

Our Boys and Girls

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A GOOD DEED

Susan was helping her mother with the Sunday dishes. There were always a lot of them on Sunday, and they were the best china dishes. She was being very careful with them as she dried them. But even being careful did not keep her from talking. Susan always liked to help with the dishes because she could talk with mother about the things which happened at church. Today she needed help.

"Mother, you have to help me think of something," she said.

"What is it dear?" asked mother.

"Well, you see we were studying in our Bible Class today about Jesus going about and doing good. Then Mrs. Fisher told us that if we wanted to be like Jesus we would have to do good also. She asked each one in the class to think hard of some good deed we could all do, and we are to tell about it next Sunday. And if mine is the best, the whole class will do it."

"What have you thought about so far?" asked mother.

"Oh, I have thought of lots of things," said Susan, "but most of them seem rather selfish. I thought that it would be good to have a picnic at the park. That would give all of the children a chance to play together, and that would be good. But I think it came to my mind because I like things like picnics, and not because of the others."

"Maybe you could have a pic-



nic and still turn it into a good deed," said mother.

"Oh, do you think we could? How can we mother? That would be grand!"

"I was just thinking of little Benny down the street. You know that he has not been able to walk since he was struck by the car while on his way to school. All he can do is to sit by the big window and look out at the children going by. With the big plaster cast on his leg he cannot get out and play. Don't you think it would be nice if all of the children would take their picnic dinner some Sunday, and as soon as church services are over go to Benny's house and have dinner?"

"Oh mother, that's wonderful. You think of the grandest things. And Mr. Brown could carry Benny out in the backyard and put him in that big chair in which he sometimes rests, and he could watch us spread the lunch and then we could play games in which he

could take part! I know Mrs. Fisher will let us decide on that!"

"If you agree to do that," said mother, "I will tell Mrs. Brown so that she will not get dinner that day, and you can really surprise Benny."

Susan could hardly wait until the next Sunday, and when she told the class what she had worked out as a good deed, all of them agreed it was the best idea of all. They made their plans for the following Sunday.

* * * *

It was shortly after noon. Benny was sitting by the window. The heavy cast was stretched out on another chair. He knew that it was about time for the neighbors to be coming home from church services and he was waiting for their friendly waves. His mother was not putting dinner on the table as she usually did. He wondered about that, but concluded that they would eat on the smaller table in the kitchen this Sunday.

He heard the back door open. Some one was running! Then a loud chorus of yells burst out from about twenty voices. "SURPRISE!" they all screamed. Benny did not know what to do. He wanted to laugh. He wanted to cry. He was nervous down inside. But everyone else was laughing so he joined in with them.

All of the youngsters from the Church of Christ Bible Class

here. And everyone was
around and talking at
Some of the boys were
ng his hair and slapping
the shoulders. It was a
feeling to have them

Brown picked his crippled
in his arms, and carried
the back yard. There was
with lots of baskets. Now
knew why his mother
prepared for dinner that
What a good time every-
l. Dinner and then games,
ore games. Benny forgot
it his broken leg. He for-
about having to be away
hool for weeks and weeks

because of his injury. He wished
that this day could last forever.

But it was getting late! Most
of the boys and girls had to go.
All of them shook hands with
Benny, and someone told him
that it was Susan's idea and
that they were just trying to be
like Jesus, and go about doing
good. Mr. Brown told the chil-
dren that their coming had been
worth more than all of the med-
icine the doctor had given
Benny. He told them that they
were all just little happiness
doctors. And he invited them all
to come back again.

Susan was tired when she got
home. But she told mother that

it was one of the nicest days she
had ever known. "Mother, I
wish you could have seen how
happy Benny was. And I've
been thinking that there are lots
of other boys and girls who can-
not get out and play like the rest
of us. I wish we could take a
picnic to everyone of them. I'm
going to see Mrs. Fisher about
it. I really like to do good deeds,
mother. It just makes you feel
good all over, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Susan," said mother,
"and I'm happy to see my little
girl willing to help others have
some of the happiness of life. I
pray that you will always be
just that way."



Helping the Birds

bus drew to a stop in
f the little post office.

looked out to see if
ther was there to meet
es, there he was getting
the old mud-spattered
farvin tugged at his suit-
l hurried to the bus door.
good to be able to get
the country again on
ation from school. And
ld get to stay a whole

llo, grandfather," he

lfather smiled. "Pretty
case for a young fellow
ht years old," he said.
glad to see you, son. How
her and daddy when you
city?"

were fine. Mother took
and put me on the bus
ning. She said for me
ear my white shirt ex-
hurch and she wants me

to help you carry in wood and
feed the calves and chickens."

"Hold on, young fellow! We're
starting pretty fast seeing that
you have just been off the bus
about one minute," laughed
grandfather.

Marvin remembered the road
from last year. He liked to come
down the big hill and drive
through the creek. He knew that
it was but a little way to where
he would then open the big gate
that led into the pasture through
which you must go to reach the
house.

Grandmother was standing
out in the yard. She had heard
the car and was waiting. Mar-
vin opened the door as soon as
the car stopped and ran to her.
It was good to be gathered up by
her strong arms and held close.
He knew that grandmother and
grandfather really loved him.

After he had rested for a lit-
tle while, and had told them all
about home in the city, grand-
mother suggested that he might
like to see the surprise that they

had for him. He could hardly
wait. They walked out to the
smokehouse and there was a
bird's nest which had not been
there last year. The mother bird
was sitting on the nest, watch-
ing them with a beaming dot of
a black eye. Grandfather waved
at the bird and it flew away.

"I don't like to frighten her,"
he said, "but just this one time
I wanted you to see what she
was sitting on." He held Marvin
up to where he could look into
the nest, and there were four
blue eggs. Grandfather said,
"Now son, I want you to be the
guard for this robin until all of
the little birds are hatched and
grown. I have always loved
birds, and I wouldn't want the
old cat to steal any of the little
ones."

"I'll guard them, grand-
father," promised Marvin.

Four days later he heard a
peculiar noise as he was passing
the smokehouse on his way to
get some kindling for grand-
mother. He opened the door and

peeked in. The little birds were hatched. He ran with all speed and told grandmother. She told him that he might watch the mother bird as she fed her little ones, if he would be quiet and not disturb the birds. He posted himself each day where he could watch. He thought how easy it was to guard robins. Not at all like being a lifeguard. Nothing ever happened to give you a chance to rescue them. He half wished that the old cat would come up from the barn and try to get into the smokehouse. He knew he could make her change her mind.

On Saturday morning grandfather said that he must go to town. Grandmother needed some things also. Marvin pleaded to be left on the farm. He told them the birds were about ready to fly and he wanted to guard them until the last. Grandfather did not like the idea of leaving him behind, but consented when Marvin promised to remain at the house and not go down to the creek to play.

Everything was quiet when the rattle of the car died away. Marvin half wished that he had gone. He rolled his hoop in the driveway but soon grew tired. He went to the wooden bucket on the back porch to get a drink. He had just filled a glass with water when he heard a commotion in the smokehouse. The mother robin was screeching with fright. Marvin placed the glass down without getting a drink and ran as fast as he could. When he arrived at the scene, both the father and mother robin were flying around in a frenzy. It was dark inside the house except for the light from the small open window in the back. For a moment, Marvin could not tell what was the trouble. Then his heart almost stopped beating!

One of the little robins had been attempting to fly. Somehow it had become entangled with a length of string, and now it was dangling with the string fastened to its leg. It was flapping about rather feebly, for it had almost worn itself out. Marvin knew that it would break its leg if he did not rescue it. Perhaps it would even die. He felt so helpless he could have cried. He wished that grandfather had stayed at home.

The bird was out of his reach. He got a box and put under it and still he could not reach it even by standing on the box. He ran outside to see if there was something which he could use to free the trapped bird. But there was nothing he could think of which would help. In desperation he ran to the house. Then he saw the stepladder where grandfather had left it in the corner of the porch. He tried to lift it but it was too heavy for him to carry, for it was a long one. He pushed it over and let it fall to the concrete floor. Then he dragged it along a little at a time. He had a hard job of getting it through the screen door, but finally did. He dragged it across the yard and to the smokehouse. He was praying that the bird might live until he could get to it. Lifting the ladder was the biggest job, but finally he got it up. Then he climbed carefully up the steps. He loosed the little bird and felt its heart throbbing wildly in his hand. Gently he placed it in the nest. He climbed down and the mother robin went quickly to her little ones. Just then the car drove into the lot and grandfather came to the smokehouse carrying a sack of feed.

Marvin ran to him. He was crying now. But it was for joy. "Oh grandfather," he cried, "I guarded them! One of the little

birds was about to get killed but I saved it."

Grandfather finally got the whole story. "Son," he said, "I'm happy that you stayed on guard. You did a good job. Always be faithful in every job that's given you, and you'll always have a reason to be happy and glad."



CAN YOU ANSWER?

Boys and girls, get your Bibles, and turn to chapter 25 of the book of Matthew. Read the first thirteen verses. Then close your books and see if you can answer every question given here. Why not have your father or mother ask these questions for review and see if you get them all.

* * * *

1. Unto what is the kingdom of heaven likened?
2. What did they take?
3. Who did they go to meet?
4. What did the foolish forget to take?
5. Did the bridegroom come at once?
6. What did they do while waiting?
7. At what hour did the bridegroom come?
8. What did all of the virgins do when they arose?
9. What did the foolish ask?

What did the wise reply?
 Did the foolish heed this
 Who went in with the
 oom?
 What happened to the
 Did the foolish return?
 Did they try to get in?
 Were they allowed to en-
 What are we told to do?
 Who do you think the
 oom represents?
 He coming again?
 Could we be ready when
 s?
 What do you think we
 do in order to be ready?



MAIL BAG

Letters for this page will be from all boys and girls who are willing to write. We suggest that you write to some of the persons mentioned in the various letters and get yourself a pen pal in the name of Jesus (in the name of Christ.)

Sunny California

I am 12 years old. I go to Central Junior High, Riverside, California. The local church is one block from Mission Blvd., on the corner of Nakoma and Molina Streets. On Sundays we go to class.

Then we have a prayer, song, verses and study a story in the Bible. On Sunday night we have a drill on something in the Bible and then on Thursday night, we have verses by the children.

— Keith Thorp

In the Sixth Grade

Dear Brother Carl:

I am eleven years of age, and my name is Lettye Jenkerson. My birthday is on January 31. I go to Bonne Terre Junior High School. I just finished the fifth grade and was promoted to the sixth. I attend at the Church of Christ, located at 11 Murrill Street, Bonne Terre, Mo. At school I like to play baseball and roller skate. We are going to have a Vacation Bible Study this year in July. I am glad because we did not get to have one last year. I went to St. Louis and stayed with my aunt so I could attend their study. I enjoyed it very much and want to go to the study this year. Yours truly,

Lettye Jenkerson,
 42 Mound St.,
 Bonne Terre, Mo.

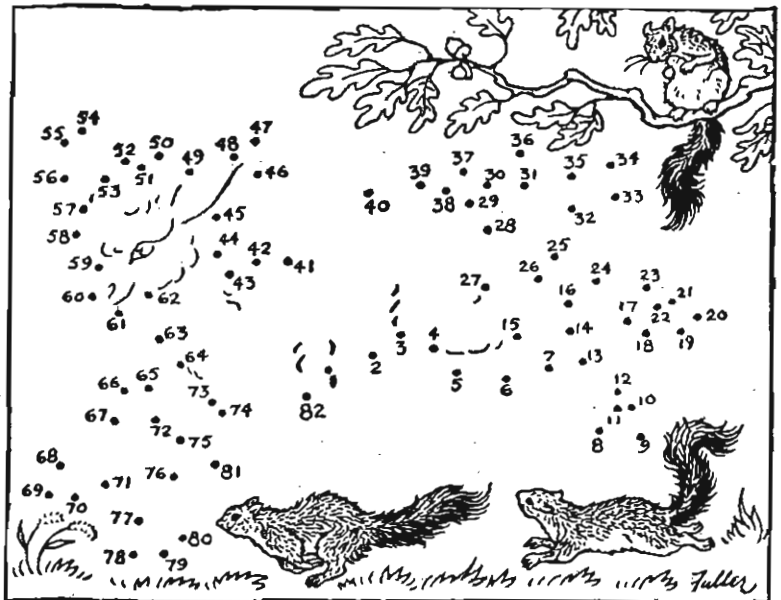
Likes Trained Gorillas

Dear Friends:

I am a girl, nine and a half years old. I will be in the fifth grade next fall when school starts. I go to the Church of Christ on 21st and Madison Streets. We are to have a Vacation Bible Study soon. It will be conducted by Bro. Roy Harris. There will be five classes and a picnic at the close. Several families from our church went to the zoo at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Memorial Day. Susie, the trained gorilla was of very much interest to me. Yours truly,

Marcella Carpenter,
 RFD 4, Anderson, Indiana

**Send
 all
 Letters
 to
 Missouri Mission Messenger
 7505 Trenton Ave.
 University City 14, Mo.**



WHAT A RACE!

Who can the other party be? Start with Number One Dot and draw a line from dot to dot, and you will really be surprised.