess DID see the basket. What could it

be? She wondered. Quickly she told her maids to bring the basket to her. I am sure Miriam's heart was beating hard as she saw the Princess open up the basket-boat. The baby looked up expecting to see mother Jochebed, but instead he saw the face of the Princess, a stranger to him, so he started to cry with all his might.

Now the Princess was not hard and cruel like her father, and I am also sure that God touched her heart to feel sorry for the poor little water-baby. She knew it was a Hebrew baby, but she decided to adopt it and raise it for her own son. This meant that one day, it would be Pharaoh of Egypt, as this Princess had no brothers.

Miriam was quick thinking, and as she saw her chance, she courteously approached the Princess and asked her if she would like a slave to nurse the baby for her. The princess said yes, and Miriam raced off to find her mother!

**Thought** - God has such amazing ways of answering our prayers!

## Wednesday

**Text: Exodus 2:9 "And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it."**

Now see what a wonderful thing had happened! Now mother Jochebed and father Amram and big sister Miriam and older brother Aaron had such a prayer-meeting, thanking the wonderful God of heaven for His goodness to them. Here they not only had the baby back, but were being paid by the Princess to nurse him and care for him.

Verse 10 "And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water."

Jochebed was very careful that as soon as Moses was old enough to learn anything, she taught him all about the wonderful God of heaven. She also taught him that she believed he was going to be the one who would deliver the Israelites from Egypt.

She also taught him to work hard, have good manners, and to always obey the God of Heaven. Over and over she told him the wonderful story of how God had saved his life and that one day

soon, he would go to the palace to be the son of the Princess.

Moses stayed with his family until he was about 12 years old. Then one day the chariot came from the royal palace and he said goodbye to his real family and went to be the son of the Princess.

**Thought** - It is important for children to learn all about the True God when they are very young. Every mother and father should teach them carefully so that if they are separated from home, they will know their Heavenly Father.

### Thursday

**Text: Acts 7:22** “**And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds.**”

Now Moses found himself being taught all the wisdom and knowledge of the Egyptians, but he always refused to worship the gods of the Egyptians, no matter how hard they tried to get him to do it. The Pharaoh of Egypt also had to be a priest of their pagan worship, but Moses refused to accept this title.

He learned about leading an army and fighting in war. He learned about law and history of Egypt and all kinds of things because he was being trained to be the next king of Egypt.

Moses always refused to become an Egyptian in habits and religion, but other than that he was obedient and good to his adopted mother. When he was grown up, more and more he remembered the teaching of his real mother, that he was to be the one to rescue the Hebrews from slavery. As our memory verse says, he decided he would rather suffer with the people of God than to be rich and live in pleasure at the palace.

He felt he could certainly find a way to do God's work, and so he began to watch for a chance to get the Hebrews to know he was ready to fight for them. One day he saw a cruel taskmaster beating a poor Hebrew man half to death. He jumped out of his chariot and struck the Egyptian so hard that he died. He didn't see anyone around and the Hebrew had run away, so he buried the body in the sand.

But the next day when he rode out, he saw two Hebrews fighting with each other, and he stopped to tell them they should be kind to one another. Verse 14; “And he said, Who made thee

a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely this thing is known.”

**Thought** - Even though angels had told the Hebrews that Moses was going to be the one God would use to free them, they were not interested in what Moses had to say to them.

### Friday

**Text: Exodus 2:15** “**Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well.**”

It seemed to Moses that everything had gone bad for him. He had hoped to be able to help his people but now he did not even dare return to Egypt.

Angels had also instructed Moses that Jehovah had chosen him to break the bondage of His people. He had remained true to God in the Egyptian court, refusing to indulge in the sinful pleasures that surrounded him. He thought that the Hebrews were to obtain their freedom by force of arms, and expected to lead the Hebrew host against the armies of Egypt. Moses was well qualified to do this as he was skilled in battle and highly trained, but this was not God's way of doing things.

Now as Moses fled into the wilderness, no doubt he felt very bad that he had failed God. He was forty years old now, and had been able to do nothing to help the enslaved Israelites; now it seemed hopeless.

But God was taking him to study in a higher school, there to learn the ways of God, and to unlearn a lot of things he had learned in Egypt.

He was guided to Midian where he met Jethro, who was also a worshipper of the true God of Heaven. He married one of his daughters and stayed there working as a humble shepherd for forty years.

“In slaying the Egyptian, Moses had fallen into the same error so often committed by his fathers, of taking into their own hands the work that God had promised to do. It was not God's will to deliver His people by warfare, as Moses thought, but by His own mighty power, that the glory might be ascribed to Him alone.

“In the school of self-denial and hardship

he was to learn patience, to temper his passions. Before he could govern wisely, he must be trained to obey. His own heart must be fully in harmony with God before he could teach the knowledge of His will to Israel. By his own experience he must be prepared to exercise a fa-

therly care over all who needed his help.” Patriarchs and Prophets Pg.- 247

**Thought** - People tend to be in a hurry to do things their own way, but God has better ways. Here in the wilderness, caring for the sheep was where Moses learned his greatest lessons.  
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