

Dec 96

90

11/11/67

Sabbath School Missionary

SECTION B

NOVEMBER 11, 1967



Seeing "Red"

By Dorothy Nimchuk *Cinger*

and went down early. Usually he won such an event and it hurt his pride to do less than win.

Clem picked a fight with David after school and now he had to go home with a torn shirt. Mother would be upset. And now his toe hurt! Angry tears stung his eyes and he quickly wiped them away with a grimy fist. Big boys didn't cry—even if they did have bad days.

Mother had kept his supper warm on the back of the stove—he had been late getting home. Now she gently rocked in her favorite chair by the window and mended his shirt while David ate. Between bites, David filled in his parents on the events of the day. . . . "I'm so mad, I can see red," he concluded. "That Clem is always trying to make trouble for me. I don't like him one bit!" The words were harsh and there was a gleam in David's eye as he spoke of his schoolmate.

Father folded the evening paper, rose from his chair, and faced his son. "I've got a little welding to do at the blacksmith shop. Care to come along?"

David was a little taken aback that Father didn't even comment on his bad day. However, he loved going to Dan's Blacksmith Shop, so he hastily swallowed the last of his pie, drank his milk, and headed for the door.

David was mad. He was mad clear through! He had never been so disgusted in his whole life. He kicked at a stone in the loose gravel of the roadway. Ouch! Now his toe would be sore the rest of the day. What else could go wrong?

The morning had started off normally enough. Then, when he got to school he discovered he had left his arithmetic paper at home and had to run back after it. That made him late. He slipped into his seat a whole five minutes after the last bell had rung. Teacher made him stay in at recess and he missed playing football with the other boys.

Clem and Sam were passing notes and the class began to giggle. Clem quickly slipped the paper on David's desk just before Miss Barnes turned to see what had caused the commotion. Stung again! He had to eat his lunch at his desk and stay in the whole noon hour. And it had not even been his fault!

To top off the day, David missed a very simple word in the spelling contest

HELPFUL ANN

Helpful Ann is working hard
Raking leaves out in the yard.

She helps mother through the day,
Working first, then she will play.

LAZY SUSAN

Lazy Susan laughs all day,
Never working; she's at play.

Mother calls, "Please do the chores,
Set the table, sweep the floors."

But lazy Susan won't obey.
She grumbles, "Mommie, not today."

Which are you—a Helpful Ann,
Helping mother all you can;
Or lazy Susan, who's at play
While her sister helps all day?

Let's never be a Lazy Sue;
Let's be helpful all year through.

—Selected

"See ya later, Mom," David called as he reached for his cap on the hook and hurried after his parent.

A big, burly fellow with black hair and a full mustache greeted them as they entered the huge doorway. Dan was always smiling and he handled his work well, like the professional he was.

David's black mood had settled over him once more like a cloud and he didn't offer to feed the fire as he usually did for Dan. The smithy noticed this at once. "What's the matter with ye, me lad?" he inquired. "Are ye sick?" His tone was full of concern.

"Oh, no, sir," answered David. "It's just that I forgot my arithmetic paper and my toe hurts, and—and. . . ." David launched into a vivid account of his day's misadventures. Father stood back, half smiling to himself, knowing well what would follow.

"Well, now, me lad," replied the black-

smith, "I'd say ye lost a very important part of ye today." His voice was edged with mystery and David looked up, startled.

"What's that, sir?" David wanted to know.

"A little case of lost temper," explained Dan. As David started to protest, Dan hurried to clarify himself. "Ye've watched me many a time in me shop, boy," he said, "and ye know that I've got to get this iron just so hot—tempered—before I can shape it the way I want it. When we reach our 'temper,' then our character is molded—either for good or for bad—depending on the way we react to a given situation."

"I don't quite understand," complained David. He shifted to his other foot under the steady gaze of his friend.

"It's simple, me lad," smiled Dan. "If the iron loses its temper, then I can't use it. In the same way, when ye lose your temper, ye cannot be used by the Lord."

"I think I'm beginning to see what you mean, Dan," said David slowly.

"Good," exclaimed Dan. "Now, let's review your day. Ye were late, Why? Ye forgot. Ye—not Clem, Sam or anyone else—YE forgot. So take your punishment like a man. Ye had it coming. Don't let it disturb your whole day."

"But what about the note passing?" David wanted to know. "That certainly wasn't my fault."

Dan smiled. "Thought ye got me there, hey, lad? Well, listen to this: 'For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully' (1 Peter 2:19)," He quoted. "Now maybe ye wouldn't want to tell on the guilty ones so ye just took the blame for them. Now, if that teacher is smart at all, and ye've been behaving all year like ye's supposed to, she'll be knowing ye don't do such things and could maybe even figure it wasn't ye."

"What about the spell-down?" inquired David.

"Ye let the other things bother ye so much that ye just couldn't think straight on those words. As far as the fight is concerned, maybe Clem had a guilty conscience and tried to shrug it off by fighting." A broad grin spread across Dan's face. "If ye had kept that temper of yours in check, you probably wouldn't have kicked at that stone either."

They enjoyed a good laugh together. Then Dan grew serious once again. "I know ye wants to do what's right, lad," he began. "I've seen ye in Sabbath school regular and such and I was there the night ye went forward to give your heart to the Lord. Now if ye go on losing your temper at the slightest notion, the Lord won't be able to use ye at all."

David hung his head and dug the toe of his shoe into the dirt floor of the shop. Finally, he looked sheepishly at his Father and Dan. "Let's go home, Dad," he said. "I've an idea you already got done what you came to do," he continued as he

(Continued on page 4)

—:: M ::—

OUR LESSON

November 11, 1967

OBEDIENT ABRAHAM

Memory Verse: "... Be thankful unto him, and bless his name" (Psalm 100:4b).

Lesson from Genesis 12.

Abraham was a man who loved and obeyed God.

One day the Lord said to Abraham, "Leave this country and your relatives and go to a land that I will show thee.

"I will make of thee a great nation and I will bless thee."

Since Abraham loved God and always showed his love by obeying God, Abraham left his home as God had commanded.

Abraham took his wife, Sarah, and his nephew, Lot, and all his clothing and animals with him. He also took his servants. God had blessed Abraham and Abraham had much wealth and many animals and servants. It must have been a large group that started out on the journey.

Abraham did not know where God would lead them. But he trusted the Lord and knew that what God did was best.

Many days passed, perhaps even months, before they reached the place to which God was leading them.

Perhaps several of the places they passed through looked good enough to Abraham. But they weren't where God wanted Abraham.

Finally, one day the Lord spoke to Abraham. They had finally reached the land God was giving them.

The Lord told Abraham that all the land he could see would belong to him and to his children.

When God brought the Israelites out of the land of Egypt, He led them to this land. Today this land is known as Israel.

True or false?

1. Abraham loved God.
2. When God told Abraham to move, Abraham did not want to go.
3. Abraham took only Sarah with him.
4. Abraham did not know where God was taking them.
5. God told Abraham all the land he could see would belong to his children.
6. God did not want the Israelites to go to this land.

—:: M ::—

AUTUMN

Our golden autumn is a scroll,
Where amber, red, and brown unroll
In mystic, myriad, magic scenes—
Enchanting, shining and serene.
When autumn's rich, rare colors sing,
The theme is of God's lovely things.

—Rhea Hendricks

Thanksgiving for Beauty

The silver sun is sinking in silver and gray clouds. Fine silver mist covers the woods and distant hills. Songbirds are winging their way to the cedar trees for night is drawing near.

Flights of wild geese, with their lovely silver and gray wings are flying in the gray skies. Their weird and lonely cry fills the twilight air. Soon they are gone, though they leave thoughts of sunny shores and fragrant flowers of the far away southland.

Now the last ray of sunset glimmers on asters and goldenrod then tinges the magic mist that lies on the green land.

Then in prayer we thank our God for the beauty which is freely placed before us.

—Rhea Hendricks

SEEING "RED"

(Continued from page 3)

perceived the look which passed between the two men. "Let's go right now. I've got a few things to talk over with the Lord and I want to get started as soon as I can."

Dan looked after them as father and son strode side by side down the nearly deserted street. David's voice, high pitched and excited, floated back to him on the evening air. "I'm going to make a real effort to be friends with Clem, Dad. He really doesn't seem to have any-one to chum with. Maybe that's part of his problem...."

Dan breathed a prayer of thanks and returned to his forge, singing as he worked.

We Are Thankful for Hands

By Florence D. Long

Almost all little girls like to wear a cape, especially if it is red! But there were people who could not help wondering about Susie, a little girl who always wore a red cape to church. It seemed strange that she never took it off, even on warm, sunshiny days. When other girls wore summer dresses with short sleeves, or no sleeves at all, and boys had on thin shirts, she still wore her red cape! And on her feet were soft white boots.

A kind minister who visited the church was troubled about Susie. He wondered, "Why does she wear the red cape even on real hot days? And why do we never see her hands and arms?"

When he asked a lady about her, he was told, "She has no hands or arms, and has never had them. She was born this way."

"Poor little girl," he thought. "She can never learn to write, or play as other little girls do." When he talked with Susie, he learned to his surprise that she *could* write, and draw! She could also play little tunes on the piano, thread a needle, sweep the floor, and pick up a cup or glass! And the way she does these things is amazing! She slips off one of the little soft white boots she always wears, and then she writes and does these other things with her toes. It is hard for us to imagine doing this. How hard it must have been for her to learn, and how much patience and courage she must have.

Susie learned to know and love Jesus and He became her Friend and Helper.

We use our hands for so many things every day, and we do not think much about it. Everyone we know has hands and arms to use. So we seldom think of being grateful to God for them. After hearing about Susie let's take time to thank Him often for this great blessing.

—Primary Treasure