



KidsLife

GOOD NEWS MONTHLY NEWS LETTER FOR KIDS

From Ms. Sheila

G.N.M.N.L.F.K.

June Edition

BLOTCH

A Tale of Forgiveness and Grace

The Hiders

Early the next morning, Blotch packed a backpack with a few sandwiches, a sleeping bag, and a map. He kissed his mother, hugged his father and brothers, and bravely set off down the road looking for his answer.

After an hour or so, he heard the sounds of a noisy, bustling village. Getting closer, he saw many people working, walking, and talking to one another. It was much like his little village, but something was very different.

Blotch didn't see any stains!

As he looked around, he admired the rows of white picket fences and lush, green lawns. The streets were spotless, and every single person looked neat and polished.



Blotch was usually shy, but he couldn't help but stare. Seeing an entire village of people with no stains, no spots, no marks—he could hardly believe his eyes. *Could I have already found the answer to my question?* he thought to himself.

Blotch was so excited that he forgot his manners and ran up to the first group of strangers he saw. "You have no stains!" he exclaimed.

A smile stretched across the face of a tall stranger carrying a box full of bottles. The man responded in a very snooty voice, "Why, no, I do not! No one here in Hiderville has stains. We are simply better than those. . . those stained people.

Blotch was so amazed that he didn't really notice the stranger's insult. Instead, he reached out to touch the arm of the stain-free man. The stranger's smile quickly disappeared as he jerked his arm away.

"I would thank you to mind your own business," he said before forcing a smile again.

Blotch stepped back and lowered his head. "Oh, I . . . I'm sorry."

He spent the rest of the morning walking around the village and trying not to stare at all the stainless people. Blotch could tell they were also trying (although not as hard) to keep from staring at Blotch's stains from head to toe. And whenever he walked near a group of villagers, they would step far off the sidewalk to avoid him.

Blotch couldn't quite figure it out. These villagers may not have any marks or stains, but they certainly weren't very nice. After a while, Blotch got the courage to ask a few villagers how it was that they had no stains.

"None of your business."

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

"Why don't you go back where you came from?"

The harder Blotch tried to discover the secret of Hiderville, the harder the villagers tried to hide the answer. But with every rude response, Blotch just grew more and more determined to find answers. He was so focused on his mission that he didn't hear the rumbles of thunder from the summer storm passing through. In fact, he never would have noticed if it were not for the way everyone in Hidersville began running for cover.

"Run, run!" came the cries of mothers to their children. Grown men pushed through the crowds of people not caring who they shoved down on their way to get inside. . . Somewhere, anywhere.

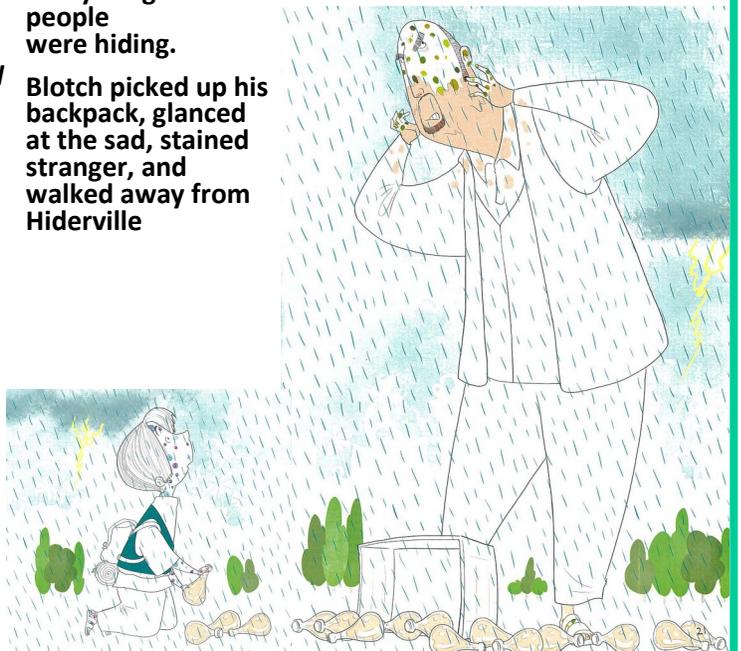
Blotch shouted to anyone who would listen, "It's just a little rain. Why are you all so afraid?"

Just then a booming clap of thunder announced the presence of a downpour. Everyone had made it inside. That is, everyone except Blotch and the tall stranger he had met when he first arrived. The man had dropped his box in the commotions and was frantically trying to pick up all the bottles.

In the rain, this tall stranger looked different. He looked sad—not sad like he got caught in the rain, but sad that something horrible had happened. As the rain fell on the once spotless man, Blotch could see that the stranger now looked like him, stains and all.

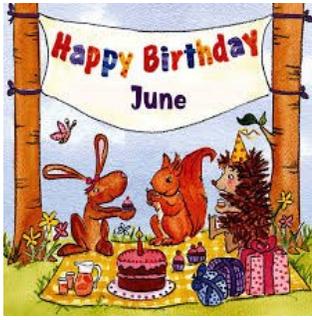
The rain had washed away his secret. The people of this village were really no different from those in the town Blotch had come from. They had just as many stains; they had only covered them. And the rain revealed everything the people were hiding.

Blotch picked up his backpack, glanced at the sad, stained stranger, and walked away from Hiderville



I hope we don't hide who we really are. Even if we have spots and stains, Jesus already knows who we are and He loves us. He died to remove all our spots and stains. We can't hide what we do—even if people might not really see —Jesus always does.

I wonder where Blotch's hunt for the answer of his spots and stains will take him next.



Happy Birthday To All June Birthdays

Delia Jordan

Daniel Martinez

Bia Silva

Savannah Smith

Just For Fun!

God's Love

Romans 8:38-39

Nothing can ever come between you and Jesus' love for you.

Unscramble the letters to decipher this Bible verse. Hint: All words are written backwards.



ROF I MA DECNIVNOC TAHT
 REHTIEN HTAED RON EFIL
 REHTIEN SLEGNA RON SNOMED REHTIEN EHT
 TNERGP RON EHT ERUTUF
 RON YNA SREWOP REHTIEN THGIEH
 RON HTPED RON GNIHTYNA ESLE
 NI LLA NOITAERC LLIW EB ELBA
 OT ETARAPES SU MORF EHT EVOL
 FO DOG TAHT SI NI
 TSIRHC SUSEJ RUO DROL



Let's Laugh

What do you get when you throw a pony in the ocean?

A: A seahorse!



My Prayer

Dear God, Help me to always be honest about the things I have done. If they are things that You don't want me to do—forgive me. I want to do what You want me to do. I love You! Amen



Hey Kids,

Here is your next question. What was the name of the lady in the Bible who prayed so hard to have a son, the priest thought she was drunk. When her child was born she gave him back to the Lord and he was raised in the temple. Here is a hint: the Priest was Eli who raised him.

When you have the answer email me at children@gracelife.faith. Hope to hear from you real soon.

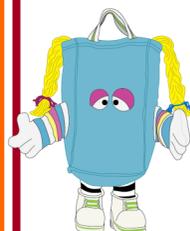
Kids' Creations



By

No Creations

Hidey's Hidden Scripture



“Why do you notice the little piece of dust in your brother's eye, but you don't notice the big piece of wood that is in your own eye?”

Mathew 7:3