

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 3 - 3rd Quarter - Issue #7



CREATION CORNER

Flowers & Bees

Did you know that bees live longer in winter than in summer? I wonder how many of you can guess why it is. They live about six months in winter, while in summer they only live three or four months. This is because they work so hard during the warm months, gathering the honey and pollen, and storing it in the cells of wax, which they have made, while in winter they do little work except for to keep the hive warm.

Bees would all die if there were no flowers, and many of the flowers could not make seeds if it were not for the bees. I will tell you now why that is true. Do you know what pollen is? It is the soft, yellow powder found in flowers that covers your nose sometimes, when you smell a flower. The pollen is the male or daddy part of the seed.

Most blossoms have a little seed case, or pod, underneath them. When the flower is first open, there are tiny baby seeds in this plant. These are the female, or mommy part of the seed. Of course you know that seeds are supposed to grow into plants; but before these baby seeds can make

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plants, they must be “pollenized.”

That means that pollen must be brought to them. Sometimes pollen must be brought from another blossom, or even another plant. How do you suppose the pollen from one flower reaches the seedpod of another flower?

Each blossom has a pistil and some stamens. The pistil is in the center of the blossom, and looks like a tiny green stick with a sticky ball on the end. Around it are the stamens, which look much like the pistil, only they are shorter, and instead of a ball on the end, they have little flat pads, which are covered with yellow pollen.

When you look at a flower, see if you can find the pistil and the stamens. Down in the cup of the flower you will find some sweet nectar. The bees want the nectar to make honey, and they want the pollen to make bee-bread.

Let us go out in the garden and watch them. Along comes a bee, buzzing about here and there. Suddenly he dives into a blossom head first, because he smells nectar. The stamens shake their yellow dust, the pollen, on him, and it clings to his fuzzy little back and to his legs. He doesn't get very much nectar from one flower, so he buzzes on to the next. Diving into that flower, he brushes against the sticky ball on the end of the pistil. The pollen

that he has brought on his coat from the first blossom, is rubbed off, and clings to the little sticky ball. This tiny ball is really the opening of the seed case where the baby seeds lie, and the pollen soon fertilizes the little seeds.

Then the petals fade, and drop off from the flower; and soon the little seeds become hard and dry. The pod also dries, and bursts open, and the ripe seeds fall to the ground, ready to grow new plants.

The little bee gathers all the honey he can carry in his special honey-stomach, and then flies back to the hive, which is his home. He goes straight to the comb, which has already been made, and empties his sweet burden into an open cell. When the cell is full of honey, the busy workers cover it over with a "cap" of wax.

You see that if it were not for the bees, the flower seeds would die; and if it were not for the flowers, the bees would not have any honey. So bees and flowers always go together. = ^ .. ^ =

STORY LESSON

3. Joyful in the House of Prayer

"Blessed is the man that . . . keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." "Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer." Isaiah 56:2, 7.

During the recent war Corporal Keith Argraves, an ordinary Seventh-day Adventist medic, was with his unit crossing over to North Africa with the invading armies. When they were still one hundred miles from land one of the two motors of the plane spluttered and stopped. All efforts of the pilot to start the engine again were of no avail, and word was passed along to the men to get ready to jump, since they could not remain in the air with only one motor functioning. Life rafts were readied, but their case looked hopeless.

Then Keith asked his commanding officer for permission to pray out loud. Permission was given, and Keith prayed, asking God to make the engine start, so that they could complete their journey, for they were needed in Africa so much. While Keith was still praying the pilot stepped on the starter and the engine functioned perfectly the rest of the way.

You can read the story in his book--Keith Argraves, Paratrooper. But you can hardly imagine how happy and joyful Keith was because of that

prayer! Wouldn't you be happy and joyful in prayer if your prayers could start an airplane engine one hundred miles from land!

"I was glad," says David, "when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Psalm 122:1.

In Job 22:21, 26, 27, we read: "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace." "For then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God. Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee." And Jesus Himself said, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." John 16:24.

Now put with these scriptures this paragraph from Messages to Young People, page 150: "And all the way up the steep road leading to eternal life are well-springs of joy to refresh the weary. Those who walk in wisdom's way are, even in tribulation, exceeding joyful; for He whom their soul loveth walks, invisible, beside them."

We cannot but conclude that in order for the children of God to be the happiest people in the world God gave to them the privilege of prayer, the joy of communing with Him along the way. As there can be no happy physical life without abundance of breathing, so there can be no happy spiritual life without abundance of prayer.

If prayer is such a joy and delight, why then are so few found at prayer meeting? Why then do we pray so little? Can it be that we do not receive answers to our requests? Can it be that we feel our prayers do not reach all the way to heaven?

Once there was a man whose name was Saul, an enthusiastic, conscientious persecutor of the early Christian church. He was smitten with blindness on the road to Damascus one day, and Jesus came and spoke to him. He was led into the city, where he prayed and fasted for three days (Acts 9:9-11), and he was healed of his blindness in answer to prayer (verse 18). Ah, now, that is the kind of experience that would make us joyful in prayer.

That same man, who became Paul the apostle, prayed, and the dead were raised to life (Acts 20:9, 10); he prayed, and an earthquake opened the prison (Acts 16:25, 26). He prayed, and 276 men were saved in a terrible shipwreck. (Acts 27:23-25, 37.) What wonderful, joyful experiences in prayer these were, but this same man Paul prayed earnestly three times for the removal of a "thorn in the flesh" (2 Corinthians 12:7), quite possibly a weakness of eyesight, and there was no physical

healing. The only answer to that prayer was, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Verse 9.

Still in spite of what must have been a disappointment to him, this same Paul exhorts the Hebrews, and through them, every child of God, "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Hebrews 4:16.

I like that thought of coming "boldly." To me it is related to the joyful, happy experience God wants us to have in prayer, and for years I have sought to understand it better. Step by step, by way of the common experiences of life, I have learned what it means to come "boldly," and have found such a new joy in prayer that I want to share it with you.

One day some years ago away over in Burma I was working at my office desk when I suddenly became aware of someone's presence in my room. I looked up quickly, but could see no one, and could hear no one. I called, "Who is it? What do you want?" But there was no reply, so I bent to my work again. But there was someone in the room. I could feel it. I looked up again quickly and caught sight of the tiniest fraction of a little black head as it bobbed behind the end of my desk. "Come on!" I coaxed. "I saw you; come on, Sonny, and tell me what you want."

Little by little, out came one of my small schoolboys, with one finger in his mouth, and another finger twisting a corner of his shirt. "Come on, Sonny! Don't be scared! I won't eat you!" I encouraged. He came a little nearer, but not a word came out of his little mouth. He stood on one leg and then on the other, a picture of personified timidity. "Come on, Sonny, tell me what you want," I coaxed.

He opened his mouth with a tremendous effort, "Please, Thara-I-please, Thara-I-" but he couldn't get out another word. I patted him on the head, smiled, and said, "Come on, finish it. Please, Thara-I-what?"

Gathering courage from my friendliness, he suddenly blurted out, "Please, Thara, I want a new shirt!"

"Splendid, splendid," I replied. "We have lots of cloth in the store and lots of big girls in school who like to sew little shirts for little boys. That's nothing to be scared about. Why, I wouldn't be scared if I wanted a new shirt!"

"But, Thara, I haven't got any money!"

"Oh, Oh!" What a difference that made. Come to think about it, I'd be scared to ask for a new shirt

too if I didn't have any money! Well, I told him we could put it on his account, and his father could pay in rice, or he himself could work it out in summer, and soon away he went as happy as could be with the cloth for his new shirt under his arm.

I was still musing on his timidity, and had hardly seated myself at my desk again when I heard another boy running down the path like a fire engine. He burst into the back room, came through to my office puffing and blowing and all out of breath. He put two pice on my desk and blurted out, "Please, Thara, two pice' worth of soap!"

Now I didn't usually sell soap in the school store. I had big girls spend regular hours in the store selling soap and pencils--I was the director of the mission! But he was so much in earnest, and he was so bold, and courageous, and he had his money! I just didn't have the heart to tell him to come back some other time. I got up, sold him his two pice' worth of soap, and away he went with a cheerful "Thank you, Thara," and making more noise like a fire engine.

I sat down to my desk but not to work. I had just had a lesson in coming "boldly." How plain it was! If we wish to come "boldly" to the throne of grace, we must have faith, and lots of it. "Without faith it is impossible to please him," says Paul. Hebrews 11:6.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God," says James, "but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." James 1:5, 6. "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," says Jesus. Mark 11:24.

And do you know, in order for them to have this faith, Jesus taught His disciples to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven"? Matthew 6:9. Jesus might have taught them to address their prayers to the King of kings and the Ruler of the universe, but He didn't. He taught them to say, "Our Father," because He knew that they had learned to come boldly to their earthly fathers with faith and confidence, and He wanted them to have that same joy as they came to God in prayer.

"I'm a father. I know how fearless and confident and persistent children are with their requests. Many years ago when our son Lenny was just a little four-year-old, he awoke one morning at four o'clock, looked around his little world, then crawled out of his crib, over the top of his mother, and sat straddle-legged on top of me. Then he began, "Daddy, Daddy, Dad-dy!" There was no response.

Next he began pulling my nose and opening my eyes while again calling "Daddy, Dad-dy, Dad-dy!"

"Son, son," I groaned. "It's too early to talk; let me sleep a little longer." I turned on my side, but so did he, and again he began the same nose pulling and the eye opening. "Daddy, Dad-dy, Dad-dy!" I drowsily awoke and asked, "What's the matter?"

"You are my daddy, aren't you, Daddy?" "Of course I'm your daddy, but it's too early to. . ."

"But, Daddy," he began earnestly, now sure that I was awake, "I want you to make me a motorcar, Daddy. Will you, Daddy? And paint it green all over, and put a toot toot on it like an engine train, and a seat in it for the pussy cat to ride on. Oh, please, Daddy, won't you make me a motorcar, huh? Daddy?"

"Son, son," I groaned hardly realizing what I was saying. "I'll make you anything, if you'll only stop talking and let me sleep some more!"

"He said he would; he said he would!" the little rascal chuckled to himself as he slid out of bed and ran out of the house to go and tell See See and Barnabas the good news. At six o'clock the bell rang for worship, and as I went over to the chapel I saw the three little fellows playing imaginary motorcars, toot tooting for all they were worth as they ran up and down giving each other imaginary rides. They saw me, and descended upon me en masse. "Daddy, you are going to make me a motorcar," said Lenny. "Aren't you, Daddy? Are you going to make it today, Daddy, huh, Daddy?"

"Today!" I gasped. "But where am I going to get the wheels, son?" But that was my problem, not his. He just beamed upon his little mates, See See and Barnabas, and said. "He is! He is! He said he would; he said he would."

As I came home to breakfast I found little Lenny eating his porridge with great gusto. "Daddy," he shouted, "I'm a good boy. I'm eating all my porridge up. You're going to make a good boy a motorcar, Daddy, huh, Daddy?" And it was motorcar motorcar, motorcar, all day long!

At last it was night, and he lay asleep in his little crib. His mother locked arms in mine and drew me over close by and whispered, "Isn't he sweet!" And I said, "Yes, when he's asleep! He's motor-carred me all day long! But how can I make him a motorcar? Where could I get the wheels? And the paint?"

"You could have the old baby-wagon wheels," suggested mother, "and there's a little green paint left over from the cupboard we painted last week."

So while little Lenny slept I went down to the work-shop and made him a motorcar. I put a toot toot on it like a train engine, and a seat in it big enough for a boy and a pussy cat too. Then I mixed the paint with a generous supply of gasoline so it would be dry by morning, and painted it green all over. There never has been anything like it on earth, before or since. But I carried it up quietly and put it right beside my bed.

At four o'clock the next morning little Lenny awoke. He looked all around, then crawled out of his crib, right over his mother and sat straddle-legged on top of me once more. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" he called, but there was no response. "Daddy, Dad-dy, Dad-dy!" And this time he pulled my nose and lifted my eyelids. "Dad-dy!"

"O, son!" I groaned. "Daddy's too sleepy to talk. Let us rest a little longer."

"But, Daddy, you said you were going to make me a motorcar. Are you going to make it today, Daddy, huh, Daddy?"

"Son," I said, "If I do something for you, will you do something for me?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy; tell me what to do."

"All right, jump out of bed, and get daddy his shoes."

"Oh, don't make the little fellow get out of bed," pleaded his mother.

But as he got off the bed to get my shoes, he slid right into the motorcar. There was just one minute of silent amazement, then, "Mother! Mother! He did make it, and it's got a toot toot on it like a train engine, and it has a seat in it for the pussycat to ride in, and it's painted green all over! O Mother, he did make it. I knew he would."

Oh what joy! Mother had to dress him in his precious motorcar that morning, and I helped him down the stairs with it. Soon I could hear See See and Barnabas as they joined him, and they all squealed with delight.

And that morning I read over again Luke 11:9-13: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.... If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?"

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" And I understand it so much better now.

I'm so happy I have a Father in heaven who has promised to supply all my needs (Philippians 4:19), to protect and deliver me (Psalm 91), and to lead and guide me (Psalm 23). Why should I fear Him? He is my Father. He delights to have me come boldly and persistently to Him, in my time of need, just like my little son came boldly and persistently to me. Then I can rejoice even as he rejoiced. = ^ .. ^ =

OLD TIME STORIES

The Emperor's Seeds

The story is told of an emperor in the Far East who was growing old and knew it was time to choose his successor. Instead of choosing one of his assistants or his children, he decided something different. He called young people in the kingdom together one day.

He said, "It is time for me to step down and choose the next emperor. I have decided to choose one of you." The youth were shocked! But the emperor continued. "I am going to give each one of you a seed today, one very special seed. I want you to plant the seed, water it and come back here one year from today with what you have grown from this one seed. I will then judge the plants that you bring, and the one I choose will be the next emperor!"

One boy named Ling was there that day and he, like the others, received a seed. He went home and excitedly told his mother the story. She helped him get a pot and planting soil, and he planted the seed and watered it carefully. Every day he would water it and watch to see if it had grown.

After about three weeks, some of the other youths began to talk about their seeds and the plants that were beginning to grow. Ling kept checking his seed, but nothing ever grew. Three weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks went by. Still nothing.

By now, still more of the others were talking about their plants, but Ling didn't have a plant, and he felt like a failure. Six months went by; still nothing in Ling's pot.

He just knew he had killed his seed. Everyone else had trees and tall plants, but he had nothing. Ling didn't say anything to his friends, however. He just kept waiting for his seed to grow.

A year finally went by and all the youths of the kingdom brought their plants to the emperor for

inspection. Ling told his mother that he wasn't going to take an empty pot, but his mother said he must be honest about what had happened. Ling felt sick to his stomach, but he knew his mother was right. He took his empty pot to the palace.

When Ling arrived, he was amazed at the variety of plants grown by the other youths. They were beautiful—in all shapes and sizes. Ling put his empty pot on the floor and many of the other youths laughed at him. A few seemed to feel sorry for him and just said, "Hey, nice try."

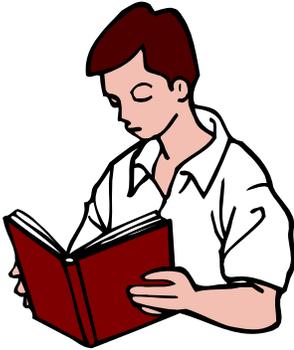
When the emperor arrived, he surveyed the room and greeted the young people. Ling just tried to hide in the back. "My, what great plants, trees and flowers you have grown," said the emperor. "Today, one of you will be appointed the next emperor!"

All of a sudden, the emperor spotted Ling at the back of the room with his empty pot. He ordered his guards to bring him to the front. Ling was terrified. "The emperor knows I'm a failure! Maybe he will have me killed!" When Ling got to the front, the emperor asked his name. "My name is Ling," he replied. All the youths were laughing and making fun of him. The emperor asked everyone to quiet down.

He looked at Ling, and then announced to the crowd, "Behold your new emperor! His name is Ling!" Ling couldn't believe it. Ling couldn't even grow his seed. How could he be the new emperor?

Then the emperor said, "One year ago today, I gave everyone here a seed. I told you to take the seed, plant it, water it, and bring it back to me today. But I gave you all boiled seeds, which would not grow. All of you, except Ling, have brought me trees and plants and flowers. When you found that the seed would not grow, you substituted another seed for the one I gave you. Ling was the only one with the courage and honesty to bring me a pot with my seed in it. Therefore, he is the one who will be the new emperor!" Author Unknown
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Year 3: 3rd Quarter:

“GOD’S MESSENGERS: THE PROPHETS”

WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 7:

“THE PROPHET ISAIAH”

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: “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” Isaiah 1:18

Sunday

Text: Isaiah 1:4 “Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters: they have forsaken the LORD, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward.”

In last weeks lesson we learned how the Prophet Elisha taught and helped the people of the nation of Israel for many years. Now we are going to look at the Prophet Isaiah. Isaiah was a prophet calling for repentance, giving warnings and yet offering encouraging promises to any who would listen to the Word of God sent by the mouth and pen of the Prophet.

Isaiah’s ministry was to Judah and his work continued more than fifty years. He saw the reign of four kings, some were good and served God, but most were not and did not. He was finally

martyred by being placed in a log and sawn through, under the wicked King Manasseh, who shed much blood of the faithful.

The Book of Isaiah is 66 chapters and Isaiah is classed as a Major Prophet. He tells the story of the life of Jesus, hundreds of years before He was born, almost as clearly as the Gospel writers and is called the ‘Gospel Prophet’.

In fact so clearly is the life of Jesus and His death described in the 53rd of Isaiah and other chapters, that the Jews have declared it a cursed book and not to be read. They also have pronounced a curse on any who would figure out the Time Prophecy of Daniel which points to the time of the Messiah’s ministry. None are so blind as those who refuse to see! Be sure to read for yourself, Isaiah 53.

The prophecies of Isaiah do not only reach to the time of Jesus, but into our times as well and on into eternity. (see chapter 66) There are many prophecies that describe the condition of the church in our day, which is much the same as the apostasy in Judah back then. One could study the Book of Isaiah for a whole lifetime and still have wonderful things to discover in it!

Here is another amazing fact, and one that many are trying to cover up these days. When the Dead Sea Scrolls were found in 1948, a whole book of Isaiah the prophet was found among them. That copy was written over 100 years before Christ, so no one can say the Book of Isaiah was actually written after Jesus’ life.

Also that copy is found to be almost exactly word for word the same as our ‘old fashioned’ King James translation shows it to be! It does not agree with the modern translations based on the manuscripts of Rome.

Thought - Remember the story of the man from the Queen of Ethiopia’s court that Phillip was sent to talk to? He was reading a scroll of the Book of Isaiah and was learning the amazing prophecies describing the life of Jesus. When Phillip told him how these prophecies were fulfilled, he gave his heart to Jesus and was baptized. He went back home and taught others, and a Christian church was established that followed the Bible and the true gospel of the apostles. This church remained pure for centuries and kept the true Bible Sabbath.

Monday

Text: 2 Chronicles 26:3, 4 “Sixteen years old was Uzziah when he began to reign, and he

reigned fifty and two years in Jerusalem. His mother's name also was Jecoliah of Jerusalem. And he did that which was right in the sight of the LORD, according to all that his father Amaziah did."

2 Chronicles 26:16 "But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction: for he transgressed against the LORD his God, and went into the temple of the LORD to burn incense upon the altar of incense."

It was during the reign of Uzziah that Isaiah was called by God to be a prophet. Uzziah was made king when he was just a teenager, and for a long time he did what was right. He also showed himself to be wise, as he got older, and did much to strengthen Judah and the army, so that the nation was very prosperous in his days.

Sadly he fell into another trap of the devil. You know if Satan cannot keep us ignoring God and doing wickedness, he tries to get us to be presumptuous and so disobey God that way. This big word means to get too proud and bold and to try to do things that we have no business doing. Uzziah did it this way:

He decided one day that he wanted to go walking not only right into the temple, but right into the Holy Place where only the Priests descended from Aaron were allowed to go. He wanted to go in and burn incense before the LORD right in front of the veil of the Most Holy Place. When he came to do this, the priest and his helpers stopped him and told him he could not do this, and to get out of there, right away.

But Uzziah got angry and standing there with a censer in his hands tried to force his way to go and do this. How dare anyone tell him, the King, what he could or could not do? But as he was arguing and trying to force his way to the altar, God smote him and the leprosy came out on his very forehead.

Then the priests thrust him out of the place and he hurried to go also, as he had been struck by God for his rash and foolish actions. All the rest of his life he had that leprosy on his head and he could not return to his palace, but had to live in a separate house.

Thought – We need always to be careful to humbly obey God in all things, and never think we are someone special, and can do whatever we like before God!

Tuesday

Text: Isaiah 1:21-23 "How is the faithful city become an harlot! it was full of judgment; righteousness lodged in it; but now murderers. Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water: Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves: every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them."

Even though Judah was prosperous during the time of King Uzziah, and he did serve God, the people did not serve God with all their hearts. They went to their feasts and attended the sacrifices just as a form, something to do to please God. But they did not turn away from sin in their lives, they did not seek to have the character of God and they did not stop worshipping idols and the hosts of heaven in the groves.

In other words, they kept many pagan customs and mixed them in with the true worship. Also as they were well off, they became more harsh and greedy. They would not care for the poor or bother to help the widows, Oh, no! They would just try to get as much for themselves as they could and yet they thought they were just fine in the sight of God.

So when Isaiah began to tell them what God really thought about them, and that they really didn't know Him and He was not pleased with them, they didn't like it one bit! When he told them that God was even disgusted with their feast days and didn't want their sacrifices, they were very angry.

You see; God wanted the offering of a lamb for sin, to show the people how terrible sin was, and that it led to death. He wanted them to see that their sin would cause the death of the Son of God, to save them, and to want to get rid of sin out of their lives. But the people just felt that the lamb was a price they paid to make up to God for their sin. The gift they made excused their sins. To them it was sort of a bribe to God.

God did not want their bribes and gifts offered to Him, as if he were a heathen devil-god to be appeased. He wanted them to learn His ways, give Him their whole hearts and learn to do right because it is right! All their religious ceremonies and 'going to church' was only an insult to God, if they did not obey His Word.

Thought – There are people today who feel the same way, they think that because Jesus died

on the cross, sin does not matter and they don't even have to seek to get it out of their lives. They say, "It was all done at the cross", and they can do as they please and still go to heaven. But no one who still has sins in their lives, that they have not repented of and stopped doing before their life ends, or when Jesus comes, will enter heaven!

Wednesday

Text: Isaiah 1:12-15 "When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood."

Now the sad thing is that when the people had these ideas that their offerings and rituals were a favor they did to God and sin was not a serious matter, most of the Priests of the temple also had them and even encouraged the people in their sins! Why would they do this?

Well you see; the Priests got to keep for themselves the main part of the offerings the people would bring to the temple. So the more lambs and animals the people brought, the more wealth for the Priests. And the more the people sinned the more animals and offerings they brought. So sin was good business and many of the Priests became corrupt and delighted in sin, as it made them rich.

Now there were some faithful Priests, but as time went on, most of them got pushed aside or gotten rid of by the corrupt ones. Things got so bad that only the priests, who would promise to share the wealth with the High Priest, would get to minister in the temple at all. In the time of Jesus the High Priest was a vicious and powerful man who got the office by paying a huge amount of money and often by killing others who also wanted the job.

But the message of true prophets has always been the same, "Turn away from sin! Stop sinning and do right! God does not want your offerings as

bribes, He wants your hearts and lives turned over to Him, so He can take away your sin!"

Often the prophet was sent to stand right in the door of the temple and tell the people to stop bringing these offerings to 'bribe' the Lord, as they were an insult to the God of Heaven. Now you can imagine what the corrupt priests thought about this! So they hated God's messengers and often had them killed.

Thought – Things are the same today, the true messengers of God tell the people they must put away sin or they will be lost. These true messengers are most often hated. But because people want to be saved IN their sins, most ministers find it more profitable to preach that sin is alright and not to worry about it, because Jesus' death on the cross paid for it all, and we can sin and still go to heaven as long as we go to church and pay money.

Thursday

Text: Isaiah 2:6-8 "Therefore thou hast forsaken thy people the house of Jacob, because they be replenished from the east, and are soothsayers like the Philistines, and they please themselves in the children of strangers. Their land also is full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures; their land is also full of horses, neither is there any end of their chariots: Their land also is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made."

It was in the last year of the reign of Uzziah that Isaiah was called to be a prophet, to rebuke the sins of priests and people, and to encourage the few faithful ones who were still trying to honestly serve God in spite of being scorned and persecuted for it. He felt very hopeless about it and wondered how his work could make any difference in the terrible apostasy that seemed to be everywhere.

The rich would oppress the poor and even the judges that were commanded by God to protect the needy and poor, would rule on the side of the rich to get bribes. There was no real justice in the courts and truth seemed not to matter.

All the people thought about was making money and buying more houses and land and business profits. Because of riches, the people went in for indulging pride and appetite, having feasts and

parties, revelry, entertainment and drunkenness. It seemed that they were trying to be just like Sodom and Gomorrah.

Isaiah did not feel he would get anywhere trying to take God's messages of reproof to such people. He knew that all he would get was hate and anger and stubborn resistance to his message from God. The task seemed hopeless. Should he just give up and leave Judah to follow undisturbed their heathen ways and still think they were God's special people?

Thought – Isaiah little knew how precious to God's faithful children down through the centuries has been his Book containing God's messages. Thousands of years after his death, we are still being blessed by it and if you will read it for yourself, asking Jesus to help you understand it, you will be blessed and taught too.

Friday

Text: Isaiah 6:1-4 **"In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke."**

Discouraged thoughts were crowding through Isaiah's mind as he stood near the entrance of the temple. Suddenly the gate and the inner veil of the temple seemed to be uplifted or withdrawn, and he could see inside, right into the holy of holies, where even the prophet's feet might not enter.

He saw a vision of the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, while the train of His glory filled the temple. On each side of the throne hovered the angels, their faces humbly covered, as they ministered before their Maker and sang together, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory," until post and pillar and cedar gate seemed shaken with the sound, and the house was filled with their praise.

As Isaiah saw all the glory and majesty of his Lord, he was overwhelmed with a sense of the purity and holiness of God. How sharp the contrast between the matchless perfection of his Creator, and the sinful course of those who, with himself, had long been numbered among the chosen people of Israel and Judah!

"Woe is me!" he cried; "for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Verse 5.

He realized that in himself was no good thing and unless the Lord should do something for him, there was no way he could carry out the job of a prophet. As he cried out in despair and distress, and angel was sent to him to fit him for his task.

The angel took a burning coal from the altar and touched the prophet's lips with it. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged," he said to Isaiah.

Then the voice of God was heard saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?" humbly Isaiah responded, "Here am I; send me." Verses 7, 8.

But then he asked the Lord how long he would have to bear this message and would any of the people listen to him? He was told that his message in behalf of erring Judah was not to be borne in vain. His mission was not to be wholly fruitless.

Yet the evils that had been multiplying for many generations could not be removed in his day. Throughout his lifetime he must be a patient, courageous teacher—a prophet of hope as well as of doom. The divine purpose finally accomplished, the full fruitage of his efforts, and of the labors of all God's faithful messengers, would appear. A remnant should be saved.

Thought - It has always been this way, even during times when it seems there are many who claim to belong to Jesus and who are planning to be in heaven, only a few really know and obey God. Only those who truly turn away from sin and give all their heart to God will ever see heaven. Only a Remnant, but you and I can choose to be in that Remnant. If we will seek to know and obey Jesus with all our heart, today and always, one day we will stand with that Remnant! = ^ .. ^ =