

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 3 - 4th Quarter - Issue #10



STORY LESSON

Conversion of a Minister

AT TIMES "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" in the saving of the lost. A young minister, in the prime of life, went down to a beach for a swim. Being a good swimmer and in fine form, he enjoyed his swim and made good headway directly away from the beach.

At length he stopped for a little rest, and to his surprise he found that he had already gone beyond the distance he had intended to go. So he turned back and struck out for the shore, but discovered that he was in a current that would take him out to the open sea. He struggled on till utterly exhausted and then gave himself up for lost.

He had ministered to a large congregation. But now, with death staring him in the face, he awoke to the fact that he was not prepared to die, for he found himself without hope of salvation. Terror seized him. What was he to do? The very waves seemed to be roaring into his ears the fearful condemnation of the scripture, "When I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." 1 Corinthians 9:27.

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He felt that he had been preaching a Christ he had never truly known. So he turned away with horror from all his mere profession and turned his heart longingly toward God. Then with all his remaining strength he made a heartfelt appeal to be saved as he cried out, "Lord, save me or I perish, a vile sinner!"

Quickly there came into his mind the all-sufficient promises: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin. Whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." 1 John 1:7; John 3:16. So he humbly and gratefully drank in the words of eternal life and murmured with his last breath, "Lord, I believe that precious blood was shed for me." Then peace came to him, and he lost consciousness.

Later the son of the skipper of a fishing smack cried out over the water, "Father! Father! Look ahead! What is that on the water? Surely it's a man!" The father looked and cried out, "Row for very life!"

The men put forth all their might. The body was seen to sink and rise again, and to do so the second time, but nearer the boat. "Bend to your oars for one last pull!" cried the skipper. The men did so, and the boat reached the body. Quickly it was lifted into the boat, and all efforts were made to restore life. At last, willing hands carried the

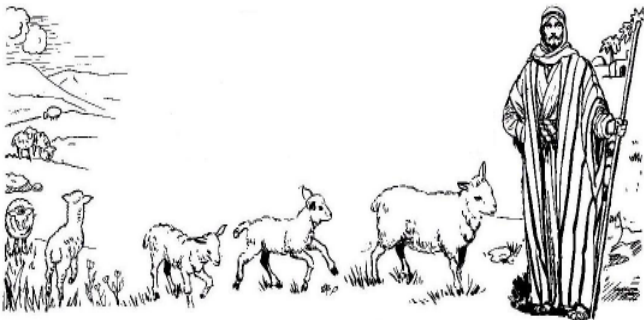
restored man ashore, happily in the possession of both physical and spiritual life.

Was the conversion of the minister, who was near death, a true and thorough one? Most certainly, for a week later he was back in the same fishing boat, telling what great things the Lord had done for him.

He said earnestly to them, "When you saw me in the water that morning, could I help myself? I did not help you to save me. You did all the work, and I got all the good. Now, my friends, do you not see how it is with the Lord? He, the Sinless One, suffered in our stead. He took our place and offers us His place. Do you think, however long I live, I shall ever cease to carry about with me the feelings of love and gratitude for the men who did so much for me? And this is how it is with the Lord. When I know He has saved me at such a cost, I cannot go on just as I did, as though it were all nothing. I want my life to show out my gratitude and love and praise."

The hearts of some of those listening fishermen were touched at the wondrous story of how the minister had been truly converted, and they also sought for and found the same salvation in Jesus. Many others are likewise in danger of disaster, yet are without the salvation Jesus can so quickly give them. So in the providence of God some of them are led to see their lost condition and to cry out for deliverance, as did the drowning minister, "Lord, save me or I perish!" Then the same assurance comes home to their hearts also: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin." They are led to accept Jesus as their personal Savior and to say as did the minister, "I believe that precious blood was shed for me."

"Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!" = ^ .. ^ =



HISTORY

Pioneers of The Advent - 8 The Zealous Hermit

In Second Advent history there was one of its early apostles whose zeal and energy were mixed with a spirit of rashness and severity, which leaves him almost unknown among our pioneers. Yet he was one who in the beginning bore great responsibilities, who carried the Advent and Sabbath message into the frontiers of America, whom Joseph Bates and James and Ellen White loved, and who, dashing against the ranks of the enemy, cried exultantly to James White:

"Be of good cheer, my dear tried brother, and in Jesus' name turn the battle to the gate. I mean to go to heaven with you! I love you more and more!" His name was Samuel W. Rhodes.

He must have been a man to love, a man sometimes to fear, a man at last pitifully broken and fading into silence. Like his Connecticut friend, George W. Holt, he swung the scythe with James White in the hayfield, and shared with the "Mighties" the brunt of the battle, it was hard for him to accept testimonies of reproof. Yet both of these men did so, and stayed with the message until death, thus passing their tests, and marking them off from those who fell out of the ranks.

We first hear of Samuel Rhodes in the autumn of 1849. He had been a young preacher of the Second Advent in the following of William Miller; and, like Bates, he had spent his means in his own labors and for others in the message. His home was in Oswego, New York, and his preaching was in that State.

When the Disappointment came in 1844, he was utterly confounded and discouraged. For a time he endured the shame of his position and the taunts of enemies, but it was too much for his fiery spirit; and suddenly crying, "Good-by, proud world! I'm leaving you!" he mounted his pony, plunged into the forests of the upper Black River, in the foothills of the Adirondacks, and buried himself from the sight of men. He lived there by hunting and fishing and the tilling of small patches of ground, like the Indians. For three years he continued this hermit life, his chafed spirit soothed by the wilderness, yet ever more sure that he was rejected of God and despised of men.

But Hiram Edson, the man to whom God revealed the truth of the sanctuary on the morning after the Disappointment, was a friend of Rhodes, and he could not be content to leave him thus in despair. Twice in those three years he went into the wilderness to find his brother; and when he found him, he did all he could to persuade him that God was still his Savior, and that he should come back to his brethren. But Rhodes would not.

In the autumn of 1849 James and Ellen White came into New York State. In November a meeting was appointed at Centerport, about twenty miles south of Oswego, for the believers in all that western country. The Whites, with Edson and others, led the meeting.

Mrs. White thought, from reports, that Rhodes was not worthy of so much concern. But in a vision at this meeting she was shown that the Lord was seeking him and that the brethren should go to find him and persuade him to come back.

So, with this encouragement, Edson and another brother, Richard Ralph of Connecticut, started out for the wilderness. They went seventy miles to Boonville, a village on the edge of the wilderness, from which they followed an Indian trail to Black River, and were about to plunge farther into the forest on their quest, when lo, on the other side they saw Samuel Rhodes at work in a field. Near by was his hut, and a pasture for his pony.

Crossing the river, Edson and Ralph greeted Rhodes, a man none too welcoming. They gave him their message, but he was dubious. At last he consented to go with them the next day, after he should have attended to some business. What that business could be, out there in the wilderness, is not apparent; it seems rather an excuse for delay.

When, the next day, he joined them, he was still more doubtful; and, suddenly turning, he ran away from them. They followed, and found him on his face at the edge of the woods, crying, "Lord, why do my brethren seek me out? Why do they love me so? Does Thou love me? Can I yet be accepted of Thee?"

They assured him of their love and of the love of God; and at last he cast in his lot with them and accompanied them to Volney, where David Arnold lived. On Sabbath they gathered in a meeting at Oswego, and Samuel Rhodes sat and drank in the truths of the third angel's message.

Shortly, Hiram Edson reported that Brother Rhodes was growing in grace and power every day,

and was out preaching the message. No period of waiting and thinking and pondering for Samuel; his race was on, and he read as he ran.

The next few years saw Rhodes in vigorous action. He preached and he exhorted, and he won many converts. The fire of opponents became concentrated upon him. James White wrote of him: "No man has more freely given all for a treasure in heaven than Brother Rhodes. His commendable zeal in the cause, and success in convincing people of the truth, has caused our enemies to wickedly reproach him."

He went with James and Ellen White into New England, and there in Vermont occurred the episode, in which two fanatics, mesmerists and false teachers, traveling with two women dressed in white linen to represent the righteousness of the saints, tried to control a meeting of the believers.

"As our meeting progressed, these fanatics sought to rise and speak, but they could not find opportunity. It was made plain to them that their presence was not wanted, but they chose to remain. Then Brother Samuel Rhodes seized the back of the chair in which one of the women was sitting, and drew her out of the room and across the porch onto the lawn. Returning to the meeting-room, he drew out the other woman in the same manner. The two men left the meeting-room." Ellen White, *Life Sketches* (ed. 1915), Pages 133-135. That was Samuel Rhodes, a Phineas in action.

When James White, in Paris, Maine, in the autumn of 1850, decided to change 'Present Truth' into 'Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald', Samuel Rhodes, with Joseph Bates, John N. Andrews, and White, formed the publishing committee. But Rhodes was restless and eager, with all the ardor of Bates and not so much of his balance. The paper, too, was moving from place to place, the next year in Saratoga Springs, New York, and the following year in Rochester. Rhodes disappears from the publishing committee, but his reports from the field are frequent, glowing, and inspiring.

Indeed, during the year 1850 he had struck into the West, the next after Bates in Michigan, and before him in the country farther west. Probably Bates on his return through New York after his visit to Jackson, saw Rhodes and fired the tinder of his soul by his account of that western outpost; for within a few months we find Rhodes at Jackson, where, like Apollos after Paul, he watered the seed that Bates had planted. Accompanied then by J.

C. Bowles, a local man, he headed into Indiana; and Bowles there turned back. Rhodes went on alone into Illinois and Wisconsin, the first of our men to pioneer in this new territory.

Returning through Michigan, he brought into the faith H. S. Case, who was for some time thereafter an earnest preacher, before he departed on his Messenger way. Rhodes baptized also three sons of Silas Guilford, brother-in-law of William Miller, who by his invitation had launched that herald of the Advent upon his course in 1831.

The oldest of Silas' sons was Irving, the boy who took the message to William Miller on that August morning twenty years before; next to the youngest was Hiram, then a seven-year-old, and who as an old man, in 1907, gave me the true story of Irving's ride and of Uncle William Miller's response.

Samuel Rhodes in this period was a blazing star, eager, impetuous, warmhearted, loyal. And he was fiery. His enemies threw accusations against him of every sort, from lying to "spiritual wifery." Defending him, James White invited the brethren where he had labored to write their testimony. Ezra P. Butler of Vermont, wrote conscientiously, "We have often heard of his being harsh, severe, and uncharitable, and sometimes abusive to his opponents; but must confess that the charge filed against Brother Rhodes ... is unlike what we have taken to be his character."

Rhodes humbly confessed his faults in letters to the Review and Herald, for a cutting judgment and a sharp tongue. He repeated his confessions in following years, ever with self-accusation and humility; and at last, in 1860, he wrote that he "would this day resign this holy office, and retire from my public labors to a more humble relation to the church." Ill health was largely the cause of his retirement.

Even in 1852 he was sorely smitten with malaria and bronchial trouble, and digestive disorders. Most of these diseases also hit his companions in the work, except Joseph Bates, who, abstemious health reformer that he was, escaped illness. Rhodes declared himself to be one who "still loves devotedly" the cause he had served.

Little more is heard from him. In 1867 he sends the obituary of his wife, who died in Oswego, New York; and in the last of that same year he writes with humble grace from Battle Creek, to which city he had just moved. After that, silence.

He died in Marshall, Michigan, of paralysis, in

April, 1883, age seventy years, but was returned to Battle Creek for interment in a lone and unmarked grave. His wife had died long before, and he was left alone. How long his malady chained him, who cared for him in those last years of distress, who smoothed his pillow in the final hours, I do not know.

Samuel Rhodes was a gallant and loyal soul, whose zeal occasionally outran his judgment and whose tongue was sometimes a fire, but who humbled his heart under rebuke, and died at last, perhaps unnoticed, in a field where he had pioneered. He should not lie in an unmarked grave, though doubtless the Lord will find him when He comes. From A. W. Spalding = ^..^ =

TRUE-STORY-TIME

Prayer for a 'Dead' Buffalo

MASTER JEE! Master Jee! Come quick! Come right now! My milch buffalo is dead. Please come and pray for her and anoint her with oil so God will heal her and give her back to me!" Thus spoke a converted Hindu, Jai Ram, an Indian village Christian, as, in desperation, he pled earnestly with the Muktesra Village school master, Sher Singh, to leave his class and help him save his buffalo.

While he was speaking excitedly, the twenty-four school boys sitting cross-legged on mats on the mud floor of the chopal looked up, wild-eyed, and one by one begged to be excused to go and see the dead buffalo. Muktesra was a small village and the news was carried quickly from one hut to another, as the villagers called out loudly what had happened.

Jai Ram had been aroused from his sick bed (where he was wrapped up in a white cotton, homespun sheet, shak-ing with malaria fever), on hearing the news. And he had come, all out of breath, running to the teacher, after all efforts to revive his bloated milch buffalo had failed. A large crowd of hundreds of village farmers was waiting in suspense to see what would happen next. Most of the people were Hindus who worshipped gods of wood, brass, or stone. Jai Ram was the only baptized Christian, and had waited five years for a teacher to come to his village to teach his neighbors and friends about his God, and Jesus.

Many of the people were joking and making fun of Jai Ram's simple faith-that anointing and prayer could save a dead water buffalo. All were gathered around the apparently lifeless, bloated animal

which was lying near a mud feed trough just outside the village, where it had become poisoned, or had foundered, from eating poisonous gourds village herd boys had fed his buffalo, by mistake, while Jai Ram was ill. The Jat farmers and landlords had for many years ridiculed and persecuted our brother for his new beliefs.

Jai Ram had declared that the God he now served, after having forsaken the gods of the Hindus, was the true and living God, the Creator of all things, and He could give life back to his milch buffalo.

The Hindus who were looking on said, "No, He is not! Your God is not able to do such a thing!"

Jai Ram, in his simple faith, believed that God would demonstrate His power, if it was His will, by raising to life his milch buffalo. And if this did not happen then, that she would be given back to him on the resurrection day.

The heathen people sneered and laughed at the very idea. "We don't believe it! No, our gods are true, and your Yisuh Masih (Jesus Christ) won't be able to do so!"

Some village boys had been feeding Jai Ram's buffalo, and in preparing the animal's feed had carelessly chopped up some poison gourds which they had gathered in the jungle by mistake. Grass was scarce that time of the year, and there was little green feed except weeds to feed the cattle.

Jai Ram had been dependent upon his beloved milch buffalo's milk for food. Now his neighbors declared that this tragedy had come upon him because he had forsaken their Hindu gods; had not made the annual pilgrimage to the holy Ganges River; and he had not tied any charms around her neck to ward off the Evil Eye (common superstition in the Orient, and especially in India).

After rolling his buffalo over, twisting her tail and ears, putting his hand down her throat and pulling out some of the poison gourds and weeds, speaking to her lovingly, massaging her stomach, and hitting her with a stick in an effort to relieve her bloated condition, Jai Ram had declared with assurance: "But my God is a living God, who made the heavens and the earth. And I know He will give me back my buffalo alive!" So simple was his faith that he had arisen from his own bed of illness to be a witness to the wonderful miracle of the God of the Bible, the Creator of us all.

Master Sher Singh replied to his request, "Yes, Jai Ram, but we do not anoint dead buffaloes! If you insist, we will go and say a prayer, and then

you can bury your buffalo!"

The teacher started off with Jai Ram when he remembered and called after him, "Listen, Jai Ram, I do not have any sweet oil to use for anointing! we would have to send someone many miles away, to get some. God can hear us without using any anointing oil!"

Then it was that Jai Ram remembered the earthen pot of raw mustard oil hanging from his lean-to-shelter roof up under the eaves of his house. Full of confidence, he called out as he ran, "I'll go, Master Sahib, and bring my mustard oil for the anointing! We must show our faith in God that way you told us!"

In his heart he had no doubt but that if he showed his faith and did his part, that God would surely do as He had promised to do in His Word. He reasoned that God could heal his buffalo, if she was anointed with oil, and they laid hands on her, and prayed in faith.

Jai Ram was a deeply dedicated Christian. To him, Christ meant everything. And the advancement of God's cause, and his eagerness for the enlightenment of his own village people, meant more to him than any physical comfort.. In his zeal he put God first in everything.

Jai Ram's faith was strong enough, and his zeal for the true God and His Name to be glorified great enough for him to approach the mission teacher and ask him to pray and anoint his apparently dead buffalo, and expect God to give her back to him?

His main purpose in making such a request was to prove to his unbelieving Hindu neighbors around him, of his day, like Elijah did to Ahab and the idolatrous priests of Baal in his day, that there is a true God Who made the heavens and the earth, and He still answers prayer. His lesser purpose was no doubt to continue to receive milk from his milch buffalo which was his prize possession, a very special animal that he was proud of.

"I have told all my friends and neighbors that God will give me back my buffalo, if it is His will," he told the mission teacher. Very reluctantly the master followed to the place where the buffalo lay quiet and still, while Jai Ram went to get his mustard oil for the anointing.

Soon Jai Ram came back running, panting, all out of breath, bringing his pot of dark yellow oil. (Pungent and rancid mustard oil odor is smelly!)

"Here is the oil, Master Jee!" he called out. "Take plenty of it, Master!"

A shout of derision arose from the crowd of rough

farmers looking on. Master Sher Singh asked them to quiet down and show some respect for the faith of Jai Ram, like they expected others to show respect for their gods.

Then the teacher took a little of the oil Jai Ram poured into his palm and let a few drops trickle down on the buffalo's head. "This is all we need, Jai Ram. It is enough to show our faith. You keep the rest of it. You may need it later yourself."

The Christian teacher decided he would not let Jai Ram down in a test like that before the village people. He went over and placed his hand on the apparently lifeless buffalo's head and gently let the oil trickle down the side of the animal's neck, while with his other hand he motioned to the people to be quiet while they prayed to the Creator God for Jai Ram's animal to be healed.

This did not satisfy Jai Ram who pleaded, "Use more oil. Take some more oil, please, Master! Great healing requires great faith. Use more oil!"

"If the buffalo is dead, we must show more faith! Here! I'll anoint her myself! I really believe Jesus can do it, Master Sahib!"

Then, suddenly, in earnestness Jai Ram raised his earth-en jar and dumped all its contents of dark-colored, raw mustard oil onto the back of the shiny black-grey water buffalo, saying, "In the name of Yisuh Masih (Jesus Christ)," while from the crowd again arose a roar of laugh-ter and derision. He took both hands and began spreading the oil all over the back of the animal, rubbing it down her legs and sides till the whole body was oily and slick. The teacher, smiling, looked on in astonishment, while Jai Ram asked the twenty-four school boys to come up and place their hands on her back.

Then, while the school boys and Jai Ram knelt around the buffalo, laying their hands in reverent faith on its still body, the Christian teacher prayed that God's name might be honored and their faith rewarded. Then all joined in repeating the Lord's prayer, and ended with a, "Thank You, God!"

Nothing had happened yet, and Jai Ram begged "to say just one more short little prayer in closing." When he began to pray, he raised his hands toward heaven and talked to God, as he would if talking to his best friend, pleading for Him to hear his prayer for Jesus' sake. He reminded the Lord of how He had sent them a teacher, and how He had healed the master's wife. He told Him how much he needed his buffalo. And most of all, how God was the same today as when His Son Jesus walked on earth,

healing the sick and raising the dead. He asked Him to show His power again so that his neighbors all might know that the true and living God he served was "a prayer-hearing God" who would answer if they did what was pleasing in His sight, and it was His will. He asked God to "do the impossible" and to raise his dead buffalo to life.

"Perform a miracle-right now!" He told God that the village people had accused him of bringing illness upon himself, and the death of his buffalo, "because I have forsaken the Hindu gods," he continued in his deeply emotional prayer.

"O Jesus, Thou Son of God, that sittest up there on the right hand of the Majesty on high, I am a sinner—the biggest sinner of all! But Thou hast forgiven my sins and sent peace into my heart. I know Thou canst give me another buffalo on the resurrection day when Thou wilt return to earth, but I believe Thou canst restore my buffalo now!

Thou art all powerful. Thou art 'the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.' Please reach down from heaven right now and touch my buffalo so my neighbors will know Thou art a living God, and believe in Thee! Not for any good thing that I have done, but 'for Jesus' sake', do it NOW! Thank You, Jesus! Thank You, Jesus! Thank You, Jesus! Amen!"

When Jai Ram finished his prayer and said, 'Amen,' the buffalo opened her eyes, switched her tail, lifted her big ears, gave a bawling sound, and rolled her body over to find a standing position, sending the boys, who had their hands on her back, all a sprawling in the dust. Before they knew what had happened, that buffalo was on her feet, running down the road to a field of corn close by and began to eat. The men were all running after her trying to catch her to tie her up again at the feed trough. Oh, how they all laughed when those boys went sprawling in every direction, scrambling to get out of her way. She got up so quickly!

Was the buffalo just sick or was she really dead? That's not the point, God only knows if she was dead or not. She surely looked to the people like she was dead. "There is no doubt in our minds about it, God heard the prayer that Jai Ram, offered that day to God! If you could have heard Jai Ram talk to Yisuh Masih (Jesus Christ) that day, like we did, you would not have any doubt at all!" the village folk declared, "We've never seen anybody with a faith like that Christian, Jai Ram, has in his God!" =^..^=



Year 3: 3rd Quarter:
“JESUS OUR SAVIOR”
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 10:
“RAISING THE DEAD”

MEMORY VERSE: “Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” John 11:25

This series of Bible Story Lessons is about Jesus. 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.

Sunday

Text: Luke 8:41,42 “And, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue: and he fell down at Jesus’ feet, and besought him that he would come into his house: For he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a dying. But as he went the people thronged him.”

Jairus was a ruler of the synagogue in the area where Jesus was teaching the people. He was very anxious to come to Jesus because he had only one child, a daughter, and she was dying. Earnestly he asked Jesus to come to his house and heal his child, even falling down at Jesus’ feet and pleading.

So Jesus started on his way towards the man’s house, while the people crowded around all eager to see Him. The father tried to hurry, but the crowd made it impossible.

Now there was one person in that crowd that

especially wanted to get close to Jesus. It was a poor sick lady that had suffered for many years. No doctors had been able to help her, in fact all they had done was take her money and make her worse.

She believed in her heart that if only she could just touch the hem of his clothes, she would be healed. Many times she had tried to get close enough but had failed. She knew if she did not soon succeed, she would die of her disease.

Now as the crowd around the Saviour turned towards her in heading to the ruler’s home, she felt her chance had come. Pressing and sliding between people, she worked her way closer, until with a last effort she stretched out her hand and was just able to touch the edge of His coat.

Instantly she was healed and strength came into her poor, feeble body! She was about to slip away, her heart full of praise to God. But Jesus knew all about her and He wanted her faith to be known by all. Suddenly He stopped and said, “Who touched me?”

Now what a funny question to ask in a crowd! Peter, always fast to speak, inquired of Him why He would ask such a thing! Jesus explained that He knew someone had been healed. Trembling with fear but glad in heart the woman came and fell down before Him and told the whole, wonderful story. Jesus said to her, “Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.”

Thought - She only touched the hem of His garment; As to His side she stole, Amid the crowd that gathered round Him, And straightway she was whole.

Oh, touch the hem of His garment! And thou, too, shalt be free! His saving pow’r this very hour Shall give new life to thee!

Monday

Text: Luke 8:49, 50 “While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue’s house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.”

Right then it almost seemed as if a happy event was followed by a sad one. Pressing through the crowd came a messenger from the Ruler’s home to tell him not to bother Jesus anymore because his daughter was already dead.

Jesus quickly encouraged the despairing father, "Fear not, only believe!"

When they reached the house, some of the neighbors and hired mourners were already making a lot of noise, weeping and wailing, as the custom was in those days. Jesus said to them, "Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

Right away the people stopped their false weeping and started to laugh at Jesus. But Jesus asked them to leave the house and then taking only the parents and Peter, James and John, He went into the room where the little body lay. Taking up the cold hand, He said, "Talitha cumi"; which means, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise."

Immediately she sat up and looked around her and got up. Jesus told her parents to give her something to eat and not to tell anyone about this miracle. Jesus knew that these miracles would only make more furious the hatred of the Pharisees and rulers of the land, but even though He told them this, the word still got out and people were talking about it everywhere.

Thought – Only God can actually give life and raise the dead or heal cases regarding restoring of life to some part. However Satan works hard to counterfeit these things.

Tuesday

Text: Luke 7:11,12 "And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her."

Jesus took an extra trip and went to the village of Nain purposely to meet up with this sad procession that was right then coming out of the place. It was a funeral procession where the only son of a poor widow was being carried to the grave. She was beside the body on the stretcher, weeping in deep and hopeless sadness. That son was all she had in the world!

Jesus kindly said to her, "Weep not." Then he touched the bier, and the people carrying it stood still. Then Jesus said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."

Immediately, he that was dead and on his way

to be buried, sat up and started talking. And Jesus delivered him back to his mother. What a change was this, from hopeless grief to the greatest joy. Jesus loves to change our hopeless situations into joy.

Now in these two cases, Jesus had clearly raised the dead and the people and religious rulers knew that only the power of God can truly raise the dead. But they were stubborn and refused to believe in Jesus. Therefore they made up false stories about it. They claimed that the whole scenes had been planned by the disciples to make it look like the dead had been raised.

They even said that Jesus Himself had said that Jairus' daughter was not really dead, but only asleep. But God had planned an extra special case where they would no longer be able to claim those lies.

Before this final case happened, Jesus actually told a parable in which the very man's name was used. It is the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Now in this parable Jesus plainly told them that if they did not believe what Moses and the old prophets had written in the scriptures that clearly showed he was the Messiah, they would not believe, even if one came back from the grave!

Thought – I have had Christians tell me that they are sure that if they could work some amazing miracle, this would make the people believe the gospel. But Jesus worked miracle after miracle and even raised the dead, and still those who were proud and determined to have their own way, refused to believe.

Wednesday

Text: John 11:1-3 "Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary



and her sister Martha. (It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.) Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."

Jesus had no home of his own. He was dependent on the hospitality of his friends and disciples. The home of the family at Bethany was one of the Saviour's borrowed homes. Here he could find rest and repose. Often when weary, thirsting for human fellowship, he had been glad to escape to this quiet home, away from the suspicion and jealousy of the angry Pharisees. Here he found a sincere welcome and pure, holy friendship. Here he could speak with simplicity and perfect freedom, knowing that his words would be understood and treasured.

One day Lazarus, who lived there with his two sisters, Mary and Martha, became ill. His sisters sent a message to Jesus where He was staying to tell Him of this sickness. They figured He would come right away to heal their brother.

But Jesus did not come right away; instead He sent back the message that this sickness was not unto death but that the Name of God was to be glorified by it.

As the sisters watched at the bedside of their suffering brother, they wondered what was keeping Jesus so long. They saw how violent this disease was but were sure that Jesus could heal him, if only He would hurry and come! The messenger came back with the words, "This sickness is not unto death," but Jesus did not come with him.

They clung to the hope that these words brought, and tried to encourage their brother, until he lost consciousness and died. Then how their hearts were torn! They could not understand why Jesus had not come, and why He had promised the sickness was not unto death, and yet their brother was now dead.

Days passed. The rituals of a Jewish funeral were followed and the body was laid to rest in a tomb and a great stone rolled against the door. The mourners continued to weep and lament during the time of mourning.

Thought – Mary and Martha still believed in Jesus, but they were bewildered that at this terrible time, He did not come to them.

Thursday

Text: John 11:11-14 "These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead."

At first the disciples wondered why Jesus did not go to Bethany when He got word that Lazarus was sick. But they also knew that the Jews wanted to kill Him and figured He was just playing it safe.

Now they were even more confused when He announced He was going there. They reminded Him that the Jews wanted to stone Him. But He told them a little parable: "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him."

He was telling them that He was in no danger as long as He was walking in the path His Father in Heaven had planned for Him. Then He also told them that Lazarus was dead- but notice that Jesus called death a sleep. For those that believe in Jesus, dying is just like falling asleep until Jesus calls them on Resurrection Morning.

The disciples felt that Jesus was risking His life to go to Bethany at this time, but they decided they would go with Him. Jesus was quite a ways from Bethany and it took a while for them to come from beyond Jordan to the home of Mary and Martha. By the time they got there, he had been dead for four days.

Thought – The disciples, as well as Mary and Martha, were confused and could not understand the events as they were happening. Often we will come into places in our lives where we won't be able to understand why things are going the way they are going. At such times it is important to wait and keep trusting in God, clinging to His sure promises.

Friday

Text: John 11:39,40 “Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days. Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?”

It is amazing to see how God had set up this whole happening that all excuse would be taken away from the rulers and unbelieving Pharisees not to believe in Jesus as the Messiah. Bethany was quite close to Jerusalem, and many of the Jews came out to comfort the family over the loss of their brother.

Now after the funeral and burial, Jesus comes on the scene. And some of them said, “Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?” They were always ready to find fault with everything Jesus did.

First Martha went to Jesus and then she called her sister to come. The mourners saw Mary get up quickly and go out and so they followed her thinking she wanted to go to the tomb to weep there.

Now the crowd were gathered around the tomb, some wondering and others doubting and criticizing. Then Jesus said the most amazing thing, “Take away the stone.”

Now Martha was the practical one and quickly she spoke up to remind Jesus that Lazarus had been dead four days already and there would be a very bad smell. Jesus said to her, “Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest

see the glory of God?”

So the order was given and the stone rolled away. Now everyone in the crowd that day KNEW that Lazarus was dead. Their noses told the tale all too well. But now a hush had come on the crowd and all eyes were on Jesus.

Jesus prayed to His Father, “Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.”

Then in a loud voice He cried, “Lazarus, Come Forth!” He didn’t whisper it quietly just in case nothing happened; no; He said it in a LOUD voice. Then he that was dead came out, all tied up with grave clothes. I sort of think the angels must have helped him out of that cave as he was all wound up.

“Loose him and let him go”, Jesus told them and soon all could see Lazarus, strong, well and whole returned to his family. How quickly that sad funeral party became a scene of rejoicing.

Thought - It wasn’t long before this wonderful miracle was the talk of the nation. It reached the high priest and the chief Pharisees and they had a council. What did they decide to do? There could be no doubt now as to Who Jesus really was! Were they going to admit they were wrong and follow Him? No way!

Jesus’ parable was fulfilled to the letter. They did not believe though one rose from the dead! In fact they made plans to kill Jesus and Lazarus also because the people were so excited at this wonderful miracle.

How hard is the heart that Satan has full control over! Let ask pray that our hearts never become like that. = ^ .. ^ =

