

# Youth Home Activity

March, April, May 2017 • SPRING QUARTER

*For Children and Teens Ages 9 Through 14*



# Youth Home Activity

---

Spring Quarter—March, April, May 2017

---



Writer: Patricia C. Oviatt

Edited and published quarterly by  
THE INCORPORATED TRUSTEES OF THE  
GOSPEL WORKER SOCIETY  
UNION GOSPEL PRESS DIVISION

Rev. W. B. Musselman, Founder

Price: \$1.70 per quarter\*  
\$6.80 per year\*

*\*shipping and handling extra*

ISBN 978-1-59843-528-3

Edited and published quarterly by The Incorporated Trustees of the Gospel Worker Society, Union Gospel Press Division, 2000 Brookpark Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44109-5812. Mailing address: P.O. Box 6059, Cleveland, Ohio 44101-1059. [www.uniongospelpress.com](http://www.uniongospelpress.com)

---

Have your teacher grade your lessons each week. Record your grade below, using A for excellent, B for good, and C for fair.

Lesson 1 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 2 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 3 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 4 \_\_\_\_

Lesson 5 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 6 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 7 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 8 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 9 \_\_\_\_

Lesson 10 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 11 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 12 \_\_\_\_  
Lesson 13 \_\_\_\_

---

# “Let’s Talk Together”

*Hi! Young Friends,*

If there is one word used more frequently than any other in the titles of songs, books, or even hymn books, can you guess what it would be? Well, think of the word that newborn babies hear as soon as their mother cuddles them or one of the most often-used words on greeting cards. It is a word that is used too much or not enough. Certainly you already know that word is “love.”

We have been told so often to be sure to say “I love you” before we leave our parents or they leave us, almost as if that phrase will keep them from danger.

God created love, whether it is spoken or written in different languages, or (as we often see now) is just represented by the figure of a red heart!

We do not often think about the fact that the Maker of the universe absolutely loves us both as His creations and as individuals.

Our spring lesson series is full of love—from God’s viewpoint. We usually love because we feel like it. But God is genuine love.

Our first four lessons talk about what love is and how God reveals His love to us. Lessons 5 through 9 show us how God displays His love toward mankind. (And, by the way, “mankind” means every human being.)

Read the whole book of Jonah to get a picture of God’s love that few people know. How could He love such a character as Jonah? (A youngster once said, “If I’d been God, I’d have left Jonah in the whale!”) But God sometimes uses unloving people to reveal His great love.

“I love you,” Mom might say; and then she might hear, “I love you back.” We learn to love by example, and God has given us thousands of examples in His Book to *tell* us and to *show* us that love truly is the best thing in the world.

Sometime this spring as you read your daily Scripture, add I Corinthians 13—“the love chapter”—to your morning devotions. And keep in mind that whenever you see the figure of a cross, whether it is on a gold chain, a watch, or a church steeple, that figure stands for “love.” The greatest giver, God, gave us the greatest gift—His Son—just because He loved us. We cannot repay God for loving us, but we can pass His love on to others.

Your friend,

*Patricia C. Oviatt*

# One Sheep, Two Sheep-

*Where in the world is Mr Gibson?* Kelly thought as she continued playing memorized hymns on the organ. The pews of the small country church were filled with families. The clock on the wall showed that the Sunday school superintendent was ten minutes late. Unbelievable! Mr. Gibson had always been what he called “a stickler for time.”

Even the pastor was missing. Parents were struggling to keep small, bored children from climbing over the pews.

Kelly struggled to think of more hymns to play without turning the pages of the hymn book. She caught sight of their pastor, but he was not coming in. He was leaning over to whisper something to two young fathers, who immediately left the sanctuary with him.

*Maybe somebody died!* Kelly thought; but the pastor would not have been in such a hurry to leave the parking lot with other men. Finally, twenty-five minutes later, the pastor returned. He quickly went to the platform. From the calm expression on his face, Kelly decided that no one had died.

“Let us all stand and recite Psalm 23,” said Pastor. “Most of you know it by heart.” Like an orderly military group, everyone did so. The pastor said, “Amen,” then lowered his arms. The congregation sat still with quizzical faces.

“Some of us have had our Bible lesson dramatized before we even reached our Bible classes today,” the pastor said. “Many of us are acquainted with Mr. Gibson’s sheep farm up on Wind Hill. Late last night, someone—or several people—cut the wires to his fence. The police are searching for the culprits.

“Very early this morning, one of the sheep discovered the opening in the fence. On the other side, there was tempting new grass and flowers.”

“That must have been Ruckus!” a youngster called out. “He’s always getting into trouble.”

The pastor continued when the laughter stopped. “All the sheep left their safe dwelling. Just below, in their direct path, was the wide interstate highway with speedy vehicles! Thank God there were no fatalities, not even with the sheep. I admire the driver of a busload of children who swerved back and forth to avoid the sheep and stayed on the road.”

With only a half hour left, the classes quickly went to their rooms. Kelly overheard Becka, an elderly lady making her way with a cane, say, “If I were Mr. Gibson, I’d use the rod on that dumb ram and teach him a lesson.”

But a younger woman, who was helping her, said, “Remember, Becka, that sheep are not very intelligent animals. Maybe that’s why God calls us sheep—we just aren’t wise enough to keep out of trouble.”

As Kelly held the door for the two ladies, she was amused to hear the older lady’s response: “We might be dumb, but God loves us anyway.”

*(This is a true story, with minor changes. Farmer Gibson gave up sheep farming after this episode and instead decided to raise chickens!)*

# So Many Churches

During spring break, Dean and his younger sister, Dinah, were taking the vacation of a lifetime with their parents. They were visiting many European cities and getting to know people who lived quite differently from Americans. Dean's great-grandmother was born in one of those countries, so the family thought it would be a good experience to take a two-week-long vacation to see how those people lived.

One thing Dean learned was that he was limited in getting to know people because he could only speak one language: English! "I feel so dumb," he told his dad. "Many of the people speak a little English besides their own language."

"They learn English in many of the schools," he was told by their tour guide. "With so many vacationers coming from America, the locals want to be able to sell souvenirs and other goods to visitors."

"What do you like best so far about our country?" the tour guide asked when they had wearily climbed up the bus steps and sat down. They had been walking all day, it seemed. Sometimes Dinah had to be carried when her little legs gave out.

Dean shyly told the guide, "I like the people, but the houses are so old looking. It's hard to keep things straight in my mind. But I'll tell you what I don't like: too many churches!"

The people on the bus laughed. It did seem that on almost every corner there was a very old church. Many looked deserted, with boarded-up windows and doors chained shut.

The tour guide said, "Some of these churches are maybe a thousand years old. They are very special."

"But do a lot of young people and kids like me go to church every Sunday?" Dean asked.

Dean's father acted a bit embarrassed. He spoke up. "Our country is very young compared to these countries. We do not have many very old buildings. But we do have many churches."

"And we have millions of kids who go to church," Dean began proudly.

"Oh, no, Dean," his mother said. "I wish that were true, but most of our churches are much smaller, and there are many people who never attend church."

The guide walked to the back of the bus where someone was asking another question.

"We must not embarrass the people here," Dean's mother whispered. "We can pray for them. We can show love to them. But it is not our responsibility to tell them that they are wrong. To be rude or bragging about our country would not be God's way to win people to Christ."

*But why have all these churches if no one worships God?* Dean thought to himself.

The bus driver parked the big tour bus near a large stone building. He



turned around and spoke to Dean, whose seat was right behind the driver. “You will like the place we are going to visit now. There are children—many children. You will see how wonderful our schools are here.”

Dean was greatly impressed by the well-built classrooms, larger than those he had been in at home.

“This is fifth grade. Grade five, like you,” the tour guide said as she opened the door to a classroom she had arranged for them to visit.

Dean counted the rows as boys his age stared at him. “Aren’t there any girls in this class?” he asked the guide.

Several students began to laugh. They knew English quite well.

One boy replied “In this school we only have boy students. Most schools have both boys and girls.” “Are you from America?” Dean nodded.

To his great surprise, the male teacher invited Dean to come to the front of the classroom. “Tell us about a day of school in America,” he said in perfect English.

Dean looked at his father, who nodded. So he walked up to stand beside the teacher. He gave a small wave to say hello. “I attend a Christian school in America,” he said. “We say the Pledge of Allegiance and then pray to the Lord Jesus Christ. Then we begin our class work, like you. We study many things, but only the English language is spoken in our classroom. Then we go to other rooms to learn science, math, and other things.”

“They know so much, yet they know nothing about Jesus,” Dean said when they were back on the bus. “Don’t their parents teach them about how God loves everybody?”

“No,” the bus driver whispered to Dean when they sat down. “No Jesus. Jesus is only for old-time people.”

Dean said to his dad, “Someday, maybe God will tell me to be a missionary and talk about Jesus.” For now, Dean made up his mind to pray for those boys he had briefly met.



## *God Is in Control*

"Mom, you're never going to believe what happened today on the bus," Cynthia said as she burst through the front door of their home.

Her mother, who was busy mixing something on the stove, did not reply right away. When she did, Cynthia noticed tears running down her mother's face.

"You heard about Debbi Roberts?" Cynthia ran into the kitchen as tears flowed from her eyes.

"Yes. Parents were called because students were put on another bus," Mom said.

"Mom, it was awful. The police were called, and an ambulance came. Kids were screaming, and some were so angry the police had to restrain them. I will never forget this day!"



Her mother turned the stove burner off and handed Cynthia a cup of tea. "Let's go sit down and talk to the Lord Jesus about it."

Cynthia did not think she could pray. She wanted to *do* something. She felt like punching something. But with her mother's arms around her, she calmed down.

Her mother's soft voice was a comfort. "Dear Lord Jesus, You know Debbi Roberts better than anyone. You knew her before she was born. She's

Your own special child. We pray for the Roberts family tonight and that somehow You will use this terrible experience to help people learn to show love, not hate."

Cynthia waited, wondering whether her mother expected her to pray too. She was not used to praying about such terrible things. Bad things should happen to bad people. Bank robbers deserved to be arrested. But a thirteen-year-old girl with a mental problem did not deserve to be bullied to the extent that the bus driver pulled over to the curb and called the police.

Cynthia prayed for the injured student, then said, "Mom, if I were God, I'd strike those girls dead for tormenting poor Debbi. Those girls should be arrested. I don't see how anything good can come out of this day."

Her mother pointed to a small brass plaque on the family room wall that read, "GOD IS LOVE." Cynthia cried. "Love wasn't enough to keep Debbi safe. Mom, life isn't fair!"

"You are right," her mother said, taking a corner of her apron to wipe Cynthia's face. "Until Jesus comes to reign, bad things will often happen to people. Cynthia, promise me that you will not add hateful words to make this whole situation worse. Remember, God is still in control!"