

# August -Year B

## Be Obedient

OLF Vol. xxx9, #xx xx, 2008

# September-Year C

## Be Pure

OLF Vol. 119, #24 June 14, 2008



## Think Good Things

By Jill Nogales

Every night James closed his closet door before he got into bed. But tonight the closet door was left open a crack. What if a grouchy bear was hiding inside?

Then James got to thinking about his bed. What if a hungry tiger was hiding under it? James pulled his blankets over his head. He wished he had remembered to turn on his nightlight. Then maybe he wouldn't be so scared.

Pretty soon Daddy came upstairs to check on James. "What are you doing under the covers, James?" he asked.

James pulled the blankets away from his face. "I can't stop thinking about scary things," he said. "Today when we went shopping, I saw a poster. It had mean-looking animals on it."

"And now you're thinking about those animals?" Daddy asked.

James nodded.

Daddy knelt down by James's bed. "God wants us to fill our minds with good things. Things that are true and right and pure. Not things that will frighten you."

"Would you check my closet?" James asked.

Daddy turned on the light and opened the closet door. Hanging inside James saw his new red shirt. Daddy

had bought it for him when they were shopping.

James sat up. "Could you check under my bed too?"

Daddy got down on his hands and knees. Reaching under the bed, he pulled out a stuffed yellow duck.

James smiled. His cousin Michael had given the toy duck to him for his birthday last year.

"I have better things to think about than scary animals, don't I?" James said.

"God has filled your life with many good things. Instead of thinking about scary things, thank God for the good things—like your new shirt and your cousin Michael."

James yawned. "Good night, Daddy."

Daddy bent down and kissed his forehead. "Sleep well, James."

# October-Year C

## Be True

OLF Vol. 119, #22 May 31, 2008



## Parker's Lie

By Linda Porter Carlyle

**D**id you do all the getting-ready-for-bed things?" Papa asked.

"Yes," Parker answered.

"Did you go to the bathroom? Did you brush your teeth and get a drink of water?"

"Yes," Parker answered.

"Well, I guess that's it," Papa said. "Let's tuck you in."

Parker climbed into bed between his favorite fish sheets. Papa pulled the covers up over Parker's shoulders. Then he sat down on the bed.

"Will Mama be home soon?" Parker asked.

"Yes," Papa answered. "She will be home from Grandma's in two more days. It is nice she could help Grandma out for a little while when Grandma broke

her leg. Mama is cooking up lots of Grandma's favorite foods and putting them in her freezer. She and Grandma will have a good visit. And she will be home in just two more days."

Papa prayed with Parker. They asked God to watch over Mama and Grandma and help Grandma's leg to heal quickly. Papa thanked God for Parker. He told God he was happy to have such a wonderful son. When Papa and Parker finished praying, Papa turned off the light and pulled the bedroom door almost closed.

Parker lay in the dark thinking. He thought about how Papa had thanked God for him. He began to feel very bad. He didn't feel like a wonderful son at all. Little tears spilled out of Parker's eyes. Finally, he crawled out of bed and went to find Papa.

"What is the matter?" Papa asked. He put down the book he was reading when he saw Parker standing in the middle of the living room.

"I told you a lie," Parker sobbed. He ran to Papa and buried his head in his lap.

Papa picked Parker up and sat him on his knees. "What lie?" he asked.

"I didn't want to brush my teeth tonight," Parker wailed. "I told you I did it, but I didn't!"

Papa pulled Parker close against his chest and held him tightly. Parker cried on Papa's shirt. Finally Papa said, "I forgive you. I'm sorry, too, that you told me a lie. But I forgive you."

Parker cried more quietly. After a while he whispered, "Do you still think I'm a wonderful son?"

Papa gave a little chuckle. "Of course, I still think you are a wonderful son! I love you and forgive you. And I will always love you and forgive you whenever you need to be forgiven."

Parker let out a big breath. He felt so much better! He relaxed against Papa.

"Let's talk to Jesus," Papa said. "You can tell Him you are sorry for lying. He is just waiting to forgive you."

"Really?" Parker asked.

"Really!" Papa said. "Absolutely!"

# November-Year C

## Be Kind

OLF Vol. 119, #13 March 29, 2008

### Eric Comes for a Visit

By Rob Robinson

**M**arcus was so excited! His new friend Eric was not sick anymore. And Mrs. Siu was coming over to their house on Sunday, so Eric and Marcus could play together.

Marcus could hardly wait for Eric and his mommy to get there. Marcus stared out the window and looked down at the sidewalk below his apartment. He watched everyone walking in front of his apartment building. Then he ran over to the door and looked out in the hallway for Eric and his mother.

When Marcus was helping Mommy fold some clothes, he heard knock-knock-knock at the door. It was Eric and his mommy!

"Eric, I'm glad you aren't sick anymore. Let's go to my room and play with my cars," Marcus suggested.

"Marcus," Mommy interrupted, "first I need you to help me finish folding the towels."

"OK, Mommy," Marcus said. He helped his mommy fold the towels and even showed Eric how to fold a towel. When the towels were all folded, Marcus and Eric helped put the towels away in the closet.

While Mommy and Mrs. Siu visited, the two boys went off to Marcus's bedroom to play. "But we can't have any quarreling between the two of us. Friends don't do that," Marcus explained.

Soon Daddy came home from jogging. Mommy said, "I have another load of dirty clothes that's ready to go in the washing machine downstairs. Would you take it down for me?" she asked Daddy.

"Oh, yes, I'll take it down for you," Daddy replied. And he picked up the laundry basket full of dirty clothes and took them downstairs to put in the washing machine.

Just then Marcus came out from playing in his bedroom. "Mommy, I have a question to ask you."

Mommy bent over so that Marcus could whisper in her ear. "Can Eric stay and eat lunch at my house? That way we can play for a whole lot longer."

Mommy whispered back, "I'll ask Mrs. Siu if that's OK, and I'll let you know." Marcus headed back to his bedroom but stopped right by the hallway corner to hear what Mrs. Siu would say.

Mommy asked Mrs. Siu, "Would it be all right for Eric to stay for the afternoon and have lunch with us? He and Marcus are having such a good time playing together. You're welcome to join us too."

"That would be very nice," Mrs. Siu replied.

"Yippee!" Marcus shrieked from around the corner.

"You are such a kind family," Mrs. Siu said. "I just can't figure out why you would be so kind to my family."

Just then Marcus came bounding down the hallway and back into the living room. "I know why we're kind," Marcus volunteered. "God loves us, and He wants us to love others too."

And then Marcus dashed back to his bedroom to play with his new friend, Eric. And Mommy returned to talking to her new friend, Mrs. Siu.

**Kindergarten Lesson Message:** People in Christian families love each other.



# December-Year C

## Respectful

OLF Vol. 119, #34 August 23, 2008

### Deacon Daddy

By Linda Porter Carlyle

**G**uess what?" Daddy asked, as he put in the key and started the car.

"What?" Mama asked.

"What?" Billy asked from the back seat.

"The pastor asked me this morning if I would consider being a deacon," Daddy answered.

"Oh, that's nice!" Mama exclaimed. "I think you would make a good deacon!"

"I don't want you to be a deacon!" Billy exclaimed. "I want you to be my daddy!"

Daddy laughed. "Don't worry," he said. "I can be a deacon and a daddy too. Being a deacon won't stop me from being your daddy. Being a deacon means I would have some special jobs to help at church."

"Like what?" Billy asked.

"Well, like helping to pick up the offering," Daddy answered. "The men who pass the offering baskets every Sabbath are deacons. But there are lots of other things that deacons do," he continued. "They unlock the church on Sabbath mornings and they turn on the lights and turn up the heat. After church, they wait until everyone is gone. They make sure things are straight for afternoon meetings. Then they turn off the lights and lock the doors back up."

"What else, Daddy?" Billy asked.

"Well, let's see. They help to get ready for baptisms. They make sure the baptistry is full of warm water on the days that we have baptisms. Deacons do lots of things to help the church run smoothly. It's an important job," Daddy said.

"And deacons have to be good men too," Mama added. "The Bible says they must be men that people



can respect. They can't be men who say things they don't mean. They can't be men who would cheat anybody. They have to be men who love God and want to do what is right."

"Daddy's a good man," Billy said. "He loves Jesus. I want you to be a deacon, Daddy," he said bouncing on the seat as far as his seat belt would let him. "I want to watch you pick up the offering. I want to watch you fill up the baptism place with warm water. Can I help?"

Daddy smiled. "Well," he said, "I'm thinking about it. Mama and I will pray about it. I'll let you know what I decide."

"Deacon Daddy, Daddy Deacon," Billy sang softly in the back seat.

In the front seat, Daddy and Mama smiled.

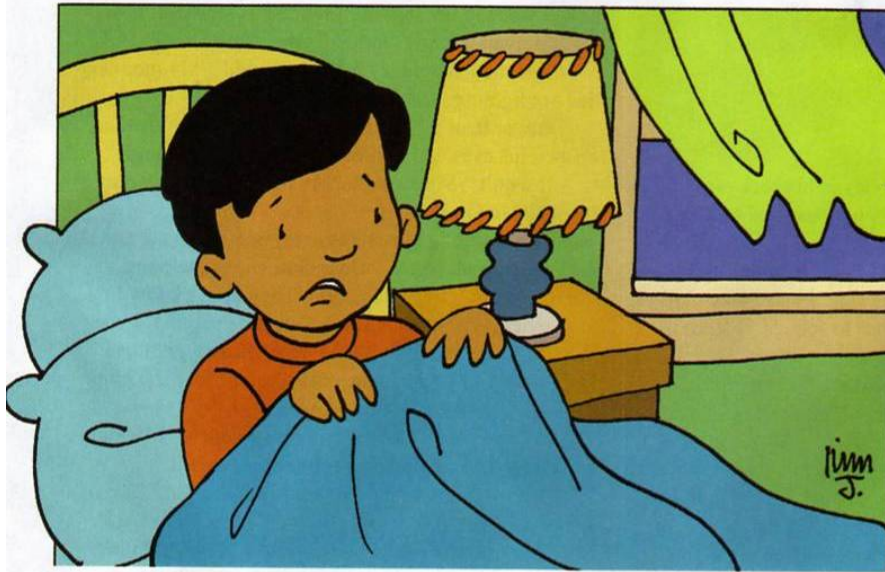
*What jobs do your parents do to help at church?*

# January-Year C

## Be Attentive

OLF Vol. 119, #29 July 19, 2008

### Jamie's Big and Scary Sounds



By Rob Robinson

**M**ama!" Jaime called. "Mama! Come here."  
Mama came running into Jaime's bedroom. He was curled up hiding under his blanket.  
"What's the matter?" Mama asked. "I thought you were already asleep."  
"I heard something outside my window," Jaime explained. "It sounded big and scary."  
Mama peeked outside Jaime's window. She looked and listened carefully.  
*Ribbit. Ribbit. Ribbit* is what she heard.  
"Those are just some frogs down by the creek. They're still awake, and they're just calling out to other frogs—kinda like looking for their friends," Mama explained. "The frogs are nothing to be afraid of; they can't hurt you in any way. You're safe in your bed. I love you. Good-night." Mama leaned over and gave Jaime another good-night kiss.  
Jaime closed his eyes and tried really hard to fall asleep. But before too long his eyes were wide open. He pulled the blankets up and over his head.  
"Mama!" he cried out. "Mama—come here!"  
Once again Mama came and sat down on the edge of Jaime's bed. "What's the matter?" Mama asked.  
"I heard something outside my window. This time it sounded *really* big and scary." Jaime peeked out from

under his blankets to watch Mama look out the window again.

Mama looked, and she listened very carefully. Then she heard it too!

*Who! Who!*  
*Who! Who!* When Jaime heard the sound, he ducked under his blankets again.

"I told you it sounded big and scary!" Jaime told his mother.

"It's just an owl sitting way up high in the pine tree in our backyard. Owls are awake all night long. You're safe inside your bed," Mama reassured Jaime.

Mama sat down on the edge of Jaime's bed. "I can tell you're a good listener, though. You remind me of another little boy we read about that was a good listener too."

Jaime's eyes lit up. "Do you mean Samuel?" he asked.

"That's exactly who I was thinking of," Mama answered. "But Samuel wasn't busy listening for frogs or owls. Do you remember who he was listening to?"

"He was listening to God," Jaime said. Just then Jaime wrinkled up his eyebrows and added, "But Mama—I can't hear God like Samuel did. All I can hear at night are frogs and owls! How can I listen to God?"

"You use your ears to listen at Sabbath School. You use your ears to listen while Papa reads Bible stories at worship time," Mama explained. She stood up and walked over to the CD player on top of Jaime's dresser.

"And you can use your ears to listen to some pretty music about Jesus," she said as she began one of Jaime's favorite quiet time CDs.

"I really like that way," Jaime said with a sleepy smile. "I'll listen to God that way and not worry about the frogs and owls."

And soon Jaime was sound asleep—listening to pretty music about Jesus.

**Kindergarten Lesson Message:** We serve God by listening to His voice.

# February-Year C

## Be Helpful

OLF Vol. 118, #23 June 9, 2007

### The Freeway Sign

By Edna May Olsen

Slow down, Daddy," Kelly said from the backseat of the car. "That sign said something about our church."

"I can't slow down," Daddy replied. "We have to keep up with traffic. But what did the sign say?"

"I don't know," Kelly said, "but it was about the church."

"Keep looking then," Daddy said. "Maybe there will be another sign."

As they drove along, Kelly kept looking out of the window. Suddenly Mommy spoke. "There's one," she said excitedly. "It says that the road cleanup is sponsored by the Seventh-day Adventist Church!"

"Oh! Now I know what you mean, Kelly," Daddy said. "Some of our churches help the Highway Department by picking up litter along the highway. The church in Marlon does it. Every few weeks church members pick up all the litter along this stretch of road near the church. Not only do they keep this part of the

highway nice and clean, but they let people know the Seventh-day Adventists care. Tell you what, Kelly, I'll find out when Marlon plans on cleaning the highway again, and we can volunteer to work with them."

A few weeks later Daddy, Mommy, and Kelly joined the little group who were planning to pick up garbage along the highway. After a prayer for God's protection, they were each given a big trash bag for the litter, plastic plates and cups, scraps of newspaper, broken tools, and even toys.

"I've never seen so much litter," Daddy chuckled. "My bag is about full, so I better get another one. How are you doing, Kelly? Enjoying yourself?"

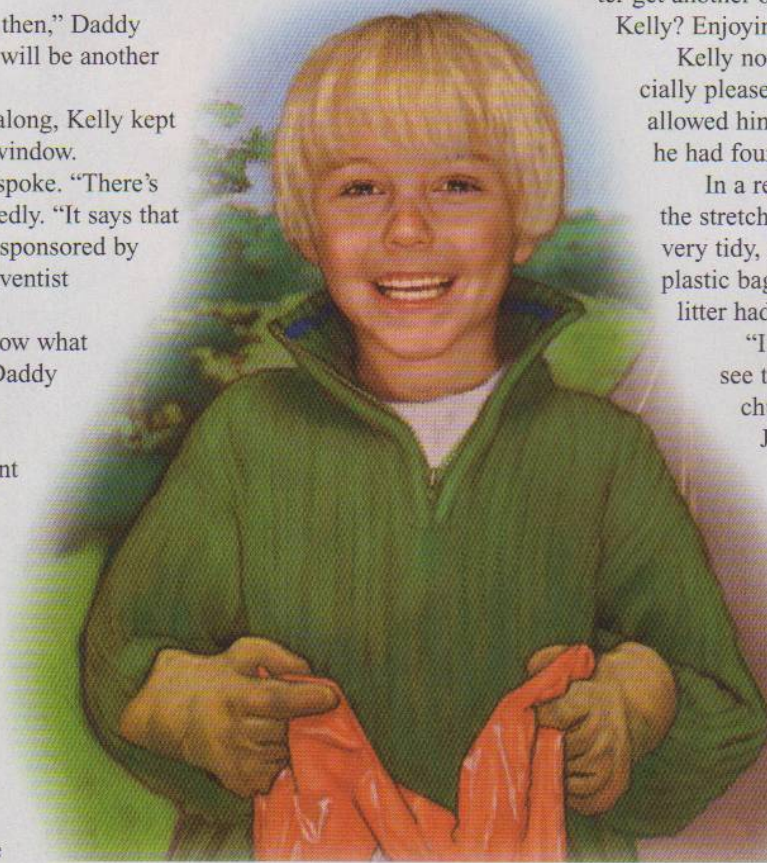
Kelly nodded. He was especially pleased that Daddy had allowed him to keep the dollar bill he had found.

In a remarkably short time the stretch of highway looked very tidy, and the stack of full plastic bags showed how much litter had been picked up.

"I hope that people who see the sign will come to church and learn about Jesus and that He is coming back soon," Kelly said.

"That's what we want them to know," Mommy said. "And if that's what it takes, I'm ready to pick up litter again. Anytime, anywhere."

Daddy and Kelly agreed.



# March-Year C

## Be Cheerful

OLF Vol. 119, #12 March 22, 2008

### Too Much Rain

By Jill Nogales

I wish the rain would go away," Kyle grumbled. His coach had just called. Their soccer game was cancelled. Too much rain.

"I'm sorry about your game," Mommy said, hanging up the phone. "How about helping me in the kitchen instead?" She tied a flowered apron around her waist.

Kyle wrinkled up his nose. "No way! That's for girls."

"Not true," Mommy said. "Your grandpa is one of the best cooks I know."

"Really?" Kyle asked. "OK, maybe I'll help a little, since it's raining and all. What are you making?"

"Fruit salad," Mommy said. "You know what to do first, right?"

Kyle reached for the soap. "I know. I have to wash my hands. But I don't have to wear an apron with flowers on it, do I?"

Mommy smiled and shook her head.

"Let's get started," Kyle said after drying his hands.

Mommy turned on the radio. She and Kyle listened to music as they worked. Kyle washed straw-

berries, blueberries, and grapes. Mommy peeled oranges and a pineapple.

"What are those?" Kyle asked. He pointed at the fuzzy brown things on the counter.

"Those are called kiwis," Mommy explained. "Inside is a sweet green fruit."

Kyle watched as Mommy peeled and cut the kiwis. Then they put all the fruit in a big white bowl. Mommy handed Kyle a giant spoon, and he mixed the fruit.

"What a pretty fruit salad," Mommy said when he was finished.

"It looks like a mixed-up rainbow," Kyle said. "I'm going to call it rainbow salad."

Then he looked out the window. It was still raining. "Can we invite Coach and the team over, Mommy? We can't play soccer in the rain. But maybe we can have fun eating my salad."

"Great idea!" Mommy said, grabbing the phone.

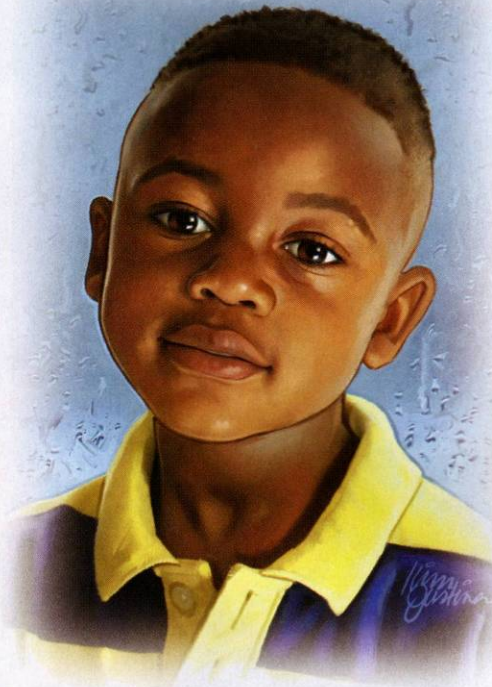
A short while later, Kyle was sitting at the table with his teammates. They talked and laughed and ate rainbow salad.

"Hey," Coach said, looking out the window. "The rain has stopped."

"And there's a rainbow," Kyle said. "A real one! That's God's way of saying he loves us."

"That's right," Mommy agreed. "God loves you even when your soccer game gets cancelled."

Kyle gave Mommy a hug. "And He even loves me when there's too much rain."





# April-Year C

## Be Thoughtful

OLF Vol. 119, #10 March 8, 2008

### Libby Sends Alexander

By Linda Porter Carlyle

Libby walked into the living room. She stopped. Mama and Daddy were both watching the TV news. Libby looked at the TV. She saw pictures of houses with no roofs. She saw pictures of houses with no roofs and only one or two walls. She saw houses that weren't houses anymore. Just piles of lumber and ruined furniture. "What is that?" she asked.

"There was a hurricane in Florida," Daddy answered.

"What's a hurricane?" Libby asked. She climbed up on Daddy's lap.

"A hurricane is a terrible, strong storm. The wind blows so hard it can blow down trees. It can blow down houses too," Daddy explained.

"Will we get a hurricane?" Libby asked. Her eyes were worried.

"No. Probably not," Daddy answered. "We don't usually get hurricanes in this part of the country."

"Good!" Libby said.

"Those poor people who lost their homes!" Mama exclaimed.

"Where will they go?" Libby asked.

Mama clicked off the TV. "Well," she said, "kind people will put beds in large buildings like schools and churches. Maybe the army will set up big tents for some of the people to stay while they rebuild their houses."

"Our church will be collecting clothes and food to send to the victims of the hurricane," Daddy said. "We should see if there is something we can send."

Libby slid off Daddy's lap. She went into her bedroom. She looked around and tried to imagine what it would feel like if her room was just a pile of lumber and all her clothes had blown away. It would be sad and scary.

Libby opened her closet. Alexander and Floppy, her two teddy bears, sat on the shelf. Libby picked up both Floppy

and Alexander and put them on her bed. She climbed up and sat beside them.

Mama came to the door of Libby's bedroom. "It's time to wash up for supper," she said.

"OK," Libby answered.

Libby washed her hands. Then she went back into her bedroom and picked up Alexander and Floppy. She carried them to the table.

"Do we have company for dinner tonight?" Daddy asked.

Libby giggled. She put Alexander and Floppy on a spare chair. "I want to send Alexander to one of the children in Florida," she said. "Maybe all the teddy bears blew away in the wind."

Daddy and Mama looked at each other. They looked at Libby. "Why, Libby!" Mama exclaimed. "That is a wonderful idea!"

"I will take Alexander to the Community Services office at the church tomorrow on my way to work," Daddy said. He smiled at Libby. "Let's bow our heads now and ask God to bless our food. And we will also ask God to make Alexander a blessing to some child in Florida."



# May-Year C

## Be Reverent

OLF Vol. xxx9, #xx xx, 2008