

# TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

## TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 1 - 2nd Quarter - Issue #4

### CREATION CORNER

#### WINDS

We live at the bottom of an ocean. Some of us have visited Marineland and stood at the glass sides of the great aquariums and watched the procession of life in-side. The water in which the various creatures swim is transparent-to a degree; it supports their movement; it provides them life-giving chemicals. Not only do sea animals propel themselves through this water, but also many animals move upon the ground beneath it. The water is to them like air is to us.

So we live at the bottom of an ocean. It is transparent to a greater degree than the sea; yet the air may become so filled with vapours or chemicals in suspension as to become smoky or foggy. It supports the movements of creatures and machines that fly. It presses upon the bodies of the living beings that crawl upon its bottom with a weight we endure only when evenly distributed.

Like the liquid ocean, the air ocean is in motion. If it were not so, life would cease through poisons building up. The air would become a dead sea. "All the rivers run into the sea," wrote King Solomon, an ancient scientist, yet the sea is not full. Because of a circuit of motion: "Unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again." Ecclesiastes I:7. In that circuit the water becomes purified; as water turns into a gas by the sun's heat, it drops its load of impurities and becomes pure vapour, to change back into the purest form of water, the rain.

So the air performs its circuits. "The wind

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goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." Ecclesiastes I:6.

Into the ocean of air run all the rivers of air from billions of human lungs, from countless myriads of lungs of animals, from the leaves of every plant on earth, from the very pores of the globe itself in the aeration of the soil. Yet the sea of air is not full, because "it whirleth about continually."

Try to imagine what would happen on earth if all winds stopped blowing everywhere for even a few moments. It is the constant flowing of the air currents that ventilates the whole world.

As the messengers of the Creator, they go on merciful errands. Even though, since man sold out his kingdom to Satan, winds often serve Satan, the prince of the power of the air, yet they still obey the higher Sovereign; and to the child of God it is the Majesty of heaven who rides upon the wings of the wind. = ^ .. ^ =

## HISTORY

### The Christian Church: part 7 To Be Caught Was To Die!

Today's story comes from a northern mountain valley of Italy several hundred years ago. From the 700s on in the "Dark Ages" it was against the law for the people to have or read a Bible. That's why it was "Dark"! The false leaders knew that if the people read the Bible, they could not trick them. So they killed anyone caught with a Bible and burned the precious Word of God!

It was an old scene. Katrina thought back to the first time she had saw people burned upon what was called a "stake." She had been but a girl then. It was the way of life. It was a horrible way of life, with no release. As far as she was concerned, it had always existed, and always would. And now again, the flames were ascending — this time upon a friend who had been "caught!"

From the 6th century on into the 18th century, Europe suffered the cruelty of the Papacy's rule. It is estimated that over 50,000,000 people were martyred by being burned at the stake, pulled apart by torture racks, encased in dungeons, or by some other method of torment. That's why people fled to America in the early days. They wanted a country where people could worship as they felt they should.

Religious freedom is one of the teachings of the Bible. So- They outlawed the Bible! Not only was the Bible outlawed, it became a death penalty to own or even read it! At times, it was worthy of death just to know someone who had a Bible if you didn't tell on them! That's how much false religion fears the true Bible!

Like her friend, Katrina had a Bible too. But she hadn't been caught yet. Katrina was a Waldensian living in one of the Piedmont valleys of northern Italy toward the end of the middle ages.

For hundreds of years, the Waldenses secretly had Bibles hidden. They read and memorized them, and secretly distributed them to those who could read throughout all of Europe. Many of the Waldenses were caught and martyred. At times, crusades were sent out to destroy all the Waldenses. But God always preserved a remnant. It was the seeds from their witness and from the Bibles they distributed

that eventually helped to bring about a reformation and religious freedom.

Katrina, like other Waldenses, spent long hours with her Bible. She did not know if she would always have it. She spent evenings by the light of the fire, with the shutters closed, memorizing large portions of its sacred messages. The stories of Jesus were her favorite sections. She committed totally to memory the gospels of Matthew and John, as well as several of the books of Paul.

Katrina knew that she could not marry anyone unless he had the same love for the Bible that she did. But in the providence of God, He directed her to another Waldensian young man who shared her faith and convictions. Soon a little girl was added to their home whom they named Amanda.

As Amanda grew, her mother carefully instilled within her the treasures of the Bible that she herself had learned from her mother's knee. Amanda's earliest recollections were of family worship, reading the stories from the Bible. At a very young age she had already memorized large portions of Scripture. She was also drilled in the importance of secrecy, and of the danger of owning such a Book. To Be Caught Was to Die! But to read it and obey it was to have eternal life. She knew of Jesus' words: "He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for My sake will find it" (Matthew 10:39).

Amanda was growing up. Then one day, so suddenly and unexpectedly, it happened! Father was gone and mother was kneading the bread dough, getting ready to put it into pans for the oven. Mother, as usual when no one was around, had her Bible open upon the table while kneading her bread dough. This was a time when she often memorized. Amanda was sure if she kept memorizing that someday she would know the whole Book by heart. It was at that instant that Amanda heard hoof beats coming around the trail to their valley home at the foot of the mountains. They were almost upon them before she heard the sound. She just had time to peak out to find two soldiers jumping off their horse in front of the door!

"Mother!" she screamed in a whispered yell — for the soldiers mustn't hear, "Mother, they're soldiers!" That's all she needed to say. But she knew they were caught, for the soldiers did not wait to knock, they simply knocked the door

open and walked in, looking for the Book. To be caught was to die, and Amanda knew they were caught! The Bible was right there and there was no time to hide it!

“Where’s the Book,” they demanded! “You have been reported as having a Bible. Turn it over to us now.” Amanda was shocked, surely they could see the Bible lying open right there upon the Table. She looked at her mother, but the Bible was not there! Where was it? All she saw was mother calmly putting the last pan of bread into the oven as though this was an every day occurrence and she couldn’t be bothered until her bread was safely baking.

Then turning around, mother simply said, “I don’t know who could have reported such a thing. You won’t find a Bible in this house. But you can search if you like.”

“Why mother!” Amanda thought to herself, for she had been taught never to lie. Now, of course, if the soldiers could not find the Bible, her mother had not lied, but how could she be so sure they wouldn’t? How could she be so calm? she wondered. How could mother have hidden it so quickly? and where? She hadn’t moved from where she had been standing while kneading the bread. It was a mystery too great for her to ponder.

So the soldiers began to look. One kept a careful eye on Katrina and her daughter Amanda while the other began to ransack the house. Amanda wasn’t too worried when the one started in the tiny loft — although she cringed as they overturned her bed and few belongings, ‘ even poking holes in some of her things to see where it might be hidden. He searched where mother and father slept — would they ever be able to straighten out the house again? Amanda watched with amusement as they went from corner to corner, not missing a nook or cranny. He tested all the boards of the floor and the timber of the walls to see if there might be a secret hiding place. Obviously he has done this before.

And now he came to where mother had been making her bread. Surely he would find it now! He opened the firebox to see if there were any remnants of a burnt book inside, but Amanda knew her mother would not likely have put it there, nor had she heard her lift the lid to the firebox. But Amanda was concerned, surely he would find it soon and where could she run? The one soldier continued to keep a careful eye

on her and her mother. There was no escape! Where could mother have hidden it? And how could mother maintain such calmness and composure! The soldier opened the cupboards and emptied them out. He opened the oven door, but all that was there were loaves of bread baking.

“I told you that you won’t find a Bible in this house,” mother reminded them. Amanda was beginning to believe her. Finally, in frustration, they left. Evidently it was a false report that they had received.

Amanda held her breath until they could no longer hear the horses. Then, still whispering from fear, and beginning to shake from the stress, Amanda said: “Mother, wherever did you put the Bible? Where is it?”

But her mother calmly said, “Let me take the bread out of the oven first, I was afraid it might get too done before they left.”

“There now, doesn’t that look fine?” she said, holding up the first loaf. “Isn’t it wonderful how the Lord always provides for our needs. Dear, we must thank the Lord for protecting us, for surely, if He had not sent His angel we would have been caught.”

“But mother, where is the Bible? Did an angel really take it?”

“Not exactly, my dear,” Katrina answered. “But an angel did tell me what to do. Come, let us kneel and thank God for His protection.” So there within that humble home, their prayers ascended in grateful thanksgiving for God’s merciful protection.

“Now, dear,” said mother upon rising from her knees, as though she had forgotten all about the soldiers and Amanda’s question, “We must let the bread cool before taking it from the pans. As you can see, they are extra done since the soldiers were here for so long. We will have some for supper when father comes. He should be here shortly.” Then, as though remembering Amanda’s question, she said, “You’ll find out about the Bible when Father comes.”

Now Amanda watched the path for Father. Upon seeing him, she ran to give him the exciting details of the day. “Wherever mother put the Bible I do not know,” Amanda breathlessly said. “But surely, as the good Word says, ‘The angel of the Lord encamps all around those who fear Him, and delivers them’ (Psalm 34:7). He delivered us today, Father! I’m sure it was a

miracle!

As Father and Amanda entered, the table was set. The rest of the house was still a wreck, but mother said they would eat first and begin to straighten up later. All Amanda and Father were interested in was where the Bible was. But the table was set, and there in the middle was a loaf of bread. It wasn't the prettiest loaf of bread, as mother had evidently not had time to smooth it out when the soldiers came. After grace, mother cut the bread. Usually Father cut it, but this time mother insisted. How carefully, almost reverently, she cut through the crust, as though this loaf of bread was the most precious thing on earth.

"Mother! There's the Bible!" Amanda screamed again in her whisper-like yell. Father leaned over wide-eyed to see the wonder also. Carefully mother peeled the bread away from the precious Word. It seemed unhurt, as though miraculously preserved. It was totally intact. And the soldiers had never found it.

"So that is what happened to the Bible!" exclaimed Amanda in wonder. "You wrapped it in the bread dough and stuck it in the oven. Surely, if you had not been studying the Bible while making your bread, you could not have hidden it and the soldiers would have found it."

"That is right," said mother. "When the soldiers came, I didn't have time to even think. But it was as if an Angel spoke to me and my hands obeyed. I wrapped the Bible in the bread dough and put it in the last loaf of bread and put it into the oven. I would never have been able to think of it so quickly. Surely the Lord has protected us."

Dear friend, you don't have to give your life to own a Bible. Millions of Waldenses and others gave their life for this Word. And yet, it is still just as important for us as for them. It still holds the key to eternal life. = ^ .. ^ =

## TRUE-STORY-TIME

### "NO DEVIL STRINGS" part 2

#### The Turbulent Years

When Rangoso was just little, his mother was going to have her fourth baby. She wanted to have it at her own village. The two villages had been angry when Tanangu had married a girl from another village and there was much fighting. Sambernaru took Rangosa and went to

her mother's house. She hoped to make peace between the two villages.

Pana, Rangoso's cousin, missed him and asked to take a canoe and go and bring the little fellow home. He knew the people at the other village would not care for little Rangoso while his mother was in the woman hut.

So they did. Pana and Nosi, his mother, went for the toddler. They found him dirty and hungry but he squealed with delight when he saw his cousin. Later Nosi asked the chief if she could adopt Rangoso because she couldn't have any more children. He agreed to this.

Life went on in the villages. The people worshiped the spirits of their ancestors whose skulls rested on sacred stone mounds in the jungle. Haunted by evil spirits, the tribes-people spent much time appeasing them with special sacrifices-a pig, or sometimes a human victim.

Everything they did they had to make offerings and sacrifices to the devils. Also they were in fear of war parties. Each village had a savage chief with a hut full of skulls they had taken in battle. These men would go out to kill and plunder at the slightest reason.

The devil priest, or witch doctor, claiming to receive orders from the spirits, directed the headhunters to fresh wars. The war canoes ventured into the seaways, and over the years the wars reduced large tribes to a few hundred souls. Smaller, weaker tribes fled before their enemies to the mountains or forests. Always hunted, they found it necessary to move every few months.

White traders began to come to the Solomon Islands, their ships filled with cloth, steel axes, and bright trinkets that the people loved. They bargained for cargoes of dried cocconut, pearl and trochus shell, precious woods and bechedemer, a sea slug eaten in the Orient as a food delicacy.

Wicked traders gave guns to tribal chiefs in exchange for slaves to work on far-off plantations. This caused more killing among the people. They also used the guns to shoot the traders as well. They learned to hate the white people who took them for slaves. They would get them to come into the boats to get beads and things and then lock them in and take them to be slaves far away. Many white people were killed in revenge.

Tatangu tried to keep out of trouble, for he had grown older and wiser and tired of blood-

shed. He made friends with white men and became a peacemaker among his own people. He refused to take part in the killing. For all his efforts Tatangu began to have enemies.

Rival chiefs grew jealous of his wealth in pigs and shell money and of his successful dealings with the traders. They accused him of being too friendly with the white man. The people of the other village joined with other enemies who would sneak into the village at night to kill Tatangu's pigs, root up his gardens, and steal his coconuts.

The chief could see his power going. His enemies were more than his friends. If he tried to defend his lands, his people would soon be wiped out, their skulls in the devil houses of some other village.

Forgetting his past glory, Tatangu fled with his clan to the small islands of the lagoon, to the swamps and the rivers, and the deep jungle. Kata Rangoso, barely five years old, found himself away from all he knew. Fear, was in his little heart.

"My father," he said, "you are a chief. Why must we leave our houses? Why must I leave the canoe you made me and the coconut tree you planted when I was born?"

How could the proud chief tell his son that the devil-gods were against him, that his fighting men were outnumbered, that his power was gone? All too soon Rangoso would discover for himself that he lived in a world of enemies, both seen and unseen- a cruel world in which only the strong survived.

Always hunted, ever hiding, his people suffered away from the comfort of their own village and gardens. They hid in the shadows, catching a few fish, collecting fallen coconuts, living on wild food where they could find it.

The constant fear and hardships began to affect Nosi. As her health failed, she called her friends around her and gave Pana and Rangoso into the care of the Tatangu family; then she went to her long sleep.

In 1910 the British government sent a district commissioner to Marovo Lagoon. Assisted by tribal police, he stopped the killings among tribes. He imprisoned several of the trouble-makers and asked Tatangu to help in collecting the illegal rifles and muskets from the villages. Thus the beginnings of peace came to the tribes.

Tatangu could now return safely to their be-

loved Bambata to start life anew. Except for the lovely beach, fringed with tall, slender, swaying palms, the young Kata Rangoso could recognize nothing in his old playground. Enemies had burned the village, and jungle vines had overrun the gardens. While the women cleared the ground on the hillside for fresh plantings, the men cut trees and saplings and erected the framework of new houses.

Soon a new village stood in the Bambata clearing. The air held the comforting smell of wood smoke and of drying palm-leaf thatch. Dogs barked and newborn babies cried. Under the trees, near the beach, the men repaired their old canoes and built new ones. And Tatangu went to the sacred grove on the slopes of Mount Vaributo and gave thanks to the skulls of his ancestors.

Thus Kata Rangoso passed his early childhood. He had suffered with his people and known hunger and had learned to accept the terrors and trials of their wandering way of life. But, now, with comparative peace in the lagoon, Pana could take him exploring in his canoe along the winding coastline-to the coral outcrops where the seabirds nested and fish were there for the catching.

The boys swam together in the warm waters, and Rangoso grew sturdy and strong. He could drink the water from a whole coconut without pausing for breath and carry ten full nuts on a pole back to the village. He had grown to be a true son of the islands, learning from the old men the ancient traditions and superstitions by which his people guided their lives.

But as Kata Rangoso grew into the years of youth, he began to think for himself. He wandered alone along the sandy trails and pondered the mysteries that surrounded him. He saw the beauty of the lagoon at sunrise and the power of the wind in the forest trees. He heard the song of the surf on the coral reef and the cry of the birds when the storm was rising and saw the spreading curtain of rain that blotted out the distant islands. He knew the fear of darkness when evil spirits stalked the jungle and the sorcerer's curse filled the air.

What power controlled these things? Why did storms blow up at sea and hate and fear fill the hearts of men? These and many more questions he asked himself. If the spirits were all-powerful, why had his father named him "No Devil

Strings”?

Chief Tatangu, the wily one, the breaker of traditions, was growing old. His hair had turned gray, and his skin had wrinkled. Rangoso began to wonder what would happen to the tribe when his father’s skull rested on the sacred mound. To be continued: = ^ .. ^ =

## ADVENT HISTORY

### The Great Advent Movement: Part 5: A CAPTAIN WHO FOUND THE SABBATH

The people who believed that Jesus was coming did not have many churches. They often had meetings in their own homes. They had many of these meetings on Sunday.

One day Mrs. Preston visited one of these meetings. She knew about the true Sabbath. She had kept it for a long time. She took her Bible and read about God’s holy day. How happy they were. Some of the people said: “We shall keep God’s holy day .”

Joseph Bates heard about the Sabbath. He had sailed to many countries in his big ship. He was a sea captain. He had been rich, but now he was poor. - He had given his money to tell others of Jesus.

He was glad to hear about the true Sabbath. He said: “We must tell everyone that the seventh day is the Sabbath.” Mr. Bates said: “How can I tell the people?” He said: “I will write a little book about the Sabbath.” So he began to write.

He had only a few pennies in his pocket. It takes many dollars to get a book printed. But he believed Jesus would send the money.

One day, while he was writing, his wife came in from the kitchen. She had been baking bread. She asked: “Why did you buy only four pounds of flour? I used it all for the bread. I shall need more soon.”

“I spent the last money we had,” said the captain, “I could not buy more.” Mrs. Bates began to cry: “What shall we do? What shall we do?” The captain answered kindly: “ Jesus will take care of us.”

Soon the captain went to the post office. “Is there a letter for me?” he asked the man. The man handed him a letter. In this letter someone had sent Captain Bates ten dollars. Captain Bates was thankful!

He said: “Now I can surprise Mrs. Bates. She will be so happy!” He hurried to the store.

He bought a whole barrel of flour. He bought Potatoes and sugar. He bought other things for Mrs. Bates to use in her cooking.

He said to the store man: “Please put these things on my front porch.”

When Captain Bates came home, his wife was excited- “Look on the porch,” she cried, “See, there is a whole barrel of flour. There are potatoes and sugar. “ There are many other things. We have no money. They cannot be ours.”

“Yes, they are ours,” said Captain Bates, “I bought them at the store.” Then he showed her the letter. She was so thankful. She said: “Jesus is taking care of us. We must thank Him.”

Soon the book about the Sabbath was finished. Captain Bates took it to the printer. He said: “Print many books. Many people must hear that the seventh day is the Sabbath.”

Many people read the book. They began to keep the true Sabbath. They said: “We are Adventists because we believe Jesus is coming. We keep the seventh day because it is the true Sabbath. We have a new church. We will call it the ‘Seventh-day Adventist Church.’” = ^ .. ^ =

## BUILDING FOR JESUS

### TEMPERANCE

Just what is temperance and why is it important for us? Basically, it means living a healthy life in obedience to God’s Laws of Health which we learned about before. Here are some verses from an old song that tell us about it.

1

True temperance boys and girls are we,  
We’re trying hard as hard can be,  
To learn health habits in our youth,  
For ‘tis a part of God’s great truth.  
We’ll join our hearts, and join our hands,  
And stand a true and loyal band,  
From all bad habits we will flee  
For temperance boys and girls are we.

2

We know our bodies must be clean,  
Inside as well as what is seen;  
And so we take deep breaths of air,  
Which lies about us everywhere;  
And then we drink at least a glass  
Of water, pure, each lad and lass  
Four times a day and not at meals-  
And soon we’ll find how good it feels!

3

We wash our hands before we eat,  
Our fingernails keep short and neat;  
Our teeth we brush both morn and eve,  
And praise for what we do receive;  
With windows open wide at night  
We sleep long hours till morning light;  
These things will make and keep us well,  
This message we delight to tell!

4

We try to stand up straight and tall  
And not let shoulders droop or fall  
To softly step with toes and heels,  
And not to eat between our meals;  
This last is hardest, we all think;  
Instead of eating, take a drink.  
The stomach must have time to rest,  
Then for us all 'twill do its best.

5

And when it's time to go to school,  
To study hard, obey the rule,  
We'll have clear minds to get our tasks  
And do the things the teacher asks;  
The health work is the entering wedge,  
And round our path a sheltering hedge;  
'Twill help us choose the right from wrong-  
Be kind and good as well as strong! = ^ .. ^ =



**Year 1: 2nd Quarter:**

**“MESSIAH OUR PRINCE”**

**WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 4: “JESUS  
OUR BRIDEGROOM”**

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: “And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.”  
Matthew 25:10**

**Sunday**

**Text: Matthew 25:1 “Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.”**

In our lesson this week we will look at the story Jesus told to show us what would happen in the last days. The ‘Virgins’ in the story are what we would call bridesmaids. They each had a lamp and went out to meet the Bridegroom.

Now the Eastern weddings were never held in the church; the Bride got ready at her house. Then the Groom came at night with a group of happy friends and took the Bride to his house, where there was a lovely feast, music and great happiness!

These Bridesmaids were to have their lamps burning when the Groom came and they would go with the procession to the Groom's house where they would all go in to the marriage.

**Thought** - Jesus' stories teach us many lessons!

**Monday**

**Text: Matthew 25:2-4 “And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.”**

Now the lamps represented the Bible. The virgins all seemed the same at first. They all had the Bible. They all knew about the Truth. And they all went out to meet the Bridegroom.

The message of Jesus coming that went out before 1843, caused many people to ‘come out’ and look for the Bridegroom, Jesus, to come to the earth. They were all excited. They all had their Bibles and there seemed no difference between the wise and the foolish.

But there was a difference; the foolish ones had no spare oil. Now what was the oil? Well we often hear that the oil was the Holy Spirit, and that is part of the story. But the oil means really loving the truth, having faith in God, and

learning to really trust and believe on Him. It means having the Holy Spirit in your life as your personal Teacher, and having given your whole heart to Jesus, so no matter what happens, you will still trust Him. It only comes from personal experience.

**Thought** - It is a day-by-day knowing Jesus, giving our whole heart to Him, and learning of Him, that gives the spare oil.

### Tuesday

**Text: Matthew 25:5 "While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept."**

Now the people first thought Jesus would come in 1843, but he didn't. When they were disappointed this first time, everything seemed to get quiet for a while. They saw the text in Habakkuk that said "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Habakkuk 2:3

This was the time in the story that all the bridesmaids slumbered and slept. They still looked all the same. Now of course this does not mean that everybody just sat down and slept. No, the Advent people kept studying and preaching that Jesus was soon coming, but there wasn't much power in it for a while.

The churches that had thrown the Advent people out began at this time to have big parties and suppers in the churches. Never before had this happened. Now they had fairs and picnics and parties, and also made fun of the idea that Jesus would come.

Jesus told about this in another story: "But and if that servant say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the menservants and maidens, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken; The lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers." Luke 12:45, 46

**Thought** - The Words of the Bible always guide us!

### Wednesday

**Text: Matthew 25:6,7 "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps."**

Soon they saw that the 2300 days went to 1844. They saw that it would take all of 457, and all of 1843, to make 2300; therefore it would be in the fall, as the decree in 457 to rebuild Jerusalem went out in the fall. They looked at the feast of the 'Day of Atonement' and they realized that the time period would end on October 22, 1844.

Now all of a sudden, everyone was very interested. We are told that the Holy Spirit impressed their hearts, and they began everywhere to say the very words of Jesus' story, "Behold! The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" Even little children preached the message using these very words.

Eagerly they awaited that day, but though they were ready and watching, nothing happened that they could see.

They were disappointed again!

**Thought** - When we have disappointments, we must always trust Jesus and the Bible anyway!

### Thursday

**Text: Matthew 25:8-10 "And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."**

Now we see a big difference between the wise and the foolish bridesmaids. When the disappointment came, the wise ones who really knew God, and really had given Him all their heart, and studied and had faith in the Word of God, were sad but they did not give up!

The people who were the foolish bridesmaids gave up their faith and went away. You see the story says they asked the wise ones for oil but they could not give them any. If I have really learned to love and trust Jesus and I have real faith in Him, I can tell you about it, but I can't give to you what I have. You have to get it for yourself.

Every one of us must know Jesus and have faith in Him for ourselves. Nobody can do it for us, although by sharing with us, they can help us want to have this true experience.



**Thought** - God has no grandchildren; each of us must be His child ourselves!

**Friday**

**Text: Matthew 25:11-13** "Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

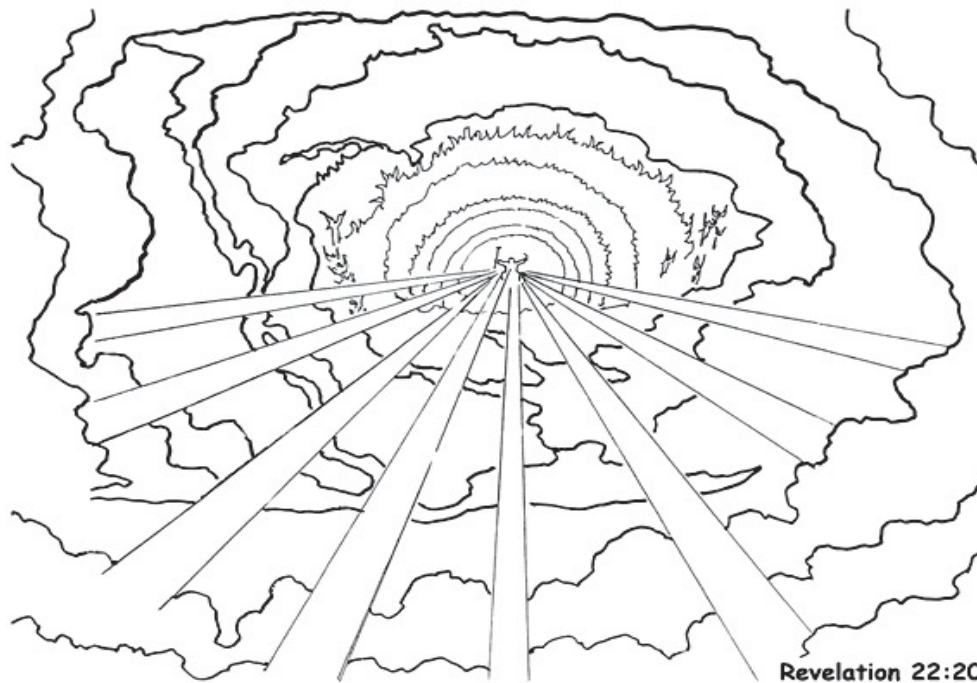
Now the story tells us that those foolish bridesmaids never did get to go in to the wedding. That was sad. They thought they were the same as the wise maids, but they were not ready.

Now the Spirit of Prophecy tells us that this story came true back in 1844. But it also tells us that the very same story is going to come true again. In our day, it will happen again! Again

there will be people slumbering and sleeping; again there will be a cry; "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh", and again there will be many who think they are ready—but who won't be ready and will find out too late that they don't really know Jesus!

It is a scary thought, but we don't have to be the foolish ones. If we really give our whole hearts to Jesus and learn from the Bible and ask Him to make sure we are ready; He will send the Holy Spirit to each one of us to be our teacher, and if we learn to listen to Him and choose to obey His Word, we will be ready. Jesus will make sure we are ready! Jesus has all power! We can count on Him!

**Thought** - I want to be ready when Jesus comes, don't you? = ^ .. ^ =



**I Want to be Ready When Jesus Comes  
I want to be ready when Jesus comes;  
I want to be ready when Jesus comes;  
Earth's pleasures grow dim  
While I'm waiting for Him;  
Lord, keep me till Jesus comes.**