

# Story Time With Aunt Martha

by Aunt Martha

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*Aunt Martha's sermon emphasizes the importance of trust, obedience, and kindness towards others, using stories to illustrate these values.*

**Duration:** 55:18

**Scripture:** Matthew 25:34, Matthew 25:37-40

**Topics:** "Family Values", "Christian Living"

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## Description

I apologize, but I am unable to watch videos or access specific content. However, if you provide me with a transcript or text from the video, I would be more than happy to help summarize it for you.

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## Transcript

Hello, this is Brother Denny. Welcome to Charity Ministries. Our desire is that your life would be blessed and changed by this message.

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These messages are offered to all without charge by the freewill offerings of God's people. A special thank you to all who support this ministry. Hello, boys and girls.

This is Aunt Martha, and I have more stories for you. On tapes 1 through 6, there were Maddie stories. Here is the very last Maddie story, and the title is, The Completed Family.

Donald played happily with his new blocks, making a garage for the trucks Daddy bought him. When he came to live with Maddie, Mother, and Daddy, he didn't bring toys. He had only two storybooks Maddie read over and over to him.

She loved Donald. Maddie shared her Viewmasters with the three-year-old boy. He squealed with delight at the pictures.

This was favorite time with Maddie, and it made them feel close as special big sister and little brother. Now it was winter. The cold wind whistled around the windows.

Maddie loved to come in after walking home from school to stand on the big floor register in the living room, above the coal furnace in the basement. Some evenings, Mother brought her mending and sat near enough to put her feet on the register. Maddie sat on a nearby stool.

She pulled up her little chair near for Donald. It was just the right size for him. Maddie liked to think about her chair.

This little chair was Auntie's gift to Maddie when she was two years old. That was in Canada before her Papa died. Maddie was four when he went to live with Jesus in the Promised Land.

After that, she moved with her Mama, two brothers and two sisters to Maryland, to Grandpa Martin's. She brought along her little chair. When she and all her brothers and sisters were separated to the homes of different relatives, Maddie lived with the aunties.

Her little chair sat right by her bed. Just before her eighth birthday in August, Maddie spent two weeks with cousins Emma and Paul. Cousin Emma sewed school dresses for her so she would be ready for third grade.

The day she was eight, Cousin Emma took her to the nearby train station. Maddie rode the twenty miles on the train all by herself to the aunties. What a surprise she found at aunties! Brother Oscar Burkholder, the preacher who loved her and her family in Canada, he was there! Mama was there and all her brothers and sisters were there.

Oh, what a special day to be eight years old! But it was also a sad day. She heard that day she must go to Cousin Emma's to live for always. Her little chair came along when she moved to her new home and she learned to be happy in her new home.

She loved the four years they lived on the farm. She loved the fishpond there. Even the day it rained mud still excited her when she thought about it.

Now she was thirteen. They had moved back into town. Donald had come from the children's home to live with them in the summer.

That's when she started calling the cousins mother and daddy. Donald was no longer named Wayne. It was hard for him a day or so but finally he forgot that name and knew he was Donald in his new home.

But now in these cold evenings he enjoyed sitting by the register on Maddie's little chair. December 28th was a cold winter Sunday. Mother had fixed a good dinner after they came home from church.

While Maddie washed the dishes mother came by her side. Maddie. Daddy and I are going away for a while.

We don't want you to use the phone or go to the neighbors. Just stay here and take care of Donald. I've put him down for his nap now.

Maddie gasped. You want me to take care of Donald all by myself? Never had she been allowed to be alone very long with him. Well when will you be home? Maddie asked.

She was troubled. It will be several hours. We can't be sure.

We must go now. Daddy was calling her as he went out the door. Maddie was puzzled.

This never happened to her before. Where were they going? Mother and daddy didn't realize how important it is to try to prepare children ahead of time for changes. They did not prepare Maddie for that very important day.

With the dishes finished Maddie found her library book. She loved to read. Soon she was caught up in the story.

Two hours later Donald began to stir upstairs. Maddie hurried up to him. Donald.

Mother and daddy went away. We're going to have a good time here all by ourselves. I'll read your story books.

Okay Maddie. Donald willingly took her hand. Maddie read one book and then the other.

Now what can we do? Do you want to look at my View Master Reel? Uh-huh Maddie. I like your pictures. I want to push the slide on the View Master.

Together they looked at zoo animals. Then they saw mountain pictures. But the ones of the trains Donald liked best.

Even though he was only three he loved those View Master Reels. But Maddie became uneasy. It's getting cold in here Donald.

What can we do? I can't put coal on the furnace. I'm scared. Donald looked up puzzled.

Maddie I'm scared too. His little lip began to quiver. Oh now Maddie realized she needed to be brave.

She must not make Donald upset. Donald let's put on our sweaters. She helped Donald into his brown sweater and put on her own blue one.

Maddie tried to think what she could do. It was getting colder in the house and it was supper time. Donald let's have peanut butter and honey sandwiches.

Then we'll have canned peaches. By that time daddy and mother should be home. But after supper was finished Maddie looked out the window.

I don't see any car yet. Oh where are daddy and mother? It's dark out. Wondered Maddie to herself.

Donald let's get the big story book. I can tell you about the pictures. I'm cold Maddie.

Donald fussed. I'll go get us each a quilt to wrap in. We can sit together on the couch and keep warm.

Soon with the quilt wrapped all around Donald Maddie put one over her lap and feet. Donald enjoyed her Bible stories as he looked at the pictures. But Maddie was so worried.

Little prayers went up to Jesus over and over. Jesus where are daddy and mother? Why did they go away like this? Maddie saw lights in Uncle Clarence's windows next door. She could call them on the phone.

But no she had to obey mother. She must not call anyone. The evening was so long.

And the house was so cold. Maddie got out the view master wheels again. It really was Donald's bedtime. But she didn't want to be downstairs all alone. Donald was warm now and seemed happy. But Maddie was not happy.

She was cold and scared. Very scared and a bit angry. Why had daddy and mother forsaken them like this? Oh I hear a car Donald.

Oh I think they are here. She rushed to the door. Yes there they were.

But who was with them? Mother was carrying a little girl. Maddie flung open the door as mother hurried in from the cold. She stood the little girl down.

This is Dorcas K. Maddie. Oh it's so cold in here. The furnace must be out.

Where is Donald? Oh there you are all wrapped in that quilt. This is your new sister Donald. Dorcas K. is our little girl now.

Now our family is completed. Maddie was shocked. They had gone for this little girl.

They had not told her. Maddie's scared and angry feelings got all mixed up as she blurted out. You can take her back.

Just take her back. Now now Maddie. You will be like a big sister to Dorcas K. And Donald will have a real sister.

Maddie looked at Dorcas K. with her blonde curls. She really was cute. Mother noticed Dorcas K.'s running nose and gently wiped it with her hanky.

Mama home? Questioned the little girl who did not appear alarmed at her new surrounding. Yes mother replied giving her a loving hug. You are home.

Maddie's disturbing anger faded as Dorcas K. smiled at her so innocently. Her trusting blue eyes surprised Maddie. How could this two year old accept these strangers so calmly? Trickle of love began to warm Maddie's heart.

She was sorry to have been angry. She would trust God to help her be as the big sister to both Donald and Dorcas K. Yes. Dorcas K. would be one of their family.

Now they were a completed family. Trust and obey. For there's no other way.

To be happy in Jesus. But to trust and obey. Trust and obey.

For there's no other way. To be happy in Jesus. But to trust and obey.

This is another story for you. And it is written by Louise Eby. I'm reading it with her permission.

The title is Helping Each Other Obey. Lester's father had died. So his mother worked at a nursing home to earn money to buy the things they needed.

When she was at work, Lester stayed at Brother Clyde's house. Lester liked to play with Anthony who was six years old. Let's go see Mother Hen, said Lester one day.

Yes, let's, Anthony agreed. The boys ran to the chicken house. Mother Hen was sitting on her eggs.

She had been sitting on them for a long time. What do I hear? Anthony cocked his head. Scratch, scratch, scratch.

Do you think it's one of the chicks? Lester asked eagerly. The boys waited for a while. The scratching continued.

Let's go play in our straw house in the hay mow, Anthony suggested. We can come back later. The boys had fun in the hay mow.

They crawled through the tunnels Anthony's father had helped them make. A while later, Anthony said, let's go check the chick. The boys ran to the chicken house.

Oh, look, Anthony exclaimed. The egg has a big hole in it. It will hatch soon.

The boys stood and watched. After a while, the shell broke open and a wet little chick wiggled out. Lester touched the chick.

I wish I could hold it, he said. Then Lester reached out and picked up the little yellow chick. Anthony watched him but did not say anything.

Later that day, Anthony's father came to the boys who were swinging in the yard. Did you see that Mother Hen's chicks are hatching, he asked. Yes, we watched one this morning, Anthony answered.

You didn't hold it, did you, father asked. I didn't, but Lester did, Anthony answered. Lester looked down at the ground.

Come with me, boys, said father. I want to show you something. The boys followed Anthony's father to the chicken house.

There beside Mother Hen lay a dead chick. I believe this is the first chick that hatched, said Mother. We told you boys not to hold the chicks until I say you may.

Did you remember that? Lester nodded silently. I don't know if the chick died because you held it, Lester, or if it would have died anyway, but you were disobedient. I will need to punish you.

Anthony's father took Lester's hand and led him to the feed room. After Lester's punishment, they went back to Anthony. Anthony, his father began, you did not touch the baby chick, but you saw Lester disobeying.

You should have come and told Mother or me about it. We don't want you boys to become tattletales, but if one of you does something that is disobedient or dangerous, the other one should come and tell Mother or me. The Bible tells us that if someone tells us to do something wrong, we shall not do it.

We should not help him keep his wrongdoing a secret either. The person who does wrong needs to be punished. If you keep it a secret when someone else disobeys, you are just as wrong as the one who has disobeyed.

You are helping the other person to disobey. Do you understand? Both boys nodded soberly. You may go now, said Father.

The boys ran off to the swings again. The next day, Lester and Anthony were playing in the sandbox. Anthony looked at Bessie the cow.

She was lying contentedly in the pasture. I'm going to sit on Bessie's back, he announced. Lester watched soberly as Anthony climbed over the fence.

Your father told us to stay out of the pasture, he reminded. Anthony climbed up on Bessie's back. This is fun, he called.

Come on over, Lester. But Lester did not come. He hurried to the house.

What's wrong? Anthony's mother asked when she saw Lester's troubled face. Anthony is sitting on Bessie, Lester said. Sitting on Bessie? She hurried to the door.

By that time, Anthony was coming across the yard. Come here, Anthony, his mother said firmly. Lester said you were sitting on Bessie's back.

Is that right? Anthony nodded soberly. You know father told you to stay out of the pasture, mother said. Suppose Bessie would have stood up with you on her back.

You could have fallen off and gotten hurt. Anthony hung his head. Anthony's mother led him to another room.

Lester knew Anthony would be punished for disobeying. When they came back, Anthony's mother said, Lester, I am glad you came and told me what Anthony was doing. We want you boys to help each other be obedient.

Lester was glad he had done what was right. Together, he and Anthony ran out to play again. My lord knows the way through the wilderness.

All I have to do is to follow. My lord knows the way through the wilderness. All I have to do is to follow.

Strength for today is mine all the way. And all I need for tomorrow. My lord knows the way through the wilderness.

All I have to do is to follow. This next story is based on a true experience of my grandmother Bauman. And the title is, Another Way to Worship.

Lydia was busy getting everyone ready for church. Her oldest daughter Mary was such a help to her since Silas the father had died. Little Salome and James were not yet old enough for school.

But the bigger boys kept the farm going. Very important to Lydia was the need to have everyone at church every Sunday. And the large family was there on time too.

Isaiah had the family surrey ready. Some of the boys would go in another buggy. Lydia glanced out the window.

Oh, who is coming? Around the hay barn came a bedraggled group. It looked like a father and mother, some older and younger children. They must be Russian immigrants.

Oh, the poor people. Did they sleep in our barn last night? She flung open the door and called loudly in German. Come, come.

Then she turned to her children who were watching curiously. Isaiah, load up the surrey and all of you go to church. I will be worshipping here as I help these dear people.

Her children hurried out the door before their visitors reached the yard gate. The strangers appeared uncertain as they watched Lydia's children loading for church. They could see Lydia was not going.

Come, come, Lydia used her German, thinking it may be more familiar than English. Silently and soberly the group entered Lydia's open door. As they walked past she smelled their unwashed bodies and clothes.

They stood around in her kitchen wondering what would come next. Lydia got out her big corn mush kettle and prepared to cook some for the poor people. She kept up a pleasant flow of German as she put more wood on the smoldering fire in the cook stove.

She motioned for them to find seats. It was late fall and the air was chilly. In the warm kitchen they began taking off their outer wraps.

Lydia was amazed at the layers of coats and shawls they had been wearing. The bundles they had carried had been dropped out on the porch. She realized they had been trying to wear as much as possible to free their hands from their big bundles.

She put out the wash basin and soap and towel hoping they could appreciate clean hands. The woman took over supervising everyone and soon all were somewhat refreshed. Lydia had changed the basin water several times.

As the mush cooked Lydia set out a jar of morning's milk and some mugs. Motioning for the mother of the group to pour for each one some milk. The younger ones looked longingly.

Lydia urged them to all drink now and to refill the mugs. Her big table was ample for the group that now filled the long bench and chairs. Lydia stood at one end and folded her hands for prayer.

Everyone in the group did that too. In a strong voice she praised God in German. thanking him for these people who he led to her door.

They were precious in his sight. She asked his blessing upon the food and upon the future days of these needy ones. As she closed with Amen the group chorused their own Amen's.

Lydia ladled out hot mush into bowls that were passed to each. The spoon holder in the center of the table was passed too. A platter of cold summer sausage was passed with bread and butter.

The eager way everyone ate indicated they had been very hungry. All this time they had only muttered among themselves. Now more smiles were showing.

The mother had tears on her cheeks as she saw those smiles of her own children. In a language much like German she uttered a heartfelt thank you. And what Lydia thought may have been God bless you.

When all platters were empty and bowls pushed back. Lydia again stood with her hands folded for prayer. Each followed her example.

Lydia's tears flowed as she again praised the Lord for helping her share. Her own limited food with these in need. While the group had been eating.

She had filled the wash boiler and the kettles with water from the buckets. Her sons had earlier filled for the day's use. Her mind was working.

Which of her children's clothes could fit each of these who so much needed clean clothes. She indicated she would return and left the kitchen. When she returned with a huge pile of clean underwear and outer clothes.

She found the table cleared and the dishes washed. She was amazed at their change of countenance. Which was now cheery.

She pulled out a wash tub and pointed to the kitchen door that led to the wash house. Ready hands helped her. She made piles of men and boys clean clothes.

Towels and soap out there in the wash house. The older boys quickly followed her direction to carry hot water too. She motioned for the men and boys to go.

Bathe and put on clean clothes. Then she shut the door. In the warm kitchen she put out the foot tub and basin.

And followed the same procedure for the mother and girls. She then went into the parlor to give them privacy. Lydia picked up the big Bible from the parlor stand.

She looked for the verses in Matthew 25. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand. Come ye blessed of my father.

Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was in hunger and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink.

I was a stranger and ye took me in. Naked and ye clothed me. Then shall the righteous answer him saying.

Lord when saw we thee in hunger and fed thee. Or thirsty and gave thee drink. When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in.

Or naked and clothed thee. And the king shall answer and say unto them. Verily I say unto you.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren. Ye have done it unto me. Lydia thanked God quietly in her heart for giving her this opportunity.

She didn't know what lay ahead for these dear ones. Where would they go? What would they do? Already she had given them food meant for her own family. Clothes of their own.

But what she was doing was right. God would take care of the rest. Just now she worshipped her God who planned it all.

Be you to others kind and true. And always unto others do. As you'd have others do to you.

Be you to others kind and true. And always unto others do. As you'd have others do to you.

This next story is titled. A hard lesson to learn. Jane and her mother were visiting at the neighboring farm.

Nine year old Jane enjoyed chatting with Edna. I'll show you our new puppies. Edna invited her and her mother out to the barn.

There in the unused calf pen were six roly-poly puppies with their mother. Oh they are so cute. I wish I could have one.

Jane exclaimed. Well we do need homes for them soon. Edna informed her.

Oh mother do you think I could have a puppy? Please. It didn't take mother long to be persuaded. Yes Jane I think you may have a puppy.

I'm pretty sure daddy will like one. Edna asked. Which one will you choose? That black one and the one with the white ears are spoken for.

Oh I love that white one with brown spots. Do you like that one mother? Yes I do. He reminds me of one that we had at our home years ago we called Lindy.

Jane was excited. We'll call this one Lindy too. When can we take Lindy home? Well they'll be ready to go about two weeks.

Edna told her. It was a very happy Jane who told daddy all about their visit and the possibility of getting Lindy. I'm glad you want Lindy.

But remember Uncle Ken owns this farm. We're living here in his tenant house working for him. He may not approve of a dog running loose.

I'll talk to him about it though. This sobered Jane a bit but she felt Uncle Ken wouldn't mind. Two weeks later Jane and mother brought Lindy home.

He was so cute. Daddy often joined her in the evening to watch the playful puppy. He fixed an unused chicken coop and put wire around it for a home for Lindy.

Uncle Ken came over to see the new puppy. I tolerate dogs as they do well. But sometimes they can be a real nuisance.

Jane you must keep after him. He had better be on a chain most of the time. I won't have him chasing cows or messing with my prized chickens.

Uncle Ken sounded gruff. That was a happy summer as Jane and Lindy became real pals. When Jane was free from chores she and Lindy scouted over the farm hills.

Oh what fun it was to teach Lindy to play catch with a stick. But Lindy did have a mind of his own and Jane had a hard time making him obey sometimes. School started so Jane was away during the day and Lindy was on his chain.

Then when Jane was free in the evenings she let Lindy run. How he scampered around enjoying his freedom. Daddy made a warm dog house which was Lindy's home now.

There was a strong bolt where his chain was fastened. Daddy helped some with training Lindy and that was working much better. At times Daddy let Lindy off his chain while Jane was at school.

And he stayed near their place. Soon it was summer again and Jane was glad to be out of school. She was kept busy helping mother with her garden and other work.

Lindy was loose most of the time now. One weekend in July Daddy and mother planned to take Jane to grandmother's. Since there were special church services they left early Saturday and planned to come back late Sunday.

Several pans of water were put out for Lindy as well as food. He would be on his chain so he would be okay. Everyone was in a rush Saturday morning getting last minute things done.

Soon they were off on their trip. Jane wondered, Daddy did you put Lindy on his chain? No I thought you did. Oh I'm sorry but he'll probably be alright.

Late Sunday night the first thing Jane did when they got home was to call for Lindy. But no Lindy came. They had to get to bed but Jane prayed for Lindy to come home.

In the morning there still was no Lindy. Daddy went over to the farm to work. I'll see if I can find Lindy.

But Daddy came home saying sadly, I didn't see Lindy. Jane spent days calling and looking for Lindy but no dog came. At times she cried.

Daddy and mother were very quiet about Lindy. They did feel sad to see Jane be so upset. Daddy told her one evening, Jane some things in life are very sad and hard to take.

You are experiencing this now. You must learn to accept disappointments. Ask Jesus to help you be brave.

Mother needed Jane's help to get ready for the family gathering. The lawn was Jane's project and she trimmed everything neatly. Weeding all the flower beds.

She helped mother have the house and garden looking neat. Uncles and aunts with cousins had a great time together. A group of the older boys asked to hike to the woods at the back of the farm.

It was towards evening when everyone was getting ready to go home that cousin Larry came close to Jane. On our walk this afternoon we saw your dog. You did? Jane was jubilant.

Yes, but he was dead with a bullet hole in his head. He was with the pile of junk at the sink hole. Oh no, no, no shouted Jane as she ran to daddy.

Daddy was saying goodbye to the families and was talking. Jane forgot the family rule not to interrupt. Oh daddy, Larry saw Lindy.

He's dead because someone shot him. Jane screamed. Daddy took her by her arm firmly.

Be quiet this instant, Jane. We'll talk later. Jane ran crying to her bedroom.

After everyone had gone home, daddy and mother came to Jane's room. She was still sobbing. Mother sat close to her on the edge of the bed.

Jane? Daddy and I have something to talk about. Will you sit up and listen? Daddy said slowly. Jane, we have wronged you by not telling you Uncle Ken shot Lindy.

That weekend we were away. Lindy had been caught once before pestering his prized chickens and Uncle Ken chased him off. He had warned you that that could not happen.

Do you remember? Jane nodded. But why did he shoot Lindy? We could have kept him chained all the time if we had known. Well, the weekend we were away, Lindy chased one of the hens into a corner and killed her.

This upset Uncle Ken so badly he got his gun and killed Lindy. Then he took the body to the sinkhole. He told me about it when we returned.

He expected me to tell you. Daddy was speaking very softly now. Now hesitantly he confessed, I told you only a part truth.

I came home and said I had not seen Lindy. But Jane, I knew Uncle Ken had shot Lindy. It hurt me so much to see you suffer your loss.

I felt I couldn't make you more sad. I'm so sorry about all this. Mother was rubbing Jane's back.

Now she added, When Daddy and I were children, In our homes, children were not given many explanations about life's trials. We were taught to not show our feelings. I see we were doing the same way to you and we are sorry.

All these weeks we have discussed what and when to tell you about Lindy. Now you found out in a very cruel way. We were wrong to not have told you right away.

I see now it was like living a lie before you. It must hurt your trust in us. We told you to be brave and ask Jesus to help.

At the same time we were not doing God's will as your parents. We have sinned. Daddy was on his knees now by Jane.

In Proverbs we learn that lying lips are abomination to the Lord. But they that deal truly are his delight. Jane, I was living a lie and I was not delighting the Lord.

Will you forgive me? Jane slid off the bed and knelt by Daddy. Oh, I will forgive you Daddy. Then Mother joined them by the bed as Daddy said, I want to pray for God's forgiveness too.

I want our hearts to bring delight to God and to each other. I would be brave for there is much to dare. I would be brave for there is much to dare.

The title of this story is The Smallest Leak. Choring took longer that morning, so Ivan needed to rush through breakfast to be ready for the school van. Oh, I've left my notebook in my room exclaimed Ivan.

Father was coming down the hall. I'll get it for you. As he picked up the needed notebook, Father saw a colored page protruding from the edge.

He flipped open the cover to see what it was. How his heart sank as he saw it was an ungodly magazine. Hurry Father, I see the van coming! Ivan shouted.

Removing the magazine and flipping it into an open doorway, Father hurriedly brought the desired notebook to Ivan who then raced out the door to meet the school van. That morning Father and Mother spent a long time praying for wisdom to know how to handle the problem of Ivan having the ungodly magazine which greatly troubled them. Mother was busy in the kitchen when a quiet Ivan came in from school.

He quickly ran to his room to change his clothes for evening chores. Where's Roy's magazine? I wonder if Father found it. Oh, I hope not, but it isn't here.

All day this had been his worry. He had hoped it was still there on his desk. Father needs you to help him just now.

Well, he's been working on that water tank for the cattle, informed Mother. She gave her son several cookies. Our supper might be late so this will help you to wait.

Ivan hurried out to the barn munching the cookies. What if Father saw that magazine? I didn't find it in my room and no one else had my notebook but Father. Oh, why did I ever listen to Roy when he slipped it into my notebook so his folks wouldn't find out about it? He said his neighbor Jack had given it to him.

Oh, how can I face Father? Ivan fretted. Hi, son. I can really use your help.

I've just mixed this sealer for the inside of this water tank. I need you to spread it evenly at this end while I do the other. We need to be very careful to work it over every bit of the surface thoroughly so it won't leak.

It will set up fast so we need to work quickly, Father explained as he handed Ivan a trowel. As they both worked swiftly, Father said between grunts, Work on it, son. Smooth it out.

Get all the air bubbles out. Cover all the surface. Don't miss even one little place.

This is to hold water. Together they worked diligently with the sealer. Father finished his end and came to examine Ivan's work.

The sealer had set up and could no longer be spread. It appears you did well with your end, Ivan, Father commended. We must wait several hours before testing it with water.

So now we'll do our chores and then before we go to bed we'll fill the tank. Ivan's work with the tank helped him think of other things, but while he was milking he suddenly thought, Oh, I forgot about that magazine. Father hasn't said anything, but he surely knows about it.

No one else had my notebook. Ivan worried again. Mother's good supper was eaten later than usual.

They discussed a letter that had come from Grandma that day. Grandma grieves over Uncle Robert's careless living, Mother said. He has no time for church and goes out with ungodly friends.

She wonders why he has no interest in spiritual things. It is really sad for her since Grandpa has died and Uncle Robert still lives with her working the farm. Well, it probably started in little ways while he was young, Father added.

Fred, on the next farm, always wanted to include Robert in his activities. Grandpa felt a bit sorry for Robert, I think, because he had no church friends living close. He gave in and let him go some with Fred.

As the boys got older, Grandpa saw his mistake, but he was too weak and ill to enforce any separation between them. I'm sorry about my youngest brother and his sinful living. We must pray more than ever for his salvation.

Father's voice was sad. Thank you, Mother, for that good supper. Ivan, let's help put supper away.

Then Mother can come with us when we put water in the tank. Well, that was wonderful help, Mother expressed as the last dish was put away. Now I want to see your tank project.

Together they walked out to the water tank. Fresh water rushed in as Father turned on the spigot. This tank would be valuable in caring for the young stock.

Father was relieved to see how well it held water. It was a tired family that gathered for evening worship and prayers. Ivan felt Father was especially thoughtful as he read Psalm 40.

I'm so glad God lifted me from the pit of sin and set my feet on the solid rock, Father quietly reflected. And now let us pray. Ivan wished he could feel as peaceful inside as Mother and Father seemed to.

He said good night and went to his room. I know I have sinned, but what do I do? God, please forgive me. Help me in all of this, he prayed in a very general way.

Morning came too soon. Ivan had not slept well, so he was still tired as he dressed for chores. He felt grumpy as he plodded out to the barn.

Before going into the milking parlor, he went by the tank. It was nearly empty. Father, what happened to the water in the new tank, questioned Ivan.

There must be a very small leak. I was surprised too. There are no puddles, so it must be leaking very, very slowly and soaking into the ground, Father explained.

We'll have to get more sealer and cover it again. Even a very small leak spoils it. As they milked and worked together, Father was unusually quiet.

This was Saturday, and Ivan didn't have to hurry to get ready for school. As he was washing up from milking, Father came in. Ivan, that little leak spoiled that whole tank, didn't it? he commented.

It surely did, Ivan agreed. Do you think it leaked on the end? I did. I'm not sure, responded Father, because there seemed to be dampness all around.

We will just hope to get it all tight the next time. Father's face sobered as he changed the subject. Ivan, I found that ungodly magazine in your notebook.

Will you tell me how it got there? Suddenly, Ivan began to cry. Oh, Father, I have sinned. I didn't plan to do wrong.

But Roy slipped it into my notebook because he didn't want his parents to find out he had it. Jack had given it to him. I didn't know what to do.

I looked at it only a little, but now I feel so bad and dirty. Ivan sobbed. He was so relieved to have Father talk to him about it.

Gently, Father placed his arm around his penitent son. Even though you did not buy the magazine, you and Roy knew it was an ungodly one. You could have come right home and have given it to me to burn so that your minds would not have become soiled.

Now you feel guilty and dirty. He paused to look thoughtfully at Ivan. In a way, your looking briefly at that book was like creating a small crack where evil thoughts have entered your mind.

It's like the tank. A small crack caused the water to seep out slowly. A big crack we would have noticed right away.

You probably would have turned away from committing a big sin. But Satan caught you in a very small trap. It was enough to start some poison in your thinking.

What do you need to do now? With sobs choked back, Ivan confessed. I really need to be cleaned up. I need to pray for forgiveness so the Lord can wash me clean.

I tried to last night, but I don't think I meant it like I really want now to be washed clean. Together they knelt there in the barn. Ivan sobbed.

Oh God, I'm so sorry I looked at that magazine. I should have given it to Father right away. I've been so miserable.

My mind feels dirty. Wash me and forgive me and make me clean. Father prayed, thank you Lord for hearing and answering Ivan's prayer.

Help me to be a faithful father so I can help him keep his mind pure. We thank you for cleaning us up every time we confess our sins. In Jesus name, Amen.

He gave Ivan a big hug as they stood up. Soberly they walked in for breakfast. Father quietly requested, son always come to me when you have problems.

I want to help you. I think it was things like this that started Uncle Robert on the downward way. I'm so glad that together with the Lord's help we can work at helping you keep your heart clean.

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin. Each victory will help you, some other to win. Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue.

Look ever to Jesus, he will carry you through. Ask the Savior to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you. He is willing to aid you, he will carry you through.

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain. God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earnest, kind hearted and true.

Look ever to Jesus, he will carry you through. Ask the Savior to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you. He is willing to aid you, he will carry you through.

We will complete this tape with music. God is great, God is good, God is merciful unto all who will call on his name. Yesterday and today and forevermore he abides and is always the same.

God is great, God is good, God is merciful, and he seeks for the soul on a stake. God is great, God is good, God is merciful, and he seeks from his throne day by day. He is seeking to bless every soul through

his song through his lullaby every night.

God is great, God is good, God is merciful, with the arms of his love open wide. He would save all the lost by his grace divine. He is tender in mercy and love.

By the death of his Son on the cruel cross, there is pardon and peace from above. God is great, God is good, God is merciful, and he seeks for the soul on a stake. God is great, God is good, God is merciful, and he seeks from his throne day by day.

He is seeking to bless every soul through his song through his lullaby every night. God is great, God is good, God is merciful, with the arms of his love open wide. Christ abides day by day as a shepherd true, and he seeks for the sheep gone astray.

Turn to him weary one while he's calling you, and rejoice as you walk in his way. God is great, God is good, God is merciful, and he seeks for the soul gone astray. God is great, God is good, God is merciful, and he seeks from his throne day by day.

He is seeking to bless every soul through his song through his lullaby every night. God is great, God is good, God is merciful, with the arms of his love open wide. Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe are his gentle friends, There by his love forsaken, sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark, here's the voice of angels, born in a song to me. Over the fields of glory, over the Jasper sea, Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on his gentle breast, There by his love forsaken, sweetly my soul shall rest. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me.

Firm on the cross of ages, ever my trust shall be. Here let me wait with patience, wait till the night is o'er. Wait till I see the morning break on the golden shore.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on his gentle breast, There by his love forsaken, sweetly my soul shall rest.

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