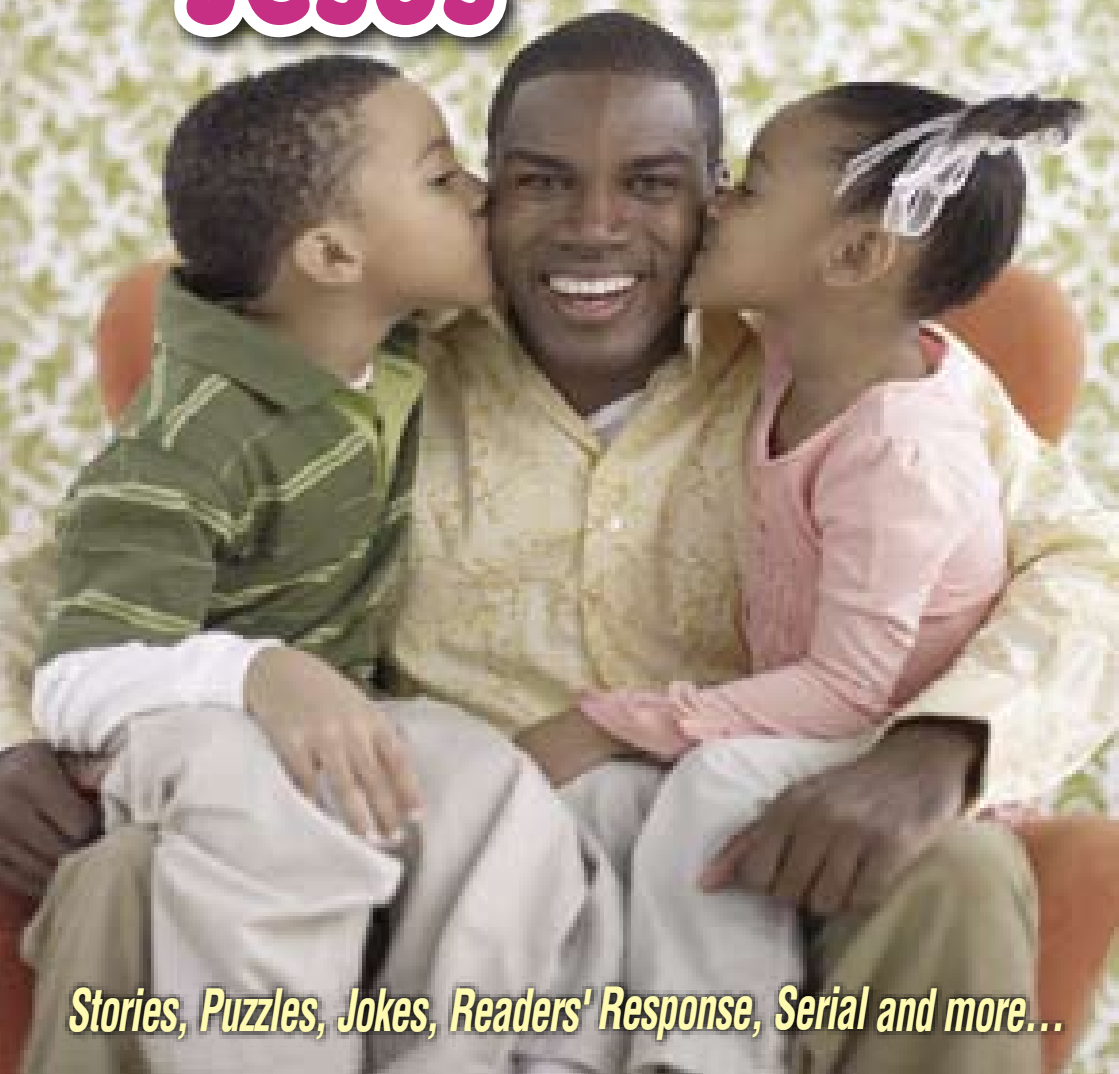


Discovery

NOVEMBER 2009

Following Jesus



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

Hi There!

What does it mean to follow Jesus? Do we have to leave our families like the disciples did and walk through the desert? How can we follow him in today's culture? Whatever you do, if you put Jesus first, then you're following Him.

Have fun with that!

Wendy 

FOLLOWING JESUS

Fish out the vowels and put them back into the spaces to solve this mystery verse!

a,e,i,o,u

"C _ m _ , f _ ll _ w _ m _ "

J _ s _ s _ s _ _ d , " _ n d

_ w _ ll _ m _ k _ y _ _

f _ s h _ r s _ _ f _ m _ n . "

Matthew 4:19NIV

Answer:
"Come follow me," Jesus said, "and I will make you fishers of men."
Matthew 4:19 NIV



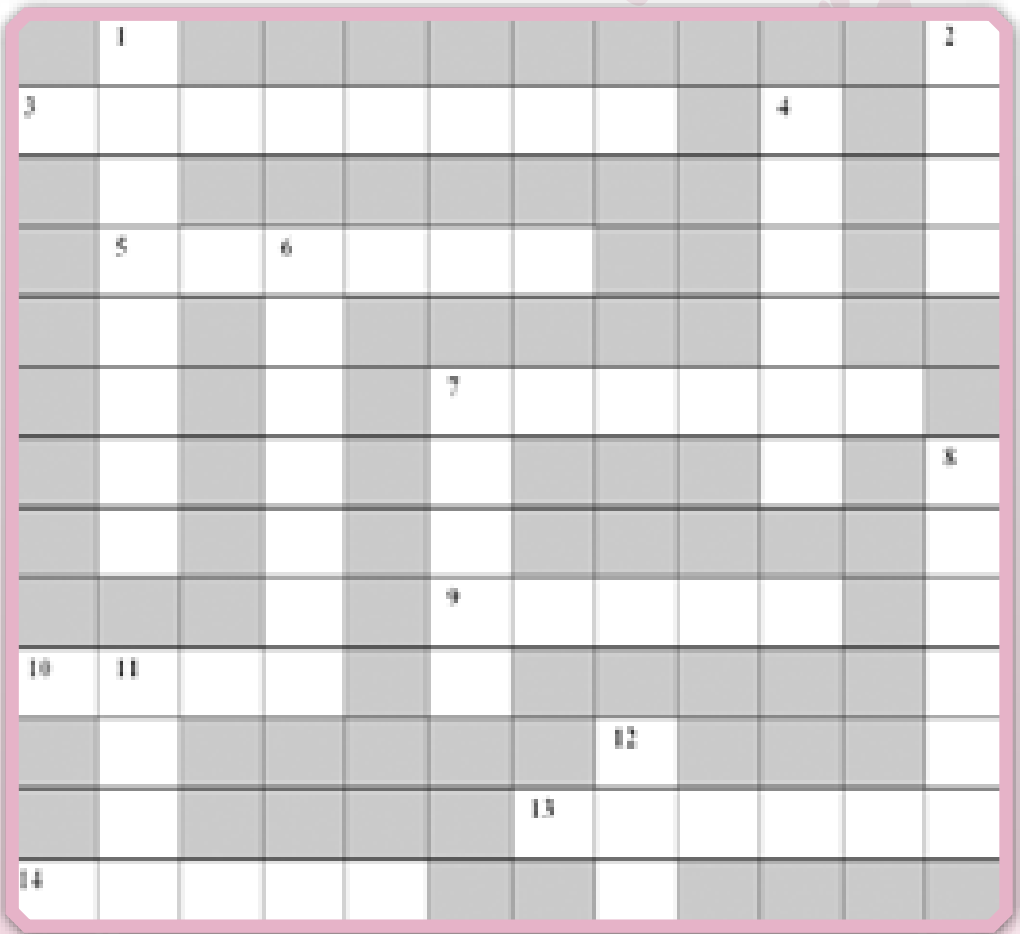
Making Bible time a special time
and a joy of the Bible for all
info@biblediscovery.org.nz
www.biblediscovery.org.nz

Discovery is a publication of the PSSM Bible Discovery Trust (formerly the Postal Sunday School Movement of NZ Inc.) This is an evangelical, non-denominational, Christian trust. We depend on God to supply our financial needs through the donations of interested individuals and groups. All donations are receipted and tax-deductible.

As well as *Discovery* we produce different grades of FREE Bible lessons. These are posted monthly to all who would like them. If you would like to join please ask your parent or guardian for permission, then send your name, address and age to:

PSSM Bible Discovery, 888 New North Road, Mt Albert, Auckland 1025 Ph: 09 846 1776 Issue 3 Volume 72 October 2009
Director & Treasurer: Mr A.Simpson Discovery Editor: Wendy Reid Permission must be sought before reproducing anything.

Young People God Used



Clues

Across

- 3 He trusted God (2 Kings 18:5)
- 5 She became queen (Esther 2:17)
- 7 He was thrown into the lion's den (Daniel 6:16)
- 9 Sarah was his mother (Genesis 21:3)
- 10 Jesus' mother (Luke 1:30 & 31)
- 13 He became king when very young (2 Kings 22:1)
- 14 This s _____ girl served Naaman's wife. (2 Kings 5:2)

Down

- 1 He said he was only young (Jeremiah 1:6)
- 2 She chose to follow God (Ruth 1:16)
- 4 God spoke to this boy (1 Samuel 3:10)
- 6 Paul's son in the faith (1 Timothy 1:1 & 2)
- 7 He killed the giant (1 Samuel 17:50)
- 8 He was sold by his brothers (Genesis 37:28)
- 11 God was pleased with him (Genesis 4:4)
- 12 This _____ gave his lunch (John 6: 9 & 11)

WORD FIND

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

In the grid above is a Bible verse beginning with the shaded word. The first letter of the second word must touch the last letter of this first word and so on with each following word. Words must run in a straight line. Letters can be used more than once.

9:23b

Daring to Follow Jesus

Ryan flung James's door open so hard

that it slammed against the wall, making everything shudder.

"What's up?" he asked James as he dropped himself into the desk chair and wheeled it along the floor with a push of his feet.

"What's up?" James replied. "Nothing much, just reading."

"Whatcha reading?"

James looked at Ryan with narrowed eyes and a cunning look. "Guess, I'll read you a bit. 'When a gentle south wind began to blow...they weighed anchor and sailed along the shore. Before long, a wind of hurricane force swept down from the Island...We took such a violent battering from the storm that the next day they began to throw the cargo overboard:'

"Treasure Island?"

"Nope. Here's a bit more. 'When neither sun or stars appeared for many days and the storm continued raging, we finally gave up all hope of being saved.'

"Ahhem, Robinson Crusoe?"

"Nope."

"Man, I don't know then!"

"It's from Acts, in the New Testament."

Ryan stared at James. "Like, in the Bible? Awww, whatever," he said with a snort.

James held up the book. Its cover said 'NIV Holy Bible.' There was a few seconds of silence as Ryan stared at James.

"Gimme a look," he said as he snatched it from James and opened it to the bookmark. He squinted as he read; 'Once safely on shore, we found out that the island was called Malta. The Islanders showed us unusual kindness. They built a fire and welcomed us all because it was raining

and cold. Paul gathered a pile of brushwood and, as he put it on the fire, a viper, driven out by the heat, fastened itself onto his hand.' Ryan stopped reading and flipped back to the cover to check that it did say 'Holy Bible.' "For real?" he asked James. "This is from the Bible?"

"Yip," James said nodding. "Why's that so hard to believe?"

"I don't know, well, I guess it's 'cos this is interesting."

James looked at Ryan as if he was crazy as he grabbed the Bible back. "Yeah, the Bible's full of interesting things."

"But in pictures you always see Jesus and his disciples in, like, flowing robes, with little children on their knees."

"Ryan, they lived in the Middle East about 2000 years ago, everyone wore flowing robes. And, yeah, there's a story about Jesus and the little children. That's one story out of hundreds. You have no idea about the kind of stories there are in here about people who followed Jesus; about what they did and how they lived. Paul's life is my favourite; he changed from killing Christians to following Jesus. You should read about what happened to him after he believed in Jesus."

Ryan looked at the Bible and then at James. "So did he die?"

"Jesus? Yeah, he died, but He rose back to life'.

Man, I know that! I meant this guy Paul, after he was bitten by that snake?"

James tossed the Bible to Ryan. "Here, read it and find out. Then read about why Jesus died on the cross. You may know the story, but you obviously don't understand it properly?"

"Whaddya mean?"

"Dude, if you understood that Jesus died on the cross to forgive your sins, then you'd be following him too. It's not just an interesting story. Go home, read about Paul, then you'll understand."

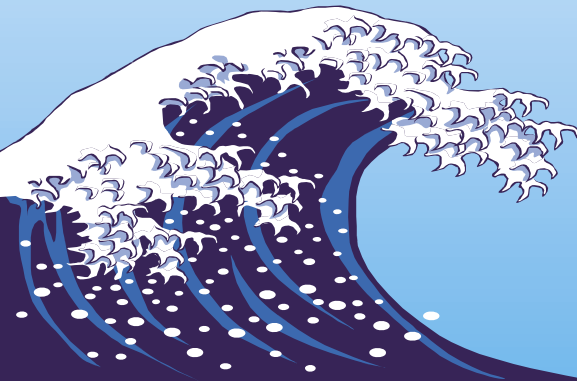
Ryan bounced the Bible in his hand a few times. "OK, maybe I will," he said as he spun round.

"Catch ya tomorrow."

"Okay, and try not to smash a hole in my wall when you come in next!"

"Sure," Ryan shouted back just before the front windows of the house shook with the vibration of the door slamming.

James rolled his eyes and smiled as he picked his book back up to read.



Following Jesus

By Gwentyh Frear 

**A dramatised telling of Matthew 9:9-13*

Matthew sighed as he packed up his things from the table where he was doing his accounts. Somehow today just didn't seem to have gone too well. People had grumbled as they had come in to pay their taxes, and for once Matthew couldn't blame them. After all, it wouldn't be long before he would have to pay his own taxes too. He smiled to himself as he thought of his special little box under the table where he put in extra money, his "perks!" There was no way anyone would know about that!

No, today hadn't seemed to go too well. Again, Matthew had a twinge of conscience as he put the last things in his bag. Suddenly there was a commotion coming towards him down the road. Whatever was it? He could see the people crowding around and all talking as they came towards him. Then he saw Him. It was the Teacher that everyone had been talking about! He was towards the front of the crowd, and as He came closer, He caught Matthew's eye. He had such a kind face, and after all the complaints that day, Matthew was ready for a smile from someone.

"I want you to come with Me," Jesus said as He came level with him. Matthew had the overwhelming urge to go with Him, so he grabbed his bag with the papers in it, and followed the crowd down the road. He had completely forgotten the box of perks under the table!

Jesus said, "I want you to stay with Me and come around the country with Me!" Matthew could hardly believe his ears! Jesus wanting him! He never stopped to think twice. There was nothing he wanted to do more!

The more Matthew got to know Jesus, the more he wanted to tell other people about Him too. He organised a big dinner for

all his tax collecting friends and colleagues, and invited his neighbours along too. The religious leaders of his town watched in horror as all these people went to Matthew's house. They knew that Jesus was already there, and here were all these rogues and sinners going in too! Matthew wasn't a lot better himself, they thought.

Once again, the Pharisees found fault.... "Why does your Master eat with these sinners and publicans?" they asked a couple of the disciples as they went in. Jesus knew what they were thinking and He spoke out so everyone could hear Him. "Those who are well don't need a doctor, only those who are sick. I haven't come to call those who think they are good enough, but those who know they are sinners and who need to repent!"

Matthew knew that he was one of those sinners, and he made up his mind he would be different, seeing he was now one of Jesus' followers. It was the best decision that he ever made and one that he never regretted.



Following JESUS

Directions: Fill the blanks with the correct words from the list below.

Many people believe all _____ lead to God. But that is not what the _____ teaches.

Jesus said, "Follow me. I am the _____ and the truth and the life. No one comes to the _____ except through me."

People follow Jesus for many reasons, but only those who put their _____ and trust in Him as their _____ and Lord can be His true followers.

We follow Jesus each day by speaking to Him in _____ and by reading His Word and obeying His _____.

Following Jesus is often difficult. There is always a _____ and it requires true _____ and loyalty.

Sometimes we may _____, but it is better to be a follower of Jesus who fails, than one who fails to follow Him.

Jesus has promised He will never leave us and one day He will take us to be with Him in _____ forever more.

What a day that will be!!

Words to use: **prayer way heaven religions Bible commands commitment Saviour cost faith Father stumble**

AWARDS

CONGRATULATIONS

For years completed

1 Will Balchin,
Josephine Duncan,
Shane Henry,
Perpetual Igah,
Peace Kalu,
Adah Ochanya,
Niria Raveti,
Angelina Riley,
Maegan Shivas,
Tanu Sipeni

2 Isaac Canning,
Mishnah Gaundar,
Michelle Khan,
Hephzibah Kwara,
Timothy Kwara,
Daniel Naanchin,
Florence Nicodemus,
Hannah O'Connor,
Nsirim Omuna-Amadi,
Nathan Orchard,
Phoebe Singh,
Susan Stafford

3 Annabel Brickell,
Moreke Iruna,
Faith King,
Noah King,
Daniel Lewis,
Emeline Lewis,
Bradley Lewis,
Elyse Lichtwark,
Melanie Moihoi,
Aimee Wilson,
Justin Wilson

4 Joshua Alvarez,
Kate Alvarez,

Jidekene Atuchukwu,
Kacaraini Denicagi,
Chukwuemelie Emefesi,
Lannie Kalai,
Oluchukwu Ndianefo,
Daniella Shivas

5 Natasha Allan,
Katie Canning,
Levi Eijeriks,
Dalsie Kalai,
Annabelle Lichtwark,
Rebekah Liebezeit,
Olivia Shivas

6 Georgia McCartney,
Jachin Rowe

7 Hermina Andersen,
Felicia Ben-Ameh,
Isaac Martin,
Mikaela Shivas

8 Rohit Emmanuel,
Wilfred Naicker,
Courtney Stokes,
Rebecca Stokes,
Lisi Tuigau

9 Joelle Snook

11 Simon-Peter Svensson

12 Zoe Snook

13 Helen Dunn,
Claudia Scott

16 Ishaya Mbugae,
Barbara Ocansey



"We can remember to read these."

BIBLE READINGS

NOVEMBER

DATE	BOOK	REFERENCE	
1 Sun	Psalm	104:16-35	<input type="checkbox"/>
2 Mon	Genesis	11:1-9	<input type="checkbox"/>
3 Tue	Jonah	1:1-17	<input type="checkbox"/>
4 Wed	Jonah	2:1-10	<input type="checkbox"/>
5 Thu	Jonah	3:1-10	<input type="checkbox"/>
6 Fri	Jonah	4:1-11	<input type="checkbox"/>
7 Sat	Exodus	23:1-9	<input type="checkbox"/>
8 Sun	Leviticus	19:1-4, 9-18, 32-37	<input type="checkbox"/>
9 Mon	Leviticus	23:15-22	<input type="checkbox"/>
10 Tue	Deuteronomy	1:9-18, 16:18-20	<input type="checkbox"/>
11 Wed	Deuteronomy	10:12-22	<input type="checkbox"/>
12 Thu	Deuteronomy	17:14-20	<input type="checkbox"/>
13 Fri	Isaiah	32:1-8	<input type="checkbox"/>
14 Sat	Luke	10:25-37	<input type="checkbox"/>
15 Sun	Acts	10:1-16	<input type="checkbox"/>
16 Mon	Acts	10:17-29	<input type="checkbox"/>
17 Tue	Acts	10:30-43	<input type="checkbox"/>
18 Wed	Acts	10:44, 11:18	<input type="checkbox"/>
19 Thu	Acts	17:16-34	<input type="checkbox"/>
20 Fri	Isaiah	40:12-26	<input type="checkbox"/>
21 Sat	Psalm	50	<input type="checkbox"/>
22 Sun	Ephesians	1:1-14	<input type="checkbox"/>
23 Mon	Ephesians	1:15-23	<input type="checkbox"/>
24 Tue	Ephesians	2:1-10	<input type="checkbox"/>
25 Wed	Ephesians	2:11-22	<input type="checkbox"/>
26 Thu	Ephesians	3:1-13	<input type="checkbox"/>
27 Fri	Ephesians	3:14-21	<input type="checkbox"/>
28 Sat	Ephesians	4:1-6	<input type="checkbox"/>
29 Sun	Ephesians	4:7-16	<input type="checkbox"/>
30 Mon	Ephesians	4:17-24	<input type="checkbox"/>



only a shepherd boy heard what was said,
"Come here," Goliath called, "you'll soon be dead."
David, he used his sling for God that day,
And all the Philistines soon ran away.

only a little boy, with fish and bread,
Gave his small lunch away, thousands were fed,
Jesus, He took that food made it far more,
Than that one little boy had shared before.

only a lady's slave but she could tell
How her sick master could truly be well,
Naaman was cured that day of leprosy,
Because one servant girl said he could be.

only a tiny child, God spoke to him,
As he lay down in bed with the light dim;
Samuel, he answered God, "your servant hears",
And God could use his life through many years.

only a little light but I can choose
To shine for Jesus now so He can use,
My life each day to glow so others see,
Jesus, God's only Son, living in me.

Only

By Janet Fleming 

Following Jesus

Jesus said, "come follow me,
A fisher of men you will be."
But how can I catch a man
With a line thrown in the sea?

The Bible is our guide to use
It's the bait to fish for men.
Learning about how Jesus lived
Then practice as oft' as you can.

Be helpful, show love, and extra care
Add kindness and some goodness too.
Patience will go a long, long way,
To keep peace and joy around you.

You will draw men in like a magnet
They'll be hooked on the love you share.
By practising how Jesus lived
You've become a fisher of men.

Following Jesus

Sarah stood there scuffing her feet in the grass at the edge of the street. She had

just come out from the Kidzone class at church, and none of her usual friends had been there this morning. She looked up the street and thought how nice it would be to go and get an ice-cream at the corner shop. But then she remembered that her mother would wonder where she was if she didn't go back into church for the last part of the service. "Bother it!" she thought, "I suppose I'd better go back in." As she walked back, the thought flashed into her mind of what her teacher had been telling them in class earlier.

The teacher had said that we must obey our parents' rules if we were to follow Jesus as He wanted us to. Sarah sighed. It seemed as though there was NOTHING nice she could do if she did as she should!

As she slid into the seat beside her mother, Sarah heard the preacher say, "That's what Jesus meant when He said we had to take up our cross and follow Him!" There it was again, that bit about following Jesus. Surely that didn't mean for us today, she thought grumpily. Her brother was sitting behind her, and he poked her in the back. She twisted around and gave him a dirty

look. "We must always try to do what is right, even if it doesn't suit us at the time," the preacher was continuing, "Even Jesus didn't please Himself when He was on earth."

Sarah sighed again. It all seemed so hard. The sermon came to an end, and people were starting to stand up and move out. "Hello Sarah," Mrs. Booth said as she came level with her, "That IS a pretty top you've got on today!" Sarah managed a smile and started to feel better.

As they got into the car, Mum said, "I think we'll go past the Corner Dairy and get us an ice-cream for lunch. How about it kids?" "Ooh,"

said Johnny, "That would be nice!" Sarah felt a bit ashamed of herself as she remembered how she had wanted to skip church and get one for herself earlier. That was a bit selfish wasn't it!

The thought came to her. She was glad now that she hadn't done that. She knew that that wasn't following what Jesus would want her to do!

They had reached home by now, and as Sarah followed Mum into the house, things didn't seem to be so bad after all. She could smell the food that was cooking in the crock pot, and it was good. Then there was the ice-cream to have for after too. She felt really good now, and decided that it DID pay to follow the ways of Jesus after all. There was nothing like knowing that you were doing the right thing, she decided!



WORD FIND

I Peter 2:20b, 21

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

The words to fill in the spaces below can be found in the above wordfinder.

B _____ i _____ y _____ s _____ f _____ d _____

g _____ a _____ y _____ e _____ i _____ t _____

i _____ co _____ b _____ G _____.

T _____ t _____ y _____ w _____ c _____.

b _____ C _____ s _____

f _____ y _____, l _____ y _____ a _____

e _____ t _____ y _____ s _____

f _____ i _____ H _____ s _____.

The Mystery of GAL

I dried the last dish, hung up the tea towel and rushed into the lounge. Now Grandad would tell me about those three letters in that painting in the hall. All day I'd kept going back there, to the grey-bearded, kind-eyed man sitting in a leather chair. Both cheeks were scarred and on his left arm above the wrist was the word GAL. Jo-Jo, the golden corgi, yapped and jumped up onto the couch beside me, his head on my lap. Grandad sat opposite in his rocker.

"GAL, Grandad. Those letters on the man's arm. What does it mean? And who is he anyway?"

"Bill, his name is Jean Martaille and he's your ancestor."

"Ancestor?"

"Yes, six generations back from you in France. He's your Grandfather with four greats."

I gasped. "What a lot of greats, but the word---"

"It's a long story but you're eleven now. You'll understand."

Grandad opened an old, leather-covered, handwritten book with yellow pages "Jean wrote his story that's how we know what GAL means. Settle back and I'll

start when he was sixteen, Bill, five years older than you." Grandad coughed.

"It was the year 1700, the dangerous times when the French king wanted people to worship him. My wealthy merchant family

were called Huguenots because we only worshipped God. One terrible night my father was hauled off to prison and our house was burned to the ground. My mother, two younger sisters and younger brother were taken away. I never saw them again.

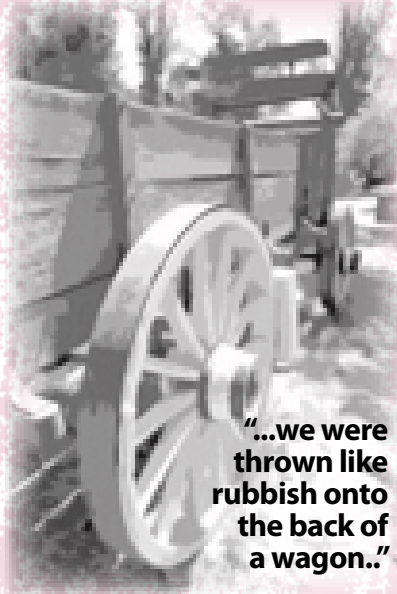
In the confusion my friend Paul and I fled to the woods. Shaking and crying we asked God to help us escape to Belgium. Travelling by night for fear of the soldiers, we came to the outskirts of Mezieres, near the border. That night in rain pelting down so hard we couldn't see in front of us we crossed over unnoticed.

Paul and I were soaked. Ahead we spotted

the dim lights of a small village. We needed food and to dry out and made our way to a tavern with smoke curling from the chimney. Paul muttered that we must be careful. We slipped inside the crowded room, edging towards the huge fireplace. While warming myself, I felt a rough hand on my shoulder and spun around.

A stout man bellowed that we were strangers. Another asked where we were from. Everyone stared. Paul stammered we were from Mezieres.

A tall man shouted that our accent was different and called for our arrest. A soldier stepped forward, bound our wrists together and led us away in the dark and rain, back across the border to a French prison."



"...we were thrown like rubbish onto the back of a wagon."

"Grandad, I wish they hadn't gone into that tavern."

"I do too." Grandad turned the page.

"Next day the King's soldiers came to the cell, demanding that we recant. We had to say we wouldn't follow God and the Bible but would worship the King. We both refused and said we put our trust in God and would not give up our faith. The Captain ordered us to Las Tournelle in Paris. We knew that was the dreaded convict prison. Still bound together we were thrown like rubbish onto the back of a wagon behind a horse. With many other Huguenots we jolted along for two days to Paris.

As we clambered off the wagon a soldier fastened an iron chain around our necks and tied a wooden bowl around our waists. A gruff voice called "The big chain." We were pushed down a flight of steps into an enormous, dark dungeon. Dim light came in through one tiny grille-window. We groped our way along the rows of wooden benches covering the floor. At intervals on each bench were fixed short chains ending in a ring. We crouched with our head way down towards the bench while the guard clinched the ring to our neck chain. We couldn't kneel, we couldn't sit, we couldn't lie down, we couldn't stretch, we couldn't move at all. After a short while in this cramped position I began to ache then pain. My body was all pain, nothing but terrible pain."

"Grandad," I said, my fingers dashing away the tears on my cheeks. Jo-Jo pushed closer and licked my other hand as Grandad continued.

"Days and nights passed, I don't how many,

but the cell was icy cold. Still chained we ate and drank the minute, daily ration of bread and water from our bowls. I felt faint with the stink of the airless, filthy room and our unwashed bodies. Paul, chained behind me, had been sick for days. When he didn't answer his name I knew he'd died. I heard his chain being unfastened and glimpsed sideways his bleeding, limp body being carried up the steps. His place was soon taken by another convict. I thought I'd die too.

One freezing day three hundred and sixty nine of us were released from those rings. My weak legs would hardly move as we crept out into the prison courtyard. Here

soldiers bound us in pairs by the chain collars on our necks to a great length of huge chain. At a shout we staggered off, bent over under the weight of those heavy irons. Our necks were soon rubbed and bleeding, our eyes bulged as we strained forward and those irons rattled and clanked. I was now part of a dreaded chain gang. I didn't know where we

were going or what would happen when we got there. I kept praying to God to help me."

"Did God help Jean?"


"Yes, God kept him alive." Grandad closed the book and stood up. Jo-Jo jumped down beside him. "Bill, that's it for tonight. Bedtime." He opened the lounge door then hugged me. "Goodnight Bill."

I shivered. "But I still don't know what GAL means."

"You will tomorrow evening," Grandad said, smiling, his hand on Jo-Jo's collar.

So, I'd just have to wait.

**"...we couldn't sit,
we couldn't lie
down, we couldn't
stretch, we couldn't
move at all."**



*“Come, follow me,” Jesus said,
“and I will make you
fishers of men.”*

Mark 1:17