

August -Year A Be Obedient

OLF Vol. 119, #31 August 2, 2008



By Jane Landreth

There he is!" Kyle shouted, pointing to a large golden puppy. "That's the one we want."

"Yes, that's Sunny!" Kayla jumped up and down with excitement. "We've already named him."

Kyle and his sister, Kayla, were excited. They had begged and begged their daddy for a puppy. Finally, Daddy had agreed to take them to the pet shop.

"Remember that you have to take care of him," Daddy said. "We talked about being responsible."

"I'll put out fresh water and food every day," Kyle promised.

"And I'll brush his fur," Kayla said.

Dad built a nice doghouse for the puppy. Kyle and Kayla loved the large ball of fur and took care of him every day. Kyle remembered to put fresh water out and feed Sunny. Kayla loved to brush his fur. They kept him clean and beautiful.

Then one day, Kyle forgot Sunny's water. Mommy saw the empty water bowl and filled it herself. Another

day, Mommy saw that Sunny's food bowl was empty. This happened more and more often until Mommy was taking care of Sunny all by herself.

Daddy called Kyle and Kayla in for a talk. "Do you love Sunny?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" the children exclaimed.

"Are you taking care of him?" Daddy asked with a frown on his face. He knew what answer he would receive.

Kyle looked at Kayla. They both hung their heads.

"I'm sorry," Kyle said. "We haven't been taking care of Sunny like we should."

"I'm sorry too," Kayla said.

"You promised to take care of Sunny," Daddy said. "It's not

good to break a promise."

"We will do better," Kyle promised. "Sometimes we forget. Do you think Mommy will help us remember when we forget?"

"If you truly try to remember, I'm sure she will be happy to remind you," Daddy answered.

"Let's go talk to her," Kyle said. "We will tell her we are sorry for forgetting." Kyle looked at Kayla. "Let's tell Sunny and God we are sorry too," he added.

September-Year A

Be Pure

OLF Vol. 111, #45 Oct. 28,2000

Making a Memory

By Linda Porter Carlyle

Kindergarten Memory Verse: "Whatever is noble, . . . think about such things." Philippians 4:8, NIV.

When Mama and Daddy heard the scream, they both jumped out of bed. They didn't stop to put on their slippers. They didn't stop to put on their bathrobes. They ran straight down the hall to Kristi's bedroom. Mama turned on the light. "Whatever is the matter?" she asked. She knelt down beside the bed and put her arms around Kristi.

"Somebody shot me!" Kristi screamed. She buried her head in her pillow and cried.

Mama and Daddy looked at each other. Daddy pulled back the covers and picked Kristi up. Then he sat down on the bed and put her on his lap. He patted her gently on the back, just like he had when she was a little baby.

Mama got up to get some tissues.

Finally Kristi stopped crying. She looked up at Daddy and hiccupped. "Somebody shot me!" she whispered.

"I think you had a bad dream," Mama said, wiping Kristi's nose.

Kristi looked down at her tummy. She looked at her arms and legs. No holes. She gave a great sigh.

"I wonder why you had a dream like that," Mama said. "We don't let you watch TV shows with shooting."

"Didn't Kristi play at DeeDee's house this afternoon?" Daddy asked. He looked down at Kristi. "Did you watch TV at DeeDee's?"

"We didn't really watch TV," Kristi answered. "DeeDee's Daddy was watching TV. But I saw some of it. There was lots and lots of shooting." Tears began to fall down Kristi's cheeks again.

Daddy patted Kristi's back some more, and Mama wiped the tears off Kristi's cheeks. "I'm really sorry you had such a bad dream," Daddy said. "That's one reason why Mama and I are so careful about what we let you watch on TV. We don't want you to be afraid. We don't want you to have bad dreams."



"Can I come sleep in your bed?" Kristi asked.

Daddy smiled. "It's almost morning," he said.

"I have a better idea. Jesus doesn't want us to be thinking about bad things that could happen to us. He wants us to think about things that are good—things that are noble. Why don't we make some good memories for you?"

"What do you mean?" Kristi asked.

Daddy's eyes twinkled. "Well," he said, "would you like to help me build a fire in the fireplace? I happen to know that there is a package of marshmallows on the top shelf in the kitchen. Maybe we could have a breakfast picnic on the floor in front of the fire, and then we each could roast a marshmallow for dessert. I think that would be fun." He looked at Mama. "What do you think?" he asked.

Mama looked at Kristi. There was a little smile playing around the corners of her mouth. "Hmmm . . ." she said. "Let me see if I understand this. You want to eat breakfast in your pajamas on the floor in front of the fireplace and roast marshmallows afterwards?" She laughed. "It does sound fun!"

"And can we eat in the dark with just the firelight?" Kristi asked excitedly. "It will be just like camping!"

"Why not?" Daddy said.

October-Year A Be True

OLF Vol. xxx9, #xx xx, 2008

November-Year A

Be Kind

OLF Vol. xx, #13 Mxx29, 2008

December-Year A

OLF Vol. xxx9, #xx xx, 2008

January-Year A

Be Attentive

OLF Vol. 117, #37 Sept 16, 2006

Megan Knows How to Dust

By Fran McKain

One Friday morning, Mommy called to Megan, "I need you to dust the furniture so the house will be clean for Sabbath."

Megan knew how to dust, because Mommy had taught her how. First, she was supposed to pick up everything that sat on top of the furniture. She was supposed to put away things that were sitting where they didn't belong. Then she was to spray a little furniture polish on the dust rag and carefully wipe away the dust. And last she was to put back the things that belonged on the furniture.

Last Friday, when Megan dusted, she didn't dust underneath everything. She was in a hurry to go outside to play. Mommy had to call her back inside to do the dusting all over again because she didn't do a good job.

Today, she wanted to be very careful to get all the dust off the furniture so Mommy wouldn't have to ask her to do it over. She picked up each of the pictures on the piano and dusted them and wiped underneath. Then she picked up the jar of sea shells. Under the jar she found a nickel! *That's funny*, she thought. She put the

nickel on the corner of the piano and continued dusting.

Under the clock on the fireplace mantel she found another nickel! And there was a nickel under Mommy's little ceramic bird on the bookshelf too. And another nickel under the vase of flowers on the stereo cabinet. She added each of them to the pile on the corner of the piano. By the time she had finished dusting, she had found ten nickels. That was fifty cents!

She put the dust rag and furniture polish away and ran to show the nickels to Mommy. "Look what I found when I dusted!" she said.

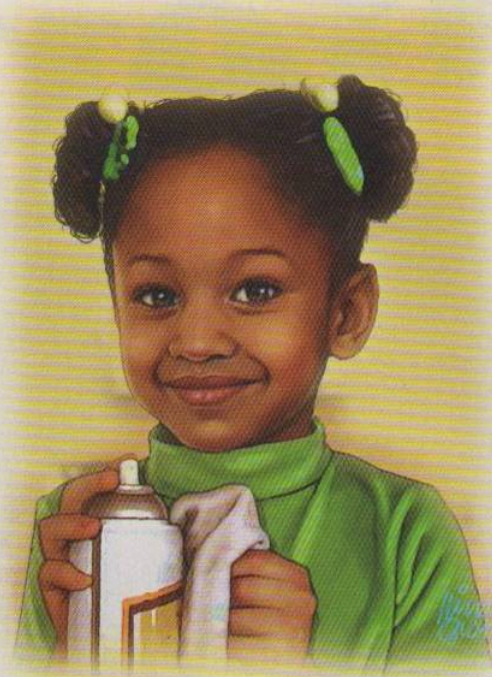
Mommy smiled. "Those are for you," she replied.

"For me?" Megan was surprised.

"Yes. You found them because you were careful to dust under all the things on the furniture. If you hadn't dusted so carefully, you would have missed them. They are your reward for doing such a good job," Mommy explained. "I'm really proud of you."

Megan jumped up and down, she was so excited. "Oh goody! I'll have my own money for offering tomorrow!"

That evening at worship Mommy told Daddy about Megan's help. Daddy looked up a verse in Megan's *International Children's Bible*. "Your good work today reminded me of this verse," he told Megan. And then he read, "In all the work you are doing, work the best you can. Work as if you were working for the Lord." Colossians 3:23."



February-Year A

Be Helpful

OLF Vol. 118, #23 June 9, 2007

Trinket

By Marie Latta

Every day Tommy went over to Mrs. Martin's house to play with her dog, Trinket. It was fun. He'd throw a ball. Trinket would run and fetch it and then drop it at Tommy's feet. Tommy would throw it again. Each time Trinket brought it back, wagging her tail happily.

"Trinket loves to have you visit, Tommy," Mrs. Martin said. It's good for her to run and exercise. She's got too much energy for me. I'm glad you help me with her."

Even on rainy days, Tommy put on his raincoat and played with Trinket. She barked and jumped about when she heard Tommy knocking at the door. She could hardly wait to go outside and play. Sometimes he didn't want to go out in bad weather, but he knew Trinket needed the exercise, so he went anyway.

But one day when Tommy went to Mrs. Martin's house, a different woman answered the door. "Hello," she said. "You must be Tommy. My sister told me about you. I'm Emily Johnson, Mrs. Martin's sister."

"Hello," Tommy said. "It's nice to meet you. Is Mrs. Martin home?"

"No, Tommy, she's in the hospital," Mrs. Johnson said. "She fell and broke her hip last night."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Tommy said. "I hope she will feel better soon."

"Thank you, I'll tell her that when I go see her today," Mrs. Johnson said.

Tommy ran back home to tell his mother. "Mrs. Martin is in the hospital."

"That's too bad," Mother said. "I'll call and see if we can help."

She went to the phone and called Mrs. Johnson. When she hung up she said, "Mrs. Martin is doing fine. The doctor says she has to stay in the hospital for awhile, though."

"I wish we could help," Tommy said. "Mrs. Martin is our friend."



"I know one way we can help," Mother said. "We can pray for her. We will ask God to make her better soon."

Tommy and his mother knelt by the sofa and prayed that God would heal Mrs. Martin's broken hip.

Afterward, Tommy said, "I know something else I can do. Mrs. Martin wants Trinket to exercise." He ran to his room and got his ball and walked over to Mrs. Martin's house.

When Mrs. Johnson came to the door, Tommy said, "Mrs. Martin likes me to play with Trinket. She says she has too much energy for her to keep up with. May I take Trinket out and play fetch?"

Mrs. Johnson smiled. "That's very thoughtful of you, Tommy. I'm sure my sister will appreciate your help." She turned and called, "Here, Trinket," and Trinket came bouncing out the door.

Tommy played with Trinket every morning. Then one day, Mrs. Martin came home from the hospital. She moved slowly and used crutches to help her walk, but she smiled when she saw Tommy. "Thank you for taking such good care of my Trinket for me," she said.

"You're welcome," Tommy said. "We prayed that Jesus would make you well too."

Mrs. Martin smiled even wider. "Jesus did make me well, and I'm sure your prayers helped. You know, in the Bible it says, 'A friend loves at all times.' You've been a very good friend to me."

Tommy smiled too. He liked being a friend and doing what the Bible says.

March-Year A

Be Cheerful

OLF Vol. 119, #19 March 22, 2008



"Hurry, Mama! I'm hungry!" he said.

Mama started the car and drove down the street. "You're always hungry!" she teased.

Mama and Kyle rode along. Mama was very quiet. "Are you mad at me, Mama?" Kyle asked.

"No, honey," Mama answered. "I'm just tired. I had a very busy day at work."

Kyle thought. He was sorry that Mama was so tired. He wanted to help her feel better. Kyle thought some more. Then he began to sing

softly. "Jesus loves me, this I know. For the Bible tells me so." As Kyle sang more of the song, he sang a little louder. "Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!" Kyle looked at Mama. She had a little smile around the corners of her mouth.

Kyle finished the song. Then he began to sing it again, only this time he changed one of the words. "Jesus loves you, this I know," he sang. He pointed at Mama.

Mama glanced over at Kyle. Her smile grew into a big grin. Mama joined in the song. "Yes, Jesus loves you!" she sang along with Kyle. Kyle pointed at Mama as he sang. Mama pointed at Kyle.

When the song was over, both Mama and Kyle burst out laughing. "We sound pretty good together," Mama said.

"Do you feel better, Mama?" Kyle asked.

"Yes," Mama answered. "I really do. What shall we sing next?"

Kyle's Special Song

By Linda Porter Carlyle

There was a knock at the door. Kyle looked up. Then he jumped up and ran to the closet to get his sweater. He knew Mama was at the door. It was time to go home!

Mrs. D. opened the front door. "Hi, Mama!" Kyle called from inside the closet.

"You look tired," Mrs. D. said.

Mama smiled. "It was a long, hard day at work," she answered.

"I'm ready, Mama," Kyle said. He shut the closet door. "Bye, Mrs. D! See you tomorrow!"

Kyle took Mama's hand and skipped down the sidewalk. He opened the car door and climbed in.

April-Year A Be Thoughtful

OLF Vol. 117, #37 Sept, 2006



Christopher Shares

Christopher's mommy was sorting through some of Christopher's summer clothes.

"This is too small," she said. "And this shirt is too small. You are growing so fast this summer, Christopher."

Christopher picked up one of the shirts and held it against his tummy. "This is too small," he repeated. "Too small for me."

Mommy said, "I don't know anyone we can give your too-small clothes to. Do you?" Christopher shook his head.

Mommy put the too-small clothes in a box.

While Mommy was packing clothes, Christopher went to look out the window. He looked down the street. He saw a dog. *Dogs don't wear shirts and pants,* Christopher thought.

Christopher looked down the street again. He saw the mail carrier. But she was too big for Christopher's clothes. Then Christopher looked down the other side of the street. He saw little Jimmy with his mommy. Jimmy was a little boy. Jimmy was just learning how to walk.

"Jimmy is not a big boy like me," Christopher said.

Mommy came to the window. "Jimmy could use your too-small clothes. Let's call his mommy and ask."

When Jimmy came in the house, Christopher picked up one of the shirts. He held it in front of himself. "This is too small for Christopher." He held the shirt in front of Jimmy. "But not too small for Jimmy." And Christopher and Jimmy laughed and laughed.

Did you share something today? What did you share? How did it make you feel?



May-Year A Be Reverent

OLF Vol. xxx9, #xx xx, 2008