

# Mission Mag

MARCH/APRIL 2011

Spring has sprung!



## 2011 National Bible Bee

I have been privileged to be in The National Bible Bee for the past two years. The Bible Bee is much like a Spelling Bee, yet you memorize Bible Verses and answer questions about the Bible instead of memorizing how to spell words.

Using the same part of your brain to do this, it is a lot better for you since these verses will stick with you through your hardest and happiest times.

Divided into three age groups, the Bible Bee is easier for the younger, and harder for the older.

For the National Track that qualifies you to go to Nationals in Nashville, TN: The Primary age group is for seven to ten year olds, and they will have 250 verses to memorize over the summer. The Junior age group is for 11-14 year olds, and they will have 500 verses to memorize. The Senior age group is for 15-18 year olds, and they have 800 verses to memorize.

If this seems too hard for you, there is a Timothy Track. It is a lot easier, but does not qualify you for Nationals. Primary will have 50 verses to memorize, Junior has 100, and Senior has 150.

On the local contest day, participants will be quizzed with up to 25 verses and 1 hour of a written test. The top five scores from the Oral and Written Tests combined determine which "National Track" contestants qualify to move forward to the Local Final Challenge Round, an onstage, single-elimination Bible memory contest. This exciting event determines the Local Contest winners, provides an amazing opportunity to proclaim God's Word publicly, and gives any National Qualifiers a chance to recite onstage in preparation for Nationals.

The top 100 scorers in each age group throughout the United States will be qualified for Nationals. Although I have never been, a couple of my friends have, and I have seen it live on the Bible Bee website. It is amazing to see kids (who most people have low expectations for) recite 20 verse passages one after the other.

The Bible Bee has really blessed my life. I have grown so much doing it, and I hope you consider doing it too. Registration opens April 1, and it is \$30 per person. My church (Faith Bible Church) is hosting a local bee, and you are invited to attend. You can find more info on the Bible Bee website.

~Sarah N, Editor

# Meet Our Readers

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Hey MM members! My name is Alyssa F. I am kind of a new reader to Mission Mag. I am a friend of Sarah and many of you are too. One major thing about me is that I LOVE Jesus. He is my Savior and my life. Without Him, I would not be the same! One thing I like to do is to take dance. I have been taking dance classes since I was in kindergarten. Another thing about me is that I love to go on my favorite website, wonderzone.com, where I am a member of the Bible Reading Club. I also love to read and write. My favorite book of all time is the Bible. I also like the Nancy Drew series. Lastly, I am so honored to read one of the best newsletters in the world! Thanks for listening!

## A Poem About Me called "My Savior"

Hi, my name is Alyssa, And I love to do many things, Like dance and read and write, And I cannot forget sing.

One major thing about me, In fact, very important, I should say, That Jesus is my Savior, He is helping us to this day

For Jesus died on the cross, Yes, a perfect man, He saved us from our sins, A man like Him can!

So thank Jesus for what He did, In every prayer you pray, And regret the sins you have done, For you will be saved!

Love, Alyssa F.

## Taco Soup sent in by Talia D.

### What you need:

1 lb. ground beef  
1/2 cup chopped onions  
28-oz. can whole tomatoes w/juice  
14-oz. can kidney beans w/juice  
8-oz. can tomato sauce  
1 pkg. dry taco seasoning  
1-2 cups water  
1 cup grated cheddar cheese  
tortilla chips  
salt & pepper to taste

### Instructions:

Brown beef and onions in skillet. Drain. Combine all ingredients in slow cooker (except cheese & chips). Cover. Cook on low in Crock pot 4-6 hrs. Ladle into bowls. Top w/cheese and serve w/chips.



# Alyssa F's Tongue Twisters

Try saying each of these 5 times fast!

1. Mission Mag made major money making many meatballs.
2. Larry Lance likes lemon lollipops, just like Lara Lens.
3. Jenny Jack jiggled jello while jiggling Japanese jigs.
4. Wally Walrus wondered why walrus whistling was weird.
5. Six sharks swam sharply, seeing shellfish swim.
6. Aaron ate apples and added apricots while answering Amy.

## Puzzle written by Kara L.

I sat in my bedroom reading a book, while downstairs Mom was making supper and Dad was having a cup of coffee in the kitchen. My two sisters, Tracy and Amy, were seated on the living room floor playing the game "Sorry."

I have always lived on a farm just 6 miles from town in a two-story farmhouse that is white with black shutters. After a hard day of farm work the house felt warm and cozy.

My aunt, uncle, and cousin Rachel would be coming soon for Sunday dinner. I could not wait to show Rachel the new foal that had been born. Well, the foal had been here 3 months, but it would be new for Rachel. She had not seen the foal yet. Rachel is the same age as me, 12, and we are the best of friends.

At 4:00 pm I decided to go outside. I pulled on my jacket and tucked my hair under my baseball cap.

"Are you going outside Amanda?" Tracy asked when she saw me zipping up my jacket.

"Yea, I am Tracy," I replied. "I won't be long."

"Okay." Tracy went back to playing the game with Amy.

I opened the door and walked out to the barn. I liked our barn and all the wonderful animals. I even had my own

horse, "Mint." I pushed the barn door open, and walked in. The fresh smell of hay always seemed to bring me comfort.

The horses in their stalls nickered as they saw me. Walking over to Mint's stall, I noticed the foal by her side, asleep.

"How ya doing girl?" She nickered and I could feel her breath tickle my neck.

I gave Mint a carrot, and put fresh hay and oats in her trough. As I sat on a stool next to her stall, I thought about the time Rachel and I had went to summer camp together and swam in the lake. I had a lot of fun that summer. Sitting there lost in my thoughts, the honk of a horn suddenly sounded in our driveway. Almost tripping over my untied shoelace, I ran outside to see that Rachel, apparently as thrilled as I was, had already jumped out of her family's Dodge van. Excitedly we gave each other a big bear hug!

"Hey cuz," Rachel said.

"Hi yourself," I said. "Come and see the foal!" She nodded, and the two of us started racing toward the barn.

"Hold on you two," Uncle Richard called. "Let's have dinner first before you see the foal."

We skidded to a stop. "Oh, O.K., Dad. I'm hungry anyway," replied Rachel.

After a tasty supper Rachel asked her dad if she could go with me and see the foal.

"Sure." Uncle Richard smiled. "But come in when it starts getting dark." We both nodded and hurriedly zipped up our jackets.

The cool breeze gave me a chill when we stepped outside, and the crunching of leaves could be heard under our feet as we made our way to the barn. The sun had not started to set so we knew we had a little while before going back inside.

I opened the barn door and led Rachel over to Mint's stall where we found her asleep with her foal curled up by her side.

"She is so cute," breathed Rachel in a whisper. "I wish I lived on a farm." I nodded, but did not say anything, because I did not want to wake the horses.

After a time the sky began to have a red-orange glow and we knew it was time to head back to the house.

Closing the heavy barn door behind us, I suddenly had a thought, "Hey Rachel, do you want to spend the night here at my house? You can ride on the bus with me to school tomorrow!"

"O.K., I'll go ask Dad and Mom!" Rachel ran ahead of me climbing the porch steps two at a time. She flung

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open the screen door and I bounded in right behind her. Everyone was sitting in the living room talking and laughing when we walked in.

"Can I spend the night with Amanda, Dad?" asked Rachel, interrupting everyone's conversation. Uncle Richard hesitated for a moment and then he looked over at Aunt Sarah.

"Oh I guess you could," Uncle Richard held back a smile, "but make sure you come straight home after school."

"We are going to have so much fun!" I exclaimed.

The next morning Rachel and I decided to go feed Mint and her foal before breakfast. We got dressed and hurriedly walked out to the barn.

Walking inside I noticed that Mint's stall door was open. As I peered in, my tummy did a little flip. Mint and her foal were gone! Questions filled my mind. Had Dad taken them out to pasture already? Did someone forget to close the stall door?

"Mom!" I cried, running into the house. "Mint is gone and so is her foal. Where did she go?" Mom, looking worried, answered, "I don't know how she could have gotten out. I'll go talk to your dad about it. Right now you and Rachel need to get ready for school or you'll be late. I'm sure by the time you get home, Mint will be back."

But Mint was not in her stall when I got home from school. I searched the barn for clues, thinking maybe I could find something.

I must not have closed the door. After a few minutes of looking around the barn, I decided to search for her myself. This had to be my fault.

Mom was in the kitchen knitting a scarf when I walked in. "Mom, can I go look for Mint and her baby? I feel like it's my fault that she got out."

Mom looked at me sadly. "It was not your fault, honey. Mint is always finding ways out of her stall somehow. You can go look for her, but be back in time for dinner."

I ran outside to saddle up one of our other horses. I chose Strawberry, a

good, gentle horse. Not as good as Mint though. I rode around our property calling out her name, but nothing. After an hour of searching through a few wooded areas and meadows, a whining came from a clump of bushes. I rode Strawberry over to where the whining was coming from and to my relief, it was Mint. But, where was her foal? Why had Mint let her wonder off like that? I got off my horse and took the lead rope that I had brought along with me and started walking slowly over to Mint.

"Hello girl," I said softly. "Where have you been that you got so dirty?" I gently put on the lead rope and led her over to Strawberry. I tied Mint's lead rope to Strawberry's saddle horn and got onto Strawberry. At a gentle trot we headed on home, but I still puzzled over Mint's lost foal.

Nearing the house, I shouted, "Dad, I found Mint!" Dad came hurrying out of the house and gave one look at Mint. "This is not Mint. See the white spots on her left hind leg Amanda?" I nodded, embarrassed that I had been so silly not to have seen them.

"I don't know whose horse it could be, but I'll go ahead and put her in the barn for now. Why don't you get the newspaper and see if there is any notices on lost horses," Dad suggested.

I ran into the house, got the Sunday paper from the kitchen table, and scanned the pages. I had almost given up hope when a something caught my eye on the last page.

In black letters it read: **MISSING** - a horse from Clarksburg, WV. Black with white spots on the left hind leg. Answers to the name "Indigo." If seen, call **(555) 841-2382**.

I ran to the barn, newspaper in hand. "Dad," I called. "I found the owner!"

Dad looked up from Strawberry's stall where he was putting in fresh hay. Taking the newspaper, he read the notice.

"Looks like the one," he said.

After dialing the number and talking to a Mr. Kelly, Dad looked at me, "It is the one. It seems Mr. Kelly's horse has been gone for a week and he found Mint and her foal! Mr. Kelly thought Mint was his horse when he found her, just like you

thought his horse was yours."

"Wow! When can we go get Mint?" I asked.

"How about now?" Dad grinned.

We loaded Indigo into our horse trailer and were soon on our way.

Although we didn't know quite where we were going, it only took 15 minutes to get to Mr. Kelly's house. As soon as we pulled into the driveway, a smiling man, dressed in jeans and a red flannel shirt, came out of the barn. I jumped out of the truck and followed Dad to greet Mr. Kelly. He gave us a hearty handshake along with a warm smile.

While Dad and Mr. Kelly were talking, I unloaded Indigo from the trailer and handed the lead rope to Mr. Kelly. "Thanks so much for bringing Indigo home," Mr. Kelly responded.

"Now let's go get your horses."

When Mint caught sight of me she nickered softly. I was so happy to see her too that I wrapped my arms around her neck in a big hug.

"Hi girl," I said. "I missed you." Her foal pushed her head against me, obviously wanting some attention too. I gently rubbed her soft neck.

As we led Mint and her foal into our trailer, a thought came to me, "I think I know what to name Mint's foal."

Dad smiled and waited for me to continue.

"What about 'Puzzle'?"

"Well that sounds like it rightly fits," Mr. Kelly replied.

Dad grinned, "I believe you connected the last piece to our puzzle!"

I smiled back, as Dad and I got into the truck. Riding home I couldn't help but think what a great day this had turned out to be.



## Book Review of *The Duck That Wasn't Really A Duck* by Kara Siert

From the back cover: Henry's unhappy life changes for the worse when his dog Rex kills a duckling. In his attempt to hide the evidence, Henry tumbles into the river hitting his head and losing consciousness. After Henry wakes up, he discovers he has a new identity - that of a duck. A mother duck named Gemma mistakes him for her missing chick, the chick Rex killed. When Henry insists he's actually a human, the ducks and swans decide he's insane. While battling the many dangers of being a tiny duckling and learning the value of family, Henry longs to be human again. Will he ever be able to go home or will he have to be feathered and "quacked up" forever?



"After her first book, *Tales Of Cunburra And Other Stories*, written when she was 9, Kara continued her writing career. She now has a second book out titled *The Duck That Wasn't Really A Duck*."

What people are saying about *The Duck That Wasn't Really A Duck*:

"When I read *The Duck that Wasn't Really a Duck* to my class, you could hear a pin drop - and not too many stories do that! Kara's ability to paint a picture for her readers, regardless whether they are children or adults is amazing. Through her writing, you will get a glimpse as to who Kara is and her values. I hope you will enjoy Kara's work as much as we have."

-Mrs. Preciado-Bell, Fourth Grade teacher

"I really like the book, *The Duck that Wasn't Really a Duck*. I think the book is really interesting because the class read the first page and we were hooked in that quick and not a lot of books that I read do that. I also like the way you used intelligent words and I was thinking in my head what they meant."

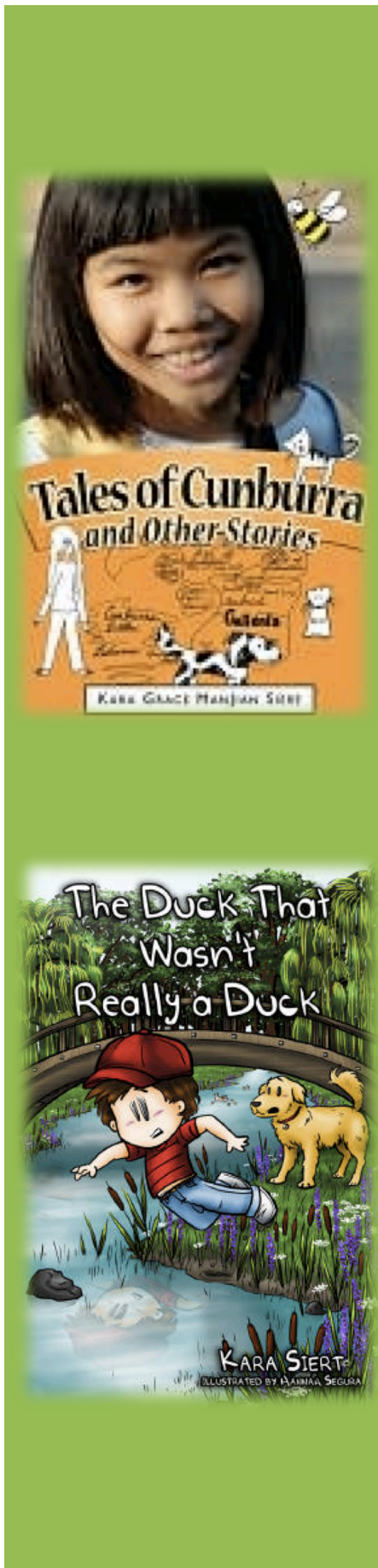
-Larry

"Thank you for coming to our classroom! I enjoyed your visit a lot. I just finished reading *Tales of Cunburra and Other Stories*. It was one of the best books I ever read! My teacher read your book, *The Duck that Wasn't Really a Duck*, to us and it was really good. I want to be a writer."

-Ciara

"I loved your book, *The Duck that Wasn't Really a Duck*, so much, and so did my teacher! Ms. Preciado says she is truly inspired by your work. I am too. I hope you write tons of books."

-Crew





## Lybecker, CryOut, and Set Apart in Concert!

Come out and support Talia D's band, CryOut on April 15th, 2011 at Hauser Community Church (69411 Wildwood Road, North Bend, OR 97459) from 7:00 to 9:00pm! Tickets are only \$5 at the door! [www.hauserchurch.org](http://www.hauserchurch.org).



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