

# Discovery

SEPTEMBER 2009



I am  
special

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

# Hi There!

Do you know that you are special to God?  
God made you so that you are not like  
anyone else! You might look a bit like  
someone else, but there is no one exactly  
like you! Because God made you so special  
He loves you, which makes you extra special.  
The thing is - everyone that God made is  
special so we need to treat each other like  
the special people we are!

Wendy



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

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## *In God's hands; in God's plans*

**"I choose Zac" . . .  
"We'll take Tyler" . . .  
"I'll have Ruby" . . . "We  
want Jessie!"**

The two captains, one by one, picked out their team. Soon only Jake was left. There was a long pause, then, reluctantly the captain of the blue team said "The new boy".

Jake almost rolled his eyes. After three days they still didn't even know his name! This was so not cool, and so unfair. He forced a smile onto his face and walked over to his team. He felt like such a 'nobody'; like such a loser. It was going to be another long day.

As he walked home, by himself, he thought about how different this school was from his old one. There he had either been the captain or at least had been picked first. It was definitely a different feeling to be the one no one wanted to be with or talk to. He'd had so many friends that he never really had made an effort to be friendly to the new kids that came. Now he wished that he had.

He was feeling so discouraged about school that before he went to sleep that night, he hunted for his Bible that was still in one of the packing boxes. He grabbed it out and searched for the verse that had been in his mind all day. It was something about God having a plan for our lives. In the back of his Bible he looked up 'plans', and after checking three different verses he found the right one. Jeremiah 29 v 11. *"For I know the plans I have for you", declares the Lord, "... plans to give you hope and a future."*

Jake lent his head against his bed-head and stared up at the ceiling. When things had been good for him he hadn't worried about anything. But now, with shifting, he was worried about school, friends, joining

a rugby team; stuff like that.

Suddenly he felt like he needed to really trust in God and the plans that He had for his life.

He glanced down at the Bible and verse 13 caught his eye. *"You will look for me and find me when*

*you look for me with all your*

*heart"*. Funny, he'd never noticed that verse before. Actually, he hadn't read his Bible much in the last year. But something about it seemed familiar.

A memory suddenly slammed into his head. One day at rugby training their coach had told them, "You can't reach your full potential unless you're putting all of your heart into it". Jake let his head fall back again, making a slight 'thud'. He had become a Christian two years ago when he was eight. He'd known it was important to have his sins forgiven by God. But since then, he had been so focused on his friends and his sport that he had stopped 'looking for God with all his heart'.

Jake knew what he needed to do. He closed his eyes and prayed. "Thank you that you have a special plan for my life. Help me to remember that the most important thing in my life and future is to keep looking for you. Help me to reach my full potential by continuing to obey you."

As he walked to school the next morning, again by himself, and decided that he would pray every morning and wait to see what God's plan was for him at this new school. One thing he did know was that even though it was hard at the moment, one good thing had happened already. He had been reminded that because he was a child of God, God had a special future planned for him.

# God's Velcro

**We use Velcro on our shoes and clothes, in crafts and on our school bags. The Velcro system of connecting hooks and loops is common in our homes these days and even used by astronauts in space.**

Did you know that God invented the Velcro system?

He did it to help the monarch butterfly! If you have grow a Swan plant, the butterflies lay their eggs on the plant. After about a week a tiny caterpillar emerges and you can watch it growing. The caterpillar eats its way through hundreds of leaves growing bigger and bigger every day.

When it is mature the caterpillar turns into a chrysalis. It finds a suitable place to hang and makes a silk pad using thread from its mouth. It then turns around to fasten its back legs on to this silk pad. It will hang upside down in a 'J' shape for about a day, before turning into the chrysalis, (or pupa stage).

Then comes the clever part. The caterpillar (now becoming a pupa) straightens, the skin splits at the back of the head, and as the pupa wriggles the skin moves up the body like a concertina, right to the top.

How is it going to get rid of that skin?

Well, hidden inside the skin is a black stalk called the cremaster. This cremaster is pulled

out from inside the skin, around the outside and attached to the silk pad! This is a very delicate stage for the pupa, when it is hanging only by the skin.

Now the fun starts. The pupa wriggles so hard that the empty skin falls to the ground, and you think the pupa will also fall off. Do you know what is happening? At the end of the cremaster are many hooks, and the wriggling helps these hooks stick firmly to the fibres of the silk pad. This is God's Velcro. The more it wriggles, the more firmly it holds on. The long skinny shape of the caterpillar gradually settles into the shorter shape of the chrysalis, the outer skin hardens and little gold spots appear on the outside. By now the shape of the wings can be clearly seen.

The green chrysalis will hang like this for a week or more, and then you will notice the black and orange colours showing. When it is ready the outer skin will split and very quickly the butterfly drops down, turns around and holds on to the empty shell with its feet. Fluid from the body pumps into the wings until they are fully grown.

The beautiful butterfly will rest for a few hours, and then fly away.

A miracle has happened. God's Velcro has done its job, and the butterfly is safe.





A large grid of 100 green horizontal lines, arranged in 10 rows and 10 columns, serving as a background for the worksheet. The grid is partially obscured by a torn paper effect at the bottom right corner.



- S** - Acts 16:25
- P** - Romans 16:3
- E** - Colossians 1:7, 4:12
- C** - Acts 10:1, 3 & 22
- I** - Isaiah 43:1
- A** - Philemon 2
- L** - Acts 16:14 & 15

M	C	H	A	P	T	E	R	X
Y	Z	N	U	O	S	Y	A	S
T	R	E	A	S	U	R	E	D
H	N	E	E	S	R	E	V	I
G	E	T	H	E	Y	D	B	H
I	H	N	T	S	A	R	E	C
M	W	E	M	S	D	O	E	A
L	I	V	A	I	N	L	R	L
A	L	E	K	O	I	D	H	A
J	L	S	E	N	I	M	T	M

"T\_\_\_\_\_ w\_\_\_\_\_ b\_\_\_\_\_ m\_\_\_\_\_, " s\_\_\_\_\_

t\_\_\_\_\_ L\_\_\_\_\_ A\_\_\_\_\_, "i\_\_\_\_\_ t\_\_\_\_\_

d\_\_\_\_\_ w\_\_\_\_\_ m\_\_\_\_\_ u\_\_\_\_\_ m\_\_\_\_\_

t\_\_\_\_\_ p\_\_\_\_\_."

M\_\_\_\_\_ c\_\_\_\_\_ t\_\_\_\_\_

v\_\_\_\_\_ s\_\_\_\_\_.

# *Who do you think you are?*

I'm a human being  
with my own personality and abilities.  
No one has my finger prints or DNA  
and my genetic make up is unique.  
Some people claim I'm just another animal-  
an accident of nature by random chance.  
But that's absurd! It's doesn't make sense.  
No evolutionary process could bring me into being,  
for I'm marvelously and wonderfully made.

Like everyone else,  
I was created in the image and likeness of God -  
a moral being with a living soul.  
Nothing about me is hidden from my Maker.  
Even before my birth, my life was mapped out  
and recorded in His book.  
Tragically, when Adam and Eve disobeyed God,  
sin blighted everything - me included,  
and I was separated from the presence of a holy God,  
Nothing I could do was good enough to win His favour.

As a helpless sinner, I was doomed forever.  
But God had a plan - a rescue plan for humanity.  
He sent His Son Jesus to be the Saviour of the world,  
to pay sin's penalty, once and for all.  
"So who do you think you are?" I'm asked.  
"I'm a child of God," I reply.  
By His grace and mercy,  
I'm loved and forgiven.  
Purchased at a tremendous price,  
I'm His special treasure,  
Now and forever!



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For years completed

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**15** Kim Barwick

**17** Anjila Singh

**36** Tina Coates



"We can remember to read these."

## BIBLE READINGS

### SEPTEMBER

	DATE	BOOK	REFERENCE	
1	Tue	Exodus	4:1-20	<input type="checkbox"/>
2	Wed	Exodus	5:1-6:1	<input type="checkbox"/>
3	Thu	Exodus	12:1-11	<input type="checkbox"/>
4	Fri	Exodus	12:33-42	<input type="checkbox"/>
5	Sat	Exodus	13:17-22	<input type="checkbox"/>
6	Sun	Exodus	14:5-31	<input type="checkbox"/>
7	Mon	Exodus	16:1-12	<input type="checkbox"/>
8	Tue	Exodus	16:13-36	<input type="checkbox"/>
9	Wed	Exodus	17:1-7	<input type="checkbox"/>
10	Thu	Exodus	19:1-11	<input type="checkbox"/>
11	Fri	Exodus	20:1-21	<input type="checkbox"/>
12	Sat	Exodus	33:1-23	<input type="checkbox"/>
13	Sun	Joshua	1:1-18	<input type="checkbox"/>
14	Mon	1 Kings	17:8-24	<input type="checkbox"/>
15	Tue	1 Kings	18:1-19	<input type="checkbox"/>
16	Wed	1 Kings	18:20-39	<input type="checkbox"/>
17	Thu	1 Kings	19:1-8	<input type="checkbox"/>
18	Fri	Psalms	48	<input type="checkbox"/>
19	Sat	Psalms	84	<input type="checkbox"/>
20	Sun	Acts	25:1-12	<input type="checkbox"/>
21	Mon	Acts	25:13-27	<input type="checkbox"/>
22	Tue	Acts	26:1-12	<input type="checkbox"/>
23	Wed	Acts	26:12-18	<input type="checkbox"/>
24	Thu	Acts	26:19-32	<input type="checkbox"/>
25	Fri	Acts	27:1-12	<input type="checkbox"/>
26	Sat	Acts	27:39-44	<input type="checkbox"/>
27	Sun	Acts	27:27-38	<input type="checkbox"/>
28	Mon	Acts	27:39-44	<input type="checkbox"/>
29	Tue	Acts	28:1-10	<input type="checkbox"/>
30	Wed	Acts	28:11-15	<input type="checkbox"/>





I am special to God  
No one else is the same,  
He has made me unique  
And He knows me by name.

He did so much for me  
For He gave His own Son,  
And He died on the cross  
For the wrong things I've done.

When I trust His dear Son  
My sins are forgiven  
And Jesus has promised  
He'll take me to heaven.

I'm so thankful today  
That I now can go free,  
Yes, I'm special to God,  
And He's precious to me.



# I am special to God

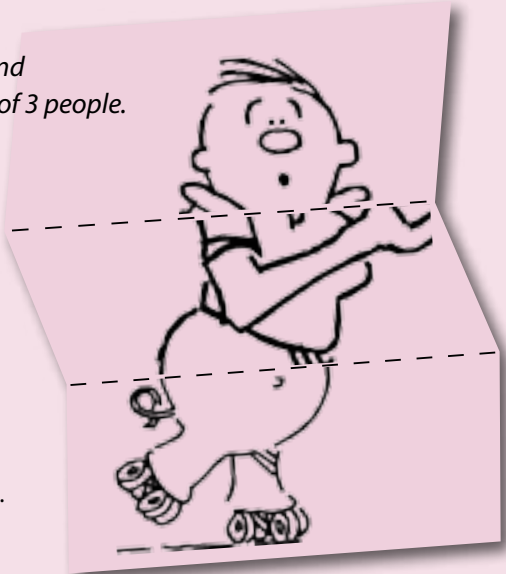
# CRAZY CREATIONS

*This is a game I used to play as a child and I always enjoyed it. It needs a minimum of 3 people.*

Every person has a piece of paper, A4 size, and a pencil or pen. Felts are okay but they can show through some paper which you don't want to happen.

- 1.** Fold the paper into 3 equal parts (start with the short side at the top).
- 2.** Crease the folds. Unfold the paper. Each person draws the head of a creature on the top part of the paper. Don't let anyone see it. It can be an animal, a person, an alien, a bug etc. Make sure the neck, or where the body will join on comes down just below the next fold for the next person to continue.
- 3.** Fold the part you have drawn on over so it can't be seen by the next person. You may want to do 2 or 3 folds. Fold just until the next creased fold where the neck line is drawn.

- 4.** Pass your paper to the next person. You will also get a paper from the person next to you. Now everyone draws a body of anything attaching it to the neckline. Don't let anyone see. Draw where the legs should attach for the next person just below the next fold line. Fold it over like you did with the head and pass it on. Everyone now draws legs, flippers etc to the previous section. When you are all finished, open up the picture and see what sort of creature you have created!



Do you sometimes feel that you are just random bits put together, and wish that you had longer legs or nicer hair or no freckles or a different shape?

God didn't have a whole lot of different people put you together. He thought about you, made a plan, and then created that plan. I used to wish that I didn't cry at sad movies or even sad TV ads! It is so embarrassing! But I know God gave me a soft heart for a reason, and to tell Him it's a bad plan - well - what right do I have to do that? I don't know everything He is going to ask me to do, so I don't know what I'm going to need. I can relax because I know I am made with a specific purpose in mind. Wow! So next time you hear yourself say "I wish I were...." remember the strange creation you and your friends put together and be thankful for God's plan that's you.

# I am Special

**"I'm a special child";**

**Emma said**

**to Sue one day in the playground,**

"Are you special?" "I don't know," said Sue, "Why are you special?" "My Mum told me I'm special because she and daddy chose me when I was born. Other people have to belong to their Mums and Dads, but I was chosen by them!" Emma skipped away and joined another group in the playground, leaving Sue thinking about what she had just heard.

That night at tea time, Sue asked

"Why does Emma think she was specially chosen by her Mum and Dad?" Dad looked across at Mum.

Mum said, "I guess that means that she was adopted by her parents when she was

very small. But that doesn't mean that you aren't special to us. We chose to have you too, and we know that God specially gave you to us. Have you ever noticed that there is quite a gap between you and Jack? He is quite a lot older than you are". Jack glanced up from his eating. "Does that mean that I'm not as special as Sue then?" he asked. "Of course not", Dad said as he gave Jack's

arm a quick squeeze.

"You are both

VERY special to

us, and we know that God gave you both to us when it was His time, not ours." Both children fell silent for a bit, and then Jack said, "Are we special to God too then?"

"You sure are", said Dad as he reached for his Bible, "Listen to what God says here when He was talking to His people of Israel, 'I have loved you with an everlasting love,

and with loving-kindness I have called you', and then in the New Testament, Jesus said to His special friends, 'If you love Me you will do what I say, and My Father will love him, and we will come and live with him'".

Jack was quiet for a moment and then he said, "Wow!

We couldn't be more special than that could we!

That means us too doesn't it?"

"Me too?" asked Sue.

"Yes," said Dad, "It means anyone who loves the Lord Jesus and follows what He says". "Ooh, goody!" cried Sue, "Now I can tell Emma when I see her next at school that I'm special too!" Dad looked across at Mum with a smile and said, "You're special too, and we all love you a lot!"



# You are special



**Six days before the Jewish Passover celebration, Jesus came to Lazarus' home in Bethany for a special dinner. It had not been long since Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead.**

Martha, Lazarus' sister, cooked and served the food while Lazarus sat and talked with Jesus and other visitors at the table. Both Martha and Lazarus did what they did best and Mary was about to.

Mary was a thinker (Luke 10:38-42) and not easily put off by criticism. Despite Judas' grumbling she quietly poured her expensive perfume on Jesus feet. Then she let down her long hair and wiped his feet with it. You can imagine the fragrance that filled the house! From then on, wherever Jesus went, that fragrance would have gone with him.

Washing feet was really a servants' job and although it was the custom to anoint the head, Mary chose to anoint Jesus' feet instead. They were the feet that had travelled dusty roads to share the Good News of salvation and brought peace of mind and heart, healing and life.

She didn't worry what people thought of her. Although it wasn't considered right for a respectable woman to let her hair down or to attend to people's feet in those days, she did it lovingly for Jesus.

You see, Jesus' ministry had touched Mary's heart. When you have been hated and lied about by people, and then are accepted by God himself, a deep response wells up inside your heart. This was Mary's experience.

Have you ever thought you weren't good

enough for God, that He could never love 'you' because of the mistakes you've made in life like Mary?

I have news for you!  
God loved all people in this world so much, that he gave and sent his one and only Son Jesus to earth to know him and help us make a new and meaningful start in life. Whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life (John 3:16).

You too are special in God's eyes regardless of what you've done. You are so special to him that he forgives you and loves you unconditionally - that means he loves you not for what you do, but for who you are - his child.

**...that means he loves you not for what you do, but for who you are...**

As in any other good family (and you can count on God's being perfect), a child is loved and accepted as heir to all that belongs to the Father. Therefore you can count on being accepted by God through Jesus.

Listen to the promise:  
"Because you are sons, God sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, the Spirit who calls out, 'Abba, Father.'" So you are no longer a slave (to sin), but a son; and since you are a son (or daughter), God has made you also an heir (Gal. 4:6-7).

It feels good to be loved and accepted by God, and know Him as a good Father. That knowledge gives meaning to life and a reason for living. Even if your mother or father reject you, God will never reject you (Isaiah 49:15 -16).

You'll always be his child.

Doesn't that make you feel special?

# These Bible People were Special to God

J	E	R	E	M	I	A	H	A	I	A	S	I	O
O	O	L	E	A	H	D	O	R	C	A	S	N	N
S	N	S	V	O	M	L	B	A	H	A	R	O	E
E	O	L	I	D	M	U	O	L	A	H	L	S	S
P	A	A	I	A	A	A	C	C	T	S	I	M	I
H	H	V	L	U	H	P	A	H	I	I	A	A	M
J	A	E	L	W	A	E	J	A	M	L	G	S	U
D	W	G	A	E	R	T	X	D	O	E	I	A	S
S	N	I	Z	R	B	E	R	U	T	H	B	M	A
U	E	R	A	D	A	R	Q	J	H	N	A	U	R
M	H	L	R	N	A	M	A	R	Y	O	U	E	A
E	P	A	U	A	M	O	S	E	S	E	H	L	H
D	E	A	S	E	N	O	C	H	L	D	S	E	A
O	T	R	J	R	E	H	T	S	E	I	O	I	N
C	S	O	O	M	A	R	T	H	A	G	J	N	N
I	B	N	S	U	E	A	H	C	C	A	Z	A	A
N	A	T	H	A	N	A	E	L	E	B	A	D	H

There are 46 names of people from the Bible who were special to God in this wordfind. Can you find them? Now take the 4 letters from the corner squares of the wordfind and you will find the name of one of Jesus' disciples. This disciple knew that Jesus loved him. What is his name? \_ \_ \_ \_ \_



# Follow the North Star

Part 1

**I froze at the loud shouting outside and the sickening sound of splintering wood. Crash bang! Crash bang!** A piece of our door broke off and fell into the room. Several soldiers kicked down the rest and rushed inside with their muskets levelled. Our family sat around the table our dinner half eaten.

"Claude!" Four year old Henri grabbed my arm.

Papa stood up but before he could say anything a shot rang out. Mama, sitting at the end of the table, made a strange, gurgling noise and slipped sideways off her chair. She fell to the floor unconscious, her head in a pool of blood. Seventeen year old Charlotte moved to go to Mama but the muskets swivelled towards her. Eighteen year old Antoine sat still. Little Anna, Eli, Paula and Eduard put their hands over their white faces. Jeanne and Lucille shivered and two year old Jacques pressed his face on the table, crying.

"No," he said, quietly.

Two soldiers roughly tied his hands behind his back and dragged him outside. Other soldiers herded us children out the door to the row of tall poplars by the fields. I couldn't move as Papa and his captors disappeared along the road to town but worse was to follow. The regiment bashed into our house with large pieces of timber. As sections of the stone walls crumbled they set fire to the ruined building. My heart sank as the flames roared high in the darkening sky. The roof fell in with a crash, smoke billowing up with clouds of flying sparks.

Henri hung onto me still sobbing. Antoine held baby Jacques in one arm, his other arm around our younger brothers. Our little sisters clutched Charlotte and Lucille and buried their faces in their long skirts. I heard Antoine say, "Please help us God." The soldiers laughed and swore at us. Mounting his horse, the Captain

**...Papa was now  
called a criminal.**

"Abraham Privat, recant." The soldiers thrust a piece of paper in front of Papa.

In these dangerous times in France in 1685 we all knew what 'recant' meant. Papa had to say he didn't believe or follow God and the Bible. He must say that King Loius XIV of France was the Sun King and should be worshipped. If he didn't he'd be killed or imprisoned. We all held our breath. Papa's knuckles were white as he gripped the table.

led his band in the opposite direction from the town, heading for our neighbour's house in the distance. The girls and Henri collapsed on the ground, their shoulders heaving.

"What will we do?" wailed Charlotte. "We have no Mama and no Papa."

"God will help us. Let's pray," said Antoine, and that's what we did, asking God to lead us to safety.

Antoine said we'd go to the prison in town where Papa was. He led the way as darkness fell. Henri hung onto my right hand and Eli hung onto the other with Eduard stumbling behind. My sisters followed Charlotte. If only the moon would come up to light that rough, dirt road. Rain began to fall. Soon we were soaked and our shoes squelched in the mud. The little ones whimpered as we hustled them along.

After many hours Lucille spotted a faint light ahead. As we trudged nearer we heard the big clock in the town square striking the hour. It was midnight. Once inside the town we crept along in the shadows to escape the night watchmen. Finally Antoine stopped by a huge, grim fortress, four stories high. All who wouldn't follow the king were imprisoned inside. Papa was now called a criminal. I gazed up at the narrow, slit windows covered with iron grilles. No one could get in and no one could get out. The little girls began to sob again.

"Which window would be Papa's?" I whispered to Antoine. He shook his head as we kept close to the stone building. Suddenly Antoine stopped. At a window in the first floor above us we heard a murmur. Charlotte and Lucille put their hands over their mouths. That was Papa's voice. We strained our ears and faintly heard the words, "Lord, I've left everything for you. Have pity on my children." Papa kept saying this over and over.

Antoine glanced around. No soldiers in sight. "Papa," he shouted. Charlotte, Lucille and I shouted too then stopped in case soldiers appeared. The murmur stopped and we didn't know if Papa heard us or not. Rain still fell as Antoine lay down on the wet grass with sleeping Jacques. We all huddled together to try and keep warm. What would happen to us?

Where would we go tomorrow? I didn't know and dozed off.

Someone nudged me and whispered "Claude." I turned over. It was Charlotte. The rain had stopped but I was stiff and cold from lying on the wet ground. Antoine roused the others, his finger to his lips. The early dawn lit the sky as twelve year old Jeanne gave a small scream and pointed. A small package came hurtling from Papa's iron-grille window and landed at our feet. Antoine grabbed it and we crowded around. What was it? With great care Antoine unwrapped the handkerchief and out fell a gold coin. The girls gasped but seven year old Eli pounced on it and gave it to Antoine.

Something else stuck out of the handkerchief.

"Antoine! Look!" I cried, forgetting we had to be quiet.

Antoine held up a small piece of tile with words scratched on it. "It's from Papa." He read the message.

"My children, leave France in the direction of the North Star. The Lord will lead you. Your Papa, Abraham Privat."

I knew the North Star constellation, Polaris, that was fixed in the sky near the North Pole. "Where will the North Star lead us?"

"To Germany," Antoine replied. He looked at the coin then put it in his coat pocket. "This will help buy food for our journey."

"Quick!" said Charlotte. "Let's get to some shelter before it is too light and we're seen. We'll have to hide during the day and travel at night."

"Goodbye Papa," I called, my voice cracking.

Antoine picked up Jacques and off we hurried out of the town to hide in the trees by the river. Right now I wished we had something to eat but we had to keep running.

Find out what happens next in the Oct issue of Discovery



**...Antoine  
unwrapped  
the handkerchief  
and out fell a  
gold coin.**

*Bring the whole tithe  
into the storehouse,  
that there may be food in my house.  
Test me in this," says the LORD Almighty,  
"and see if I will not throw open  
the floodgates of heaven  
and pour out so much blessing  
that you will not have  
room enough for it.*

**Malachi 3:17**