

# TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

## TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 3 - 3rd Quarter - Issue #5



### CREATION CORNER Sugar and Rats

People extract the juice of a certain kind of plant and concentrate it and refine it until they have a white powder. Known as 'cocaine' it is one of the most addictive substances in the world.

People extract the juice of certain beets or cane and concentrate it and refine it until they have a white powder and it is probably the substance more people are addicted to than any other. We call it sugar.

Now there are natural sugars that are not concentrated and refined, found in fruits, and even many vegetables. These are not addictive. But refined sugar as found in candy, cakes, cookies, soda-pop, and ever so many other things, is very addictive. The more you eat of it, the more you want to eat it. When mixed with chocolate, another addictive substance, it is even worse.

Sugar, although most think of it as a food, is really very harmful to the body. People seem to think that the only harm it does is to possibly make you fat, or cause cavities in your teeth, if you don't brush a lot. This is not so; sugar has harmful effects on every organ and system in the body.

Especially is it destructive to the brain. People have done research into history and found that the

number of insane people in a country quickly became very high when once refined sugar became available in that country. When I nursed seniors, I never found one who had become senile or demented that was not in the habit of eating a lot of sugar and sweets.

But we like the taste of it, we crave it once we are used to having it, and in the time we live in, we are surrounded with it. People today eat hundreds of times more sugar than even a hundred years ago. It is even in other foods that we do not think of as 'deserts', such as sauces on pasta, bread and tinned vegetables, and there are hardly any dry cereals that are not full of it. It may 'taste nice' but you cannot have an alert mind and a fully healthy body if you indulge in it.

This brings us to the rats. When my mother was young, her family lived in a very old house with an old-fashioned stone basement with a dirt floor. There were huge stone walled rooms and bins where for generations, wood, coal and the potatoes, and vegetables from the garden were kept for the winter, and it was a great spot for RATS.

Now there was a kind of rat-poison that was made back then, and it came in large tubes, sort of like toothpaste. The instructions were to spread some of it onto a piece of bread or something tasty

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and put it out for the rats to eat.

But Grandfather found this was not at all necessary, as the rats LOVED this stuff so much that they would come to the workroom, where it was kept on the shelf in its package, and they would chew open the package, chew into the tube, and eat it every chance they got. It tasted real good to them and they would choose it over other food that was not harmful, but it killed them. Grandfather would know when the rats were all dead when a new tube of poison would not be chewed into.

Readers, sugar 'tastes nice', but although it doesn't kill us quite as soon as the rat poison killed the rats, it does harm to our bodies and brains. It is also true that if you use candy and sugary sweets, you lose the taste for good foods such as fruit and vegetables. All you want is sugar and more sugar. You may force yourself to eat your main course, but only so you get that sugary desert!

There is a better life without sugar. Once you stop using it, you will find you learn to enjoy the natural fruits and foods more than you ever thought possible. You will be stronger, healthier, smarter and happier if you learn to leave refined sugar and all the stuff made out of it alone. Remember the RATS! = ^.. ^ =

## STORY LESSON

### 1. The Happiest People

This story-lesson and the next few for young folk about the Christian Life are selected from the works of E.B. Hare.

The river steamer left Moulmein jetty at eight-thirty in the morning. It was loaded high with bags of rice, salt, and lentils; drums of oil, fish paste, and kerosene; wagon wheels, sheets of iron roofing, nails, cement, and everything that jungle people need. It was crowded too with passengers, Burmese, Karens, Talaings, Shans, Telugus, Bengalis, and Chinese. They were Buddhists, spirit worshippers, Hindus, Mohammedans, Confucianists, and Christians. They laughed and talked. They sang and prayed. They ate and drank. They read and slept.

The steamer chugged courageously enough against the muddy brown current of the mighty Salween River, but its progress was slow. The day was weary and hot, and by the time we reached the little village of Wootchy, the sun was setting and there were still ten miles to go. The captain was cross and irritable.

"Jildy! Jildy! (quickly! quickly!)" he shouted as the long, narrow gangplank was pushed down onto the sand-bank. "Jildy! Jildy!"

And forty passengers began to scramble aboard, with their pigs and chickens in baskets or on poles and their babies on their backs.

The clerk's assistant, from a pile of rice sacks, clanged a big brass bell and shouted, "Tick-ut, tick-ut," while the captain pulled the whistle and accompanied his staccatoed toots with his never-changing cry of "Jildy! Jildy!" And up the gangplank they came, "Jildy! Jildy!" one by one, one by one, till there was only one lone passenger left on the sandbank--a little old lady--and she made no attempt to come on board.

Everybody on the boat opened his mouth to shout, the clerk's assistant got ready to give his bell an extra-loud clang, the captain took a deep breath in order to shout his hottest invective, but nobody said a word, the bell did not clang, the curse was not uttered, for suddenly everybody realized that the lone little old lady was blind.

It was one of those helpless moments when everyone knew that somebody ought to do something, but was waiting till someone else would do it. A hush settled down over the whole ship as a strong young man threw his bundles on the deck and bounded back down the gangplank. Going to the little old lady, he stooped and said loud enough for all to hear, "Put your arms around my neck, Mother, and don't be frightened." Then he picked her up and carried her on board.

The passengers cheered and clapped their hands; the clerk's assistant clanged his bell and called, "Tick-ut, tick-ut." The captain pulled the whistle cord and called, "Jildy, jildy." But there was a noticeable softness in their voices, and many a tear was brushed away as the people turned to each other and murmured their approval of the beautiful thing they had seen.

I wiped away my own tears, swallowed hard, then started downstairs to speak with the hero of the day. At the foot of the stairs I found the little blind woman, frightened with the recent applause. She too was brushing tears away from her poor sightless eyes, and I said, "Oh, don't cry, Auntie, don't be sorry. We didn't mean . . ."

"But I'm not sorry, Thara," she interrupted recognizing my voice. "I'm the proudest, happiest mother in all the land." Can you believe that she was?

It is difficult for us young people to realize that tears can be a sign of joy. We think of the cross that must be carried, we think of the self that must be denied, we think of the will that must be surrendered in the Christian life, and we are tempted to think life must be sad and sorrowful.

But listen, in *Messages to Young People*, on page 38, I read: "Do not for a moment suppose that religion will make you sad and gloomy and will block up the way to success. . . . No, no; those who in everything make God first and last and best, are the happiest people in the world."

There are tears in the Christian life, but with the comfort and support of our Saviour and friend, they become tears of joy. Someday soon Jesus will wipe all tears away. There are tears in the broad way that leads to death also. They are tears of regret, and sorrow, and remorse. There is no one to wipe these tears away. Listen to the witness of Bible writers, that those who walk the narrow way, the path of life, shall be happy.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," says David. Psalm 126:6.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," says Isaiah. Isaiah 12:3.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, . . . might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" 1 Peter 1:7, 8, says Peter, and thousands of voices bear witness to the truth of these statements.

Away over in Bombay in the year 1944 there lived a man, Mr. Soans by name, who was an expert welder in the largest electrical shop in that city. He attended a series of meetings held by George Hamilton, accepted the truth, and joined the church.

"I'm a Seventh-day Adventist now," he explained to his manager. "Would you kindly arrange my work so that I could have my Sabbaths off?"

"We'll have none of this Sabbath nonsense," said his boss firmly. "You either work on Saturday or get out of here." To his great surprise, neither his years of service nor his expert ability availed anything, and with a heavy, sorrowful heart he went out to look for a job.

Up and down the streets of Bombay he walked. From shop to shop he went, but there was nothing for a man who wanted to keep Saturday. One week went by; then two weeks. Satan pressed home his temptations. "Your God doesn't hear your prayers. He's going to let your wife and children starve." But resolutely determined to obey God, Brother Soans trudged on looking for work.

Then one day into the inner harbor of Bombay came an ammunition ship loaded with bombs, shells, and mines, and with bales of cotton and bars of gold. The coolies swarmed over the ship, uncovered the hatchways, and got ready to unload. As one coolie was working at the hatch-way, his lighted cigarette fell from his mouth and tumbled down, down, down, till it came to rest between two bales of cotton in the bottom hold. Too frightened to speak, the coolie said nothing. The unloading progressed without unusual incident; all the next day nothing was noticed; but on the third day some of the crew thought they could see a little smoke. Investigation was made, and the bottom hold was found to be one red-hot smoldering mass.

Quickly the alarm was sounded, and soon seven fire engines were pumping water into that ship, but to no avail. The water was turned to steam by the intense heat. They could not put the fire out.

Hurriedly the fire officials and ship's officers got together and decided that the only way to save a terrible explosion was to sink the ship. They sent for four expert welders to come from the largest electrical shop in Bombay to burn holes in the side of the ship under the water line. The men came. They prepared their apparatus, threw over their rope chairs, and began to work.

And while they were working on April 15, 1944, the fire reached the magazine where the bombs were, and there was one of the most awful explosions that ever occurred away from the front lines of battle. Up went the ship like a huge volcano and rained down rubbish and rubble for a distance of three miles. Thousands of windows were smashed, hundreds of lives were lost, a ten-thousand-ton victory ship berthed beside the fated vessel was lifted out of the water and thrown upon the concrete wharf.

And Brother Soans was still walking around looking for work. He heard the terrible noise, and saw the volcano-like eruptions. Wondering what it could be, he ran in the direction of the harbor. For a while he stood there viewing the wreckage and piecing together the story. Then hurrying back to

Pastor Hamilton as fast as he could, he exclaimed, "Pastor, Pastor, I'm the happiest man in the world! If it hadn't been for the Sabbath making me lose my job, I would have been one of those men detailed to sink that ship, and my life would have been snuffed out as theirs has been. I'm the happiest man in the world."

Soon after this event Brother Soans opened his own welding shop, and when I last heard of him he was making three times as much money as when he lost his job. It is true--the Christian's tears turn into joy.

Likewise, we young people should not be deceived by laughter and excitement. All laughter is not joy. The old patriarch Job says, "The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment." Job 20:5.



## NATURE LESSON

### Teaching an Eaglet to Fly

In reading this story find seven things that a mother eagle does to teach her little one to fly. As the lion is called the king of beasts, so the eagle is called the king of birds.

The eagle generally builds its nest on a cliff among the rocks, or in some other place where it is almost impossible for man to go. The nest is made of large sticks, some of them several feet in length, upon which the bird piles earth, grass, and dry weeds. It is nearly flat, and is lined with fresh pine tops, soft hair, and moss. Each year it is made stronger and larger until it reaches a height of five or six feet and is more than four feet in breadth.

The eagle can fly to an immense height, sometimes soaring so high that he seems but a mere speck in the sky, or is lost in the distant blue. His flight is so rapid that he can outstrip the fury

of the tempest. He cares nothing for wind or storm, cold or heat.

The following is an interesting description of how a mother eagle taught her little one to fly. With food in her talons; she came to the edge of the nest and hovered over it a moment, so as to give the hungry eaglet a sight and smell of the food. Then she went slowly down the valley, taking the food with her, and telling the little one to come and he should have it.

He called loudly after her and spread his wings a dozen times to follow. But the plunge was too awful. He was afraid, and settled back into the nest. In a little while, the mother eagle came back again, this time without food.

She hovered over the nest, trying in every way to coax the little one to leave it. She succeeded at last, when with a desperate effort he sprang upward and flapped to the ledge above. After surveying the world gravely from this new place, he flapped back to the nest. Again and again his mother assured him that he could fly just as easily to the treetops below if he only would. But he turned a deaf ear to all her cries.

Suddenly, as if discouraged, she rose well above him. I held my breath, for I knew what was coming. The little fellow stood on the edge of the nest, looking down at the plunge, which he dared not take. There was a sharp cry from behind, which made him alert, tense as a watch spring. The next instant the mother eagle had swooped, struck the nest at his feet, and sent his support of twigs and himself with them out into the air together.

He was afloat now, afloat in the blue air in spite of himself, and he flapped lustily for life. Over him, under him, beside him, hovered the mother on tireless wings, calling softly that she was there. But the awful fear of the depths and of the lance tops of the spruces was upon the little one. His flapping grew wilder. He fell faster and faster. Suddenly, more in fright, it seemed to me, than because he had spent his strength, he lost his balance and tipped head downward in the air. It was all over now, it seemed. He folded his wings to be dashed to pieces.

Then, like a flash, the old mother eagle shot under him. His despairing feet touched her broad shoulders, between her wings. He righted himself, rested an instant, and found his head. Then she dropped like a shot from under him, leaving him to come down on his own wings. It was all the work of an instant before I lost them among the trees far

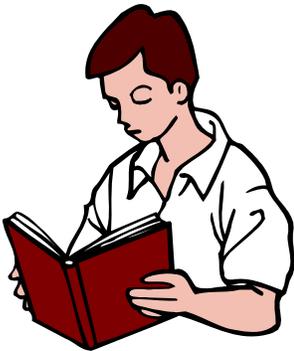
below. And when I found them again with my glass, the eaglet was in the top of a great pine, and his mother was feeding him.

And then, standing there alone in the great wilderness, it flashed upon me for the first time just what the wise old prophet meant, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings," so did the Lord lead Jacob.

Again the Bible says, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself."

Of those who are faithful Christians it is said that they "shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

When difficult circumstances see, to be 'stirring up your nest', have faith in God, He never fails those who trust in Him. = ^ .. ^ =



**Year 3: 3rd Quarter:**

**"GOD'S MESSENGERS: THE PROPHETS"**

**WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 5:**

**"THE PROPHET ELISHA: 2"**

This series of Bible Story Lessons is about God's Messengers, His Prophets. 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: "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man shall receive a righteous man's reward." Matthew 10:41**

**Sunday**

**Text: 2 Kings 4:8-10 "And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman; and she constrained him to eat bread. And so it was, that as oft as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread. And she said unto her husband, Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."**

Elisha traveled much among the people, visiting the various Schools of the Prophets and teaching the ways and truth of God to the people. There was one area he often went through and a kindly woman who lived there, recognizing him as a true prophet of God, often invited him in for a meal on his journey.

Then she got the idea that if she had a small bedroom built on the wall of her house, that Elisha could come there to rest and relax whenever his duties called him to travel that way. Her husband was agreed, so the room was built and the next time Elisha came that way, he was shown it.

How happy was he for this kindness. How nice it was to be able to relax and rest in his own "home away from home". He wanted to do a favor in return for the kindly woman, so he called her and asked what she would like. He told her he could give a recommendation for her to the king or rulers, but she merely said, "I dwell among my own people."

She was not looking for any honor or favor. But when Gehazi pointed out to Elisha that the lady had no child, he called her again and promised that the Lord would give her a little boy of her own. She feared to believe this could happen but sure enough a year later, she had her very own baby boy.

The little lad grew until he was able to go out into the fields with his father. One day the sun was very hot and the lad cried out with a terrible pain in his head and though his father hurried to have him brought in to his mother, the little lad died.

The Shunammite woman laid the body on the bed in the room she had given Elisha and called for a donkey and a servant to take her to the man of God.

When she arrived she grabbed Elisha by the feet and said to him, "Did I ask you for a son? Did I not say not to deceive me?"

Elisha realized the boy was dead and gave his staff to his servant and told him to run and place it on the boy. But the lady insisted that he come himself. So he followed the servant. The servant arrived first and did as he was told, but the boy did not wake.

When Elisha got there he prayed earnestly to God and stretched himself upon the boy and his flesh became warm but still he did not awake. Elisha returned again and stretched himself on the boy and he awoke, sat up and sneezed seven times.

Then the prophet restored him to his mother and there was great happiness in that home.

**Thought** - God will bless those who are kind to His workers.

### Monday

**Text: 2 Kings 4:38 "And Elisha came again to Gilgal: and there was a dearth in the land; and the sons of the prophets were sitting before him: and he said unto his servant, Set on the great pot, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets."**

There was a time of drought and food was scarce. Elisha came to the school at Gilgal and there was not much to eat available, so the big pot was put onto the fire and the students went out to gather wild herbs to make a kettle of soup.

One young man found some wild gourds and put them into the soup. He did not know that they were not edible. When the soup was all ready, they tasted it and knew that it was poisonous. How disappointed everyone was, here they were so hungry and now their soup could not be eaten.

But Elisha was guided by the Lord what to do. He asked for a handful of meal and threw that into the pot and the Lord took the poison out of the soup and they all ate of it with no harm.

Later a man brought an offering of the first fruits to the prophet; twenty loaves of bread and some heads of grain. Elisha told his servant to share it with the hundred men of the school.

"There is not enough here to feed a hundred men!" the servant complained. Elisha assured him that the Lord said there would be enough and some left over. So it was set before them, and they all had more than enough.

**Thought** - Remember the two times Jesus fed thousands from a small lunch?

### Tuesday

**Text: 2 Kings 5:1,2 "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the LORD had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife."**

Israel was still largely given up to worshipping idols like the heathen and so God allowed enemies to attack and cause trouble to them. In one of these raids, Naaman, a Syrian Captain of the army, carried away a small girl from Israel and took her home as a present to his wife.

The little maid waited on Mrs. Naaman and was very faithful in her work. She had been taught of the true God and told some things to her mistress. One day the lady was weeping because her husband had the dread disease of Leprosy! Then, the little maid told her that if only Naaman were in Israel, the Prophet of the Lord would heal him.

Even the King heard of it and he urged Naaman to go and gave him letters to the King of Israel and gold and beautiful clothes to take as gifts. So Naaman went into the land of Israel seeking to be healed of his dread disease.

Straight to the King of Israel went Naaman with his letter from the King of Syria. When the King of Israel read the letter asking him to heal Naaman, he was very upset and tore his clothes. "What am I going to do? I can't heal a man of leprosy! Am I God? The King of Syria wants to pick a fight with me!"

Then Elisha sent word saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me,

and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.”

So off Naaman went to the house of Elisha.

**Thought** – It was only because the little maid had been a faithful worker and true in all her ways that the family of Naaman believed her and listened to her story.

### Wednesday

**Text: 2 Kings 5:9,10** “So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.”

Elisha did not come out to meet Naaman, but instead sent a message to him to go and wash seven times in the river Jordan and be clean. The Warrior was angry, “What does he think? That I need a bath? That I am dirty?”

He thought Elisha would come out and make some kind of ceremony to call upon God and place his hand on him and heal him. “Don’t I have better rivers in my own country? Can’t I wash in them and be clean?” And so Naaman went away in a huff, intending to go back disappointed to his home.

But as they drew near the Jordan River, one of his servants spoke politely to him and said that if Elisha had told him some really hard thing to do, he would have done it. Was it not worth a try to obey the Man of God?

So Naaman ordered the chariots to go down to the river and into it he went. He dipped down into the water once, nothing happened.

Twice and three times, still nothing happened. But he kept on, until seven times and this time when he came up from the water his flesh was healed and his skin as fresh and clean as a little child!

**Thought** – Think of the blessing Naaman would have missed if he had not followed the Prophet’s instructions!

### Thursday

**Text: 2 Kings 5:15,16** “And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a

**blessing of thy servant. But he said, As the LORD liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.”**

Beaming with joy and gratitude, Naaman hurried back to the house of Elisha and thanked him and praised the Lord. He urged him to accept the rich present the King had sent but Elisha would not take anything for the miracle the Lord had worked for Naaman. It was not Elisha, but God who healed the Captain.

Then Naaman asked for some earth of Israel to be given to him to take home and said that from then on he would kneel on this earth and pray to the God of Israel. Elisha bade him to go in peace.

But greedy eyes were watching what went on. Gehazi, Elisha’s servant was coveting the riches and as soon as he could sneak away, he hurried after Naaman to tell him a big lie.

Naaman saw him coming and stopped. “Is everything alright?” he asked.

“Yes, but two of the sons of the prophets have just arrived and my master asked me to ask a talent of silver and two suits of clothes for them”, the greedy man lied.

Naaman gladly gave him more than he had asked, two talents of silver and the two suits of clothes and even sent servants to carry them for him. Now that was a problem, but the greedy Gehazi figured it out. He took the gifts and hid them in a tower and sent the servants back.

Then Gehazi went back into the house of Elisha as if nothing had happened. But God had shown it all to Elisha and he asked the guilty servant, “Where have you been?”

“Nowhere!” Gehazi lied.

Elisha told him, that he had seen the whole thing. “Is this a time to receive money and gifts?” Solemnly he announced, “The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever.” And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow. 2 Kings 5:27

**Thought** – Gehazi coveted what Naaman had, and the Lord gave him the leprosy Naaman had. Greediness is a snare. “A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.” Proverbs 19:5.

### Friday

**Text: 2 Kings 6:5, 6** “But as one was felling a beam, the axe head fell into the water: and he

**cried, and said, Alas, master! for it was borrowed. And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he shewed him the place. And he cut down a stick, and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim."**

The Schools of the Prophets were doing well and in one of the places there were so many students that they did not have enough room. The young men had a great idea, "Let's each carry a beam and go and cut down some wood and build a new school!"

Elisha agreed they should do that. Then they asked him to come with them and so he agreed to come. One of the boys wanted to help but he did not have an axe of his own, so he borrowed one.

Down by the river he was working hard to cut down a tree when the axe-head went flying off the handle and out into the river and sank out of sight. Now what could he do! He had no money to replace the valuable axe-head.

He called out to Elisha and told him what had happened. "Alas", he said, "for it was borrowed!"

"Where did it fall?" Elisha asked him and when the young man showed him the place, the man of God tossed a stick onto the water and lo and behold the heavy iron axehead floated to the top and stayed there until the youth could get to it and grab it.

Rich and poor, the Lord helped all through his Prophet. Many times when the King of Syria was about to come and attack Israel, the Lord would show Elisha and he would send a message warning the King of Israel about where the Syrian was camped and how he planned to attack.

The King of Syria became so frustrated that he called together his leading men and asked them, "Will you please tell me who of you is telling all my plans to the King of Israel?"

There was silence for a moment, but then a servant spoke up, "None of us, my Lord the king, but the Prophet Elisha in Israel tells the King of Israel even the words you say in your bedroom!"

**Thought** - Nothing is hidden from Our God and nothing can ever surprise Him! = ^ .. ^ =

