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The Christian Kids Club

Happy Birthday
America!

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Happy Birthday America! To celebrate, send the number of flags you find in this newsletter to me at the address on this page.



Thank you to all

This is just a little note to say thank you to all who took time and effort to send me jokes, recipes, stories, and so on. We got a lot this month, so we are not able to put all of them in this month. They will be in next month. Even though we have too many this month does not mean that we do not need more. We could always use more, so keep them coming.

GymE, Keika, Val*H and Puddleglum, Thank you SO much! You guys are the 1st people to respond to my call for entries.

Thank you so much, Rusty for sending out my newsletter to all the Wonderzone kids. You are a blessing to me, and I know that you are blessing all the Wonderzone kids.

Just so that everyone knows who I am talking about by all these names such as GymE, Keika, Val*H, and Puddleglum, These are the AWESOME kids that do the Bible Reading Club with me on www.wonderzone.com.

Rusty is a "trail guide" on Wonderzone. She stays up late every night so that she can collect all our BRC (Bible Reading Club) messages, compile them, and send them all out to each one of us. I want to dedicate this newsletter to Rusty.

Also, I want to thank my parents. They have been so good to me and have encouraged me with this newsletter. THANK YOU SO MUCH!



Favorite Bible Verse

Do you have a favorite Bible verse? If

so, we would love to know what it is. If you want your verse to be in August's newsletter, then please send it to me ASAP. The Cut off is August 1st. After that, you can still send stuff to me, but it will be in the September newsletter.



Our Address



The Happy Girls Club

-Part One-(Contest winner #1)

~by Val*H~

Marie, Lucie, and Amanda were three totally different girls.

Marie's father had died and her mother was rich. Marie had a life of ease- her mom hired servants and she had a huge room. She had everything you could imagine. But it seemed like something was always missing in the 13 year olds life.

Lucie was 12 and lived with her mom and dad and five other siblings, plus a couple pets. She hated how her siblings always fought, and felt responsible for how they acted since she was the oldest. To make matters worse, her father was unemployed for the time, and different people in the town had been spreading rumors about them. When her family went to church or public gatherings – which was rarely now- they always heard people whispering about them.

Amanda was a foster child. She had traveled through about 3 different families and she felt like she was unwanted. Her heart became so hardened to life. Could anything change this 13 year olds life?

The girls belonged to three different groups in the world- each one would not have wanted to socialize with either of the other two. But something happened that drew them altogether.

Marie

"Mommm!" Marie whined. "Mom, I really need it!"

"You don't need it, Marie. You already have the green silk dress for summer parties,"

"But I wore that to your evening party in the spring! Everyone already saw

it! Besides, I spilled punch on it," Marie was actually lying. She hadn't spilled anything on the dress, though she had worn it to her mother's evening party earlier. She gently took the stylish light green dress off its hanger and held it up to her.

"Look how beautiful it is! It is so me!" Marie's mom sighed loudly. "Fine. But since you're getting a new dress, that means no purse from Carly Williams."

Carly Williams was an expensive company that sold handmade bags and purses. Marie knew all her friends would be jealous if she had a Carly William's bag. And a beaded brown purse would look sooo in with this new dress.

"Mommmmm, you promised!"

"Either the bag or the dress!" Snapped her mom.

Marie glared at her mom and pushed the dress into her mom's arms and stalked off. She cooled down while looking at some new designer jeans. Anyway, she knew she could still get her Carly Williams bag through the internet with her credit card. She knew her mom wouldn't care, even when the bill came.

Even though she was excited about her new bag and outfit, she felt a strange emptiness inside her. She didn't know what it was and she didn't like it.

Lucie

"Shut up!" Lucie snapped at her brother Jordan. "Quit picking on Garrett! Pick on someone your own size!"

Jordan was only 11 months younger than Lucie, but even so he was taller. "Like you?" He teased, knowing it would make Lucie even angrier if he teased her.

Lucie glared at him, then turned on her heel and walked away, holding Garret by the hand. She blinked back tears as she hurried towards the porch.

She sat on the steps and gave Garrett a hug. He was her little sweetie. Maybe that was why she got mad when Jordan or Benjamin teased him. She closed her eyes and imagined she was a princess in a beautiful dress.

Lucie had five younger siblings. Jordan had just turned 12, and took great delight in teasing her about the fact that they were the same age. Lucie took no mind, however, because in one month she would be turning 13. Next came Natalie, who was 10, and Alisa, who was 8. Then came Benjamin, who was 5, and little Garret, who was only 3.

Lucie was interrupted from her day dream by a run-down red truck pulling into the yard. She sighed in relief. It

was her parents, and she didn't have to babysit anymore.

"Did you get the job, mom?" She asked. Her parents had gone to town for a job interview for her mom. She half-hoped that her mom hadn't had gotten the job, because that would mean she wouldn't see her very much, and she already didn't see her mom very much on her current job.

Her mom's face was radiant. "Not only did I get the job, Honey, but I can now quit my other job because this pays more, and I won't have time for the other job." She paused, and Lucie's dad took up the tale. "While she was going over her job with her boss, I talked to her boss' husband. It seems that he's a pastor who needs someone to work in the church yard. He hired me, and-

Laughing, Lucie's mom continued the story, "You see, my Boss says you can do some little jobs for some cash. It won't be much, but you can drive in with me on some days and help clean up merchandise, and stuff like that."

Lucie was amazed. Three people had gotten a job in one day!

Amanda

"Amanda, would you mind helping Mom in the kitchen?"

Amanda's foster parents' daughter, Jamie, asked. "I've gotta run. I forgot about Volley Ball practice this afternoon."

Amanda sullenly nodded. "Whatever."

"Thanks!" Jamie dashed a quick smile, and hurried out the front door when a car honked from outside.

Amanda knew Jamie was just trying to be friends, but she didn't feel anymore friendly to Jamie than she did to her parents. Anna Ferris and George Ferris were OK, but she didn't like how they were so... religious. Well, she thought, what do you expect of a preacher family? Mr. Ferris was a preacher in a small church.

As she walked to the kitchen to help Anna, she thought more about the family's strange ways. They seemed like any ordinary family- even exceptionally nice and not afraid to admit their mistakes- but she couldn't get the religion part. Maybe they were scared that they couldn't go to Heaven so they got into religion. But if there was a God, she was sure they wouldn't need to be into religion to get into Heaven. They were already great and almost perfect. She was sure God would have no problem letting them in, even if George hadn't been a preacher and the family hadn't gone to

church. Which was more than she could say about herself. She was an awful person- she knew that herself. For a second, she wished she been born to the Ferris' so she could have grown up like them. Then maybe she'd have a chance to... but she silently reminded herself that she didn't even believe in God. For a second, a twinge of fear sprung up inside her. *I wonder where I'll go when I die*, She thought. But her mind sternly contradicted herself. *Remember, it's silly to believe in God*. She reminded herself. *Mr. Stone told us in science that religion is a crutch to real people, anyway*.

Amanda put the thoughts behind her as she helped Anna prepare sandwiches and a apple salad. Then she, Anna, and George sat down for a simple dinner. Jamie was going to eat after volley ball practice. Amanda said little at dinner, because she was still confused about life and death. She noticed that Anna and George cast a few concerned looks this way, but she ignored them and picked at her dinner. Finally Anna and George gave up on carrying a conversation.

...to be continued



Recipes

Goat Milk Trout - Sent in by Puddleglum (Contest winner #1)

What you will need:

- fresh trout (or frozen trout that has been defrosted)
- *about 1 c. goat milk (fresh if you have it)
- any spices you like adding to your fish
- a frying pan

What you will need to do:

1. Place the pan over the fire but not directly on it
2. While you wait for your pan to heat up

prepare your fish (gutting, washing ect...if you have fresh fish)

3. Place your fish in the pan along with the goat milk and spices
4. wait for it to cook and then enjoy!!!

***1 c. for every piece of fish Haley's Yummy Middle of the Night Snack** - Sent in by Val*H (Contest Winner #2)

This recipe isn't really for the middle of the night; it tastes good anytime

What you need:

- One Bagel or English muffin cut in half lengthwise.
- Two tablespoons of cream cheese
- Topping of your choice (See Below)

Toppings:

***Strawberry deluxe:** Four strawberries sliced into smaller pieces with powdered sugar and granola or chopped nuts sprinkled over it.

***Filling Breakfast:** 1/8 of your favorite Cereal, with blueberries and powdered sugar sprinkled over it.

***Cheesy Toast:** Two square cuts of cheese. Melt slightly over bagel or English muffin.

***Apple Pie:** Apple slices over brown sugar with powdered sugar sprinkled on top.

Instructions:

Toast bagel or English muffin and spread each half with cream cheese. Prepare topping, and sprinkle over both halves. Make a sandwich with both halves or eat separate.

Enjoy!



Jokes

From Johnny: (Contest winner #1)

Farmer Brown walked into Farmer Gray's barn. Drip. Drip. Water was coming down from the roof. "Why don't you fix that roof?" asked Farmer Brown. "It is raining," said Farmer Gray. "I don't want to get wet." The next day the sun came out. Farmer Brown went to see his friend again. "Why don't you fix that roof today?" he asked. "I don't have to," said Farmer Gray. "No Water is coming down into the barn today."

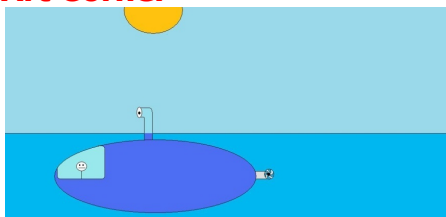
From GymE: (Contest winner #2)

Q. Where is baseball mentioned in the Bible?

A. In the Beginning! Big Inning! Haha!



Art Corner



"Submarine" by Johnny N.

Your Pictures could be in the Art Corner too! Just send in a copy of a drawing, copy of a painting, or something you made on the computer. Send it to the e-mail address or snail-mail address on page 2.



Job Troubles

~by Keika~ (Contest winner #2)

"I JUST can't understand it!" No, Mom, it's not that! Well, maybe it is. Why does it have to be her?"

I heard these words as I reclined in bed. I sat straight up. "Ouch!" I squealed, forgetting the low ceiling in the part of the room that I had placed my bed in.

The voice paused. "I thought I heard something, Mom." Then the person sighed. "OK, I won't. But you don't know how hard it is! She gets the good stuff. We have to work! She won't! She is rich! I wanted that room!"

The voice seemed to be coming from right outside my room. I got out of bed and crept towards the door. The voice was mumbling something unintelligible. It sounded like, "But I think I might if it gets hard!"

"OK. Bye, Mom. Love you too." The telephone receiver was hung up with a bang. Someone sighed. I opened my door in time to see someone tall and slim, with long, flowing hair, walk away. It had to be a girl. No boy anywhere would have about knee length hair and get away with it! Anyway, as far as I understood, this was an inn for girls only.

Oh, that's right! I should introduce myself. My name is Madelyn Brown. I am looking for a job here in Tennessee, far from my home in California and quite

a change, too. I am an only child, growing up spoiled and among friends and movie stars. I used to go to church, but being a rebellious child, I stopped at twelve. I wasn't a Christian. That all changed about three years ago, but that is a different story. Anyway, I have just graduated from college and am on my own. I want a job as a clerk at this really neat place here in Ricardo. So I am staying here at this temporary home 'For the Jobless' my landlady says. I actually got to pick my room and rearrange it! How cool is that? I got dressed nicely because today was the day of my job interview. I am rather rich, so everyone here treats me beautifully. I have the first interview today, and got to pick my room. Super! Then I went downstairs, rather nervous because I would be meeting people whom I would be living with for who knows how long. The first person I noticed was a girl sitting down. She was pretty, around my age, (they all were) and her chestnut hair was braided and coiled around her head. Her eyes, which were large and green, looked at me reproachfully, as though I had done something wrong. I felt rather uncomfortable.

All the people around the table (which were not many, about five) were all young ladies like I. The landlady was an older lady, with a cheerful, smiling face. She gave me the impression that she would leave us alone as long as we paid her monthly rent and did not do anything bad and came home every night no later than ten! But I found out that each girl had to work a little.

There were at least two girls whom I thought looked friendly. One had dark red hair and large, laughing, blue eyes.

The other was light blonde, with strange, beautiful eyes. They were brown, with greenish hazel just around the pupil. She was pale and wan, as though recovering from some long illness.

The last two looked like sisters. They were black-haired, with hazel eyes and perfectly red lips. Their complexions were perfect. Everything about them seemed perfect. They looked at me with contempt in their eyes, even though I smiled at each one personally. Only the blonde and auburn haired girls smiled back.

"My dear," Said Mrs. Richards, my landlady, "Meet your fellow boarders. "

The two black-haired girls were Susanne and Lucinda Von Hart.

The chestnut-haired was Virginia

Moore. She did not meet my gaze.

The auburn-haired girl did, however, and she smiled as she was introduced, Brianna Mason.

And the blonde was Sophia Anderson. She had suffered from typhoid, was just recovering, and was looking for a job. They all were.

I sat down between Virginia and Brianna. Virginia turned away.

I tried to make small talk with Virginia and Brianna and Sophia (since the others wouldn't talk to us) but Sophia was still quite weak and got tired, and Virginia simply wouldn't talk either, so it was just Brianna and I, with Mrs. Richards putting an occasional word in.

I learned a lot. Brianna's family was not rich. She had to go away and work. Right now, her family was living in the slums in one large city. But that was all she told me about herself. Later, she and Sophia told me about everyone but themselves.

Virginia was there because she and her mother were the last of her family and they were bad off. She was trying to get a job at the same place I was. I hoped it was not manager, like I was.

Susanne and Lucinda were there because they had been, like me, too spoiled, according to their aunt and uncle, whom they were spending their college years with, and had been sent off to get a job. Unlike me, they had to depend totally on themselves, and could not send home for money. They wanted to be models.

At nine o'clock, I left for my job interview. It was quite easy, actually, and the bosses were really nice. They said they would keep me in thought.

When I came out only Virginia was in the waiting room, along with the secretary. She ignored me. I wondered why, and how much she knew about me. And also whether she was applying for the same thing I was—manager.

Later, asking Sophia, she said, "Oh, no offense, but we know basically everything about you. As soon as she gets an application for a room here, Mrs. Richards looks up everyone to see what they do, and whether they have a bad reputation. You had a good one. I think she took me because she felt sorry for me. And we don't know what job she wants. She hasn't had an easy life and she's rather full of contempt. But at times she's sweet."

Brianna said the same ending with, "She only talks to Sophia, and rarely."

A couple days later, I should have got a letter saying whether I had got my job or not. It was Virginia's turn to bring in the

mail. She found one addressed to everyone—but me. I sat there, watching as the others read the mail. It would tell them whether they got the job or not. Sophia had got her job as a secretary, and Brianna had got hers as a fashion clerk. Susanne and Lucinda had not got theirs as models and they glowered at me as though it was my fault. Virginia had not got hers either. I kept questioning her on whether she was sure that there wasn't a letter for me. She said she was. It never came to me to doubt her word until a few days later.

I was wondering wistfully about my job, but went around doing my chores as usual. Mrs. Richards had said that I didn't have to but I didn't mind. It was my day for market duty.

I was returning home with my groceries when I met the owner of Greene's All Things, the huge department store I had applied for a job as manager for.

"Miss Browne!" He said, looking at me reproachfully.

"Hello, Mr. Greene!" I said. I was about to ask him whether I had a job or not, when he spoke.

"Why didn't you show up for work yesterday?" He asked.

I was stunned. "Excuse me?"

"We sent you a form that said your application had been accepted, and we said that in two days your work would begin!"

I gaped at him. "I—I!"

"You should have got it three days ago!" He continued.

Three days ago—Virginia's mail day!

I pulled myself together. "I never got such a thing!"

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I am considering giving your job to the other young lady: Miss Moore. We will let you know." He looked at me sadly, shook his head again, and walked off.

"Wait!" I called after him. "There must have been some mistake! I never got your letter!"

He said, "We will get back to you." And left.

I stalked home, handed the groceries to Mrs. Richards, and confronted Virginia.

"Do you know anything about my letter from Greene's All Things?" I asked icily. She shook her head. "Why is it you ask?"

That's what aggravated me about Virginia. She acted so superior. And she used only the most proper language. I took a deep breath, and counted to ten. I put on a fake

smile. "Because Mr. Greene met me in the market and said that I should have got the letter saying my job was accepted!" I tried not to cry. "But since I never got the letter (which by the way, came or should have come on your mail day!) I may lose my job!" I stared at her levelly. She met my gaze without flinching and walked away.

After I had told my story to Sophia and Brianna, who sympathized with me and agreed that it must be Virginia who had stolen my letter, we made plans to find it on the next cleaning day.

But that night, Virginia announced she might have gotten a job at Greene's All Things! Her gaze flickered to me ever so slightly, but I smiled and congratulated her just like everyone else. Lucinda and Susanne (who also used the most exact grammar) exchanged glances, then Susanne asked "And pray tell, what is this job you have obtained?"

Virginia stiffened. "That is my business. And I only said, 'I may have a job at Greene's All Things.'" She turned and walked out. Sophia, Brianna and I glanced at each other.

We paired up for the cleaning chores. Brianna quickly had said, "Oh, please, Mrs. R.! Let Sophia and Madelyn be with me!" So Mrs. R. let that be. Virginia had scowled deeply, as did Susanne and Lucinda. They obviously did not like each other.

The day after Virginia's announcement, it was my group's turn to clean the house. It generally was not a hard business. The other girls did not like it when it came to their room having to be cleaned by others, but Mrs. R's word was law.

We always cleaned Virginia's room last. It was a rather uncomfortable business. Virginia was usually there, frowning as we cleaned. But this time she was gone.

Cleaning off the desk, I gave a low gasp.

Sophia and Brianna rushed to my side. Brianna asked me "Are you choking?"

And Sophia asked, "Madelyn, is there a spider?" She knew that I could not abide spiders! Slowly I held up what I had found. And they gasped too. *IT WAS MY LETTER FROM GREENE'S ALL THINGS.* When Virginia returned and we had finished cleaning, we confronted her at the dinner table.

"Virginia!" Said Brianna. She looked up, as though bored. "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!" thundered Brianna, holding up the letter.

Virginia turned pale, and we got the story. Here it is, without Mrs. R's exclamations, Susanne and Lucinda's scornful sniffs, Sophia's sad sighing, Brianna's angry humph, and my questions.

"My family has never been well off, but we have had money. We have always paid our bills and we are really honest. I was not an only child. I have a little sister, Annette. But last winter, my father died. And Annette disappeared, two days later. She was only thirteen. So now, it's just my mother and me.

We found out that my father had mortgaged the house, just to buy our stove. We thought he had saved up enough money, but no! He knew we needed that stove. But he never told my mother. So now, we need to pay off the house, along with all our other bills. And to make matters worse, not that we weren't happy, Annette turned up. We found her on our doorstep, starved and delirious. She had pneumonia. So, we need to pay off the doctor's bills too! It was just too much. I had to go find work. My mother sent me off here, to Mrs. Richards. And I heard of a really good paying job." (Here, she glanced at me.) "Manager of Greene's All Things. Yes, Madelyn, that's the job that you got. But I needed that job. Worse of all, I found out that a rich girl was coming here to get that job. So, I called my mom.



I barely had enough money to do that, but I told her everything. She told me not to do anything bad, but I couldn't help it. I—I stole that letter. I have seen letters like that. They went to Brianna and Sophia. On the back they say, 'You have got this job.' Or something like that. And I got one from the same place saying I didn't have it. So, I took your letter. I knew that we were the only ones applying for that job. And that if you didn't turn up for work, than I would get it. So that's what I did. Please, Madelyn. Forgive me!"

I hesitated. I didn't want to. I was on my own, and I did need that money, because I wouldn't get my inheritance for another couple of years. But something that I had learned when I was just a child came into my mind. It was something about—God? My mother had said, one day when I was being picked on, "Madi, Jesus forgave us. We should forgive our enemies."

It had been such a long time since I had been

to church. I had decided to stop going when I was twelve. I was bored with the sermons. But maybe I should go back.

"Yes," I said, "I'll forgive you."

And that Sunday, I went to a church. To my surprise, Sophia went there!

And I had peace with God. I had always thought I was peaceful and I was content, but then I realized that I actually wasn't! Not until I accepted Jesus into my heart was I at peace.

As it turned out, I got my job. Virginia was offered a job at another link of Greene's All Things. It was called Greene's Things for You. She was manager there, too! Finally, Lucinda and Susanne got a job. They modeled at last. But I don't think they liked it. Seems like the clothes designers played tricks on them . . .

At last, Mrs. Richards' Inn for Jobless Girls was without the tension. Everyone was a friend with themselves, their fellow boarders—and God.

THE END

eat. That was the Jewish custom. Afterwards I went up to my bunk on the top of the roof and laid there looking at the beautiful stars. I was connecting them to make figures. I somehow made out a figure that looked awfully like Jesus healing the man. I was getting tired, so I decided to go to sleep. I didn't sleep well that night. I woke up early that morning. I was even awake before my parents. It was long before dawn. I was making my bed when it dawned on me. I knew how I could get my parents to let me follow Jesus! I would tell them before dinner tonight because that is the only time the whole family is together.

-to be continued



Our Goal

Our main goal is to offer a Christian newsletter that is for both boys and girls. My brother, Johnny was saying how I get all these newsletters that are just for Girls, and that it is no fair that He can't participate in them. My brother loves to write stories, so I told him that he could write stories for the newsletter. I decided to give writing a try, and I came up with the story "Philip's Adventure". I hope you liked the newsletter, and want me to continue sending it to you. I welcome all feedback so don't be shy. Let me know what you think. -Sarah, Editor

A Note From The Editor

Hello everyone! I trust that everyone is having an awesome summer so far. It is amazing that summer is almost over! I can't believe it. I am happy it is almost over though. Soon, it will be cooler and not as humid. I try to spend every minute I can in the A/C because it is

just too hot to go outside. I was just thinking how God created the world in 6 days. God created the Sun, Moon, and Stars on day 4 so that we would have seasons. I was just reading this morning in Genesis 8 and in verse 22 it says, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." It made me think about day 4 of the creation. In this verse God was actually talking to Noah and his family. Before that, He was telling Noah that He will never flood the earth again. I also like verse 22 because whenever I am talking to my friends, and they bring up global warming, I tell them I do not believe in global warming because God tells me that it won't happen. I also showed them this verse, and one of my friends told me, "yeah, I never thought of it like that. I guess you are right." That was so cool when she said that. I was so happy that God's Word made a difference in her life. I encourage you to also to use every opportunity that you have to tell your friends about the Bible. It has really made a difference in my life. I hope you all have the best rest of the summer you can have.

~The Editor~

TTFN!



Phillip's Adventure

Pt. 2

~By Sarah~

Hi everyone! Its Phillip here again. After being in the synagogue with my father, we went home to get some supper. My mom was preparing the table so we could eat. We went to wash up which was the Jewish custom. Before supper we talked about what had happened that day, and I told my mother about the man with the paralyzed hand, and how Jesus healed him. She said, "Why does this Jesus guy go around showing off his 'power' trying to make everyone follow him? He is just a wacko person doing miracles that he claims to be from God. Don't think of such things." Then my father interjected, "That's what I told him! I said it would be foolish to think that he is from Jehovah." They kept on talking, but I wasn't listening. I was in my own world thinking of how I could convince my parents to let me follow Jesus. When it was time for supper, my father and I separated from my mother and sister so that we could