A Message from Aunt Carole & Uncle Dan

Now that school is almost out, do you have great plans for the summer? If not, we don't want you to feel bored, so we have a suggestion: We know you'd love the Adventures in the Holy Bible, a free series of great stories, along with fun-to-do puzzles and quizzes. And you'll also get (absolutely free) audio stories from the Life of Jesus album. So check it out right here on our website. Click on Adventures, sign up and get started!
“Sarah! Sarah Harris—are you still down there?”

Sarah jumped when she heard Mrs. Shepherd call. She quickly shoved her book under a bag and grabbed a jar of peach preserves from the shelf.

“Have you been reading in the cellar again, Missy?” Mrs. Shepherd scowled down at Sarah as she climbed the dark steps.

“Just for a moment, Ma’am,” Sarah answered.

“Hrmph! Young Negro girls must learn housekeeping, not reading. Get on with your work.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Sarah answered, and as soon as she was out of the room, Sarah brushed tears from her eyes. No, I won’t cry, she thought as she hurried along. Once again her bold plan skittered across her mind as it had every day for weeks. I must speak with Miss Crandall, she thought. Connecticut is a free state, and I’m not a slave. I can’t be whipped for asking.

That same evening Sarah walked across the green to the Canterbury Academy for Young Ladies. She gazed at the beautiful white house behind the picket fence and almost lost her nerve.

Prudence Crandall came to the door and seemed surprised to see Sarah.

Are you here to visit Marcia?” Marcia, Miss Crandall’s maid, was engaged to Sarah’s brother.

“No, Ma’am, Miss Crandall, I want to get more learning—enough to teach colored children. If you will admit me to your school, I shall be under the greatest obligation to you.”

Miss Crandall studied Sarah with calm brown eyes. “Sarah, you know I am a Quaker, and I believe in equality for everyone. But you will need a special strength, as your presence here will be disturbing to the village. Do you have it?”

“Oh, yes, Ma’am.” Sarah’s heart beat rapidly as she looked up at the slender, upright woman.

“Then I will admit you to the school,” Miss Crandall concluded. “Bring your things and begin tomorrow morning.”

And so it was that in 1832 Sarah Harris became the first Black student in an all-White school in Canterbury, Connecticut.

Sarah was pleased that many of the girls in her classes had gone to the district public school with her when she was younger. They were kind to her and respected her eagerness to learn.

One evening Sarah was coming out of the living room when she glimpsed a neighbor in the hall with Miss Crandall.

“Your school will close, if you keep that girl,” the woman whispered loudly.

“Let it close, then, for I shall not turn her out!” Miss Crandall said firmly and shut the front door.

The next morning Marcia told Sarah that the grocer would not sell food to the school as long as she was there. Manure had been dumped into the well, so there was no drinking water.

Sarah’s heart sank as, one by one, parents withdrew their daughters from the school. Worst of all, she knew her presence was the cause of all the problems. She decided to leave.

When Miss Crandall found her, she almost had her bags packed. “I can’t be the cause of your ruin,” she blurted out.

Miss Crandall smiled. “I’m not ruined, and neither are you. We’re going to start a new school—one for young Negro women from all parts of the country.”

That spring young ladies from Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Providence came to study with Miss Crandall. Sarah walked the Black girls from the stage coach across the green to the school.

“You must be brave and ignore the insults,” Sarah advised as she walked the girls past the hoodlums.

Pardon Crandall, Miss Crandall’s father, brought food and water from his farm. Soon the school was full again with happy, busy girls.

The people of Canterbury were not
happy, though. They didn’t believe in slavery, but they didn’t want a school for Black students in their town.

One afternoon Sarah went outside to join her friends for a walk. A group of boys threw rocks, sticks and manure from the street. Sarah helped Miss Crandall see that her fellow-students were safely indoors again.

“If we can’t go outside, we must think of interesting things to do inside,” Sarah suggested.

The girls organized a gala and invited their friends and patrons. They called it a “Mental Feast.” The girls spent many happy hours practicing songs and dances.

On a summer afternoon when the scent of apple blossoms and purple lilacs was in the air, two officers came to arrest Miss Crandall.

“You have violated the state’s new Black Law. It reads that you must have local permission before you can accept Black students from out of state,” one of the officials said.

Miss Crandall spent the night in jail, but was back the next day to teach. She faced two trials before the case against her was thrown out.

Then on September 9, 1934, a church bell tolled midnight, and Sarah awoke to the sound of shouts and shattering glass, as clubs beat against the doors and windows. In the dark she could see a mob of men outdoors with iron bars and torches. They stopped when the screams from the girls upstairs became deafening.

The next morning Miss Crandall called the girls to her. “After last night, I can no longer guarantee your safety. I regret that I must close the school.”

She paused and looked at her students.

“I shall miss all of you.”

As the girls packed, Miss Crandall hugged Sarah. “We have not failed, Sarah. The citizens of Canterbury will be ashamed, and when they are, the Black Law will be repealed. So have courage. Some day many schools for Negroes will be opened. Some day all of this will change.”

Follow-up Note about A Special Strength:

Prudence Crandall’s words proved true. The law that was used against her was later quietly taken from the books.
Clubhouse Kids

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
By Anthony James Wood

Church bells ringing, Hymn singing, People cheering, These are the sounds of the king. Jail doors slamming, Crosses scorching, Houses exploding, These are the sounds of the king.

Prayers saying, Minds dreaming, Families loving, These are the sounds of the king. Shots firing, People screaming, Dreams executed, These are the sounds of the king.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
By Rachel M. Bowden
God is kind, God gives grace, But not one of us can see His face. God is love, And He loves you. These words are very true. God sent His Son, For you and me, So that with Him we could be.

Q: When is it bad luck to be followed by a black cat?
A: When you're a mouse.

Mr. Smith: If you don't tell me where the Rocky Mountains are, you are going to stay after school.
Richard: But Mr. Smith—I didn't take them!

BOB: I know the capital of North Carolina.
RAY: Really?
BOB: No, Raleigh!

Bear Necessity
By Lulie Liu
A kid without a teddy bear
Is like a wig without the hair, So-Mommy, please... (I'm on my knees) GIMME A TEDDY BEAR!

Q: Five cats were sitting on a wall. One jumped off and none were there. Why?
A: The rest were copy catters.
Bible Snapshots

Illustrated by Deborah Weber
Based on God Cares by Doris Burdick

Joseph was taken to Egypt after his evil brothers sold him to traveling Ishmaelites as a slave. In Egypt he was sold to Potiphar, captain of the guard in Pharaoh’s court. Joseph served Potiphar well and faithfully.

God blessed Joseph, and Potiphar trusted him, making him overseer of his home and all that he had. One time when Potiphar was gone, his wife flirted with Joseph and tried to get him to sin by being with her, but he refused.

When Potiphar returned, his wife lied and said that Joseph had attacked her. Potiphar had Joseph put into prison, but even there God honored him, and soon he became the trusted helper of the prison’s keeper.

Two prisoners had dreams, and because God was with Joseph, he was able to interpret them. Eventually, Joseph was brought out of prison to interpret Pharaoh’s dreams, and Pharaoh made Joseph Egypt’s governor.

Where to find the story: Genesis 39 & 40.

Puzzle Power

1. Find the following words from the story in the puzzle below by searching up, down, forward, backward and diagonally:

BEATEN
CAPTAIN
COURT
DEATH
DREAMS
EGYPT
EVIL
FLIRT
GOD
GONE
GOVERNOR
GUARD
HELPER
HONORED
ISHMAELITES
JOB
JOSEPH
KEEPER
LIED
OUT
OVERSEER
POTIPHAR
PRISON
SIN
SLAVE
SOLD
TIME
TRUSTED
WIFE

PRISON ETA EB GE
GODSMAER DGOUM
DNTB HONORED AI
LRS IN MEL FLIRT
BE CAPTA INS SDR
OVEK DH WEGYPTU
JOSEPH AD LT WGS
J GOEVI LRUI IOT
HELPCOURTNE
OSDEATH EPHRED
OVERSEE REVALS

2. There are 16 letters in the puzzle that you did not use. Circle those and place them on the lines below. If you start at the top and go across each line, writing the letters in the blanks below as you go, you’ll spell out a message.

___ ___ ______ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ______ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___.

Why do you think God did this?

(Solution on page 18)
Shelley’s Door

By Edith E. Cutting

Illustrated by Victoria Jensen

1. Shelley slammed the door behind her as she rushed in from school. “Did you make it?” called her mother from the kitchen. Shelley didn’t answer but just ran into her bedroom and slammed that door, too. She threw herself on the bed in a flood of tears.

At school she had kept smiling all the time while they were announcing the new cheerleaders, and she hadn’t even made the second team. All the other girls had been screaming and hugging each other and jumping up and down. Nobody paid any attention to her. When it was over, she had walked quickly to her locker as if she had something special to do.

And now she was home, with nothing to do. No cheerleading practice, no stopping afterwards for pizza, nothing to tell Dad at supper time.

Finally she sat up and scrubbed away the tear marks. She’d better wash her face and try to perk up. Just then her mother knocked at the door. “Shelley?”

“Yes,” Shelley answered. Her mother came in with a square of hot gingerbread on a paper napkin.

Shelley grinned and bit into the gingerbread. “How’d you know?” she asked.

“Oh, when you slammed the front door, I knew. The draft pulled the back door open again—your father still hasn’t fixed the latch. You know, Grandpa used to say, ‘One door doesn’t shut without another one opening,’ but I don’t think he meant our kitchen door.”

Mom smiled and perched on the blanket chest by the window. “Want to tell me about it?”

“Well, I didn’t even make the second team for cheerleading,” Shelley said. “I didn’t think I was that bad. I really have practiced a lot.”

Somehow it didn’t seem so bad now that she had said it. She hadn’t made the team. So what? Lots of girls hadn’t even tried.

Her mother smiled again. “Hurts, doesn’t it.”

Shelley nodded, then took a deep breath. “I guess I’ll survive, though. Want me to set the table for supper?”

“Yes, and we’d better hurry. Your father will be here any minute.”

2. “I’m sorry,” Mom said.

Shelley grinned and bit into the gingerbread. “How’d you know?” she asked.

“Oh, when you slammed the front door, I knew. The draft pulled the back door open again—your father still hasn’t fixed the latch. You know, Grandpa used to say, ‘One door doesn’t shut without another one opening,’ but I don’t think he meant our kitchen door.”

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“Yes, and we’d better hurry. Your father will be here any minute.”

3. Halfway through supper the phone rang. Her father answered, then handed it to Shelley. “This is Shelley,” she said, then listened. “Yes, I guess so. All right. I’ll be there by 6:30.”

She hung up and sat down at the table again. “Mrs. Johnson wants me to baby-sit tonight. Her husband’s away, and she got called back to work. Her stepson Jim usually baby-sits, but he’s got basketball practice tonight.”

She grinned at her father. “It’s a good thing. I probably couldn’t concentrate on homework tonight anyway.”

She finished her supper and went back to her room. When she came out she was carrying her gym bag. “I’m taking my old clown suit,” she said. “That will keep them entertained till bedtime. Bye, now.”

The Johnson house was only two blocks away. “It was good of you to come,” Mrs. Johnson greeted her. “I’ll be back right after nine. Be good now Amos and Beth.” A minute later she was gone.

“What’s in your gym bag?” asked Amos.

4. “It’s a surprise,” Shelley answered. “Climb up on the sofa. I’m going into the bathroom for two minutes, and when I come out, you won’t know me.”

“You can’t fool me,” said Amos. “Or me!” said Beth.

Soon Shelley called, “Ready or not, I’m coming out!” She ran into the living room and turned a cartwheel in front of them.

Amos laughed, but Beth just stared at the clown before them—bushy orange hair, red nose, big wide mouth. She cuddled closer to Amos, but he said, “It’s only Shelley, silly.”

The clown went prancing around the room, holding out his floppy pants. He stuck his thumbs in his ears and wiggled his fingers. “Wave to me Amos!” said the clown in a deep voice. “Wave to me Beth,” said the clown in a squeaky voice.

Then the clown turned a somersault. “Who else can be a clown and turn a somersault?”
“Me, me,” said Amos, as he slid off the sofa.
“Me, too,” said Beth, and over she went.
“Hurray for us three clowns,” said Shelley. “Now stand on one foot and clap your hands.”
Someone else clapped his hands behind her. Startled, she whirled around to see Jim, clapping and laughing.
“We’re clowns,” said Amos. “Come be a clown, too!”
Shelley could feel herself blushing under the makeup. How long had he been watching? “I thought you had basketball practice,” she said.
“We were supposed to,” he answered, lifting Amos to his shoulder, “but Coach is coming down with the flu, so he sent us home. Want me to show you a new trick?”
“Oh yes,” Beth giggled. “Show us!”
“OK,” he said. “Everybody sit flat on the floor, cross your legs and take hold of your toes.”
The clock was striking eight before Shelley remembered the children were supposed to be ready for bed in half an hour.

“Show’s over,” she called.
“All good clowns get into their pajamas. Then we’ll have snacks in the kitchen.”
In a few minutes they were all sitting around the kitchen table. Amos was talking to Jim, but Beth was just stuffing in the cereal. Suddenly Shelley felt very tired. She hoped the kids were, too. She would read them a story when they got into bed and that ought to finish settling them down.
Then she realized Jim was speaking to her, not Amos. “What did you say?” she asked.
“I said I didn’t know you were such a good clown. Why don’t you join the Clown Club?”
“I didn’t know there was one,” she answered.
“Sure there is,” he said. “We practice makeup and stunts and things. Saturday night we’re going to the children’s hospital to put on a show. Want to come?”

“Would it be all right?” she asked. “I mean, would the others care?”
“I’ll talk to the club members tomorrow,” he said.
Shelley jumped up. “I’d better get the kids to bed now,” she said.
“Right,” he agreed. “I’ll walk you home when Mom gets back, and we can talk about it.”

By the time she was halfway through the *Three Little Pigs*, Beth and Amos were both asleep. She sat there quietly, thinking about the day. At last she closed the book and turned out the light. As she pulled the door shut behind her, she heard the front door open and Mrs. Johnson come in.
Softly Shelley smiled to herself. What was it Mom had said about one door not shutting without another one opening? Clown Club really sounded like fun.

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**My Revenge**

*By Marilyn L. Brown*

The boys on my block tease me a lot. They chase and yell, They pull my braids, They block my path, Tease and laugh. Just once I want to give them all a punch—Instead, I got a hose And squirted the whole bunch!
No Easy Answers

By Kelly Hollman

Hi, I live in southern Florida and my name is Amanda Elizabeth Carlton. But I don't look like an Amanda. I've got long, thick bright red braids, green eyes and freckles. Everybody calls me Andi.

I love mysteries. Sherlock Holmes is my hero. My friend Jody loves mysteries, too, and that's how this whole thing got started.

Jody and I were helping out in my dad's grocery store for the summer. Dad was having a problem with a shoplifter, and it was getting so bad he was thinking about hiring someone to come and catch the thief. Jody and I decided to keep our eyes open. We could solve a real mystery and help Dad out, too!

For three days we worked and watched. Finally, on the fourth day, I was in the back, stacking returned bottles, when Jody, breathless and wide-eyed, burst in.

"I saw her," she panted. "I saw her as plain as can be, sticking things into that big bag!"

I jumped up. "Where?"

Jody pointed. Silently we came up on the corner and peeked around. Sure enough, there she was, picking up a jar of peanut butter and carefully dropping it into her big oversized purse. I couldn't believe it! Criminals were supposed to be big, evil-looking people, but this was somebody's grandmother. She was thin and bony-looking. Her short, gray hair fluffed around her face. Her eyes were set deep in her worn, lined face, and glasses perched on her nose. Although her clothes were clean, they were threadbare and patched. She was old and bent. I just didn't know what to do.

As I stood there in shock, she spotted us. She rush toward us and said, "Haven't you kids got anything better to do than spy on a poor little old lady?"

Just then Dad came over to see what the problem was. He looked at me first. "What's the matter, Andi?"

I just stood there with my mouth wide open like a codfish. "I'll tell you what's the matter," the old lady piped up. "These kids are spying on me, that's what. And if you don't intend to do something about it, I'll just take my business elsewhere."

And with that she spun around and stomped out of the store.

Dad looked at me for a long time. "You got something to tell me, Andi?" he asked.

I didn't know what to do. If I told him, that old lady might have to go to jail. If I didn't tell, she would probably keep on stealing from Dad. I didn't want that to happen.

"Well, Andi?" Dad asked again.

I didn't know what to do, so I just shook my head.

"OK, why don't you girls grab yourselves a soda and take the rest of the day off."

When we got outside, we sat down on the curb to sip and think. Suddenly Jody jumped up, pointing down the street. "Look, Andi, there she goes now!"

Sure enough, our little old lady came out of Hansen's drug store and started walking briskly away from us.

Then I had an idea. We could follow her home and talk to her—tell her if she would just quit shoplifting we wouldn't have to turn her in. "Come on, Jody," I said. "Let's follow her and see where she lives."

The old lady walked quickly. We followed her to the edge of town and then to the canal. There was a big chain-link fence along the canal to keep kids from swimming in it. And right up against the fence, hidden behind a big pink oleander bush, was the old lady's home—if you could call it that. She'd taken some boards and nailed them together. It was just three walls and a roof with some kind of sheet over the front as a door.

When she got up close to the shack, she started calling, "Timothy, Timothy, Mommy's brought you a nice treat."

Out from under the sheet, stretching and yawning, came a big gray cat. He was so thin you could see his ribs poking out through his fur. The old lady brought a package of lunch meat out of her big bag and began feeding it to him.

I'd never
faced poverty before. I mean, I’d seen starving kids on TV, but those places are so far away. This was right in my own town. It gave me a hollow, empty feeling inside.

In bed that night I looked through my window into the summer night sky with its jillions of twinkling stars. I had to make a decision, and I wanted it to be the right one. This problem was too big for me, Andi Carlton. So I prayed, “Dear God, You’re good at helping people out of tough situations. I’m sure in one right now. Please help me make the right decision. And please help that old lady and her cat. Amen.”

The next morning I caught Dad just as he was on his way to the store. “Dad, I need to talk to you,” I said.

He glanced at his watch. “It’s really important,” I added. “OK, Andi, let’s go into the living room.”

I told him the whole story. And by the time I finished, I was crying. Dad looked surprised, then he smiled, pulled me onto his lap and hugged me. “You were right to tell me, Andi. We’ll help her together.”

That morning Dad called Dad just as he was on his way to the store. “Dad, I need to talk to you,” I said.

He glanced at his watch. “It’s really important,” I added. “OK, Andi, let’s go into the living room.”

I told him the whole story. And by the time I finished, I was crying. Dad looked surprised, then he smiled, pulled me onto his lap and hugged me. “You were right to tell me, Andi. We’ll help her together.”

That morning Dad called some of the other merchants in town that he knew and told them what we wanted to do, asking them for donations. I got Jody over, and we gathered up two big sacks of food and other stuff.

As we walked across the field to the old lady’s shack, we could hear her singing. I didn’t want to startle her, so while we were still a little distance away, I called out. “Hello! Hello in there!”

Silence

“It’s Andi Carlton from Carlton’s grocery and my friend Jody. We’ve brought some things for you.”

Still silence.

“I could just leave them out here, if you want.”

She peeked around the edge of the sheet. “I didn’t order anything. I haven’t any money.”

“No, no,” I interrupted, “It’s a present.”

“Charity!” Her eyes narrowed. “I don’t want charity. I’ve made it all these years on my own. Never taken charity from anybody, and I don’t intend to start now! Just take your stuff right back where you got it from.”

“This isn’t charity,” I told her. “We want to be your friends.”


I thought for a minute and then answered. “We have a friend in Jesus. Because He loves us, we want to be your friend.”

There was silence again while she seemed to be thinking this over. Finally, she pushed back the sheet and stepped out. She eyed Jody and me while she cautiously looked into the boxes we had brought. First she just picked through a few things, then she began hungrily digging. She seemed to have forgotten about us.

Then, at the very bottom of one of the boxes, she came to the little New Testament I had added as my gift. She pulled it out slowly, carefully rubbing it in her hands. She opened the cover and read what I had written, “For my friend, because God loves you and so do I. Amanda.”

I don’t know why I signed it Amanda—it just felt right. When she looked up at me she had tears in her eyes. “I thought you said your name was Andi.”

I kicked the dirt. “Well, my real name is Amanda.”

She gave me a little smile. “I like Amanda. It fits you.”

Jody and I began taking stuff out to her every week. And when we started looking around, we found out there were lots of people in our town who needed a little help now and then.

We started collecting donations every week from the merchants. And we put big barrels at all of the churches to collect things in. Dad helped us set up two big food drives a year. The whole town pitched in.

We got so busy we needed some place to store the stuff and someone to organize it. It was decided to move our little old lady—her name is Mrs. Bigelow—into a house and put her in charge. She had a room filled with things she organizes and packs into boxes for us to deliver.

Mrs. Bigelow is comfortable and happy—and she has gained weight. She says we saved her—and she apologized lots of times for taking the things she did. She said she knew it was wrong, but she didn’t know what to do.

Timothy is as fat and lazy as a cat can be. Everything worked out fine. It just goes to show what a big God can do through people—even kids like us!
Jr. Detective

Solution: Clue 3 tells you that Casey’s hobby is drawing. Clue 2 tells you that Bruce doesn’t collect stamps—and he’s not the one who draws (since that is Casey), which means that he’s the horn player. That also means that Zach is the only one left to be the stamp collector. Clue 1 tells you that the stamp collector (Zach) is the one who rides the bus, since he doesn’t like to walk and doesn’t own a bike. Clue 4 tells you that the horn player (Bruce) never rides, so he must walk. That leaves Casey as the one who rides his bike.

Bruce—plays horn—walks
Casey—draws—rides bike
Zach—collects stamps—rides bus

Q: What time is it when 10 dogs are chasing 1 cat?

A: Ten after one (1:10)

Puzzle Power

1. PRISONETAEBGE
   GODSMAERDGOUIM
   DNTBHONOREDAI
   LRSINMELFLIRT
   BECPTAINSSDR
   OVEKDHWEGYPTU
   JOSEPHADLTWGS
   JGOEVILRUIIOT
   HELPERCOURTNE
   OSDEATEHPEHED
   OVSEEREVALS

2. GOD BLESSED JOSEPH.

God blessed and honored Joseph, because Joseph always stayed true to God, no matter what happened to him. Even as a slave or a prisoner, Joseph worshipped God.

A tip on how to handle it when somebody pressures you to do something you know is wrong...