

Discovery

JUNE 2010



Dreams and Goals

Stories, Puzzles, Jokes, Readers' Response, Serial and more...

Hi There!

We all have dreams and goals for our lives. Have you ever stopped to wonder what God has in store for you?? God's plan for Christians is wonderful!! Just ask Him what you need to do to be part of it.. and remember - keep praying!

YOU SEEK FIRST
THESE TO THE WILL
KINGDOM OF AND
RIGHTEOUSNESS BE
AND ALL THINGS
ADDED HIS GOD

Unscramble this verse
and find the reference
in one of the gospels

Wendy



Making the timeless truths
and values of the Bible come alive!

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No
**"No Sir,
I didn't
finish my
homework.
I ran out
of time"
admitted
Samantha.**

"Some things are too important to ignore", replied her teacher. "You must complete your homework every day.

"Sorry I'm returning my library books late", said Shania. "I didn't have time to read them earlier"

Mr Pania sighed. "You've all got 24 hours every day, and 7 days every week. You don't 'find' time for important things. You MAKE time for priorities, so that you can reach your goal."

When his students came to class the following day, Mr Pania had a large glass container on his desk. He began placing tennis balls in the jar, asking his pupils to indicate when the jar was full. "It's full now Sir" they called out.

Silently, Mr Pania raised a bag of pebbles and carefully trickled them into the jar. He shook it gently and the pebbles rolled into open spaces between the tennis balls.

"Is the jar full yet?" he asked.

"Yes sir!" replied the children.

Now Mr Pania produced a bucket of sand and slowly poured fine sand into the jar. It filled up all the tiny spaces between the balls and the pebbles.

"Is the jar full yet?" he enquired. "Yes Sir!"



they all responded.

Now the teacher took a bottle of water from his bag. He took the cover off and poured one whole litre of water into the jar, where it was soaked up in the sand. All the students began laughing.

Mr Pania had their attention.

"This jar," he explained,

"represents your life. The tennis balls are the important things

- God and your family, your health and your responsibilities. These things are your priorities, and time must be made for them. Then the pebbles fill time and space between the important parts of your life - your sports, entertainment, belongings and fun. Any extra time and space is for the frivolous events and unimportant pastimes, the games, TV and hobbies.

"What would happen if I had poured sand in the jar first?" he asked

"There wouldn't be enough space for the balls", answered Samantha.

"That's correct," beamed Mr Pania. "Take care of the big things, and then let the little things fill any remaining spaces."

Shania put up her hand. "What does the water represent Sir?"

Mr Pania held up the empty bottle.

"The water is God. He is part of everything. Remember that whatever your dreams or goals may be, that God should be a part of them," he said.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God, and His right ways, and all other things will be added for you".

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE...?

Date: **Bible times: 1898 (BC).**

Place: **The middle East: Canaan, Egypt.**

Main Character: **Joseph, Son of Jacob and Rachel.**

Age: **17.**

Job: **Shepherd; Looking after his father's sheep.**

Brothers: **10 older, 1 younger.**

Dreams and Goals: **To Rule!!!**

- God had a plan for Joseph's life, just as He has a plan for each person's life. Joseph knew early on that God's plan was for him to be in a position of power.
 - But there were quite a few interesting chapters in Joseph's life before his dreams came true and he became a ruler.
 - Among other things, he was betrayed by his brothers, sold into slavery, wrongly accused and thrown into prison. It wasn't until years later that he was made second in charge to rule Egypt. Joseph was put in a position of power to save his family and hundreds of thousands of others from starvation during the 7 year long famine.
 - God can use us, and our dreams and goals, to help others know God. The most important goal that we can have for our life is to walk each day obeying the Bible; obeying God.
 - And the wonderful thing is that when we plan our dreams and goal with God, then no matter how many 'interesting' or difficult chapters that come up in our lives, God will always be there for us. God's way is always the best.
- Read more about Joseph's story in Genesis chapters 37, 39-45

E p z p v s c f t u u p

q s f t f o u z p v s t f m g u p

h p e b t p o f b q q s p w f e

b x p s l n b o x i p e p f t

o p u o f f e u p c f

b t i b n f e b o e x i p

d p s s f d u m z i b o e m f t

u i f x p s e p g u s v u i

2 _____ 2:15
U j n p u i z



UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL!

Matthew 26:17-30

The Challenge

Number Jesus' disciples alphabetically, and then write the word below each disciple in the matching blank. Read the words in order to discover some good news about Jesus. (Hint: Save the two disciples with the same name for last.)



Philip
He



James
as



Andrew
Jesus'



Matthew
great.



Simon
died



Bartholomew
love



John
is



Thomas
cross



James
for



Thaddeus
the



Simon
Peter
on



Judas Iscariot
so

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

The Super Challenge

Can you identify the 12 disciples in their close-ups below? Write each one's name below the box.



1.



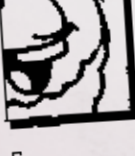
2.



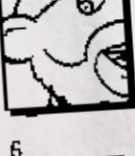
3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



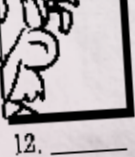
9.



10.



11.



12.

Changed Goals

I was so angry. Those people who followed Jesus were telling others that He was alive and that He was the Way to God. At least Stephen was dead so he wouldn't be spreading any more lies.

One day I left for Damascus with permission to arrest anyone I found teaching about Jesus. When I was almost there, suddenly a light from heaven flashed around me. It was very, very bright. I fell to the ground and heard someone ask, "Saul, Saul, why are you being cruel to me?"

"Who are you, Lord?" I asked.

"I am Jesus," the voice replied. "Now get up and go into the city and I will tell you what you must do."

I got up, but when I opened my eyes I discovered that I was blind. I was taken into Damascus where I remained for three days. Then a man called Ananias visited the house where I was staying and prayed for me. My sight was restored. I now realized that Jesus was truly the one that God had sent. The purpose of His coming was that He might die for my sin and

the sin of the world. I was baptized and from that day on I chose to follow Jesus.

I began to preach that people should repent and turn to God, and that they should prove that their lives had changed by the things they did. I told people that Jesus Christ had to suffer and then rise from the dead as Moses and the prophets had said. Ever since that day God has been with me. I forget the wrong things I did in the past for God has forgiven me, and I press on towards the goal when I will be with Jesus Christ in heaven.



...when I opened my eyes I discovered that I was blind.

Have you trusted Jesus, who is the Way? Will I meet you there?

You can read about Saul, whose name was changed to Paul, in Acts 7:58 and chapters 9 - 28. He also wrote many of the New Testament books of the Bible.

AWARDS

CONGRATULATIONS

For years completed

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Temalesi | Jaime Harrison |
| Dawainakali | Petra Henry |
| Gemma Fox | Monique Jago |
| Paul Gerrard-Smith | Erin Mitchell |
| Karen Hoyland | Chinonso Onyenero |
| Diana Jago | Deborah Pila |
| Pauline Jayaweera | 4 Julieann McDougall |
| Mary Lauridsen | 5 Nika Yew |
| Rachael MacLeod | 6 Helena Holtslag |
| Salu Nicanor Samuel | Elise Naran |
| Mary Shepherd | Rebekah Share |
| Timothy Stubbins | Charlene Surekha |
| Jacklyn Walo | 7 Isaac Barkley |
| Brooke Watson | Steven Hall |
| 2 Pauline Angahar | Valerie Read |
| Roosmarijn Charles | 8 Andrew Crowsen |
| Grace Finlayson | Lydia Ford |
| Jarrold Jago | Anna Gilchrist |
| Sophie McArtney | 9 Paul Crowsen |
| Amy Morrison | 11 Eric Singh |
| 3 Helen Bentley | |
| Sadie De Beer | |
| Rose Emmett | |

"We can remember to read these."



BIBLE READINGS

JUNE

DATE	BOOK	REFERENCE	
1 Tue	John	3:7-12	<input type="checkbox"/>
2 Wed	John	14:25-26	<input type="checkbox"/>
3 Thu	John	15:26-27,16:7-11	<input type="checkbox"/>
4 Fri	John	16:12-15	<input type="checkbox"/>
5 Sat	Gal	4:4-7	<input type="checkbox"/>
6 Sun	Gal	5:16-26	<input type="checkbox"/>
7 Mon	Acts	2:1-13	<input type="checkbox"/>
8 Tue	Acts	2:14-21	<input type="checkbox"/>
9 Wed	Acts	2:22-24	<input type="checkbox"/>
10 Thu	Acts	2:25-36	<input type="checkbox"/>
11 Fri	Acts	2:37-47	<input type="checkbox"/>
12 Sat	Acts	3:1-10	<input type="checkbox"/>
13 Sun	Acts	6:1-7	<input type="checkbox"/>
14 Mon	Acts	6:8-15	<input type="checkbox"/>
15 Tue	Acts	7:54-60,8:1-3	<input type="checkbox"/>
16 Wed	Acts	8:4-13	<input type="checkbox"/>
17 Thu	Acts	8:14-25	<input type="checkbox"/>
18 Fri	Acts	8:26-40	<input type="checkbox"/>
19 Sat	Acts	9:1-9	<input type="checkbox"/>
20 Sun	Acts	9:10-19	<input type="checkbox"/>
21 Mon	Acts	9:20-31	<input type="checkbox"/>
22 Tue	Acts	9:32-42	<input type="checkbox"/>
23 Wed	Acts	11:19-30,12:25	<input type="checkbox"/>
24 Thu	Acts	13:1-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
25 Fri	Acts	13:13-16,26-31	<input type="checkbox"/>
26 Sat	Acts	13:32-43	<input type="checkbox"/>
27 Sun	Acts	13:44-52	<input type="checkbox"/>
28 Mon	Acts	14:1-7	<input type="checkbox"/>
29 Tue	Acts	14:8-20	<input type="checkbox"/>
30 Wed	Acts	14:21-28,15:1-2	<input type="checkbox"/>



Readers' Response

Email: info@biblediscovery.org.nz
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"Hey kids - this is YOUR page - so send in (original materials) your favourite joke, one of your own poems or prayers, a letter or a question about being a Christian and it might end up here!!"

By Janet Fleming 

Are you building today for eternity's shore?

Life's work, is it lasting and true?
Will it stand when the fires have tested its worth?
Will it then seem of value to you?

The burdens you carry, the sorrows you bear
That are now a terrible load,
Will seem unimportant, just trivial things
When viewed at the end of the road.

Eternity's values are different you see
To those that we treasure on earth,
May we gather each day for eternity's land
The things of a far greater worth.

I HAVE ...

T	I	M	O	T	H	Y	I	I
H	K	E	P	T	D	O	O	G
G	D	E	H	S	I	N	I	F
U	E	G	E	T	E	H	T	O
O	I	H	A	V	E	V	W	U
F	A	I	T	H	A	T	E	R
R	A	C	E	V	A	H	I	N

See if you can find the words in the word find that will fill the spaces below. You will have enough words for the verse and where it is found in the Bible. Where a word is repeated you will find it a second or even a third time. All letters are used.

___ h ___ f ___ t ___ g ___

f _____, ___ h _____ f _____

t ___ r _____, ___ h _____ k _____ t _____

f _____.

T ___ T _____ F _____ : S _____

Ballarat
AUSTRALIA
June 1854

Sovereign Hill

To my dearest Mother,

It's now six months since I arrived at Sovereign Hill goldfield and so far I've had no luck at all. Every day hundreds of fortune hunters or "diggers" arrive here from all over the world to make their fortune. A few strike it rich within days, as there's heaps of gold here and some of the biggest nuggets ever seen are coming out of the ground. But most of us work hard all day for nothing.

Life is grim and dangerous. There are deaths and accidents nearly every day. Mine shafts collapse, fires break out, underground pits get flooded with water and men die in awful circumstances. The crowded, insanitary conditions of the camps cause diseases such as typhoid and cholera to spread rapidly.

Apart from all this, I'm getting along fine. As the weather is getting cooler, I've managed to get a bed in a three-man tent. It's real basic with a dirt floor and just a table and a few utensils. We still have to cook outside - not that there's much to cook apart from damper and mutton from the sheep runs nearby. I'm gradually getting accustomed to the strong, black billy tea that everyone drinks here.

Stores and businesses are springing up everywhere to serve the needs of the prospectors. Everything has to be brought in from Melbourne and it takes five days overland, so prices are high.

There aren't many women here, which is probably just as well, as the living conditions are primitive. Some of the wealthy traders have their families living with them, but they have built comfortable bungalows in the town of Ballarat. Pubs, banks and all sorts of stores and services are springing up overnight there. They say 20,000 miners arrived within two years of the first gold discovery here in 1851.

I must tell you about my new friend, Thomas Reeves. At first I thought he was a bit weird as he claimed to know God. But the more I have to do with him, the more I realize he is different from the other men round here. He doesn't smoke, swear or drink and he doesn't seem to care about finding gold and making his fortune. He seems more concerned about the next life and says he's laying up his treasure in heaven. When I asked him why he has come here, he says he wants to care for the souls of men and eventually set up a church.

The more I have to do with him, the more I realize it's greed that's driving most people to the gold fields. Even the lucky ones that strike gold, don't seem to stay happy for long. They usually go on a spending spree and then end up back where they started. As Thomas constantly reminds me: what's the point of gaining the whole world if you lose your soul? It's made me think about my ambitions and goals in this life.

Just the other day, a chap discovered a big gold nugget. He was so excited and thought he was set for life. A few days later he was struck on the head by a heavy piece of equipment and his life was over. As we dug his grave and Thomas held a short funeral service, I began to think about my future beyond this life. Please pray for me that I'll get my priorities right.

Well dearest Mother, I hope you're keeping well and are enjoying a pleasant English summer. I think of you every day, and long to see all the family again.

Your beloved son,
William.





Dreams and Goals....

King David lay in his bed unable to sleep.

He was often like this at night, and he would lie there

thinking about how good God had been to him that day. The king loved to sing, and ideas for songs often came to him at these times at night. In fact, he was so good at it, that he was called the "sweet psalmist of Israel" by some of his admirers.

One night he was lying in bed with the words of another new song running around in his mind...."O sing to the Lord a new song", he was humming, "sing to the Lord all the earth, bless His name and show His salvation every day! Honour and Majesty are before Him; strength and beauty are in His sanctuary....Give to the Lord, the glory due to His Name, bring an offering and come into His courts".

The word "courts" struck David, and an idea suddenly came to him. He nearly jumped out of bed in his excitement. He knew what he would do! He would build a house for God. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Here he was living in a beautiful house himself, and God still only had a tent to live in. Even though it was very beautiful too, it was still only a tent!

David was never one to waste time, and the next morning, he called Nathan the prophet and told him what was in his mind.

"What a great idea!" exclaimed Nathan, "Go ahead and do it!"

For the rest of that day, David was walking around with his mind full of his ideas for this house that he would build for God.

But the next morning, when he saw Nathan, he knew something was wrong. "What's the matter, Nathan?" he asked.

"O King", Nathan replied, "Last night I couldn't sleep for thinking about this house you're talking of building. Then I heard God's voice come to me and tell me that you are not to build a house for Him!"

David was silent for a minute. How disappointing! His dreams all came crashing down.

But then Nathan went on, "Instead, God says He will build YOU a house, one that will last for ever! He said he took you from looking after sheep to be king over His people, and He has been with you all these years. After you have died, your son will build God a house, and He will give him peace and his throne will last for ever".

David was thoughtful for a while. His dreams seemed to be dashed, and yet he knew that God knows best. He felt so little as he sat before the Lord, and began to hum a new melody....."Who am I O Lord, and what is my family that You have given me these wonderful promises for the future? I have nothing more to say, You are so great, and there is no-one else like You!"

What David wanted to do was good, but what God was going to do through his descendants was going to be even better and last for all eternity.



But...

Bweuettehoaeuglreocrrildtyjiaezwseau
nisstchahisrpaiivssitiopnuhhrieflarivop
empntiahanendr

See if you can find the answer to the verse below. Take every third letter until you finish the verse. The last letter is not included in the puzzle letters but it has been entered in its space.

But _____

_____ s 3:20

RESCUE

John arrived home from summer camp full of excitement over a wreck he'd discovered just off the Cape Reinga headlands.

"It's The Southern Bounty," he enthused.

"I'm sure of it!" Martin Deare merely cocked a dubious eyebrow.

"That's what you said last time," he remarked as he resumed reading his newspaper. John scowled.

"I'm afraid your father does have a point," his mother chided.

"Being wrong last time doesn't mean I'm wrong this time as well," John shouted as he stormed out the room. Feeling sorry for his older brother, Tim followed.

"I know I'm right," John muttered as Tim flopped down on his bed. "You believe me, don't you?" Tim wasn't sure, but nodded anyway. His brother's enthusiasm for The Southern Bounty was infectious.

John had first read about the clipper in the Nautical Times and had been eager to find

Tasman Sea was exciting. Tim thought it a pity they would not be allowed to have a go at salvaging it.


John, however, refused to be put off. Determined to prove his find, he finally settled on a plan to which his brother reluctantly agreed. By mid-afternoon, Tim knew he shouldn't have allowed himself to be talked into doing something so stupid. The barometer had been steadily dropping all day and the sky had changed to a dull grey streaked with rain.

"We can't go in this," he hissed as they cleared the table after dinner. "It's too dangerous."

"Rubbish!" John grinned. "It's not as if there's a gale force wind blowing. The wreck's only about sixteen kilometres out and easy to find. I promise we'll be back by morning with our pockets loaded with gold."

"It's not really ours to take, though, is it?"

Tim knew he shouldn't have allowed himself to be talked into doing something so stupid...



her ever since. The ship had left England for New Zealand over a century ago, but had mysteriously disappeared after a short stopover in Sydney. After months of searching, it was eventually assumed the vessel had gone down with all hands and a cargo of gold. The thought of treasure at the bottom of the

But John merely shrugged.

"Who's to know?" he said. Tim sighed. He hated his brother's dishonesty but the chance to explore a wreck was too good to miss. The boys had often dived together but never for anything so exciting.

The jetty was slick with sleet when they lowered themselves into old man

Herrington's yacht later that night. Tim was both excited and nervous at the same time. The retired sailor would be furious if he discovered they'd taken his boat without permission.

"Stop worrying!" John exclaimed as they tacked their way across the bay into the open sea. Tim looked up at the watery moon and nodded. Despite the severe weather warning on the news, the sky was definitely clearer than it had been earlier. Sitting back, he began to enjoy the ride. What he could not see was the treacherous squall racing towards him across the water.

The blast of wind hit them with such force that Tim was lifted off his feet and thrown painfully against the yacht's handrail. Bruised and sore, he turned to see John struggling to lower the mainsail. Unlike modern boats, Herrington's sail cloth was made of a heavy canvas that strained the weather-beaten mast to breaking point. A few seconds more and it would snap if John didn't get the sail lowered in time. Panicked, Tim threw his back into helping his brother, but the damage had already been done. Both boys covered their heads with their arms as the centre mast splintered at its base and came crashing down on top of them with all of the rigging. It was several minutes before Tim managed to scramble out from under the rain-sodden canvas with nothing more than a few cuts and bruises. John was not so fortunate. The beam had landed heavily across his upper body, breaking two ribs and his upper right arm.

"We've still got the jib," he said through clenched teeth as Tim freed him from the collapsed rigging. "We'll use it to get us home once this wind's dropped." Tim merely nodded. He didn't think his brother

would be doing any sailing for a while and hoped he'd be able to manage the 20-foot yacht on his own. He clambered across the tangled mess to take hold of the tiller, then froze in terror. Falling to his knees, he peered over the side, but saw nothing but raging foam. The tiller was gone and it was impossible to see if anything remained of the yacht's rudder. He would later discover it had been split in two, putting them entirely at the mercy of the wind and ocean currents.

Shivering with cold, the boys went below deck to shelter from the storm. The weather continued to howl all night, pushing them further and further out to sea. By dawn, they knew they were hopelessly lost in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Without a GPS system or radio link, it was impossible to know how far off course they'd been driven. Frightened, Tim covered his face with his hands. He should never have let his brother talk him into this harebrained scheme. Now it was too late! What had started out as an adventure had turned into a horrible nightmare.

After a week had gone by without any sign of a search party, the boys began to seriously fear for their lives. They were completely out of food and only had a few gulps of fresh water left. Tim's stomach growled with hunger and he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. He'd tried so hard to be brave but there was no courage left in him now. He wondered how his mum had felt when she'd found his bed empty the morning after they'd stolen the boat. He'd never betrayed her trust before and knew she'd be worried sick.

Find out what happens next week.



The blast of wind hit them with such force that Tim was lifted off his feet...

*Trust God with all your heart
and lean not on
your own understanding.
In all your ways acknowledge Him
and He will direct your path.*

Proverbs 3:5,6