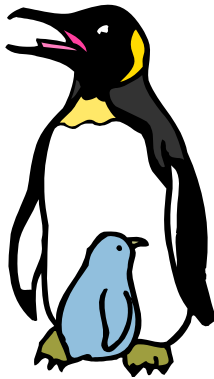


TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 2 - 2nd Quarter - Issue #3



CREATION CORNER PENGUINS

You may have heard the song ‘I Remember Daddy’s Hands’, well, penguins can say Daddy’s feet. The emperor penguin lives 35 years, and is the largest of about 12 species of penguins (all of which stay close to the south polar waters).

Near the end of May—when the horrors of an Antarctic winter are about to begin—the emperor penguins decide that it is time to travel overland onto the Antarctic ice pack for some distance, and then lay their eggs, incubate, and hatch them! This will be done in the middle of winter near the South Pole, with its perpetual darkness, terrible cold, and fierce windstorms! The penguins will encounter —110°F (-80°C) temperatures, plus some of the worst weather on earth.

Swimming through the frigid ocean waters past ice floes, the penguins head toward the shelf of ice. Sighting it, they leap up and land right on it. That is no easy task, since sighting an object out of water—from underwater—cannot easily be done.

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Then they begin their march inland. Sometimes walking, sometimes sliding on their bellies, on-ward they go for many miles. Arriving at a desolate place—that is frankly as desolate as all the other places on the journey, —they stop and the female lays one egg onto the male’s feet. He quickly covers it with a fold of feathery fur skin and keeps it warm. For 64 days he stands there, living on body blubber and eating nothing. At the beginning, the female held it briefly, but soon she leaves and he cares for the egg. She spends the next 2-3 months feeding in the ocean. About 100 penguin males will be in each group, standing huddled together against the bitter winds, hatching eggs on their feet.

Soon after the babies hatch, the females return. But how do they know where to return to, across the trackless wastes of that white land? This is another great mystery. If you or I tried to do it in the perpetual darkness of an Antarctic winter, we would get lost in the wind and storms.

When the females return, the males have lost 20 pounds, and now they go to the ocean and feed. The females remain and each gradually

regurgitates a stomachfull of food for their little ones.

By bearing their young in the winter, the children can be young adults within six months. They need summertime in the Antarctic Ocean to get ready for the soon-coming long winter. Truly, nothing is impossible with our wonderful Creator! = ^ .. ^ =

HISTORY

The History of Mohammed: 2

THE YEARS OF PEACE (A.D. 569-622)

As the sixth century began, the Quraish tribe were split into two factions: one led by Hashim, a rich merchant; the other by Hashim's jealous nephew, Umay-ya. When Hashim died, Abd al-Muttalib, who was either his son or younger brother, succeeded him. His son Abdallah, in the year 568, married Amina, who was also a descendant of the leading family of the Quraish. Three days after the marriage ceremony ended, he left on a business trip. On the return journey, he died at Medina.

Two months later, Amina had a baby boy who would later become the most influential person in history, after the time of Christ.

Although he came from an important family, little Mohammed only inherited a flock of goats, five camels, a house, and a slave woman who cared for him in his infancy. His mother, Amina, died when he was six; and the boy's grandfather, Abd al-Muttalib, then seventy-six, and later his uncle, Abu Talib, raised him.

The name, Mohammed, means "highly praised" in Arabic. Although he was well-cared for, like most all other boys, young Mohammed was never taught to read or write. No one considered it important; indeed, only seventeen men of the Quraish tribe could read.

Mohammed was never known to write anything himself; he always dictated his ideas to someone who would write them down. But this did not seem to prevent him from composing the most famous book in the Arabic language.

In spite of his meager surroundings, Mohammed belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Arabia. His Quraish parentage included the branch of Hussein, to which belonged the guardianship of the Kaaba. The chief magistrate of the city also belonged to the branch of Hussein.

We know almost nothing about Mohammed's youth, but there are numerous legends. Later people made up a lot of miraculous stories about his childhood and youth.

Although his mother, Amina, was a Jewess who had been converted to Christianity, we do not know the kind of instruction she had given the boy before she died, when he was six. Yet it must have been a fair amount; for Mohammed's dictations, as later compiled into the Koran, contain many things which parallel information in the Old Testament (although less in the New). At any rate, it is likely that his Christian mother had been the strongest religious influence in his formative years.

Apparently, he also tended sheep and goats on the hills, in the vicinity of Mecca. At Medina, after he became an accepted prophet, he referred to that earlier experience.

"Pick me the blackest of those berries; they are such as I used to gather when I fed the flocks at Mecca. Verily, no prophet has been raised up who has not performed the work of shepherd."

Mohammed is thought to have gone on his first caravan journey at the age of thirteen. Apparently, he was actively engaged in trade from that time onward. At the age of twenty-five, Mohammed entered the service of a wealthy widow, named Khadija, for whose commercial interests he made another caravan trip to Syria. While there, he sold her merchandise at Damascus; and, upon his return home, Khadija, forty years old by this time, was so pleased with the capable, intelligent young man—that she married him.

Mohammed is said to have been a faithful husband to Khadija for twenty-five years, until her death; and, as long as she lived, he did not take another wife. This was highly unusual for an Arab of any means.

His marriage to Khadija brought prosperity into Mohammed's life, and he now had as much time as he wished for leisure.

Khadija bore him several daughters, of whom Fatima is the best known, and two sons who died in infancy. Eventually, Mohammed adopted Ali, the orphan son of Abu Talib, the uncle who had helped raise Mohammed. He also provided for Abu Talib, who had become impoverished. Ali later married Fatima.

Little is known of Mohammed's history for the next fifteen years. But we do know that, as

he approached forty, he would go every year during the holy month of Ramadan to a cave in Mount Hira, three miles from Mecca, where he prayed, fasted, and meditated. He also went to the cave at other times in the year.

Mohammed began to have visions. He said he saw angels; and one was named Gabriel who would speak to him—and, then, throw him down to the ground where he would lie, foaming at the mouth for a time.

The faithful believe that Gabriel, the highest of the angels, actually spoke with Mohammed and gave him the messages, which were later compiled into the Koran. Skeptics say he just had epileptic seizures. Others say it was a form of hysteria accompanied with catalepsy. Still others say demons spoke with Mohammed and threw him to the ground.

(In other studies, we find that Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormons; Charles Darwin, inventor of evolution; and Adolph Hitler (who was told to kill the Jews, thus blotting out Sabbath-keepers) also made regular contact with an evil spirit.

Returning from these experiences, he would not only tell others what had happened, but would pay a man to write them down. Everything written down was supposed to have been given to Mohammed by Gabriel, who in turn was said to have memorized the exact words and later dictated them.

The messages were written on palm leaves, pieces of animal hide, and even on bones.
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TRUE-STORY-TIME

'THE MESSY ROOM'

There was once a minister in England who was troubled with a violent and uncontrollable temper. Many times he had prayed for victory over it. In tears he had struggled to conquer this foe. But again and again he had been beaten and now was almost in despair.

He came into his study one day after a violent outburst of anger and brokenheartedly buried his head in his arms on the desk. Soon his tears lulled him into a deep sleep. He dreamed that he was in this same study. As he looked out through one of the windows, he saw a glorious man coming to his house to visit him. He looked at his messy, disorderly room, and felt

desperate to clean and tidy it for the coming Guest, who he realized was Jesus Himself!

He hurried and swept and dusted the room, but, strangely, the more he worked the worse it became. Then the stranger knocked on the front door. "Oh, what shall I do?" the minister said to himself. "I cannot invite Jesus into a room as messy as this." He kept trying to clean up his dirty study thinking, "I cannot open the door and have Him come into this room which is so unfit to receive Him."

But try as he could, all his efforts were in vain. Then the knock came for the third time. He knew it might be the last time, so with a sense of shame and confusion he opened the door, saying, "Master, I can do no more. Come in if Thou wilt enter such a dirty room."

Jesus walked in and suddenly a wonderful change took place. The dust settled, the mess disappeared, and all was bright, clean, and joyful. The Master's presence had done what his own greatest efforts could not do.

We cannot change our own hearts. We cannot clean up our lives and make them nice for Jesus to come in. Only Jesus is able to do that. He wants us to open our hearts' door to Him, and He will do the cleaning. = ^ .. ^ =



STORY LESSON

The Old C-L-O-C-K

1 C-l-o-c-k—"The world is like a shelf,
Do you ever think You should be like myself?
For I tick, tick, quick, quick,
With a merry chime working all the time."
"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my tick if you try."

2 C-l-o-c-k—"My face is clean and bright,
Honest all the time, And tells the truth at sight;
O be true, true, you, you,
With a merry chime working all the time."
"Tick!" said the clock;

"What?" said I;
 "You can learn a lesson from my face if you try."

3 C-l-o-c-k—"What is it makes me do?—
 I've a hidden spring; Let God put one in you;
 It is love, love, love, love,
 With a merry chime working all the time."
 "Tick!" said the clock;
 "What?" said I;
 "You can learn a lesson from my spring if you try."

4 C-l-o-c-k—"What keeps the mainspring right?
 I've a trusty guide; You have one day and night,
 'Tis the Book, Book, look, look,
 With a merry chime working all the time."
 "Tick!" said the clock;
 "What?" said I;
 "You can learn a lesson from my guide if you try."

5 C-l-o-c-k—"My wheels you cannot see,
 But they mind the spring; How very like are we!
 You have tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts
 With a merry chime working all the time."
 "Tick!" said the clock;
 "What?" said I;
 "You can learn a lesson from my wheels if you try."

6 C-l-o-c-k—"I heed my Maker's plans;
 Surely you should know My wheels control my hands
 As they go, go, so, so,
 With a merry chime working all the time."
 "Tick!" said the clock;
 "What?" said I;
 "You can learn a lesson from my hands if you try."

7 C-l-o-c-k—"And I've a loud alarm;
 Conscience says, Wake up! Sin wants to do you harm;
 Keep awake! wake! wake! wake!
 With a merry chime working all the time."
 "Tick!" said the clock;
 "What?" said I;
 "You can learn a lesson from my alarm if you try."
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MISSION STORY

EARLY MISSIONARIES TO THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

In 1817, John Williams and his brave wife sailed from England on a missionary ship called the Duff. For twenty-two years he preached the gospel in Tahiti, Raiatea, Rarotonga, and Samoa. He even built his own missionary ship and named it The Messenger of Peace.

John Williams always had a burden to

preach the gospel in the New Hebrides also, so one day in 1839, leaving Mrs. Williams in Samoa, he got on a sailing ship called the Camden that was going to touch in at Dillon Bay on Erromanga, on its way to Australia.

There were two other missionaries on the ship—Mr. Harris and Mr. Cunningham. When they arrived at Dillon Bay, Mr. Williams got into a small rowboat with Captain Morgan, the two other missionaries, and four sailors. A number of natives gathered on the beach. They had their spears and their toma-hawks and their bows and arrows in their hands, but they did not look hostile, so the captain threw them a bundle containing a number of mirrors. The natives looked pleased with this present, and when the men asked for some fresh water, they not only gave them water, they brought them some coco-nuts also.

After a while the men waded ashore. At first the natives were frightened, but the captain got some cloth from the rowboat and gave them each a piece. This made some of them happy. But, sadly, some time before this, sailors from another trading ship had been cruel to the islanders, and some among the natives wanted revenge.

Suddenly there was a bloodcurdling yell and several natives rushed upon the white men, brandishing their clubs wildly. All but Mr. Harris and Mr. Williams were able to make it to the rowboat, but poor Mr. Harris and Mr. Williams were clubbed to death at the water's edge."

The captain tried to get their bodies, but the natives, yelling and shouting, dragged them away into the bush. They cooked them in a hot-stone oven and ate them up.

The captain told the governor about it when he reached Australia, and the governor sent a warship to Erro-manga to see if they could find the bodies, but all they could find was their skulls and bones. They took Mr. Williams' bones to his sorrowing wife in Samoa, where she buried them.

In 1848, just nine years after John Williams and Mr. Harris were killed and eaten, John Geddie and his brave young wife went from Nova Scotia, to another island in the New Hebrides called Aneityum, on the missionary ship, the Day Spring, built with funds raised by the people and children of Nova Scotia.

The people on Aneityum turned from their heathen ways and many of them became good

Christians. The Geddies worked there for twenty-four years. He translated the Bible for them and at last died a natural death, and was given a Christian burial.

One sunshiny day in the spring of 1857, George Nichol Gordon and his beautiful young wife got on board the missionary ship Day Spring and sailed away over the ocean from Nova Scotia. They sailed and they sailed over the ocean away down past the United States, and past Brazil, and past South America, around Cape Horn, and into the Pacific Ocean, and up past the island of Tahiti, and past Samoa, till they came to the island of Erromanga in the New Hebrides!

In Samoa, they picked up two Rarotongan teachers, one of whom was named Joe, and also a New Hebridean boy, whose name was Mana. He had come from Erromanga to go to school in Samoa, and was now ready to go back to his own people to help preach the gospel, for the people of Erromanga were heathen. They worshiped idols, and they were still cannibals!

When they arrived at Dillon Bay they made friends with the people by trading mirrors and cloth and fishhooks and axes for food and labor, and soon had a nice little house built on a small hill a little way from the village. They started school, cared for the sick, and preached the gospel, and it looked as if things were going to be all right.

Then, one day, a terrible hurricane struck the island. Many native huts were blown down, and many of the gardens were destroyed, and food became scarce. That was bad enough, but one day a trading ship came to Dillon Bay and some of the sailors were sick with the measles. Many of the natives who came to the ship to trade, got the measles too, and it spread, until there was a terrible epidemic of measles, and hundreds of people died.

'It's the white people's fault,' said some of the natives angrily. 'Yes, this is the white people's sickness,' said others who were not friendly. 'I wish the white people had never come here,' said another. 'Why don't we kill the two white teachers?'

'Yes! Yes! Let us kill the two white missionaries!' shouted the unfriendly ones. But all the people were not unfriendly, and the friendly ones shouted, 'No! No! The missionaries are good to us. You mustn't kill them!'

'But they have made our gods angry with us.

We will have to kill them or our gods will never be good to us again!' shouted the unfriendly ones. And after that things began to get bad for the Gordons. Mana and Joe and six other faithful big boys came and slept in their house, and took turns keeping watch every night.

Then one day Mana went to the village and overheard an old heathen named Nahobili planning with nine other people to kill the missionaries after two days.

'Please, Misi [Mr.] Gordon, don't stay here! Go and sleep in the village,' begged Mana. 'You have many friends there and they will protect you: But Mr. Gordon just couldn't believe that the people would kill him after all the good he had done for them, so he wouldn't go.'

George Nichol Gordon was every inch a brave, courageous man, and when the second day came, he had school in the morning as usual. After school he sent eight of the big boys to cut some thatch for a new house he was building nearer to the village. Then he said, 'Mana, you stay here and help Mrs. Gordon, and Joe, you come and help me at the new house: Then off went Mr. Gordon and Joe.

They had been gone only about half an hour when Mana saw old Nahobili with eight men and a boy coming up the hill. Mrs. Gordon bravely went to the door to meet him. 'Where is Misi Gordon?' demanded Nahobili sullenly.

'He and Joe are working on the new house,' she said, trying to be pleasant. 'Can I do something for you? Would you like something to eat? or a coconut? or maybe a few fishhooks?' 'We want some cloth so we can come to church,' he replied. 'We will go and ask Misi Gordon for some: As they set off, Mrs. Gordon, worried, called out, 'Are you really going to kill Mr. Gordon?'

The boy was the last one in the line as they went away. He answered jokingly, 'Yes, that's what we are going to do!'

"At once Mrs. Gordon told Mana to take some lunch to Mr. Gordon, and told him to keep his eye on old Nahobili. Mana hurried down the path after the men. He saw the eight men and the boy hide in the bushes. He saw old Nahobili go up to Mr. Gordon and heard him say, 'Misi, we want some cloth so we can come to church.'

'All right,' said Mr. Gordon. And picking up a small piece of board, he wrote a note to his

wife. 'Here, Nahobili, take this to Mrs. Gordon and she will give you the cloth,' he said. 'No, I want you to come and give it to me,' demanded Nahobili. 'I want some medicine for a sick man too.'

Believing he really did want some medicine, Mr. Gordon started off up the hill with Nahobili following behind. As they entered the bush there was a bloodcurdling yell, and one of the men hidden there sprang upon Mr. Gordon and slashed his arm with a tomahawk. Mr. Gordon ran forward as fast as he could but Nahobili struck him from behind, and with one blow from his tomahawk, cut a deep gash in his back. A second blow cut his neck and the poor man fell to the ground mortally wounded.

Then another bad man, rushed up the hill, sneaked up behind Mrs. Gordon and with one blow cut through her side, and with a second blow cut her neck. She fell on the floor, poor soul, and died right there.

The friendly ones from the village wouldn't let the murderers eat the Gordons, they made rough coffins for them and buried them on the riverbank, in Dillon Bay, on the island of Erromanga.

When the news of George Gordon's death came to Nova Scotia, his younger brother, James, said, 'I will not let the light go out. I must go and take George's place.' With the prayer on his lips, 'O Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,' the brave good man did go and carried on his brother's work right there at Dillon Bay on Erromanga.

For a number of years he built mission houses, schools, and churches, and he had the joy of seeing many become Christians. Then one day he was sitting on the veranda of his house revising his translation of the book of Acts. He was checking over the story of the stoning of Stephen, when a heathen savage who still blamed the white missionaries for making the heathen gods angry, crept up behind him and without warning killed him with a tomahawk.

However, there were many friendly natives there, and they didn't let the heathen eat him. They buried him like a Christian.

When the news of James Gordon's death reached home, another young man by the name of Hugh Robertson and his wife, said, 'We're not afraid to go to bloody Erromanga. We'll go and keep the light burning,' and they did go.

Soon there was not an idol left. The whole island was won for God.

Why did they go, when they knew they might get killed? Well, you see, God's children have the light of the gospel, and it is our business to shine that light in the dark places of the world. And of all the dark places, maybe Erromanga in the New Hebrides was the darkest! = ^ .. ^ =



Year 2: 2nd Quarter:
"FAVOURITE BIBLE STORIES"
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 3: "JOSIAH, THE BOY KING"

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: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Ecclesiastes 12:1

Sunday

Text: 2 Chronicles 24:1,2 "Joash was seven years old when he began to reign, and he reigned forty years in Jerusalem... And Joash did that which was right in the sight of the LORD all the days of Jehoiada the priest."

Most of us have Grandparents who dearly love their grandchildren, but the poor little baby sons of King Ahaziah didn't. Athaliah, the mother of the king, was an idol worshipper who hated

the true God of Israel. As soon as the word reached Athaliah that her son, the king, was dead, she sent soldiers to kill all her little grandsons as they innocently played in the royal nursery.

Quickly, Jehosheba, the babies' Auntie, managed to grab one little baby boy and hide him safely in a secret place until the wicked people had done the terrible deed of killing the little princes and had gone away. As soon as she could, she had baby Joash and his nurse taken to Jehoiada, the Priest at the temple where he could be safely hidden until he could grow up. He taught little Joash to serve the Lord.

All this while the wicked grandmother, Athaliah, was ruling as Queen. When the little Prince was just seven years old. The Priest with the leaders of Israel made careful plans. The priests and Levites acted as a bodyguard to little Joash because they were terribly afraid that the wicked queen would find out and kill the last little Prince. They stationed the army in certain places around Jerusalem and secretly announced the coronation of the little King.

Then on the chosen day they took little Joash and anointed him and put the royal crown on his little head, and they all shouted, "God save the King!"

Now wicked Athaliah heard the shouts and the trumpets and she ran out of the palace in a fury, shrieking "Treason! Treason!" But the guards caught hold of her and took her out of the city and executed her. So her cruel scheming and wickedness came to a bad end.

Joash, of course, was too young to know how to rule as king all by himself, so the priest Jehoiada helped him for the first years. Right away the Priest working with the little King, started to get rid of all the idols and wicked worship of Baal in the country and encouraged the people to come back to serve the God of heaven.

Thought - Greed and selfishness make people very cruel!

Monday

Text: 2 Chronicles 24:4,7 "And it came to pass after this, that Joash was minded to repair the house of the LORD. 7 For the sons of Athaliah, that wicked woman, had broken up the house of

God; and also all the dedicated things of the house of the LORD did they bestow upon Baalim."

One of the valuable things that Joash did in his early reign was to arrange to repair and restore the temple of God, which had been damaged, robbed and neglected during the reign of Athaliah and those who went before her.

He told the Levites to get busy and set things in order in the temple but they did nothing about it. If they collected money, they just kept it for their selves. So Joash sent for Jehoiada the Priest and asked him why he did not tell the Levites to fix up the temple. He responded that they needed much money to do this.

Joash had a good idea; he took a locked chest and made a hole in the top where people could put in their offerings for the repairing of the temple. This box was set in the entrance to the worship area and everyone was told what it was there for. Soon it was full and the money was taken out and work started on repairing and cleaning the temple and the box was put back to gather more money.

They even got enough that they could replace the tools and dishes and vessels of the temple, which had been stolen to use in the worship of Baal. All the days that the High Priest Jehoiada lived the services of the temple were carried on as God have commanded and Joash was faithful in worshipping God and obeying him. Things were much better for the people as they turned back to worshipping the true God.

Thought - We should always honor God and worship Him in the way He has told us to worship Him.

Tuesday

Text: 2 Chronicles 24:15-18 "But Jehoiada waxed old, and was full of days when he died; an hundred and thirty years old was he when he died. And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God, and toward his house. Now after the death of Jehoiada came the princes of Judah, and made obeisance to the king. Then the king hearkened unto them. And they left the house of the LORD God of their fathers, and served groves and idols: and wrath came upon Judah and Jerusalem for this their trespass."

These verses introduce one of the saddest stories in the whole Bible! Joash, who had faithfully served the Lord as long as Jehoiada lived to influence him, had a terrible change when the old priest died.

This is how it happened: Young princes from Judah came to Joash and flattered him. They told him, "Now that Jehoiada is dead, you can finally run the country the way YOU want to run it! You don't have to be a slave to that old priest any more."

Joash listened, and I guess there must have been a spirit of rebellion in his heart. Maybe he had never really got to know God for himself and just had been following what Jehoiada told him, but whatever it was, Joash turned right around and began to worship Baal and seek to do away with the worship of God!

God sent a message of warning to Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada and he began to warn the people and the king not to do this terrible thing and turn away from the true God to worship idols.

Joash was so angry that this man, who had likely been raised almost like a brother to him, should speak against what he was doing that he ordered him to be killed! Joash's own heart told him he was wrong and wicked in what he was doing and he had the same kind of hatred in his heart that Cain had for Abel, who tried to get him to obey God.

Poor Zechariah was stoned to death right in the temple. History tells us that his blood stained the floor and no matter what they did to try and remove it, it would not wash away!

Thought - The rest of Joash's reign was a sad tale of wickedness. Finally he was wounded in a war and as he was sick in bed, his servants murdered him. What a sad end to a life that began so well!

Wednesday

Text: 1 Kings 13:2 "And he cried against the altar in the word of the LORD, and said, O altar, altar, thus saith the LORD; Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee."

There is another story about a boy king and

it has a much happier ending. This king was foretold in prophecy, long before he was born. Josiah came to be king when he was just 8 years old after his father, Amon, was killed by his own servants. The people executed the servants who had done this, and made the boy, Josiah, king.

Josiah decided to study and learn the truth about what was really important in life and what made some kings to be blessed and others, like his father, to be cursed and hated. He read the history and saw that when the people worshipped Baal and idols instead of the true God of heaven, things were bad.

He made up his mind that he would serve the Lord all the days of his life. The first thing he decided to do was to see to it that the temple was again repaired and the services carried on. He told the Priest to take the temple money and give it to workmen to clean and repair the House of the Lord. And so it was done.

Now as they were all busy there cleaning and tidying the temple and going through the rooms, they found an old-old scroll-book. The Priest gave the book to the king's scribe and he realized it was a copy of the book of the Law! This was the book of Moses, like the first 5 books in our Bible.

The people had been following the heathen ways for so long, they didn't even know about what the Bible said anymore, and copies of it had almost disappeared. The Scribe read the book and then he hurried to King Josiah, all excited.

Thought - We can see in the life of Josiah that he served the Lord because he had given his heart to God, not just because someone else told him to.

Thursday

Text: 2 Kings 22:10, 11 "And Shaphan the scribe shewed the king, saying, Hilkiyah the priest hath delivered me a book. And Shaphan read it before the king. And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the book of the law, that he rent his clothes."

As the scribe read the words of the book of the law to Josiah, he began to see just how far his people had gone away from obeying God. No wonder God's blessings could not come to

them, when they were so disobedient! He was so sad that he tore his clothes and cried.

Then he sent for the Priest and said, 13 “Go ye, enquire of the LORD for me, and for the people, and for all Judah, concerning the words of this book that is found: for great is the wrath of the LORD that is kindled against us, because our fathers have not hearkened unto the words of this book, to do according unto all that which is written concerning us.”

So they went to the prophetess, Huldah and she prayed to God and sent the message to the king that God gave to her. God told Josiah that the nation would be overthrown because of all the wickedness they had done. It was too late to save it. But because he was seeking to serve the Lord, and had humbled his heart before the Lord, the trouble would not happen in his life.

Josiah was encouraged and determined to do all he could to help the people to know and serve the God of heaven. He told all the people to come to an important gathering. There he stood up and read the book of the law to the people and he made a pledge in front of them all to obey God. The people joined with him in this pledge also.

Then Josiah really began to ‘clean house’. He led the people as they tore down idols and got rid of the fancy gardens where the idols were worshipped.

Thought – It is important to notice that the king did not try to force the people to obey God but instead set them an example and encouraged them to follow. The use of force is the way Satan’s followers work.

Friday

Text: 2 Kings 23:4 “And the king commanded Hilkiah the high priest, and the priests of the second order, and the keepers of the door, to bring forth out of the temple of the LORD all the vessels that were made for Baal, and for the grove, and for all the host of heaven: and he burned them without Jerusalem in the fields of Kidron, and carried the ashes of them unto Bethel.”

Josiah got the priests to get all the things of Baal worship out of the house of God. And then he kept going through the land; some wicked priests of Baal were killed; places where vile deeds connected with heathen worship were committed, were destroyed, the place where people

offered their children to Molech was gotten rid of and people connected with heathen worship were either executed or sent out of the land.

As he was going through the land, he came to the altar at Bethel, where the man of God had pronounced the warning, “O altar, altar, thus saith the LORD; Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men’s bones shall be burnt upon thee.” And BEFORE he even read about that, he destroyed the grove and burned the bones of the priests upon that altar.

Then he saw the grave of the man of God and asked what it was. They told him about the man of God and what he had said. Josiah was amazed to find out that he had just fulfilled the prophecy of God.

Josiah kept on getting rid of idol worship in the land, and he got rid of the witches, and psychics and wizards and fortune-tellers also. Then they celebrated the Passover for the first time in many years. What a wonderful Passover it was!

Some may wonder why, after Josiah did all these things, that God still said that Judah was going to be destroyed and it was too late to stop it? Well if you look at this text below, you will see why. Josiah’s sons did not continue the work of their father, they turned away from God and would not obey Him or listen to the prophets God sent to warn them. One of Josiah’s sons, Zedekiah, was the last king of Judah before Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem.

Thought - verse 25 “And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the LORD with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him”. = ^ .. ^ =

