

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 3 - 3rd Quarter - Issue #9



CREATION CORNER

Bee Families

TO DAY we will talk about the bees' relatives, father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Each hive, or bee home, contains a family of bees. Their families are much larger than yours or mine, for some of them have thousands of brothers and sisters, and a thousand is ten times a hundred, you know.

In a bee family, there is one who is the queen. She is larger than any of the others, and she does no work. She is really the mother bee, for she lays the eggs from which all the other bees are hatched. She is cared for by workers and fed a special food called 'Royal Jelly'.

You have probably heard of the "drone" bees. They are the brothers, and fathers. The drones do not work, and they eat a great deal of the honey that the worker bees have brought in. If there are very many drones in a hive, the worker bees kill most of them. They do not like those who want to eat, but will not work. The drones are larger than the workers. They are almost as large as the queen.

The worker bees are the sisters in the family. They are the busy little bees that we see flying about from blossom to blossom, and buzzing so merrily

all the long summer day.

The mother, or queen bee, lays her eggs in the empty cells just like the ones in which honey is stored. The eggs are not all alike; for some will make queen bees, some drones, and some workers. They are very, very small, no larger than the point of a pin, and are very white. In about three days, each egg hatches out into what looks like a tiny white worm. We call it a larva.

If we watch, we will see the worker bees poking their heads into each cell where a larva lies. They are feeding the babies. The larva grows very rapidly, until about nine days after being hatched, it fills the cell. Then the worker bees put a cap of wax on the cell, just as they do when there is honey in it. Inside the baby sleeps as a pupa.

In about twelve days, the baby inside opens the cap from the cell, and comes out – a pretty, soft, fuzzy bee, with clear, gauzy wings. So it is about three weeks from the time that the queen mother lays the egg until there comes out a perfect bee.

The young bees stay around the hive for several days, working busily, feeding the larva that are not grown, helping to make wax, and attending to the queen - in fact, making themselves useful about the house, as boys and girls should do.

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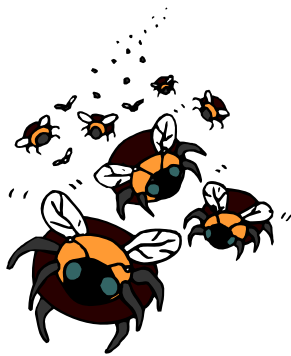
STORY LESSON

WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

In a few days after a new queen bee is hatched out, when the young bees have learned to “keep house” by themselves, the old queen and all the older bees leave the hive, or home. They go out and find a new home. This is what we call a “swarm.” The bees all cling to the queen, and there are so many of them that they make a great ball or mass of bees.

They settle for a time on a tree or bush, while scouts go out to locate a new nest. Then they fly with a great buzzing noise, all together, to a new home. The young bees in the old home, care for the new queen, and go ahead with the work that the older bees left.

Now a bee’s tiny brain is not big enough to know all these things - but God has made the bee family; giving them built in wisdom to be able to do the work He designed them for. When you eat some nice honey, think about the busy bees!
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STORY LESSON

Will Power and Won't Power

I have found quite a confusion among young people as to just what ‘will power’ really is.

Some time ago I heard a mother say to her small son, “It’s time for you to run off to bed now, dear.”

But the little dear shook his head, pouted his lips, and whined, “No.”

Mother continued, “Now, be a good boy and run off to bed.”

And the little boy said, “No! No!” and stamped his foot.

The mother answered, “You are going to bed, my little son. Now run along.”

Her little son then lay down on the floor, kicked his legs, and yelled, “No! No! I don’t want to.”

Blushing with embarrassment, the poor mother apologized, “My little boy has such a strong will power.”

No, he didn’t have a strong will power. That little

boy had a very stubborn “won’t power.” They are very different. Many people are confused in their understanding of the will power. Some even confuse it with “want” power, but “want” power is not will power.

One day there came to my dispensary an old man who groaned and groaned with the toothache. “Where do you live, Uncle?” I asked as I opened the door and let him in. He named a village ten miles away and added, “I walked all the way this morning, because I want to get my tooth pulled out.”

He did have a great deal of want power, didn’t he, to walk ten miles to get a tooth out! So I had him sit in a chair while I got ready to pull his tooth. I had a little silver tray, and on it I placed my syringe and needle, and as Uncle saw the needle he said, “Oh! Oh!” Then I put a little lance on the tray and an elevator--sometimes we need them if the roots are hard--and Uncle said, “Oh! Oh!” again. Then I selected two pairs of forceps and put them on the tray.

Then I was all ready, and in my white coat with my sleeves rolled up, I said, “All right, Uncle. Open your mouth and let me get to work.” But he had seen so many things on that tray that he was afraid, and covering his mouth with both his hands, he shook his head and said, “Um-um!”

I explained that after the first prick of the needle he wouldn’t feel any more pain, and that his tooth would be out, but with his hands still tight over his mouth, he continued to shake his head and say, “Um-um!”

I thought perhaps he didn’t know I could pull teeth; so I took out a bottle of dried teeth, teeth that I had pulled and put in a bottle to use as an assurer, and I rattled them in front of him as I said, “Don’t be scared! Look at all these teeth! I pulled every one, and not a single one hurt. Now come on, Uncle, open your mouth and let me get in there and pull that tooth.”

But he shook his head and said, “Um-um!”

I had others try to convince him that it would be all right, but to no avail. He shook his head and said, “Um-um!” And, believe it or not, that man who wanted to get his tooth pulled so much that he walked ten miles to the dispensary for that very purpose, walked ten miles home again with that aching tooth still in his head. Why? Because he was not *willing* to let me pull that tooth.

Of the many possible definitions of the will, here is a paragraph that contains as good a definition

as I have ever seen: "Pure religion has to do with the will. The will is the governing power in the nature of man, bringing all the other faculties under its sway. The will is not the taste or the inclination, but it is the deciding power, which works in the children of men unto obedience to God, or unto disobedience." Messages to Young People, p. 151.

How easy this is to understand; the will is not want power, but a deciding power.

I can remember my father telling a story of a young man and woman who were married and hoped to live happily forever after, but they didn't, and it wasn't long before they were fighting and quarreling and pulling each other's hair. At last the little woman couldn't stand it any longer, and one day after her husband went to work she went to see the preacher who had married them.

"Oh," she said, "we are so unhappy. We hoped our home would be a little heaven, but it isn't. Is there any-thing you can do for us?"

"Oh, yes!" said the preacher. "I have some magic medicine that will soon make you happy again."

"Oh, thank you so much," said the little woman. And soon the minister came out of his study with a bottle, all marked up on the outside.

"Shall I take a dose now?" asked the woman excitedly.

"Oh, no, not now," said the preacher. "You don't take it now; you wait till five o'clock in the afternoon. When you hear your husband's knock on the door, before you open the door, you take a big tablespoon full of this medicine, but don't swallow it. It has no power in your stomach. Hold it in your mouth for an hour, and then, then you'll feel its power."

"Thank you so much," said the little woman, and she hurried home with her bottle of magic medicine. All day long she dreamed about it, then at five o'clock, when she heard her husband's knock on the door, she flew to her bottle, took a big tablespoon full of medicine, and with her cheeks bulging, went and opened the door.

"Is dinner ready? Where's the paper? Get my slip-pers!" growled her tired, hungry husband. She smiled, but couldn't talk. She got the paper and his slippers, put his dinner on the table, and pointing to her mouth tried to explain that she couldn't talk yet.

"The toast is all burned! There's too much salt in the soup!" growled the man. But the little woman couldn't answer a word.

By and by dinner was over. Her husband, now satisfied and warmed, seated himself in his

comfortable chair by the fire, and began to read his paper. He even chuckled and read some of the headlines to his wife! And by the time she could swallow her medicine, they were quite happy.

The next night it was better still, and the next night it was as though the old honeymoon days had come back again, and when she saw that the medicine would soon be used up, the little woman went back to the preacher for more.

"Please give me another bottle of that magic medicine," she said.

"Woman, does it work?" asked the preacher.

"Our home is just like heaven again," she replied, "and it's getting better and better every day."

"Then woman," said the preacher, "if you have found that it works, go fill your bottle at any water faucet." There was no magic in the medicine. The magic was in self-control.

Many years ago there came to my dispensary an old man who wanted some medicine to put on his broken thumb. As I took off the dirty rag that covered it, I was shocked to find that the thumb was dead and black and rotting off. The broken bone stuck through the skin, and already blood poisoning had set in. In genuine alarm I said, "Uncle, you must sit right down and let me cut that thumb off. It is dead, and there is no medicine that will make that thumb better."

"No, no, Thara," he pleaded, "put some medicine on it. You put some medicine on Saw Wa's broken arm and tied it up with a stick and some rag, and it got better."

"But, Uncle," I argued, "it is too late now. If you had come ten days ago, then maybe I could have put some medicine on it and tied it up with a stick, but now I must cut it off, or else you will die."

"But, Thara, I want some medicine on. . ."

I thought he was just afraid that I didn't know how to cut thumbs off, so I reached up among my bottles for a finger I had preserved in spirits. "Look, Uncle, here is a finger. I cut it off, and it didn't hurt. I have medicine and . . ."

He looked, but was not the least bit impressed. "No, no, Thara, just put. . ."

"My dear man," I said earnestly, "we have no time to lose. Come, let me do it now."

"Oh, no, not now, Thara, not now, Thara," he whispered fearfully, almost convinced that I was telling the truth. "Not now, Thara. I want some medicine on it first. There's a medicine man in the village across the valley from where I live. He's got some strong medicine. I'll go and try his medicine

for ten days, and then if it is no better, I'll come and let you cut it off."

"But you can't live for ten days, Uncle, with that dead thumb sticking onto you," I pleaded. "Come on. I have the medicine; I have time; I can do it now."

"Not now, Thara; not now, Thara. After ten days I'll come," he answered, and I watched him go slowly toward the riverbank.

Every day I inquired of the patients who came from that direction whether they knew anything about Pati Soo Sar, who had the broken thumb, but I got no response until about the ninth day.

"Oh, you mean the old man from Thakwekla?"

"Yes, yes. How is he?" I eagerly inquired.

"Oh, we burned him five days ago," was the sad reply. Now, why did Pad Soo Sar die? Was it because he broke his thumb?

No!

Was it because there was no balm in Gilead, and there was no physician there?

No! It was because he was not willing. If anyone ever misses eternal life, it will not be because he was a sinner, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, but it will be because he was not willing.

TRUE-STORY-TIME

Short Stories to Think About

1 - Important People

During my second month of college, our professor gave us a pop quiz I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions, until I read the last one: "What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?" Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50's, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank.

Just before class ended, one student asked if the last question would count toward our quiz grade. "Absolutely," said the professor. "In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say 'hello'." I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy.

2 - Helping Those in Need

One night, at 11:30 PM, an older African American woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway trying to endure a lashing rainstorm. Her car had broken down and she

desperately needed a ride.

Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car. A young white man stopped to help her, generally unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960s. The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance and put her into a taxicab. She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address and thanked him.

Seven days went by and a knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a giant console color TV was delivered to his home. A special note was attached. It read: "Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying husband's bedside just before he passed away. God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others." Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole.

3 - Remembering those who serve.

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked. "Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in it. "Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired. By now more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient.

"Thirty-five cents," she brusquely replied. The little boy again counted his coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies. You see he couldn't have the sundae, because he had to have enough left to leave her a tip.

4 - The Obstacle

In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock.

Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the king for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of

vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded. After the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the king indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

5 - Giving 'til it Hurts

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz, who was suffering from a rare and serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness.

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes, I'll do it, if it will save her."

As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?"

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her. Author Unknown

6 - Pardon Offered

Dr. Walter A. Maier, a nationally known minister and gospel broadcaster, tells us that over one hundred years ago in Pennsylvania a murderer by the name of George Wilson, who was sentenced to be hanged, was pardoned by President Andrew Jackson. But he was such a hardened criminal that he rejected the pardon, and insisted that it could never be legal and valid until he accepted it. President Jackson consulted the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice John Marshall read the following verdict:

"It is hardly to be supposed that one under sentence of death would refuse to accept a pardon, but if it is refused, it is no pardon. George Wilson must be hanged." And he was hanged, because he could accept or reject the pardon.

What about us? God has made a pardon available to us through Jesus Christ. But it is up to us to choose if we will accept it. If we refuse to surrender ourselves to Him, there is no pardon. = ^ .. ^ =



Year 3: 3rd Quarter:

"GOD'S MESSENGERS: THE PROPHETS"

WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 9:

"ISAIAH AND HEZEKIAH"

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: "Turn ye from your evil ways, and keep my commandments and my statutes, according to all the law which I commanded your fathers, and which I sent to you by my servants the prophets. 2 Kings 17:13

Sunday

Text: 2 Kings 17:12-14 "For they served idols, whereof the LORD had said unto them, Ye shall not do this thing. Yet the LORD testified against Israel, and against Judah, by all the prophets, and by all the seers, saying, Turn ye from your evil ways, and keep my commandments and my statutes, according to all the law which I commanded your fathers, and which I sent to you by my servants the prophets. Notwithstanding they would not hear, but hardened their necks, like to the neck of their

fathers, that did not believe in the LORD their God. 17:1, 2 “In the twelfth year of Ahaz king of Judah began Hoshea the son of Elah to reign in Samaria over Israel nine years. And he did that which was evil in the sight of the LORD, but not as the kings of Israel that were before him.”

We learned how Ahaz was a stubborn and wicked king. Even though the Lord offered to help him if he would obey Him, he refused and the last act of his life was to close up the temple of God so none could worship there.

After he died, his son, Hezekiah came to the throne in Judah and surprisingly enough, he was a true worshipper of the God of Heaven. He must have had a godly mother! He got busy to open the house of God again and put things to rights. But many of the people continued their false worship anyway, often in secret.

A man named Hoshea came to be king over the 10 tribes of Israel who had broken away in the time of Rehoboam. At first he tried to make a deal with the King of Assyria when he came to attack Israel, he paid a lot of money and riches to him, but he also broke his deal with Assyria and then they came and attacked and destroyed Israel completely, carrying away both the King and the people. This was in the fourth year of Hezekiah's rule. Nothing was left now but Judah.

Why did God allow Israel to be wiped out forever? Had he not promised to protect them and that they would be His special people for always?

Yes, indeed He had, but the promises of God's blessings have two sides to them, what God is willing to do is one side. The other side is what the people must do if they expect Him to do His part.

Both Israel and Judah had sinned terribly against God. You can read all about why God destroyed Israel and let trouble come to Judah in the 17th of 2 Kings. They never turned back from the idol worship that Jeroboam started and finally God removed them out of His sight - forever.

Now something interesting happened; after the Assyrians had removed the Israelites from the capitol Samaria, they sent some people from other heathen nations to come and live there. But the Lord would not have it. He sent Lions into the city and killed many of the people.

So the king of Assyria sent some of the Israelites back to teach those at Samaria how to honor the God of Heaven so that the lions would go away. They did this but the religion of the Samaritans

was a mixture of true and false and so it remained until the days of Jesus.

Thought - If we expected to have God's Promises and God's Blessings, we must fulfill the conditions. God cannot and will not bless those who refuse to obey His word and listen to His prophets.

Monday

Text: Isaiah 36:1,2 “Now it came to pass in the fourteenth year of king Hezekiah, that Sennacherib king of Assyria came up against all the defenced cities of Judah, and took them. And the king of Assyria sent Rabshakeh from Lachish to Jerusalem unto king Hezekiah with a great army. And he stood by the conduit of the upper pool in the highway of the fuller's field.”

Ten years after the fall of Israel, the armies of Assyria were back again, this time they were after Judah. They attacked and captured many of the defenced cities and finally here they were camped outside the city of Jerusalem to try to force it to surrender.

Up came Rabshakeh and boldly and defiantly called for the city to give up and surrender. He made a big mistake though; he openly defied the True God, and declared He could not defend the city against him and his troops. He declared loudly that it was useless for them to trust in the God of Hezekiah to help them.

The ones, who received this message from the Proud Assyrian, tore their cloths and hurried to tell the King. He tore his cloths, put on sackcloth, and hurried to the temple to pray. He also sent messengers to the prophet Isaiah to tell him how these Assyrians had defied the God of Heaven and maybe, just maybe, God would take action to save the little bit of the kingdom that was left.

Isaiah sent a message from God to Hezekiah telling him to be not afraid, that God had heard the proud boasts of Rabshakeh, and that he would hear a rumor and return to his own land, and while there he would be killed by the sword. He did hear the rumor and went away.

Then Sennacherib, the King of Assyria, sent a rude letter to Hezekiah blaspheming God and promising to return and destroy the city. That was not smart.

Hezekiah took the letter and spread it before the Lord in the temple and God sent a message by

Isaiah saying that God heard the blasphemy of the Assyrian king and that He would defend Jerusalem and the daughter of Jerusalem would shake her head at Sennacherib and despise him.

“Therefore thus saith the LORD concerning the king of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it.” Isaiah 37:33.

Thought – It is wise and good to take all of our troubles, small and large before the Lord. He will help and guide us but we have to ask for that help and want it.

Tuesday

Text: Isaiah 37:36 “Then the angel of the LORD went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.”

Imagine the surprise of this haughty, boastful king of Assyria when the next day when the bugle was blown to awake the soldiers in the camp only a few straggled from their tents. The rest were dead! A hundred and eighty-five thousand men of them!

Now when you see pictures of cute little babies with wings on and people tell you that these are what angels are like, you don't believe it! This was one angel sent from God to do what God said to be done, and he struck all those people dead, just like what happened in Egypt when the angel slew the firstborn.

Now Sennacherib had no choice but to go home, but even there his troubles did not end. His sons sneaked up on him while he was worshipping his idol god, and they killed him. Truly it is not a smart idea to fight against the God of Heaven.

It is important to notice the difference between Ahaz and Hezekiah. God even sent the prophet to Ahaz offering to help him if he would just listen to the prophet and trust God. But Ahaz would not listen. Instead he sent to other kings and asked them for help and despised the God of Heaven.

Now Hezekiah, as soon as he was in trouble, prayed to God and sent to the prophet to ask God for help. And God helped Hezekiah, and He did not use man's help at all. Assyria did not come back to attack Jerusalem all the years that Hezekiah reigned.

Thought – It is better to have the help of God than the help of people.

Wednesday

Text: Isaiah 38:1, 2 “In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And Isaiah the prophet the son of Amoz came unto him, and said unto him, Thus saith the LORD, Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live. Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the LORD.”

Years went by and Hezekiah did that which was good in the sight of the Lord, but still the people of Judah did not completely stop their heathen worship. One day Hezekiah was ill and God's message came to him from Isaiah the prophet to get ready to die.

Hezekiah did not want to die right then and so he wept and prayed to God to spare his life. Actually, God, as always, did know what was best, and it would have been good if Hezekiah had just got ready and died at that time. But God did hear his prayer and He kindly sent Isaiah back to the king with the message that He would allow him to have another fifteen years to live. Then God said that as a sign that this was true, He would send the sun back in the sky 15 degrees. Isaiah then told the king's attendants to put a plaster of figs onto the sore the king had and it would get better. So it did.

What an amazing thing happened when the sun went back! Totally impossible according to men's science, but it was done. Now just imagine all the heathen sun worshippers all over the place watching the sun and all of a sudden, it jumps backward a space! They wondered what it meant, and soon the word spread out that the God of Heaven had done it as a sign to Hezekiah, king of Judah.

Now this word came to Babylon, which was only beginning to grow into a world power under Merodach-baladan its king. He sent a gift and a letter to Hezekiah and asked the messengers to find out all about this wonderful God who could do such a wonderful thing.

Thought – Was there some magic in the figs that were put onto Hezekiah's sore? What was the power that cured the king? Always remember God can use the simplest things to help us if we believe and obey Him.

Thursday

Text: Isaiah 39:5, 6 “Then said Isaiah to Hezekiah, Hear the word of the LORD of hosts: Behold, the days come, that all that is in thine house, and that which thy fathers have laid up in store until this day, shall be carried to Babylon: nothing shall be left, saith the LORD.”

Now when this group of important men came to the palace in Jerusalem from the far away city of Babylon to see Hezekiah, he was very pleased. He accepted their gift but sad to say he did not tell them all about the wonderful God of heaven that had done the miracles.

God had given Hezekiah a chance to do really important missionary work, but he blew it altogether. Instead of telling them about the God of Heaven, he boasted about what a great king he was and began to show off.

He took the men to his treasure rooms and showed them all his riches. He gave them rich feasts and entertained them. He showed them all his military defenses and fancy buildings. He even showed them his perfumes and fancy clothes. Then he took them out on a tour and showed them every fancy thing in the whole kingdom.

Never did he wake up to the foolishness and selfishness of what he was doing. You see, God’s way would have been for Hezekiah to have died before he made this terrible mistake. Then we would not have any bad mark against this king in his whole life. Now he was dishonoring the very God of Heaven who had spared his life and showing off just like some heathen king would do.

The time of the visit of the nobles from Babylon passed and they returned to their king, not knowing any more about the God of Heaven than they did before they made the trip. In fact, they decided that the sun going backward was not the doing of Hezekiah’s God, but just some freak of nature. This had been a test to Hezekiah to show praise and gratitude to God for what He had done for him, but he flunked it, royally!

As soon as they left, Isaiah was sent to ask Hezekiah, “What did they see in your house?”

“Oh, I showed them all my treasure,” boasted the foolish king. Sadly Isaiah told him that all the things he showed to those men would one day be all taken away to Babylon, and even his descendants would be eunuchs and slaves in the service of the King of Babylon.

Hezekiah then woke up to the foolishness of

his pride and showing off. He was sorry, and all Jerusalem was sorry too. God was so kind and merciful to Hezekiah, he was told these things would not happen in his lifetime.

Thought – When you visit with people or have them visit you, do you try to tell them about your wonderful Jesus? Or do you just show off and talk about worldly things?

Friday

Text: 2 Chronicles 33:9 “Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen.”

Now the question arises, would God punish the future generations for the foolish mistake Hezekiah had made? Not if they did what was right, He certainly wouldn’t. But God knew that most of the people were only too glad for an excuse to do wrong and when the good king Hezekiah died, they got their chance.

Manasseh was now King, and only twelve years old. He was not like his father, Oh No! He was determined to push forward terrible evils and most of the people followed him. Manasseh was into witchcraft and consulted with magicians and wizards. He put idols into the Temple of God and offered even his children as burnt offerings to the sun god. When people who once knew truth, turn to error, they become more wicked than those who never knew the truth.

But there were many who had fully turned to the Lord during the time of Hezekiah. They had developed strong characters to do right and when these evils came to the land, they would not go along with them

This enraged the proud young king, and he determined to get rid of all who would dare speak against him. A terrible persecution came, and many perished of the true followers of God. Isaiah was among the first. He was put into a log and sawn in two. How cruel! But he will have a place in heaven.

In spite of this, other prophets faithfully continued their warnings. Fearlessly they spoke to Manasseh and to his people; but the messages were scorned; backsliding Judah would not heed. Then the Lord permitted their king to be captured by a band of Assyrian soldiers, who “bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon,” their temporary capital.

Amazingly the terrible treatment woke up the king and he repented and realized he had been

wrong. He was converted and pleaded with God to show mercy on him. Remarkably, God did show mercy on him and forgave him. He even allowed the king to return to his throne in Jerusalem.

Manasseh now served the Lord, but it was too late to save the kingdom. Soon he died and his own son Amon came to the throne, full of the wicked example of his father. He was so evil that his own

servants killed him and put the boy, Josiah on the throne instead.

Thought - How amazing is the mercy of God that when even a wicked person like Manasseh truly repents, God will hear his prayer and forgive him. Imagine how surprised Isaiah will be to meet Manasseh in the Kingdom! = ^ .. ^ =



And Hezekiah received the letter from the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up unto the house of the LORD, and spread it before the LORD. Isaiah 37:14