

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 2 - 4th Quarter - Issue #3



CREATION CORNER

Neanderthal Nightmare: 3

Dr. Cuozzo, had just finished doing some special X-rays and studies on the original Neanderthal skulls, displayed in the Museum in France. When he was finished, he had to turn in a set of copies of the photos and X-rays that he did, to the heads of the Museum and he was very worried about what was going to happen. Sure enough, shortly he realized that he and his family were being followed by a group of men in cars.

They had managed to reach the apartment they were staying in and later had seen the men arrive and watch the apartment all night. The Cuozzo's kept the door barricaded and in the morning, the men left. Dr. Cuozzo wanted to take the family and go to a place he knew of in Switzerland, but his wife did not want to leave the apartment without first cleaning it and leaving it nice for the owners. Also their little boy, Joshua had developed a fever and they felt they could not go anywhere.

They stayed and spent the day resting, cleaning and praying. That night the men were back and so they barricaded the door again and slept fitfully. They tried several times to call the lady who had called them claiming to be the sister of their friend,

but there was no answer. She had said that if they wanted to come and see her, to let her know and she would send someone for them. This way they had no way to reach her place, as they did not know where she was.

The next day they decided to move to a hotel fairly close to where they had to take the plane back to the USA the following day. They did not dare to phone for any reservations, for all they knew, the phone might be tapped.

So they headed out, once the apartment was not being watched in the morning, and went to a hotel in a busy area near the airport. They were given rooms on the second floor, Dr. Cuozzo and his wife and little boy were going to have one and the two older children were given one across the hall.

While there, he made a last attempt to try and phone what he thought was the number of his friend's daughter; but again there was no answer. Then he asked to find out about the number and learned it was for a phone booth out on a street. A trick had been pulled, and he no longer had the real number.

All was well at the Hotel, until Dr. Cuozzo spotted a familiar face in the lobby as they went to have lunch. They ate quickly and hurried back to

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TRUE-STORY-TIME**Angel on the Trail**

By Elizabeth Buhler Cott as told to Vinnie Ruffo

their rooms. This time they had no good way to barricade the doors, but finally they figured out that if they took the bathroom door from its hinges, they could wedge it in such a way that the door could not be pushed open.

They tried it and it worked, but what about the children's room? All they could do was to get everything set up and then the children had to wedge the door from inside. They were able to do it and thankfully, the family prayed for protection and retired with both doors securely wedged.

Later as Dr. Cuozzo went to open a window he heard a voice in the parking lot below calling out in French. "The window is open!" Quickly he shut it and locked it again.

In a few moments a sound drew their attention to the door and they saw the doorknob turn and realized someone had unlocked the door and was trying to sneak in. When they found the door would not open they began to try to push it open. Now the Cuozzo's realized that their very lives depended on their guardian angels and two bathroom doors!

Dismayed they couldn't get in, the would-be assassins began to talk loudly and argue in the hallway. Soon this disturbed people that were sleeping, and doors began to open and people began to shout at them to be quiet. They had no choice now but to go away, as they did not want people to see what they were doing.

The next morning Dr. Cuozzo was glad to find his children safe as well. Now he made a plan as to how they would get the precious X-rays and photos through the customs, as he was afraid the followers might also be at the airport. He put a bunch of ordinary papers in a package marked Radiographs and the real pictures he put in a child's suitcase in a lot of French Donald Duck comic books, and gave it to the youngest child to carry.

What a relief it was, when with no further hassle, a few hours latter they were all secure on board their plane for home with the precious evidence still safe and sound. As soon as they arrived in USA, Dr. Cuozzo called a police friend and told him the story. Then they had the pictures placed in a safe at the police station. But more trouble was yet to come!

Just imagine how desperate these evolutionists were to cover up their lies, that they would even try to kill people to do it! Continued = ^ .. ^ =

All night Joseph, the witch doctor, sent his eerie chants crashing through the jungle. "Ah-eeeeeeee, ah-eeeeeeee, ah-eeeeeeee, ah-booommm, ah-booommm."

Inside our two-room house deep in the heart of the jungles of South America, chills were running up and down our spine. Alfred, my husband, and Joyce, our little girl, stirred in our beds. I knew that they too could not sleep. How could we ignore the creepy cries of Joseph, the devil worshiper? He always became very angry whenever we treated the sick Indians who came to our mission station.

"Alfred," I whispered in the dark, "what do you suppose he is up to now?" My husband sighed and turned in bed. "Quiet, dear. Try to get some sleep." Sleep? It was like listening to the devil's midnight carnival. I couldn't wait until the morning sun poured through the trees to chase the creeps away. Night in and night out Joseph filled our hearts with dread.

One morning whoops of excitement filled the air, and Indians came running toward the mission house. Two of them came quite close. We hurried outside, then gasped when we saw that they were Luti and Leo, the two men who assisted Joseph in his witchcraft. They waved a pistol and some guns in our faces. On the ground they had a Dictaphone.

"Luti, Leo, where did you get those things? My husband asked. Then came the awful story. A look of horror and anguish came over my husband's face. He asked, "But why? Why did you kill him?" Luti whirled and showed his black teeth. "Him not have enough barter to pay us for carrying packs on trail."

We shivered at the attitude of these men. And we prayed, "O God, help us to make Christians out of these heathens." It seemed impossible at the moment, but we believed that God could do anything.

Shortly after this terrible happening, our family left the mission station on a Friday afternoon and walked along the trail that led to civilization. We wanted to find a secluded spot where we could worship God at sundown. We walked about a mile down the trail and stopped in a little clearing in the jungle. As we talked to God about our troubles, the fiery rays of the setting sun painted a flaming rash across the sky.

All at once it was dark! We realized that in the tropics nighttime does not come gradually. It comes without being ready for it. "How are we going to get back?" Joyce asked. "There isn't even a star in the sky." She sounded scared.

All around us came the buzzing and droning of countless insects. We knew, too, that there were wild animals that attacked at night. And snakes always filled us with horror, day or night. My husband reached for my hand and Joyce's and pulled us close. "We didn't even remember to bring a lantern! Let's stay together and try to feel our way back."

The three of us crept along, trying to stay on a trail we couldn't see. The blackness was as thick as tar. We turned to the right and to the left, hitting bushes and trees and getting nowhere. The cry of an animal startled us. Finally we admitted that we were lost. Lost in the jungle! We crouched in the darkness, whispering to one another. Joyce said, "Daddy, Mommy—remember the verse in the Bible that says 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them'?"

"Yes, Joyce," I whispered, thankful for the promise. "Let's pray," she urged.

Dropping to our knees, we asked God to protect us from the dangers of the dark thick jungle. All at once my husband remembered that somewhere in his pockets he should have a box of matches. He fumbled around, and sure enough, he found them.

"We need some tall grass for a torch," he whispered. We reached around in the darkness until we found some. Soon we had enough light to find the narrow trail.

Gratefully holding our grass torch, we moved slowly and cautiously ahead. In the distance I saw a flame moving. Two men were out walking! I thought my heart would pop right out of my mouth. A little cry escaped my lips. I knew who those men were!

"Look," I cried. "There are Luti and Leo!" Luti was leading and carrying a large firebrand. "They must be on the warpath," my husband replied. He tightened his hand on mine.

Who was to be their next victim? Both of us put an arm around Joyce and called God for protection. We increased our pace, and at last in the distance we spotted our house. We ran the last few yards and stumbled inside. Our fear now turned to relief and gratitude to God for seeing us through.

But we had hardly entered when a sharp rap shook our door. A new wave of fear came over me.

Suddenly the door swung open, and Luti stood before us. There was something else on his face besides the horrible war paint. There was a look of terror. We noticed that he was trembling.

"What is it, Luti?" snapped my husband. "Why do you come here?" The painted Indian gasped only two words, "Kenaima! Kenaima!" (Kenaima means "enemy.")

"An enemy?" the three of us echoed. "Who is the kenaima?" my husband asked. "Where did he go?" Luti pointed in the direction of the trail. "Him make big fire. Him come in house. We must find him."

He pushed past all of us and began searching our two-room house. He crept under our springless cowhide bed while Leo poked and probed under our camp table and behind our folding organ. The two men searched through boxes and clothes, until every inch of our house had been combed. We watched in great amazement. We dare not try to stop them.

At last Luti spoke breathlessly, "No me got." With that he went outside looking for the intruder. In the meantime Joyce and I, in our bedroom, had dropped to our knees in prayer. I sensed that we were in great danger. These Indians were much too aroused over the little fire we had lighted on the trail and over this so-called kenaima. We felt very uncomfortable.

Luti entered the house again. My husband went to him quietly and placed an arm on his shoulder to calm him. "Did you see the kenaima?" Luti pointed to the fire on his firebrand. "Him big white man. We see big fire and four people. Papa Cott, Mamma Cott, child, and big white man." A look of amazement came over my husband's face. "Big white man?" he repeated.

"Yes, all dressed in white. Man was guarding you and family. He walked on trail with you. He come inside house with you." I looked at my husband, and he looked at me. We were both thinking the same thing, and we felt very humble. Luti had seen our guardian angel.

"Luti," my husband spoke reverently, "the big white man you saw was not kenaima. He was our guardian angel. God sent him to protect us on the trail." Luti's mouth fell open.

My husband told Luti and Leo that we were going to kneel in prayer and thank God for sending our guardian angel to protect us when we were in danger. "Will you kneel with us?" he invited them.

The two men knelt just as we did. Three

missionaries and two devil worshipers smeared with war paint must have made a strange sight in that prayer session. Luti and Leo heard our little girl give thanks to God for keeping His promise, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about those that fear him, and delivereth them."

After this, experience, a marvelous thing happened. Luti and Leo, no longer our heathen enemies, became our Christian friends. Instead of giving us trouble, they helped us many times.
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STORY LESSON

Water Treatments # 7 COLD MITTEN FRICTION

WHAT IT IS: This is a very useful tonic rub, and is done with a washcloth or two friction mitts, rubbed on the skin.

WHAT YOU WILL NEED: Pail or basin of cold or ice water. A sheet and three Thick towels. Two friction mitts or two washcloths. Compresses (wet cloths) for the head and neck, if he is ill or infirm. Protective bed coverings, such as plastic sheeting is laid down.

How to make your own friction mitts: The Cold Mitten Friction is such an good help, and can be used often, so you will want to make your own mitts, since they are so much easier to work with then a hand-held washcloth. Have someone handy with a sewing machine make you some large mittens out of rough, heavy toweling material.

HOW TO APPLY IT:

1: The room should be warm and without drafts. If he is ill, first bathe his face and neck with cold water, or apply cold cloths to the head and neck. (If the person is feeling better, the friction can be given to him as he stands. Many people give it to themselves each morning.)

2: Wring the washcloths or mitts from cold water, so that they are as dry as possible. Then begin quickly rubbing, drying, re-dipping, wringing, etc. Here is the order to follow:

[1] Arm and forearm: rub vigorously until the skin is pink. This should require only a few seconds. Then dry them thoroughly and cover them well.

[2] The other arm and forearm: Dip and wring the cloths and do the other arm and forearm; dry thoroughly and cover with bed covers.

[3] Chest: Repeat the dipping, wringing, rubbing, drying, and covering.

[4] Trunk, thighs, and then legs.

3: The entire tonic rub must be given rapidly, especially during the time that the part is barred and the cloth or mitten is in contact with the skin.

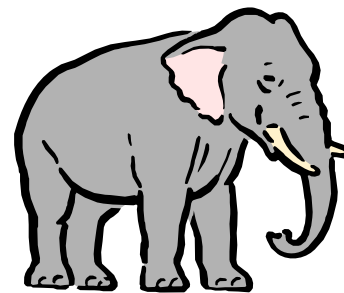
2 - WET-HAND RUB

WHAT IT IS: This is the mildest of the tonic rubs and is only given to those who are too weak or infirm for the more vigorous kind.

HOW TO APPLY IT:

1: The Wet-Hand Rub should be given in the same order and manner as the Cold Mitten Friction, with the following exceptions:

2: The Body should only be rubbed with a wet hand, dipped several times in cold water. Only one part is exposed for rubbing at a time; it is rubbed, then dried, then briskly rubbed with the dry towel and with the hands-. = ^ .. ^ =



MISSION STORY

The BIG Operation and the BIG patient

E. B. Hare: 8

"'Doctor, Doctor,' called the chief fisherman from Kawkeyet as he came down the trail with seventeen of his servants, 'I've got a tooth that I want pulled out,' and as I looked up I caught the picture of a man who expected to have a big operation and had brought his seventeen servants to assist.

"Always willing to oblige, and having pulled hundreds of teeth since the first one fell out with the vibrations, I decided not to disappoint him, and welcomed him as one chief would welcome another. I brought him in, gave him my best mat, then stood his seventeen servants all around the room. To one I gave a towel, to another the absorbent cotton, to another a bundle of bamboo swab sticks. Another held a glass of water, another the permanganate crystals. Still others held the oil of cloves and the lance and the forceps on trays a little farther down the line until every man had something to hold.

"I then took up my position in front of my patient and called for the man with the cotton and the man with the sticks to step forward. I made a swab very carefully and then called for the oil of cloves. That man stepped forward, and dipping the swab, I painted the tooth with oil of cloves.

"That's hot, isn't it, Uncle?" I said.

"He nodded. I then put a few permanganate crystals in the glass of water, asked the man with the towel to stand at the right and the man with the basin to stand at the left, had the man with the forceps step forward, then took them with a flourish and fastened them on the tooth. It was so loose I could have pulled it with my fingers, but that would never have done.

"I was just about to pull the tooth when the dear old man suddenly found out that the oil of cloves had taken the pain from his tooth. He thereupon decided not to have the tooth pulled that day, but instead to buy a bottle of this hot medicine and paint his tooth with that. Quickly lifting his hands, he caught mine to stop me from pulling till he could explain, but the tooth was so loose that the jerk pulled it right out.

"I gave it to the man with the towel and, while the permanganate water and the basin were serving their purposes, told him to dry the tooth in the sun, tie a string around it, and hang it behind the door to remind him always of the Ohn Daw dispensary. That man went everywhere saying that the jungle doctor at Ohn Daw was the greatest dentist that ever walked the earth."

Dr. and Mama Rabbit witnessed steady growth in the Ohn Daw mission. The school that began in May, 1919, with Thara Peter in charge of ten pupils, opened two years later with sixty-three pupils and three teachers. The Hare family grew as well, with the birth of Eileen Nita, July 19, 1918. In October of that year, in answer to an earnest plea by Dr. Rabbit, a Karen evangelist by the name of Tha Myaing was added to the staff.

Eric was greatly encouraged as it became apparent that the influence of the dispensary and school at Ohn Daw was spreading farther and farther out into the jungle villages. Young men and women who were eager to learn and to improve their lives were attracted to the school. It was not long before eight fine young men were baptized, rejoicing to have been delivered from a life of superstition and fear. They were the first fruits of the mission school.

One of these, Ohn Bwint, although he had not

completed the prescribed training to be a teacher, answered the request of Hte Po, headman of the village of La Po Ta, some eighteen miles from the mission station, and began to teach in that village. In that way an outstation was established, the first of many. Ohn Bwint taught well and witnessed to his faith zealously. At the end of the school year he came to the little mission camp meeting with five bullock wagons loaded with people. Hte Po, village headman, was ready for baptism.

It was great to have three teachers in the school and an evangelist added to the staff. But the dispensary load increased daily, and they needed to add an associate missionary. In that way one or the other of the missionaries could be in the field regularly. Eric's plea for an associate finally was answered, and in December, 1920, Harold Baird arrived. Harold was a graduate nurse from Sydney Sanitarium in Australia. He was also a trumpet player, which rated high on the scale with Dr. Rabbit. Harold's fiancée was soon to graduate from the nurse's course and would join them at the Ohn Daw mission. Eric and Agnes were delighted.

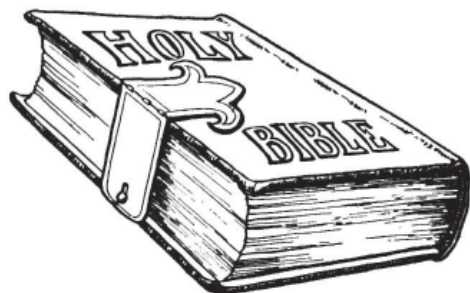
In the Karen language there are no final consonants. To pronounce Baird's name, the people would have to say, "Bair-da," or leave off the d to make it sound like "Bair." Spelling made no difference in sound, so Dr. Rabbit's new associate became Dr. Bear. The jungle folk were delighted with that coincidence, and they were pleased with the man.

As Dr. Bear faced up to the raw realities of jungle life, Eric relived his initiation into the nerve-racking and sometimes heartbreaking practice of jungle medicine. Harold learned quickly and became skillful in performing lifesaving surgery, including amputations. The skill of Dr. Bear spread far and wide. Among many stories of his success as a jungle doctor is a classic involving a patient too large to pass through the dispensary door.

A "lady" elephant was brought to the dispensary with a great swelling wound, terribly infected. Dr. Bear ingeniously cleansed and dressed the deep wound and asked that the suffering beast be brought back in the morning for further treatment under the same big tree. This time the elephant lay down on first command and was treated, and the owner was asked to bring her again in the morning. Next morning the owner was shocked to find the elephant gone. He looked here and there and finally discovered the patient lying in the proper spot to receive treatment. Further, Eric vouched for the fact

that for six weeks the elephant came by herself to receive treatment.

By then the wound had healed. The owner mounted the lady patient's head and said to her, "We're going away now. Say Salaam to the doctors." The elephant went down on her knees and saluted with her trunk. Eric decided she should have a going-away present and gave her a small loaf of bread. Incredibly, Dr. Rabbit and Dr. Bear saw tears run out of the elephant's eyes and down over her cheeks. The missionaries felt some unusual moisture in their own eyes. = ^ .. ^ =



Year 2: 4th Quarter:
"FROM THE WILDERNESS TO CANAAN"
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 3:
"ONWARD TO CANAAN"

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: "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." 1 Corinthians 10:4.

Sunday

Text: Numbers 20:1 "Then came the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, into the desert of Zin in the first month: and the people abode in Kadesh; and Miriam died there, and was buried there."

The forty years were almost over, and now the cloudy pillar led them back towards Canaan and they camped in Kadesh. There it was that Miriam, Moses' dear sister that had watched over him in the basket boat by the River all those long years

ago, died and was buried.

She had come out of Egypt with the others when all had high hopes of a wonderful future. After the Egyptian army had been destroyed, Miriam had led the women in song and dance to express their hope and joy. But now, after a life of wandering, it had ended in a desert grave. Nearly all the older generation had ended their course in wilderness graves.

Why? Because sin and rebellion had made it impossible for God to bless them like He wanted so much to do. Would the next generation, the children growing up in the wilderness, learn the lesson and choose to follow and obey God completely?

There are many today who like to tell you that it doesn't matter what we do from day to day. Our bad habits, quick tempers, love of worldly entertainment and unhealthy appetites are all Okay, as long as we 'believe' in Jesus and belong to the 'church'.

They tell you that 'Jesus understands' and 'God is not particular about these things'. But look at what the Bible tells us. Look at the children of Israel. Did God just say, "Oh, it's Okay, I love them so much I will overlook their sins"?

There are several places in the Bible where God tells us something about His wonderful love and promise to save those who come to Him. But in these same places He reminds us that He will not excuse sin. Look at this one:

Exodus 34:7 "Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and **that will by no means clear the guilty.**"

So does that mean He won't forgive us? No, but it does mean He won't forgive us if we are not truly sorry for our sins and allow Him to give us power to stop doing these sins.

Thought - If you ask Jesus to forgive you for something, and you don't want and choose to stop doing this sin, Jesus does not hear that kind of prayer. But when we choose to get rid of all our sins, He will send all the power needed to overcome and beat those sins.

Monday

Text: Numbers 20:2-5 "And there was no water for the congregation: and they gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron. And the people chode with Moses, and

spake, saying, Would God that we had died when our brethren died before the LORD! And why have ye brought up the congregation of the LORD into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there? And wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us in unto this evil place? it is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink."

For almost 40 years the younger generation had learned the truth that their parents had been shut out of the Promised Land because of the sins of grumbling, rebellion and disobedience and not trusting God. Now here they were back on the borders of Canaan and God decided to test them. Would they trust Him? Or be like their parents?

Ever since Moses had struck the rock all those years ago, the water had kept flowing for the people. It did not always flow from that same rock, but wherever they camped, it would come pouring out of a rock or cliff nearby.

Remember that it took a lot of water to be enough for all those people and their animals. Also the area they were in had to be watered enough so grass could grow to feed the animals.

So year in and year out the manna came 6 days a week and the water kept coming. What a kind and loving God to do this for His unthankful people.

Now, God tested them. The water stopped. Would they remember to Trust Him and come and ask for the water? Would they be patient and not grumble?

Oh, dear no! Right away they grumbled just like their parents and came to Moses and Aaron and said, "Why did you bring us out here so we and our animals will all die?" Now they had been in the desert for almost 40 years, and had not starved or thirsted. How could they be so blind?

Thought – Oh how important it is that we learn to trust God and never complain and grumble! Whether you are little, a teenager or a big person, or an old granny, we must always believe and trust in God and politely ask Him for what we need.

Tuesday

Text: Numbers 20:6-8 "And Moses and Aaron went from the presence of the assembly unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation,

and they fell upon their faces: and the glory of the LORD appeared unto them. And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock: so thou shalt give the congregation and their beasts drink."

Something very interesting is in this story for us to learn. Jesus was giving them a special story picture about Himself and if they would have just trusted Him, they would have seen a most beautiful lesson.

You see; Jesus is the Rock of Ages for us. When Moses struck the Rock and the water came out to give life to all the people and animals, it was showing that Jesus would have to be 'struck' so that people could have a chance to be saved.

But Jesus was only to die once for the price to be paid, after that, all we have to do is believe on Him, and ask for what we need. We ask Him and trust Him to give us what we need to live; food, clothes, and shelter, and we ask Him for what we need for to overcome, our sins, and be ready for heaven. Everything that we need comes from that Rock that was struck for us.

There is another lesson in the water from the Rock. The water was enough to save everybody's life. But each person and animal had to drink it for himself. It would not save your life, if your Mom drank water and you did not bother.

It would not help you to be a part of a group where everybody drank water, but you didn't. Those who would not drink the water for themselves would still die, even though there was plenty of water there for them.

Jesus death bought for us all the blessings we need to live and be ready to go home with Him when he comes. But if we don't each one of us, take hold of these blessings and promises and make them our own, we will not be saved.

Now Jesus was wanting to show them the second part, that we only need to ask the Rock for what we need. So He told Moses to go and Speak to the rock and the water would come out.

Thought – Do you 'Speak to the Rock' every day and tell Him all your needs?

Wednesday

Text: Numbers 20:9-11 “And Moses took the rod from before the LORD, as he commanded him. And Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together before the rock, and he said unto them, Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice: and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also.”

Poor Moses and Aaron; they were now old men. Moses was close to 120 years old! For all those years they had put up with this disobedient and grumbly people, trying patiently to help them learn about the Lord and trust Him and obey Him.

They too were disappointed in their hope that it would only be a short time from when they left Egypt until they were all settled nicely in the Promised Land. They had believed God and yet they had to suffer along with the rest of the people.

Now, when they had such high hopes that they could soon enter Canaan and surely these people had learned their lessons, now here the people were acting exactly the same as had their parents! They were about to travel through an area that had lots of water and they could get what they needed, they were only a few days from Canaan!

Moses and Aaron gave in to discouragement. For a brief moment Moses allowed doubt and distrust of God’s Word to come into his heart and he disobeyed God. Weary of the doubts and grumbling, Moses did not try to tell the people they were wrong to do this, instead he let some of their doubts and complaints get into his own heart.

First he said, “Must WE bring forth water from this rock.” He took the credit for doing something that only God could do. Then he spoiled the important lesson that God wanted to teach the people. He took the rod and struck the rock again, not once but twice. God was kind enough to let the water come out for the people, but a great wrong had been done.

Thought – When Moses and Aaron angrily cried, “Must we fetch you water out of this rock?” they put themselves in God’s place, as though the power lay in them. When people praise us, we need to tell them that any good we ever have in us, is from God. By ourselves, people have no good in them at all!

Thursday

Text: Numbers 20:12 “And the LORD spake unto Moses and Aaron, Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them.”

This is a very sad story, here was Moses, who had been patient through so many years, and now he gave way to doubt and distrust of God and failed to obey Him. Did God say, “Oh, that’s alright Moses, you have done so much good that this little sin doesn’t matter”? No, God can never excuse sin, and there is never any excuse for anybody to sin.

Moses could have kept his eyes on God and refused to let doubts and anger come into his heart. There is enough power available that no-one ever has to sin if he will trust in Jesus.

Some people say, well, that was a hard God back then, Jesus is different. Boys and girls, that God that spoke to the people back then, was the same Jesus who later, when the time came, died for the sins of the world. He came to this earth to save people, not IN their sins but FROM their sins.

God knew that people, once they had obeyed Satan and gone into sin, could not after that obey God, even if they wanted to. But Jesus made a way that the power of God can join with us. That power will beat Satan and sin in our lives, if we ask for it and want it to and choose to have it.

Jesus was human, and He was tempted by Satan harder than anybody, but Jesus depended on His Father in Heaven for power to win over it all. He won the battle, and his victory is what he gives to us. When we are tempted, Jesus says to us, “Here, I beat that sin, I overcame Satan on that one, you can have my victory, and I will take away your sin. There was no need or excuse for Moses to sin.

Sadly Jesus had to say to him, because of the wrong you did, and the really bad example you set for the people, you will have to die in the wilderness, you cannot take the people to the Promised Land.”

Thought – Moses and Aaron had not planned to dishonor God, they had been careless with their thoughts and then suddenly a temptation knocked them over. But it was still sin, and God cannot overlook sin, especially not in leaders. Both of them were very sorry and repented that they had set such a bad example.

Friday

Text: Deuteronomy 3: 23-26 “And I besought the LORD at that time, saying, O Lord GOD, thou hast begun to shew thy servant thy greatness, and thy mighty hand: for what God is there in heaven or in earth, that can do according to thy works, and according to thy might? I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon. But the LORD was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me: and the LORD said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter.”

Moses was truly sorry for his sin. He truly repented of it, and God did forgive him. But we must realize, that just because God forgives a sin, that does not mean that everything is back like it was and there are no bad effects from that sin.

Once a sin is done, the bad effects keep rolling on. This is why it is so important that we work with Jesus, in making the choices, Him giving the power, and get sin out of our lives. God could not just let Moses go on as if nothing had happened. That would cause the people to think that sin didn't matter at all.

We are told that if Moses had not failed there,

God would have punished the grumblers and Moses would have taken the people into the Promised Land and then he would have went to heaven without dying, like Elijah did later.

So many times Moses had pleaded for God to spare the wicked, rebellious people, now he pleaded for his own self. “Please, just let me go in and see the land”, he asked. But God replied, “No, don't talk any more to me about this matter!”

Now Moses could have rebelled, but he did not. He showed that he was truly sorry for his sin and would obey God always. He kept right on working to help the people and to give them the guidance they needed so they could go and have what he was not to be allowed to have.

Boys and girls, does sin matter? Is it just a little thing? Sin always matters. But Jesus can break the chains of sin for you!

Thought – When Satan comes along to you and whispers; “You're tired, and you are not feeling good, it is Okay for you to be grouchy.” Or; “that person was mean to you, you have a right to get mad at them!” Or he says; “You don't always have to obey Mommy and Daddy, they don't understand how much you want to do this or that, just go ahead and do it anyway.” Remember Moses, sin always brings bad effects, and even if it is forgiven, the results are still sad and bad. = ^ .. ^ =

