

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 2 - 3rd Quarter - Issue #9



CREATION CORNER

Tsunami throws together odd pair (a news item) Mzee and Owen have become firm friends despite the age gap; **A baby hippo rescued shortly after last week's tsunami has befriended a 100-year-old tortoise in Kenya.** The one year old hippo calf christened Owen was found alone and dehydrated by wildlife rangers near the Indian Ocean. He was placed in an enclosure at a wildlife sanctuary in the coastal city of Mombasa and befriended a male tortoise of a similar colour.

"They sleep together, eat together and have become inseparable," a park official told the BBC. "Since Owen arrived on the 27 December the tortoise behaves like a mother to it," Haller Park tourism manager Pauline Kimoti told the BBC News Website. "The hippo follows the tortoise around and licks his face," she said.

The tortoise is named Mzee, which is Swahili for old man. Ms Kimoti said that if the 300 kg hippo continued to thrive then in the next few weeks then they would allow the public to see the unlikely pair together before they are separated. The sanctuary, which is on the site of a former cement factory, then plans to get the help of the Kenya Wildlife

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WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

Service to place Owen with Cleo, a lonely female hippo in a separate enclosure.

This is the latest in a series of unusual bondings in the wild that have surprised and delighted zoologists in Kenya. In 2002, a lioness at Samburu National Park adopted a succession of baby oryx.



**"No sparrow falls without His care,
No soul bows low but Jesus knows;
For He is with us everywhere,
And marks each bitter tear that flows.
And He will never, never, never
Forsake the soul that trusts Him ever."**

TRUE-STORY-TIME

More Blessed to Give

Pa never had much compassion for the lazy or those who squandered their means and then never had enough for the necessities. But for those who were genuinely in need, his heart was as big as all outdoors. It was from him that I learned the greatest joy in life comes from giving, not from receiving.

It was Christmas Eve 1881. I was fifteen years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted so bad that year for Christmas.

We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Pa wanted a little extra time so we could read in the Bible. So after supper was over I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Pa to get down the old Bible. I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read scriptures.

But Pa didn't get the Bible; instead he bundled up and went outside. I couldn't figure it out because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though; I was too busy wallowing in self-pity.

Soon Pa came back in. It was a cold clear night out and there was ice in his beard. "Come on, Matt," he said. "Bundle up good, it's cold out tonight." I was really upset then. Not only wasn't I getting the rifle for Christmas, now Pa was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see.

We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew Pa was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my cap, coat, and mittens. Ma gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what.

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up the big sled unless we were going to haul a big load.

Pa was already up on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was

on, Pa pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed. He got off and I followed. "I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me." The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high sideboards on.

When we had exchanged the sideboards Pa went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood—the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing? Finally I said something. "Pa," I asked, "what are you doing?"

"You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked. The Widow Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight.

Sure, I'd been by, but so what? "Yeah," I said, "why?"

"I rode by just today," Pa said. "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood, Matt." That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him.

We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, Pa called a halt to our loading, then we went to the smoke house and Pa took down some large pieces of meat. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand.

"What's in the little sack?" I asked.

"Shoes. They're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunnysacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the wood-pile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to Widow Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was Pa buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of

this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us. It shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible, then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door.

We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?"

"Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt. Could we come in for a bit?"

Widow Jensen opened the door and let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all.

Widow Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp. "We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Pa said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then Pa handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children—sturdy shoes, the best, shoes that would last.

I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at Pa like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out.

"We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," Pa said, then he turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring enough in to last for awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up."

I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat and, much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too.

In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks and so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak. My heart swelled within me and a joy filled my soul that I'd never known before. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference.

I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people. I soon had the fire blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Pa handed them each a piece of candy and Widow Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us. "God bless you," she said. "I know

the Lord himself has sent you. The children and I have been praying that He would send one of his angels to spare us."

In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of Pa in those exact terms before, but after Widow Jensen mentioned it I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Pa had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Ma and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes.

Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their pa, and I was glad that I still had mine.

At the door Pa turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell."

I was the youngest. My two older brothers and two older sisters were all married and had moved away. Widow Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, "May the Lord bless you,' I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had gone a ways, Pa turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your ma and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough. Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your ma and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that. But on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunnysacks and I knew what I had to do. So, Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little

candy for those children. I hope you understand.”

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Pa had done it. Just then the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. Pa had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Widow Jensen’s face and the radiant smiles of her three children.

For the rest of my life, whenever I saw any of the Jensens, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside Pa that night. Pa had given me much more than a rifle that night; he had given me the best Christmas of my life.

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TRUE-STORY-TIME

Angels Let You Know

Going blind, out of work, and angry, Charley did not want to be interrupted by even the president, much less by the stranger at the door.

Early Tuesday afternoon, December 11, 1951, the snow began falling heavily over the Hall farm, three and a half miles north of Lisbon Falls, Maine. It was a wet, wind-driven storm, blowing in from the Atlantic Ocean 25 miles away. More than six inches had accumulated when darkness closed in at 4:00 p.m.

Charley Hall, 59, a large, burly farmer, banged angry fists on the steering wheel of his 1939 Dodge panel truck as he drove recklessly through the storm toward home. Already close to blindness (one of the many things that had embittered him early in life), he drove the fishtailing vehicle over Bowdoinham Road more from memory than skill.

Laid off from the Bona Fide Linoleum Mill three months before, he felt trapped. The meager funds and food supplies he needed for his wife and five children during the winter were already running out. He’d gone into town to beg for his old job.

“I’m sorry, Charley, but we just can’t put you back on the line, not with your poor eyesight,” his former boss had said an hour earlier. He spun the wheel hard and turned into the driveway. The rear end of his truck slid on the ice and slammed into the mailbox. His face contorted in rage as he stomped on the accelerator.

It was all her fault: Elsie, his 37-year-old wife, and her new religion. Everything had begun falling apart when she had joined that Christian church and started going with the kids every week.

Eddie, the 7-year-old daughter, peered through

the living room window and watched apprehensively as her father approached the house. “Daddy’s home!” she shouted. Her tone was a warning, not an announcement. Dropping the curtain over the window, Edie fled to her unheated room in the attic. She turned on the gooseneck lamp for warmth and crawled with it under thick covers. This was the one place she could escape the violence below.

At 5:30 the family gathered silently, cautiously, in the kitchen for supper. The meal was invariably the same: corn chowder or tomato stew mixed with milk, plus homemade toasted wheat bread covered in fresh butter churned on the farm. There was no conversation.

An hour later, with the sound of popcorn popping in the iron pot filling the kitchen, Charley tuned the dial on an old radio to begin an evening listening to The Jack Benny Show and Our Miss Brooks, his favorite programs.

But this was no happy portrait of a poor family spending an evening together. Theirs was not so much a poverty of material things as a grinding poverty that lacked love and normal affection. They came together, not because of warm human feelings but because the kitchen was the only warm room in the drafty old house.

Edie sat at the table, studiously biting her lower lip as she cut paper clothes out of a book to put on her cardboard dolls. Melvin, aged 11, knew she wanted somebody to play with, so he sat down and offered to help. “Only girls play with dolls.” Ben, 13, sneered. Melvin blushed a deep, angry red.

But before he could reply, his father slammed his meaty fist hard on the kitchen table. “Shut up so I can hear my programs!” he roared. Edie blinked back a tear and looked at the Christmas tree standing near the front window in the living room. She and Melvin had selected the tree, cut it down, and carried it home. Most of the decorations were handmade; long strings of popcorn, slivers of tinfoil, colored snowflakes, and snowballs that Edie had made at school. The only commercial decorations were the bubbling lights and a few delicate balls their grandmother had given the family. One more thing: on top of the tree stood a ceramic angel with arms outstretched toward heaven.

“Do you believe angels really exist?” Edie asked Melvin in a whisper as she tried to break the sullen tension in the room. Melvin shrugged. “I dunno. But they talk about ‘em in church, so maybe they do.”

A loud knocking at the front door interrupted their conversation. A Late-Night Caller. "Charley, somebody at the door," Elsie said.

"Well, go see who it is and get rid of them," he snapped irritably, "Just leave me alone with my programs."

A tall bearded man stood in the enclosed entryway. He smiled amiably when Elsie opened the door and peered at him in the gloomy darkness. Standing behind her mother, Edie shyly watched the stranger. "I'm sorry to disturb you so late, but I need to speak with Mr. Hall." The man said.

"Well...I don't know..." Elsie said.

"It's very important. Would you tell him I'd like to speak with him?" Her shoulder slumped in resignation. "I'll tell him, but I don't think he's ...ah ...up to talking with anybody."

While he waited the man hunkered down on one knee by Edie and pointed at the Christmas tree. "I'll bet you made a lot of those lovely decoration." He said. "Yes I did," she admitted, pleased that he'd noticed. She liked the kindness in his eyes and the warmth in this voice. She wondered what it would be like to have a daddy like him.

His gaze went over the tree slowly and stopped when he saw the angel. She watched him studying the ornament. "Do you believe in angels?" she asked shyly.

"Oh yes indeed!" he said emphatically. "Don't you?"

"I don't know," she admitted honestly. "I wish I did, though, I'd like to meet one someday."

The man chuckled. "Maybe you have and just didn't realize it." He suggested. She tuned and looked into the smiling eyes. "How would I know?" she asked bluntly.

The question was interrupted by the sound of her father banging his fist on the table and shouting, "I don't care if he's the president himself—get rid of him!"

"Don't you worry, Edie." The man said as he stood up. "Angels always let you know in some way. It's God's way of sending you a personal note of His love."

Her mother returned, tight-lipped. Before she could speak, the stranger reached into his coat pocket and withdrew a plain white envelope. "I'm, sorry to have disturbed your family tonight." He said, handing her the envelope. "I just wanted to leave this with you and tell Mr. Hall to report back to work at the mill tomorrow. He's got a new job

there."

He leaned toward the little girl, winked, and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Merry Christmas. And don't forget what I said, Edie: Angels always let you know."

"What a strange man." Elsie murmured as she nervously tore the envelope open. The contents slipped through her trembling fingers and fluttered to the floor; three crisp \$100 bills.

For a long moment mother and daughter simply stared alternately at the money and the door where the stranger had stood moments before. Edie recovered first, scooped the three bills up, and handed them to her mother. They both ran toward the kitchen.

"Charley, you'll never believe what I've got!" Elsie cried. "I don't care what you've got. Will you please shut—"

"Don't you dare tell me to shut up!" she interrupted. "You look at this!" The usually timid woman stood firmly in front of her husband and held the money out for his inspection. Startled by the strength in her voice, his jaw dropped as he silently stared at her in astonishment. Then he saw the money. "What's that?" he asked suspiciously, pointing at the bills.

"That is what the man at the door came to give you—along with some good news. You go back to work at the mill tomorrow." She said as tears filled her eyes. "I told you God would take care of us." Charley scrambled awkwardly out of his chair. "Where'd the man go? Call him back so I can talk to him."

"That's funny; I didn't hear his car leaving." Edie said before her mother could reply. "Get me the lantern!" Charley said. "He couldn't have walked far in this snow." Edie had already run ahead and picked the glass-topped kerosene lantern off the hook near the front door. Her father struck a match, lit it, and trimmed the wick for maximum light before stepping outside into the darkness. "Hello!" he called. "Is anybody there?" Only a few flurries danced in the air. "I don't see anything." the nearly blind man complained.

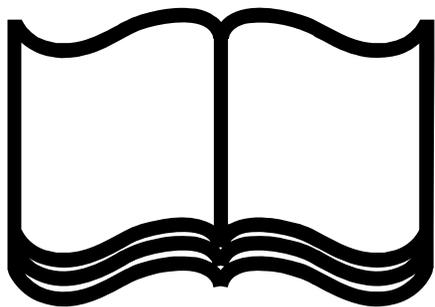
Edie pushed past her father. "Daddy, look at the ground." she whispered. "What is it? What do you see?" he asked anxiously. "Daddy, it stopped snowing before the man came. But there are no footprints or tracks of any kind in the snow."

Silently the family went back inside and closed the door. Elsie and the children looked at one another in confusion as Charley stood with his back

toward them. He kept clearing his throat and rubbing the back of his weather beaten hand over his eyes. "I just don't understand it!" He muttered again and again.

Edie tugged on her mother's arm. "Mama, how did that man know my name?" she asked. "I don't know, dear." Suddenly, a broad, delighted smile spread over Edie's face as she looked at the angel on top of the Christmas tree and remembered the stranger's last words to her: Angels always let you know.

Epilogue: This event in 1951 was the beginning of a drastic change for the better in Charley Hall's life. He began listening with Elsie, his wife, to the Voice of Prophecy on the radio, joined the church, and died 30 years later, a confessing Christian. Edie Hall, the 7-year-old child in the story, grew up and became Edie Bragan, my wife. Jerris Bragan = ^..^ =



**Year 2: 3rd Quarter:
"THE AMAZING EXODUS"
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 9:
"A BROKEN PROMISE 2"**

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 LORD passed by before him, and proclaimed, The LORD, The LORD God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Exodus 34:6,7a

Sunday

Text: Exodus 32:19 "And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."

Last week we saw Moses come down from the mountaintop only to find the Children of Israel all dancing and celebrating and worshipping a golden calf that Aaron made for them at their demand. He had been talking with God for 40 days and God had given him three gifts for the people.

The first was two tables of stone where God had written His Ten Commandment law for the people to have and keep forever. The second was a set of guidelines that the nation could use for their courts of justice. This was to be Israel's civil law.

The third was something very wonderful also. It was instructions and a plan to build a special sanctuary and a set of ceremonies to help the people learn about God. This was the ceremonial law and was to be Israel's lesson book.

But now as Moses saw with grief and horror the people behaving like the heathen idolaters and dancing, laughing and feasting in a disgusting and degrading way, he cast the stone tables from his hands and they were broken, just like Israel had broken the Law of God.

Then he strode into the camp through the dancing crowd and grabbed the idol. Throwing it into the fire he melted it down. Then he took the gold and ground it to powder like flour. He threw the powder into the stream of water and ordered all the people to drink it. He did this to show them that this silly idol had no power at all and was no god.

Thought – The only power in idol worship is the power of devils and devils have no power over God's true people.

Monday

Text: Exodus 32:21-24 "And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them? And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou

knowest the people, that they are set on mischief. For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him. And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf."

Moses now called his guilty brother and demanded why he went along with this terrible act. There are a lot of lessons here for us as we see how Aaron answered. First he blamed the people. He said that Moses knew already how bad the people were, so he should not blame him for giving in to them. You can never blame others for your own sin!

We are told, that if Aaron had refused to go along with it and would have reminded the people of what they had just seen and promised, they would not have gone so far in wickedness. He also could have told them about the wonderful glory he saw up in the mountain. But instead, he didn't even say anything when the people said, "These are your gods that brought you out of Egypt." His going along with them made them even more bold to sin against God.

Next Aaron told an outright lie to Moses. He said that he had thrown the earrings and jewelry into the fire and the calf just came out by a miracle! I guess he wanted to get Moses into idol worship as well, get him to admit it wasn't really so bad.

The people had thought that Aaron was a much nicer leader than that stuffy old Moses. Aaron understood how they felt and allowed them to do their own thing. He didn't keep preaching the law to them all the time. He knew they had to have some fun. But in reality it was Aaron who was wicked and Moses who was doing right.

"The Lord was very angry with Aaron to have destroyed him." Deuteronomy 9:20. But in answer to the pleading prayers of Moses, his life was spared. He also deeply repented of his terrible sin and God forgave him. If he had not truly repented, he would have perished. God will forgive all sin if we truly repent and turn away from it.

Thought – How many times do people say, "Well it must be OK for me to do this, the Pastor does it." The Pastor is not our example, Jesus is!!

Tuesday

Text: Exodus 32:26-28 "Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the LORD'S side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. And he said unto them, Thus saith the LORD God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men."

The terrible sin of the people had to be punished severely. All the nations had heard how God had led out His people from Egypt and they were watching to see what would happen. If this terrible sin had not been punished, it would have left a very bad example. Moses called for those who were on the Lord's side to come and stand with him. It was found that the only tribe that had not entered into the heathen worship was the tribe of Levi.

Now the command was given that they were to put on their sword and go through the camp and all those who refused to repent of the wickedness, were to be killed. This was a direct order from God. The people were to put away the sin from them completely. All who were sorry and repented were spared. The ones who were killed were those who still refused to admit, that what they had done, was wrong. Three thousand died rather than repent.

Gradually the people began to see how terrible was their sin. With weeping they buried the dead and now Moses went to see if God would spare the people.

Moses actually asked that if God could not forgive these people, that his own name be taken out of the Book of Life and he would die for the people. His love was that great; but where did this great love come from? It came from God Himself. The day was coming when Jesus, the great Creator would leave His throne and die for mankind's sin. A human's death could never pay the price to save man.

Now a plague of sickness broke out in the camp. God told Moses to tell the people to take off all their jewelry and humble their hearts before Him in repentance. The tent that they used as a place of worship was removed out of the camp. God said

Moses could lead the people into the land, but He would not any more travel with them.

Now Moses went to the tabernacle outside of the camp to make atonement for the people, and the cloudy pillar came to the tent and the Lord spoke with him. Moses kept pleading until God agreed He would return and lead the people. He agreed to continue with His plans for Israel and they were to build the sanctuary where He would dwell among them.

Moses' work in interceding with God represents the work Jesus is doing right now for us. It is the final judgment to decide who is to be kept in the Book of Life and who will not be saved out of God's professed people. Just like the Children of Israel humbled their hearts and took off their ornaments, so should we dress and live simply and plainly and be searching our hearts and putting away sin.

Thought – God's love and mercy is so great, but we must never think that because He loves us so much, sin does not matter.

Wednesday

Text: Exodus 33:18, 19 “And he said, I beseech thee, shew me thy glory. And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the LORD before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy.”

Moses had come very close to God while he was pleading for the people, because in doing this, he was showing a bit of the character of God. Now he felt that he wanted to come even closer to Him. “Please, Show me Thy glory”, he pleaded. And God explained he could not look on Him and live, but He promised to show Moses as much as he could bear.

“And the LORD said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cliff of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by: And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen.” Ex 33:21-23

Did you ever sing that hymn, ‘He Hideth my soul in the cleft of the Rock’? Well this is what it means. And when God passed by, and remember, this was Jesus that Moses was talking to, He told him the words of our memory verse.

What is God's glory? Is it His might and power? Is it the fact He owns everything? Is it that He knows

everything? No, God's great glory is His character of love and mercy. But notice, He always reminds us that He can't save the guilty ones who will not repent and obey Him.

God told Moses to make 2 new tables of stone, like the ones he had broken and bring them with him. God would again write his law on them.

Moses had already spent 40 days and nights with God, and this whole time had no food or water. Now he went up again for 40 more days and nights and still he had no food or water. This was not possible for humans to survive, but God kept him and he was just fine.

Thought – What is impossible with man is possible with God.

Thursday

Text: Exodus 34:33 “And till Moses had done speaking with them, he put a vail on his face. But when Moses went in before the LORD to speak with him, he took the vail off, until he came out. And he came out, and spake unto the children of Israel that which he was commanded. And the children of Israel saw the face of Moses, that the skin of Moses' face shone: and Moses put the vail upon his face again, until he went in to speak with him.”

As Moses came back from his time with the Lord this second forty days, his face shown with heavenly light. Indeed it was so bright that the people, who still had the guilt of their terrible sin on their minds, were afraid to come close to listen to him.

God had caused Moses' face to shine to give the people a sense of the importance of what Moses was going to pass on to them. But the people were afraid and so Moses put a veil, like a little curtain over his face, while he talked to the people.

God had given much instruction about what they were to do about the idol worshippers they would come in contact with. They were to always destroy any idol gods and throw away the gold that they were made out of. They were never to go to visit and see what the heathen did at their worships and feasts.

They were not even supposed to learn about it. They were not to read heathen writings. They were never to marry a heathen idol worshipper. They were not to copy their ways in anything. Although

God wanted them to be kind to others and help and teach any who wished to learn about the God of Heaven, they were not to chum around with non-believers as their close friends.

Thought – There are many today who think it is important to study other religions and learn what they believe. This is not what God commanded us. We should study the true religion and then when we run into other false ideas, we will easily recognize them. It is just like a person who has to recognise counterfeit money. He does not study all the possible counterfeits; instead he studies the real money until he can spot any difference

Friday

Text: Exodus 25:8 “And let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them.”

Now God told Moses to tell the people to bring an offering of materials to be used to build the sanctuary, Because they had repented and turned from their wickedness in following another religion and insulting God, He had forgiven them and continued on with His plans to bless them by having His presence among them. What a merciful God we serve!

The sanctuary plans were designed so that every item had a special meaning and taught lessons about Jesus and the plan of salvation. Then the priests and their special clothes also taught lessons and the sacrifices and ceremonies all pointed to Jesus and His work to save man from his sin and restore him to favor with God.

The people felt great joy that God had forgiven them and would continue with His plans to save

and bless them. So when Moses called for an offering of all the things needed to build the sanctuary according to the plans God had given him, the people eagerly set to work bringing things and making the cloth for the project.

God would only accept what the people wanted to bring, He did not want anyone to be forced to bring, or even to be talked in to bringing, only what they wanted to bring of their own free will could He accept.

It is the same today, it is wrong of any church leader to tell people, that unless they bring their tithes and offerings to the church, the person can't be a member. Of course preachers and teachers are to teach the people about what God says about tithes and offerings, but they are not to threaten or force them in any way. It is up to the person what he does for the Lord.

There are so many lessons for us in these stories of Israel. Here is another one: both Moses, who veiled his face so the Children of Israel could talk with Him and the sanctuary and its services were pointing to what Jesus would do when He came to earth.

Thought – “Moses was a type of Christ. As Israel's intercessor veiled his countenance, because the people could not endure to look upon its glory, so Christ, the divine Mediator, veiled His divinity with humanity when He came to earth. Had He come clothed with the brightness of heaven, he could not have found access to men in their sinful state. They could not have endured the glory of His presence. Therefore He humbled Himself, and was made “in the likeness of sinful flesh (Romans 8:3), that He might reach the fallen race, and lift them up.” Patriarchs and Prophets 330 = ^ .. ^ =

