

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 1 - 1st Quarter - Issue #8

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CREATION CORNER

Getting Smarter! Pt. 1

“The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom:” Ps 111:10

This week we will continue learning about our wonderful body temples. Most people think that you are either born smart or not and there is nothing that can change that. It is not true- you can get smarter! There are things you can do to make you smarter and there are things people do that make them stupid.

Our text tells us to fear God, that means to respect Him and choose to obey Him. People who won't do that, the Bible calls fools. So the first thing to do if you want to be smart, is to choose God's ways.

Read and study the Bible- this makes people smarter too. I read of a man in prison who raised his score on the IQ test many points just from reading and thinking about the words in the King James Bible.

If you read and watch and listen to things that are NOT true and are made to believe and fantasy it will make you stupid! It will cause your brain to become slow and dull, not able

to think about real things.

TV watching makes people stupid. The flickering light, the fast moving pictures and bright colors dulls and hypnotizes your brain.

Looking at things in nature and learning about them makes you smarter. (Remember what Solomon said about the ants) Next week we will look at what we eat that affects our brain power. = ^ .. ^ =

HISTORY

Joy at the End of the Road: Elder Eric Hare's story (Condensed) PART 3

In last week's story, Elder Hare and other missionaries had to flee for their lives from the country of Burma in the Second World War. We now continue:

But I saw more than that when I came to the end of the road. I saw the division between those at the right hand and those at the left. All the way from Rangoon we traveled with every kind of person imaginable- the rich and the poor, the great and the small, the bonded and the free, and the colored and the white. I saw the rich with their servants, their folding beds, their folding

chairs, and their folding tables, and they camped at the side of the road in luxury. I saw the poor in their poverty sitting in the dust eating a handful of rice they had half-boiled, half-roasted in a joint of bamboo.

I saw men with hundred-dollar uniforms walking by in their greatness and little men with fifty-cent loincloths around their waists walking along in their humility. I saw every kind of person imaginable, until we got to the end of the road, and then something happened. It was just as if a magic general had waved a magic wand, and all the camouflage of life was taken away. The rich had to leave their automobiles and servants behind, and they had to walk out of the country on foot, with no more than sixty pounds of luggage. The poor also walked out on foot with a similar load of luggage, if they had that much. The great and the small walked out on foot, but none was allowed more than sixty pounds of luggage.

And when we all got down on our own feet, there was no longer any difference between the rich and the poor, or between the great and the small. Everybody slept on the bamboo floor or on the ground. There was not enough water to bathe, and no one shaved, and in just a day or two you could scarcely tell the difference between the white and the colored any more. They were all only people. It didn't matter any more what kind of bank account you used to have, or what kind of car you used to drive, or what kind of house you used to live in. Nothing mattered then but what you were.

And in every camp I saw two distinct groups of people. It was just as though someone had built a fence in every camp in no man's land. It was just as though someone had built a wall, and an unseen general had stood at the entrance of each camp and said, "you to the right, and you to the left. You stay over here, and you stay over there." But they were not the rich and the poor; they were the good and the bad. They were not the great and the small; they were the kind and the unkind. They were not the bond and free; they were the selfless and the selfish. They were not the white and the colored; they were those that sang praise to the name of Christ and those who cursed and blasphemed that holy name. I was there. I saw it.

When I was a boy I thought when I read that twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew that Christ

would cause the nations to march toward Him, and like a majestic drill-master He would point, "you to the right," and "you to the left," but I have changed my ideas. I know now how the division is made. I saw no one dividing them, and heard no one say, "You to the right, and you to the left." I saw that the good ones went over to the right because they were good, and that was where they belonged. They had been singing long, long before they had come to the end of the road. They went where people were speaking kindly, because that was the way they had been speaking long, long before. They did not wait until they came to the end of the road to determine whether they would be among the ones who cursed or those who sang.

Those who blasphemed went among the blasphemers, because they had been doing that all the way. The unkind and the selfish went with the unkind and selfish, because they had always been selfish. Thus when we came to the end of the road, just as naturally as water and oil separate after they have been shaken together, the good went to one place in the camp, and the bad went to the other. Even boys and girls know that if oil and water are shaken together, we don't have to say, "Water go to the bottom; and, oil, you go to the top," to separate them again. Oil always goes to the top, because it is oil. It always was oil. And as soon as it comes to rest it just naturally goes to the place where it belongs. The water had always been water, so the water just naturally went where water belongs. That is the way the good and bad are going to be separated in that great day when Christ comes. If you and I want to be at the right hand of God then, we had better get to the right of God now, and we had better stay there today, and tomorrow, and the next day, and every day till Jesus comes. That's the only way we can be sure of being at His right hand.

I discovered something else in that wartime experience too. I discovered that those who belonged over on one side were most unhappy if they happened to get over on the other side, and those in one group couldn't be hired to eat or associate with the other group. It was just as different as that. One evening they said to me, "O Mr. Hare, won't you play your trumpet for us?" I asked, "What shall I play?"

They said, "Take the name of Jesus with you, child of sorrow and of woe." I pulled out my

old trumpet, for I still had it with me. I had left my motion pictures and everything else behind, and I had brought just enough clothes to wear. But the old trumpet- I had to bring it with me. I threw away the case and the extra mouthpiece, but I brought the trumpet. I wrapped it in my blanket, and was so happy to play it every night of that march into India.

So I began to play the hymn they requested. Having just finished our supper, one man who belonged to the other side was still sitting on a rock below me. When he heard me he listened for a moment to see whether I would be playing "Roll Out the Barrel" or something like that; but when he recognized that I was playing hymns he clapped his hands over his ears and ran to the other side of the camp, saying, "I don't belong here. I don't belong here. Let me get out of here quick," and you couldn't stop him. He belonged with those who cursed and swore, and it was punishment to him to be over where people sang, "Take the name of Jesus with you, child of sorrow and of woe."

My dear young people, if you want to make certain that you will be among those who are singing and praising God at His right hand when He comes, you had better go where people sing praise to Him now. Go to Sabbath school and to prayer meeting, where people become familiar with their heavenly Father now. Then when you come to the end of the road, you will naturally be among the good ones at the right hand of God.

On the third day out, at the little camp of Tempele, I had one of the sweetest experiences I have ever had in my life. It was an awful day, for, counting evacuees and coolies, there were about two hundred people in our group, but there was only enough water for eighty. As we came down the side of the hill toward the little leaf and bamboo sheds, the captain shouted: "No washing even your face or your teeth here! Drink as little as you possibly can, for there is only water enough for eighty, and we have more than two hundred here!"

When the good ones got into camp they formed lines by the five-gallon cans of chlorinated water, each waiting patiently for his turn to get a drink, but the selfish ones did not wait in line. They pushed and pulled and fought and quarreled and soon the water was all drunk up.

Then we went to the spring, where a little

trickle of water as big as your little finger was coming out of the rock. A line of forty people was waiting, but the bad ones wouldn't wait. They pushed and pulled and yelled and shouted to get a drink of water. I saw strong men snatch water from women and children, and I just couldn't watch it. For aught we knew we were all standing on the brink of eternity, and nobody knew what might happen before tomorrow.

I said in my heart, "If I die of thirst, I'm not going to look upon such selfishness as that. I will get my drink tonight." So I went back to camp. "Someone will have to make fires," I thought, and began gathering an arm load of sticks. But when I got back the camp fires were already lit. I looked to see who was preparing to do the cooking. Can you guess who they were? Yes, it was the people who sang every night, "Lead, Kindly Light," "Under His Wings." That's where I belong! They are the people I love to associate with, and I gladly took my turn stirring the soup and poking the fire.

I wish you could have been there when the dinner bell rang. The selfish ones who had not gathered a stick could not wait to eat. It is hard work to cook over a wood fire in a kerosene can, and I will admit that the soup was burned on the bottom and smoked on the top, but when the selfish ones tasted it they spat it out and began grumbling and growling, "Rotten old camp! Rotten old soup! Rotten old government." But you should have seen the good ones eating that same soup.

To be sure, they had to swallow twice on the same mouthful to get it down, but they smiled and said, "Well, it is not very wonderful, is it? But it will keep the sides of our stomach from rubbing together during the night, and maybe in the morning it won't be quite so bad." They are the people I like! That is the kind of people I want to be with. They are the ones I am going to be with all along life's highway, and by the grace of God I am going to be there with the same kind of people at the right hand of God when I come to the end of the road.

After we lay down to sleep that night, H. Baird and I said to Brother Meleen, Brother Wyman, and Brother Christensen, who were quite exhausted after the day's march, "We are going for water now. Don't you bother to come, we can carry three waterpots as easily as one." So I off we went. Brother Baird had heard that

there was another spring, and went off to explore with his flashlight, while I took my place at the camp spring, waiting behind six Indians. After awhile the man at the spring, having filled his can, moved away and walked back to camp. As he passed me he saw that I was a white man, and said, "Don't wait here, sahib. You are a white man, move up to the head of the line. They will let you; they are only coolies." I couldn't speak very much Hindustani, but I could speak enough to say, "Not tonight! Tonight there are no sahibs and coolies! Tonight we are just men. We are all tired and thirsty, and I can wait my turn like a man."

He walked on muttering to himself about the queer white man who refused to push himself ahead of the coolies. After he left, the next five men began to chatter. Oh, how they chattered! But I could not understand what they were saying. I listened, but it was not Burmese or Hindustani or English or American, and I couldn't understand a thing till the man just in front of me lifted his hand, and wriggling his fingers up and down said, "Da Da Da Da Da Da." Then I knew they had recognized me as the man who played the trumpet around the campfire, and they were talking about me! Oh, how good it felt to be recognized as one of the good people! in the darkness! by strangers!

My heart leaped within me, and just then the next man at the spring moved away, and we all moved up one place. He put his can down near me, and I thought he was about to make a head pad. You know in India where they carry so much on their heads, they take a cloth and twist it up into a circular pad and put that on their heads, and I thought he was doing that. Then I heard the sound of flowing water, and I looked, and what do you think I saw? He was filling my waterpots from his can of water! As soon as I had filled them he pointed with a trembling finger right to my heart and lisped in broken English, "You Clistian." Then he pointed to his heart and said, "Me Clistian." I was overwhelmed with delight! I tried to talk with him in English, but he shook his head. He did not know any more English. I tried Hindustani, Burmese, ~ Karen, but he shook his head. The only words we had in ~ common were those simple words, "You Clistian, me Clistian." And there in the darkness of no man's land I put my arm around his shoulders and patted his back as I said,

"you Clistian, me Clistian," and he returned the embrace and said again, "You Clistian, me Clistian."

I never expect to hear sweeter words than those as long as I live. You can have your power, position, and fame. I want only to be known as a Christian. It is the sweetest joy I have ever heard. As I went back to camp with my three waterpots filled with "Clistian" water, I rededicated my life to God. "O Lord," I said, "help me to live every night and every day so that everybody will always know that Eric B. Hare is a Christian," and I intend by the grace of God to be that very thing until Jesus comes. -To be continued. = ^ .. ^ =

TRUE-STORY-TIME

Anyone for Darts ?

A young lady named Sally, tells about a class and a lesson she will never forget.

One day, when Sally walked into the classroom she knew they were in for a fun day. On the wall was a big target and on a nearby table were many darts.

Dr. Smith told the students to draw a picture of someone that they disliked or someone who had made them angry, and put it up on the target and he would allow them to throw darts at the person's picture.

Sally's girlfriend drew a picture of a girl who had stolen from her. Another friend drew a picture of his little brother. Sally drew a picture of a former friend, putting a great deal of detail into her drawing, even drawing pimples on the face. She was pleased with what she had drawn.

The class lined up and began throwing darts, with much laughter and hilarity. Some of the students threw their darts with such force that their targets were ripping apart. Sally looked forward to her turn, and was so sad when Dr. Smith, because of time, asked the students to return to their seats.

As Sally sat thinking about how angry she was because she didn't have a chance to throw any darts at her target, Dr. Smith began removing the target from the wall. Underneath the target was a picture of Jesus.

A complete hush fell over the room as each student viewed the mangled picture of Jesus; holes and jagged marks covered His face and His eyes were pierced. Dr. Smith said only these

words...

“In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.” Matthew 25:40

No other words were needed; the tear-filled eyes of each student focused only on the torn picture of Christ. = ^ .. ^ =

ADVENT HISTORY

We are continuing our stories about the life of the messenger of the Lord for these last days, Ellen White. We started our story when she was a girl. Her name was Ellen Harmon then.

Part 8: WHISPERING FOR JESUS

Satan tried many times to discourage Ellen Harmon. He tried to keep her from telling the messages that Jesus gave her. He knew that they would help more people to believe in Jesus so he tried to stop her.

But Ellen trusted Jesus. She prayed that He would give her strength to do all that He asked her to do. She was still a very weak girl but Jesus always gave her just enough strength to do what she needed to do.

One time Ellen had a sore throat. It lasted for many days. She was so hoarse that she could not talk out loud. She could only whisper. How could she tell the message now?

Soon there was a meeting. Ellen went to the meeting. The people wanted to hear her speak. She believed that Jesus would help her, so she began to whisper the message. In about five minutes her voice became clear and strong.

In those days they didn't have microphones. When some one talked to a group of people they had to speak clear and loud so everyone could hear and as Jesus helped her, Ellen could do that.

Her throat was not sore. She was not hoarse. She spoke to the people for nearly two hours. How glad they were to hear the message. Ellen Harmon was now a young lady. She traveled to many places giving messages to the people.

At one of these places she met a minister named James White. Jesus knew she needed a good husband to help take care of her as she worked for Him. Elder White was a man who loved Jesus and His work just like she did. She became his wife. Then people did not call her Ellen Harmon. They called her Mrs. White. El-

der and Mrs. White worked together. They traveled from place to place teaching and preaching.

I want to tell you a wonderful secret. Back in the Bible, all the prophets had names that meant something; they told something about their work. Ellen's name means something too:

Ellen means "Bright eyes";

Gould (Her middle name) means Gold;

Harmon means Harmony or peace;

White of course means what it says.

Now in our Bible we have a verse where Jesus says to Buy from Him, Gold, White raiment (clothes), and eyesalve- (to give us bright eyes) Then we can have Peace in our hearts. = ^ .. ^ =

BUILDING FOR JESUS

**“Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things”
Philippians 4:8**

Last week we saw how Ellen White's last message was for young people and was about being careful what they read. Now they didn't have TV or movies in those days, but the same rules apply to these things as well.

The Bible says "Whatsoever things are TRUE!" That is the first rule, if it is not true, if it is not real, then don't read it or watch it. If you read untrue stories your mind will be shallow and dreamy and not able to really understand things in the Bible.

There are stories that are supposed to teach good lessons, but they are still not true. Some of these stories tell about good children who always do things right. Then when you read it, you feel, "Oh, I can never be like that!" and you are sad. Even Ellen Harmon was made sad when she was a child by reading those untrue stories about perfect storybook children.

The Bible shows us that people do wrong BUT the Bible also shows us that Jesus can give us power to stop doing wrong. If you really want to be like Jesus- only read and watch what is real and true. = ^ .. ^ =

WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 8:

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.

"NOAH, AND THE ARK" Part 1

MEMORY VERSE: "And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." Luke 17:26

Sunday

Text: Genesis 6:5 "And GOD saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

In our last lesson we learned how the wicked family of Cain just got worse and worse until almost everybody was wicked and the few people who still loved and obeyed God had to live in lonely out of the way places. Many of the ones who served God got caught up with the fun and parties, the dancing and music, and the attractive women. They married these worldly women, and then they would gradually forget God and became wicked too. They also married many wives instead of one like God had said.

They made idols to worship, and taught their children that these idols, made with their own hands, were gods, and to worship them. They also worshipped the things of nature. They did not think of God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, and did not thank Him who gave them all the lovely things that they had. They even said there was no God in heaven, and gloried in, and worshiped, the works of their own hands.

They loved to hurt and kill animals. They used them for food, and this made them more fierce and cruel, and they didn't even care when people were killed.

If they wanted their neighbor's things or his house or anything, they would steal it. If they were angry with someone, they would just kill them. When the people of God tried to tell them to stop this evil and obey God they would just

laugh at them. God could see if He didn't stop the evil, soon everybody would be dead.

Thought - God does everything He can to help people to do right, but often they refuse. That makes Him very sad.

Monday

Text: Genesis 6:6 "And it repented the LORD that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."

Finally God said He would just wait one hundred and twenty years and then they would be destroyed.

God looked for someone to do a special job for Him and he saw Noah who was the great grandson of Enoch. It says "Noah found grace in the sight of the Lord" and More than one hundred years before the flood the Lord sent an angel to faithful Noah, to tell Noah He was going to send a flood to wash away all the evil in the world and to make known to him that He would no longer have mercy upon the wicked people. But He wanted to warn them and give them a chance to be saved. He would teach Noah, and make him a faithful preacher to warn the world of the coming flood.

Noah was to preach to the people, and also to build an ark as God should direct him for the saving of himself and family. He was not only to preach, but his example in building the ark was to show all that he believed what he preached.

He was to build the huge boat on dry land. He was told just how to build it and what to make it out of. It was important that he follow the directions carefully because that boat or 'Ark' was to save the lives of all the people who would believe God and some of all the animals too.

God told him to also gather lots of different kinds of food and seeds to take onto the Ark after it was finished for the people and all the animals to eat, and to plant gardens again when the flood was over.

Thought - Noah had faith to do what God asked; we must have faith to obey God too.

Tuesday

Text: Genesis 6:8 "But Noah found grace in the eyes of the LORD."

This was a big project that God gave to Noah. He had to sell his belongings and put all his effort into building it. Methuselah and other ones in Noah's family helped to build the ark. Many

of these died before the flood came and they will be saved.

Noah's 3 sons grew up helping to build the Ark and every day Noah would preach to the people and warn them that a flood was going to come and they must come with him into the Ark, and so be saved. For 120 years Noah built and preached to the people. Every blow on the ark also preached to the people that Noah believed God. Some of the people believed at first, but then the leaders and scientists would tell them that Noah was crazy and there could never be a flood.

The ark finally was finished and it was BIG! This was no funny little boat like we see in storybooks about Noah and the Ark; it was as big as an aircraft carrier and made very carefully. Remember God made the plans. There was room for all the animals and lots of people if they would only believe God and come in.

Thought - If you had lived in those days, would you have gone on the ark? Think about it.

Wednesday

Text: Genesis 7:1 "And the LORD said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation."

God gave one last sign to the people that what Noah was saying was true; Angels were sent to collect from the forest and field the beasts, which God had created. Angels went before these animals and they followed, two and two, male and female, and clean beasts by seven (pairs). These beasts, from the most ferocious, down to the most gentle and harmless, peacefully and solemnly marched into the ark.

The sky seemed clouded with birds of every kind. They came flying to the ark, males and females, by sevens. The world looked on with wonder—some with fear, but they had become so wicked from rebellion that even this miracle of God's power only impressed them for a moment. Then they went back to making fun of Noah and God. For seven days these animals were coming into the ark, and Noah was arranging them in the places prepared for them.

Noah asked them one last time to come into the ark, but they scoffed and laughed and mocked him. So he and his family went in alone, 8 people from a whole world.

Thought - It was God who chose the animals to keep alive, some very large animals such as many dinosaurs, were not taken on the ark and so died in the flood. God knew man was getting weaker and smaller and could not have these huge animals around.

Thursday

Text: Genesis 7:7 "And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood."

Everything was now ready for the closing of the ark. Noah could not close it himself. The people are there making fun, when they see an angel, coming from Heaven, as bright as lightning. He closes that big outer door, and then goes up to Heaven again.

Seven days the family of Noah was in the ark before the rain began. In this time they were getting things ready for their long stay while the waters should be upon the earth.

And these were days of blasphemous (making fun of God) merriment by the wicked. They thought because the prophecy of Noah didn't happen right away after he went into the ark, that he was wrong, and that the world could not be destroyed by a flood.

Before this, there had been no rain upon the earth. A mist had risen from the waters, which God caused to come at night like dew and watered the plants so the people thought rain couldn't happen.

Even though they had seen the wild beasts march tamely into the ark, and the mighty angel shut the door, yet they hardened their hearts, and had a wicked party, making fun of God's power.

Thought - If I saw that angel shut the door, I would want to be inside, wouldn't you?

Friday

Text: Psalm 91:11 "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

On the 8th day the dark clouds gathered and the storm broke. First they saw all their idols and rich houses and temples destroyed by lightning, then the water poured down, and spouted up through the ground.

The animals that were not taken on the ark ran to men, hoping they could save them, but

no-one could help anybody now.

Some pounded on the ark and begged Noah to take them in, but that door was shut by the angel, and nobody could open it. It was too late—they had laughed at God and His warnings and now they all perished in the raging waters.

Even Satan was afraid that he might be destroyed too, the storm was so fierce. He was very angry with God for destroying the wicked

people that he controlled. God made him stay right in the storm and watch it all.

On the Ark the animals were scared also, but Noah and his family trusted in God. Even though the Ark was carefully made and very strong, only God's angels kept it safe through that terrible storm.

Thought - We are safe when we belong to Jesus, no matter what happens! = ^..^ =



Anywhere with Jesus

Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go;
 Anywhere He leads me in this world below;
 Anywhere without Him dearest joys would fade;
 Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone;
 Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
 Though His hand may lead me over dreary ways,
 Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
 When the gloomy shadows 'round about me creep;
 Knowing I shall waken, never more to roam,
 Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.