



KidsLife

GOOD NEWS MONTHLY NEWS LETTER FOR KIDS

From Ms. Sheila

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

July Edition

BLOTCH

A Tale of Forgiveness and Grace The Pretenders

A few miles down the road, the rain had stopped, and Blotch's clothes began to dry. He was counting the stains on his arm when he came over the top of a hill. Down below, he saw a cheerful little place with several small houses and lots of people.

As he reached the village, he looked down the dirt road and saw stained people like himself. That made Blotch feel much more at home, but he also realized that he wouldn't find his answers here. It was obvious that no one in this village knew how to get rid of the stains.

As the sun began to sink behind the hills, Blotch decided this would be a good place to spend the night. "Excuse me sir," he said to one man. "I'm traveling from village to village on a search for answers. Do you know a place where I can stay tonight?"

"Well, of course, my little friend," said the kind man. "There's always room for one more around our campfire. You can join my family tonight." Blotch was relieved to find welcoming people, even if they did have as many stains as anyone he'd ever seen.

As Blotch walked with his new friend through the village, he saw a playground of stained children, a couple of smiling stained ladies putting out the laundry, and several stained men working in the streets. He arrived at his new friend's home just as the last of the sun disappeared behind the hills.

Blotch unrolled his sleeping bag next to a campfire. "Thank you for letting me stay with you," he told the man and his family. "You're the first friendly people I've met on my journey."

"We're glad you're here!" The man looked over the fire at Blotch. "I've lived here in Pretendtown my whole life. I always look forward to meeting strangers who are passing through. Tell me, my friend, what are you looking for on your journey?"

Blotch wanted to tell his new friends, but he wasn't so sure how they would respond. Would they make fun of him as his brothers had? Would they jerk away like the Hiders?

Still, Blotch knew he wouldn't find any answers if he didn't have the courage to ask. "I... I'm on a journey to see if anyone knows how to get rid of all our stains," he explained.

There was an awkward pause. Troubled faces looked back at him from all around the campfire.

"Uh, stains? What is a stain?" asked the young boy sitting by his father.

Blotch didn't know how to respond. Could his new friends really not see all their stains? Confused, he quickly turned his focus to finding a sandwich in his backpack while the campfire crackled through the silence. The taste of the sandwich made him a bit homesick.

The family talked late into the evening. Each time Blotch tried to turn the conversation back toward the stains, his friends changed the subject.

Finally, when Blotch asked, the man answered, "Well, I guess we can talk about stains, but I don't see why they are so interesting to you. When we get stains on our clothes, we just take them down to the river and wash them." The man never looked up from the fire, poking a stick at the flames as he spoke.

"No," Blotch began, "I'm not talking about stains on our clothes. I'm talking about these stains we have all over our bodies." As Blotch spoke, he waved his arms around in the light of the campfire to show his stains.

The sister, who looked to be about Blotch's age, giggled at the odd behavior. Her father cleared his throat. "Look, Blotch," he began, "I don't have any stains, and you don't have any stains. There's no such thing as stains."

Blotch was speechless. How could he see the spots so easily and his new friend not see a thing?

Blotch set his sandwich on top of his backpack, walked around the fire to the man and his daughter and sat between them. He rolled up his sleeve and started pointing at stain after stain.

"You see, right there. . .and there . . .and there. These are the stains I'm talking about. Can't you see them?" Blotch asked passionately. In fact, he was speaking so loudly that he was starting to draw attention from neighbors of the village.

That's when his friend finally looked him in the eye. "Keep your voice down, and listen to me Blotch." Slowly and clearly the man said, "There . . .are . .no . .stains."

Suddenly, Blotch understood. His friends knew there were stains. Everyone in this town knew there were stains. But they had all decided to pretend the stains weren't there.

Everyone in Pretendtown had just decided to ignore the stains. They didn't like them, they didn't want them, but they didn't know what to do with them. Instead of looking for a solution, they chose to pretend the problem didn't even exist.

Blotch finally fell asleep that night, sad for his new friends and the other people of Pretendtown.



I can't wait to see where Blotch's journey takes him!!!!

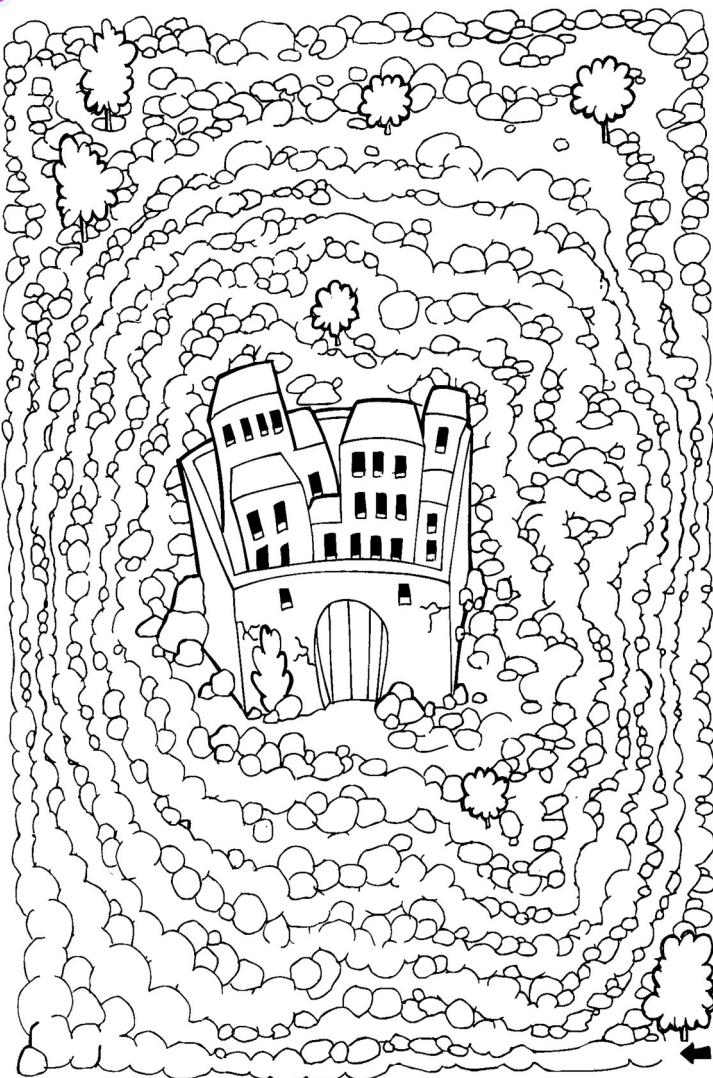
Miss Sheila



Happy Birthday To July Birthdays

Isaiah Englehardt, Maikel Pena, Daniel Riddle,
Luke Simmons, Ragan Simmons, Vada Thrasher,
Enzo Westbrook

Just For Fun



Joshua and the people marched around the city of Jericho seven times. Can you find the path around the city

Kids' Creations



By: Ragan
Simmons



Let's Laugh

Why did the bee go to the doctor?



A It had hives



Our Prayer

Dear God, Help me to always be willing to see what I have done wrong and ask You to forgive me. I Love You ! Amen



Hey Kids,

Thanks to the ones who have answered my questions. It makes me so happy! Fill in the blanks. Jesus replied, " _____ have dens and birds have _____, but the Son of Man has no place to lay his head: (Mathew 8:20)

Email your answer to me at:
children@gracelife.faith

Hidey's Hidden Scripture



⁹ Your love must be real.
Hate what is evil. Hold on to what is good.

Romans 12:9