

Sabbath School Missionary

Volume 65

Stanberry, Missouri

November 20, 1950

Number 24



Thanks For the Common Things

We thank Thee, Father, for the sunshine
That helped the corn and wheat to grow.
We thank Thee for the falling raindrops,
And for the pure white flakes of snow.

We thank Thee for our homes and playmates,
We thank Thee for our daily bread,
For sleep and laughter, love and labor,
And joy that lights the path we tread.

We thank Thee for the sky above us,
The grass that grew beneath our feet,
The flowers that filled the air with perfume,
The birds that sang us carols sweet.

We thank Thee for the friends who love us,
For father kind and mother dear—
For all these things we thank Thee, Father,
Thy common gifts that crown the year.

—The Grade Teacher

The Sabbath School Missionary



AN IDEA FOR AN INDOOR PARTY

Playing "Animal Fair" is lots of fun, especially if you use the idea for a party. Invitations may be written on animal cut-outs. Guests should also be asked to bring some animal for the Fair. A kitten can be labeled "Wild Cat." A toy teddy bear can be labeled "Honey Bear." A stuffed long stocking makes a convincing snake. A lemon with four toothpick legs, and with ears peeled away just back of the "snout," and a bent wire tail makes a cute pig. You'll think of other animal ideas.

An interesting game is "Scrambled Words"—each word naming an animal found at a zoo. For the one naming the most animals correctly, a box of animal crackers may be awarded. Below are the scrambled words:

- 1. tentelhap 2. yenomk 3. tocrhis 4. fig-raef. 5. lascs, 6. nisol, 7. brase, 8. cepacok, 9. saleeg 10. slevow.

For refreshments serve ice cream topped with an animal cracker. Surround the dish with animal crackers, too. Many grocery stores sell attractive iced animal crackers, or you can buy them plain and ice them yourself.

If you have time, you can have guests draw animal pictures. Here are the answers to the scrambled words:

—Vera Crider in Junior Life.

ANSWERS TO SCRAMBLED WORDS

- 1. Elephant 2. monkey 3. ostrich 4. giraffe 5. seals 6. lions 7. bears 8. peacock 9. eagles 10. wolves.

A THANKFUL SONG

(To the tune of "School Days.")

Thankful, thankful!
For all the blessings that come from Thee,
Lord, help us to be thankful
Loved ones, food shelter, and liberty,
For every way that we may show,
To every one who may not know,
Thy saving grace, where'er we go—
We're thankful, dear Father, to Thee!

—Junior Life.

Edith Lippincott, Editor..... Stanberry, Mo.

Owned by the General Conference of the Church of God.

Subscription Rates: Single copy one year 65 cents; Club of six or more to the same address 50 cents each per year. Foreign subscription rate \$1.00 per year.

Published bi-weekly at the Church of God Publishing House Stanberry, Missouri. Entered as Second class matter at the post office at Stanberry, Missouri under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorial

COME ON, LET'S WRITE

One thing that makes the paper interesting to you children is the letters. In this way you have a chance to become acquainted with each other and when you meet at camp meeting you feel that you have known each other for a long time.

You have been good to keep the letter box filled with nice letters, but now the supply is getting rather low and we would like it very much if you would write again.

We would like to hear from some more new ones. Several new names have appeared in the paper in the last couple of months. Every time a new name is added to the list of writers it makes our family that much larger.

We don't want the old writers to stop writing either. We need all of you to keep the paper interesting, so come on with your letters.

Teacher—Can any one tell me how stove-pipe is made?

John—First you take a big hole and then you wrap some tin around it.—Sel.



Buster's Thanksgiving

By Edith Lippincott

Buster was the boy that lived in the brick house on Third Street. Of course Buster wasn't his real name but that was the nickname he had always answered to. His grandfather nicknamed him Buster when he was a baby because he was such a big, happy baby, and the name had stayed with him.

Now he was nine years old and he was looking forward to Thanksgiving because Grandpa and Grandma Stout were planning to visit them and they were going to have a big fat turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. Buster couldn't remember when they hadn't had turkey and pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving.

Buster's daddy had been out in the country and as he was driving past a farm he saw a sign that said: "Turkeys For Sale." Although it was several days until Thanksgiving Daddy thought it a very good time to buy a turkey and they could keep it in the wood shed until time to kill it for the big dinner.

When Buster saw the big turkey he was excited and asked, "Can I take care of him and feed him, all by myself?"

"Sure, you can have that for your chore before and after school. You will have to see that he has plenty of feed and water," Daddy told him.

For the next few days Buster worked faithfully at taking care of Mr. Turkey. Then came the day before Thanksgiving and this was the day to kill the turkey. Daddy and Buster went to the wood shed with the hatchet.

"Oh, look there," exclaimed Daddy. "The wood shed door is open."

"I just know that I fastened it and locked it last night, and I don't see how it could have swung open like that," Buster said.

"Well, I can explain that," Daddy said as he examined the lock. "Someone has broken the lock and I am afraid that they have stolen our turkey."

Buster was so surprised and sad and the tears began to roll down his cheeks. "Now we won't have any turkey for Thanksgiving, and it won't be Thanksgiving without turkey," he began to wail.

Running to the house he told the bad news to Mother. "Now we can't have any Thanksgiving," he cried.

"Now, son, dry those tears. It is too bad Mr. Turkey is gone and we will have to make other plans for the dinner, but we can be thankful no matter what we have," Mother told the crying boy.

"We won't have any Thanksgiving, now," Buster said as he tried to stop crying.

"Oh, yes, we will. What we have to eat doesn't make Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is something inside our hearts. We can be thankful for what we have no matter how little it is. Many children in the world have never seen a turkey or pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving, as their parents are too poor to have such extra things, but they can be thankful just the same."

"What do they have to be thankful for?" asked Buster.

"Can't you think of anything that poor children could be thankful for?"

"No, I can't," answered Buster, still thinking about the missing turkey.

"I will name a few things that anyone can be thankful for," answered Mother. "There are healthy bodies, eyes to see the beautiful things in the world, ears to hear the songs of the birds and the voices of our many friends. And then we have friends to be thankful for. Now you try to name some

things that you can be thankful for," Mother said as she rolled the crust for the pumpkin pie.

Buster wrinkled his forehead to show that he was thinking hard. At last his face brightened and he said: "I am thankful that I have you and Daddy to take care of me. I am thankful for our home. And I think I can find several things to be thankful for."

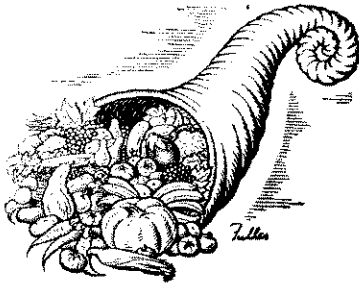
The next day as Buster and his father and mother and grandma and grandpa were sitting at the table they decided to name some things they were thankful for.

"Buster, what are you thankful for now?" asked Grandpa.

"I am thankful for this nice fat hen that you brought for the dinner. It is almost as good as turkey," answered Buster.

"I am thankful that we have a church to go to, and can go to Sabbath School every week," Grandpa said.

"That is something we should be extra



thankful for, for there are many countries in the world where the people are not allowed to go to church and worship God as they wish," Daddy told them.

"I am thankful for Jesus who came into this world to show people the right way to live," added Grandma.

"I guess I had better tell something I am thankful for," said Mother. "I am thankful that we have the Bible to read so that we will know what God would have His children do."

"I am thankful that we have the opportunity to help send the word of truth to others who do not know Jesus and God as we do," Daddy told them.

"I didn't know that Thanksgiving did mean so much," exclaimed Buster. "I am thankful that I can learn to read the Bible and go to Sabbath School to learn more

about Jesus and God. This has been a wonderful Thanksgiving even though someone did steal Mr. Turkey."

Everyone agreed and as they arose from the table they sang the old song, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

Let us do as Buster and his family did, and try to think of all the things we can be thankful for, then write and tell us some of the things for which you are thankful. For one thing I am thankful that I have the privilege of editing the little paper.

Stories By The Children

NANCY DID RIGHT

Once there was a girl named Susan, and she was going to have a party after school was out for the summer. School was out on Friday and she was going to have a party on Saturday. She asked all the boys and girls in her room to come to the party.

All of the children, except a girl named Nancy, said that they would be at the party. When Nancy was asked why she couldn't come, she told them that the party would be on the Sabbath and she couldn't go to parties or picnics on the Sabbath.

The day of the party was bright and clear and all the children went to the party, that is all except Nancy.

When Susan was trying to get a ball out of a tree she fell and broke her arm. All of the children went home from the party then. Susan got to thinking about the Sabbath and she told her mother what Nancy had said. After that Susan and her mother went to church on Saturdays.

—Willigene McMicken.

While fishing on the lake this summer with Mother and Daddy, Patsy Ann suddenly threw her fishing pole into the bottom of the boat and exclaimed, "I quit!"

"Why, Patsy, what is the matter?" asked Mother.

"Well, Mother," she answered, "I just can't seem to get waited on!"—Sel.

LETTERS

FROM COLORADO

Dear Missionary Readers:

As we wanted to write to the Missionary today, our Sabbath School teacher, Icil Scott, is helping us.

I am nine years old and would be glad to hear from anyone. I go to the Lindon School. There are fifteen in my Sabbath School class.

I have one dog, two cats, two fish, and one rabbit. I like to collect trinkets of all sorts.

I will try to write again sometime.

Your friend,
Marlyn Whaley.

* * * *

FROM OREGON

Dear Readers:

This is my first time to write to the little Missionary. I am eight years old and live on a grain and dairy farm.

Our family always goes to church and we like it here very much. We moved down to Oregon from Canada two years ago and are living close to Harrisburg.

My Grandma and Grandpa live in Harrisburg. They have a filling station.

Your friend,
Kurt Kayner.

* * * *

FROM MICHIGAN

Dear Editor:

I am sending in the last answers to the last contest. I am sorry that I was slow in writing.

I was happy when I saw my story and my letter in the Missionary. I like to read the stories and letters from the other boys and girls. I would like some pen pals. I am nine years old.

Your friend,
Joanne Cole.

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THE ANIMALS' BEDTIME AT THE ZOO

The big hippopotamus always goes to sleep flat upon his stomach, dropping his head down between his outstretched front legs.

Elephants sleep while standing up.

Bears, and most of the other animals, sleep in the usual way, but what about the monkeys? How they ever get any sleep is a mystery, for you can pass their cages any time during the night and hear them chattering as if dinner were being served. Perhaps they are "talking" about the many boys and girls they have seen during the day, just as you talk about the funny antics of the monkeys.—Junior Life.

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SAMMY CENTIPEDE DISOBEYS

By Mary Holbert

Sammy Centipede was a trial to his mother, Rosie Centipede. Such a time as she had keeping Sammy in shoes. It cost a lot of money to buy so many pairs of shoes. Centipedes have pairs of legs. Sammy had ten pairs of little brown shoes and ten pairs of little rubber boots to wear when it rained.

"Sammy," said mother, "wear your rubber boots this morning. It is sprinkling rain now."

"Um hum," grunted Sammy, as he pulled on the last pair of little brown shoes. "It's too much work to tug those boots on," thought Sammy, so he slipped out the door before his mother noticed him. "Besides, it's not going to rain much." So down the street Sammy went with his little brown shoes saying "slappity slap."

It rained and rained that day. When school was out, Sammy started home. He forgot all about disobeying his mother; he forgot he didn't have his rubber boots on. All Sammy could think of was having fun wading in all the mud puddles with ten pairs of feet. Sloppity slop, squishy squash went ten little pairs of feet in ten little brown shoes.

"Son," said mother in a sad tone of voice. "Look at your ten little pairs of shoes? They are ruined."

Sammy looked down at his twenty little feet. Sure enough, his little brown shoes were coming apart. Sammy would have to have some new shoes.

Mother went to the store but alas, there were no little brown shoes in Sammy's size. Sammy had to have ten pair of shoes

so mother bought ten pairs of shoes—any kind, just so the shoes were the size Sammy could wear.

The next morning, Sammy started to put on his shoes. "I'll be the funniest looking centipede at school," thought Sammy woefully, as he pulled on a pair of high heeled white shoes. It was terrible. The tears slid out of his eyes as he vainly tried to wear the white high heeled shoes on his last pair of feet and the high heeled black ones on the first pair of feet. His back felt like it would break, but he'd have to wear them. He tugged and pulled at the little flat heeled red ones, the medium heeled black ones, the laced boots and the cowboy boots. Finally he got all ten pairs of shoes on. Sammy slipped out the door again because he didn't want mother to see those awful shoes.

Sammy hippity hopped and hobbitly hobbled to school. Poor Sam! All the other little centipedes stared and then grinned at poor Sammy's shoes. They all knew he had disobeyed his mother. They knew he had ruined his little brown shoes the day it rained, because he wouldn't wear his rubber boots. Sammy knew he deserved all this for disobeying his mother, so he didn't complain. Even when he got home with ten pairs of blisters on his heels and a kink in his back, he still didn't fret about the shoes.

After supper that evening Sammy went to his room to go to bed. My, but Sammy got a surprise when he opened the door. There sitting under his bed were ten pairs of little brown shoes.

Sammy went to bed that night a much happier and wiser little centipede. He would obey his mother after this.

You boys and girls know this is a little story that couldn't actually happen, but it does show that one should obey his or her parents to be completely happy. The Bible says, "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord. . ." Col. 3:20.

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Always remember in everything you do, that God is up in heaven and is watching over you.

Lessons For You:

FOR DECEMBER 2, 1950

A GREAT GIFT

Lesson Material: Mark 12:38-44; 2 Cor. 9:7; Phil. 4:10-20.

Memory Verse: ". . . God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9:7.

Gifts are given between friends. By giving gifts love for one another is shown. There are many kinds of gifts. Some are large and some are small. Some are given because the giver wants to help someone in need, and some are given in return for kindnesses done to someone.

Then there are the gifts that parents give to their children. These are given through love and because the gift will please the children. Gifts are enjoyed by all and are a great source of happiness.

If someone were to ask you just what a gift is, could you tell them? A gift is something that is given from one person to another.

In Luke 6:38 we read: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running down." But we are not to give to another just in hopes that they will give something better to us. But we are told to give.

One kind of gift is the gift or offering that we give to God. One time when Jesus was in the temple He sat down by the place where the people were putting their offerings or gifts to God. As he watched a poor widow came by and put in all the money that she had. Others had put in what they wanted to spare of their wealth, but the poor widow put in all she had.

Seeing this, Jesus called His disciples to Him and told them that the widow had given more than all of the rest, because she had kept back nothing for herself. She was willing that all she had should be given to the work of the Lord.

Paul taught that we should give gifts, but we must be willing and glad to give them.

He tells us not to give grudgingly, or hating to give, but to be glad to give, because God loves a cheerful giver. If we have anything to give to God we should be happy to give it and not wanting to keep it for ourselves.

One of the greatest gifts we can give God is ourselves. We can give Him ourselves by being willing to live for Him and do the things we know He would have us do. Let us be willing and cheerful givers to God.

Questions

1. What is a gift?
2. Name some kinds of gifts.
3. What did Luke tell us about giving?
4. What did Jesus see in the temple?
5. Of all the people in the temple, who gave the most?
6. Why was it the most?
7. What did Paul teach about gifts?
8. What kind of a giver does God like?
9. What is the greatest gift we can give God?

* * * *

FOR DECEMBER 9, 1950

A FRIENDLY MESSENGER

Lesson Material: Phil. 2:25-30; 4:18-20.

Memory Verse: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccl. 9:10.

A messenger is one who brings us word from someone else. Some bring sad news and some bring good news. A friendly messenger is one who brings us news that will help us and make us glad.

Paul had a helper in his service for the Lord, and this helper was very sad because the people at Philippi had heard that he was sick. Paul said that God had mercy on the helper and he didn't die. This helper Paul sent to the Philippians and Paul wanted them to rejoice when they saw. They were to receive him with gladness, because for the work of Christ he had been near unto death, not regarding his own life.

We can be friendly messengers to other people if we will go to them in the right way and kindly tell them about the love God has for them. And when we are doing the Lord's work we should not give up no matter what may be the test. As the memory verse says,

whatever work we find to do, let us do it with our might.

We should always be sure to know that what we are about to do is right and then when we know that we are right, let us stand firm and not be moved from our way.

We should not try to compel or drive people to think and do as we do, but we should be friendly and work with them in love and kindness. Friendship and kindness will do more to win friends to Christ than force will.

Christ's apostles were friendly messengers as they recorded the life and teachings of Jesus so the world would be able to serve and worship God in the spirit and the truth.

Questions

1. What is a messenger?
2. Who had a helper in his work?
3. To whom did Paul send this helper?
4. How were the people to receive him?
5. Can we be friendly messengers?
6. What does the memory verse say?
7. Should we stand firm?
8. How should we win people to Christ?
9. Why were the apostles friendly messengers?

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A SIDE TRIP TO JERICHO

Can you answer these questions?

1. Who sent the spies into Jericho?
2. Who hid the spies from the king of Jericho?
3. How many days were the Israelites to go round about the city of Jericho?
4. How many times a day for 6 days?
5. How many times the seventh day?
6. What were the seven priests to do?
7. What was to be the final act before the walls fell?
8. Did the walls of Jericho fall?
9. Who was saved from the destruction of Jericho?
10. In what country is Jericho located?

ANSWERS

1. Joshua; 2. Rahab; 3. 7 days; 4. once; 5. seven; 6. blow with the trumpet; 7. one long blast on the ram's horn and all the people shout with a great shout; 8. yes; 9. Rahab and her family; 10. Palestine.

--- Tiny Tot's Page ---



LITTLE HELPERS

Little helpers, girls and boys,
 How they add to Mother's joys.
 Little girls who set the table,
 Wipe the dishes when they're able;
 Little boys who always plan
 To help Mother when they can,
 Bring the coal or bring the wood;
 Oh, if little people could
 Know the joy in Mother's heart
 When they play the helper's part!
 —Our Little Ones.

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We still want you to write for the Tiny Tot Page.

TINY TOT LETTER

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am six years old and will be in the second grade when school starts. My daddy raises vegetables for the cannery, and we are busy picking beans now.

I go to Harrisburg Sabbath School. Sr. Blanche Miller is my teacher.

Your little friend,
 Elden Crowson.

(Eldon, we are sorry that your letter hasn't been printed sooner, but we had others ahead of yours. Please forgive us and write again.)

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GOOD LITTLE WILLIE

Little Willie, home from school where he learned the Golden Rule, said, "If I eat up all this cake, Sis won't have a stomachache."

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Teacher: Tommy, how many ribs have you?
 Tom: I don't know ma'am. I'm so awful ticklish I never could count them. —Sel.

TINY TOT PUZZLE

Can you guess what this frog is looking at? Begin at one and follow the dots to find your answer.

Do you know if these animals are mentioned in the Bible?

