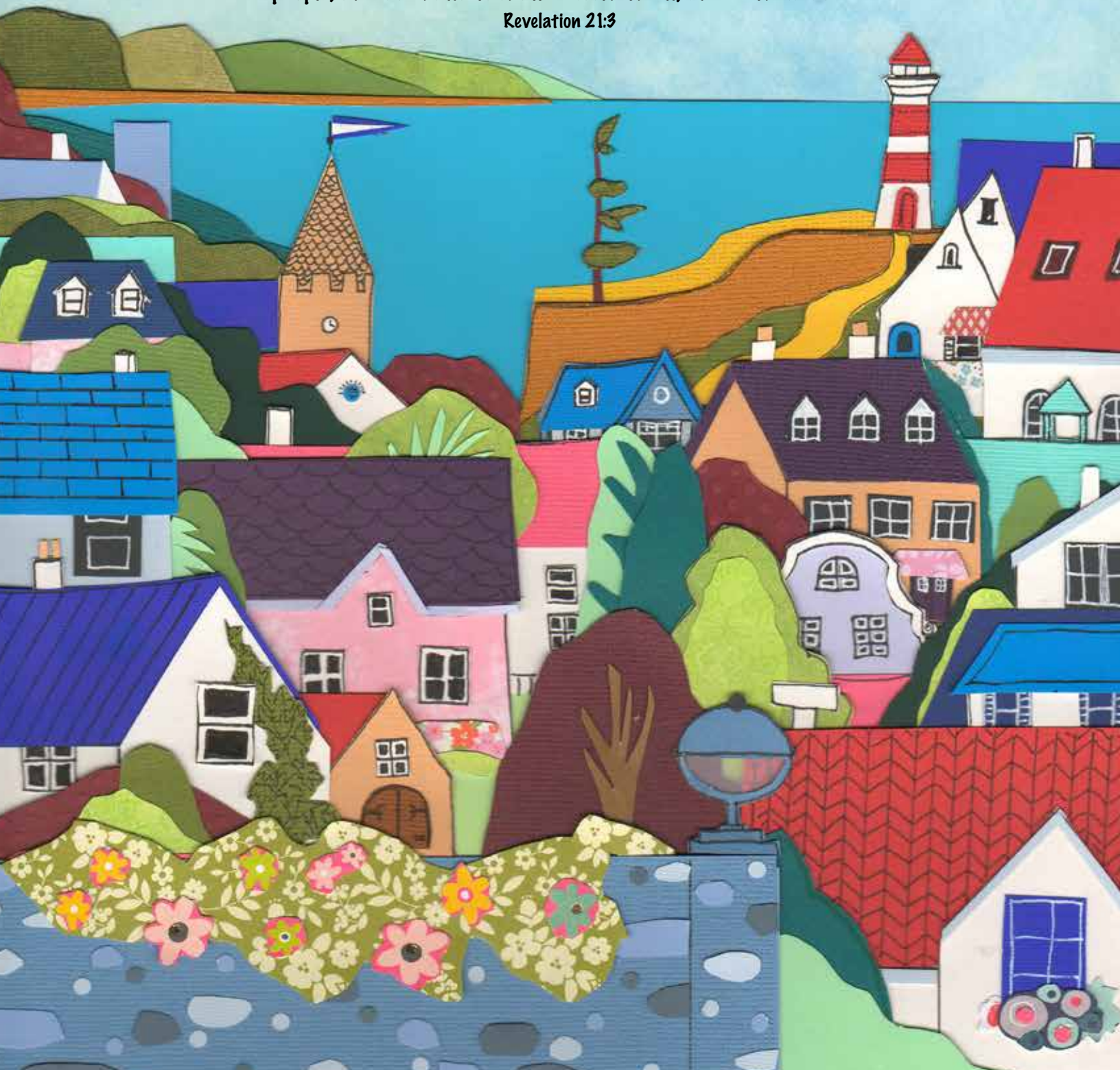


Open Windows

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

Revelation 21:3



From the Editor

Every spring is a reminder of God's promise to Noah: the seasons follow one after another. The grass is growing, flowers are blooming, and the farmers are busy in the fields. When we see the wonders of creation all around us it should make us think about God the Creator. He is here, taking care of all the plants and animals. Read more in this issue of *Open Windows* about Jehovah-Shammah: the LORD is there! Then, wait for the next season, summer, and the next issue about migration!

To subscribe email Janey at slingerland@telus.net

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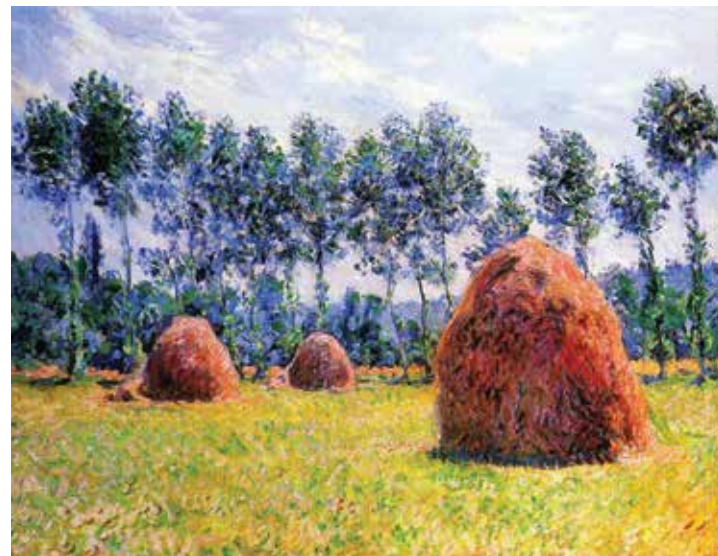
"...Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Malachi 3:10

We hope you enjoy this magazine and that it is a blessing! If you have any questions or comments, please contact

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Haystacks at Giverny by Claude Monet, 1884, oil on canvas

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Devotional

The City called 'The LORD is There'

Ezekiel wrote about a vision where the LORD took him to a high mountain that overlooked the land of Israel. As he stood there he saw a new city. In the very last verse of his book, Ezekiel writes, "The name of the city from that day shall be [Jehovah Shammah]." This name of God means, "The Lord is there." (Ezekiel 48:35).

When Ezekiel received this vision, the LORD was not there! The Israelites were not there either! They had been taken captive into Babylon and the city of Jerusalem was destroyed.

Why did this happen? About 20 years before, the LORD had shown Ezekiel in another vision that the glory of the LORD would depart from the city because of their idolatry and sins. The Israelites had forsaken the LORD, so the LORD departed from them.

But now, the LORD is showing Ezekiel that, in His grace, He will return to Israel! The captivity was a necessary punishment for their sins, but He would not leave them there! In His grace He would restore them to the land, to the city, and especially to God Himself!

This new city will be called, "The LORD is There!" It will be a city where the LORD delights to dwell! Where will that city be? Ezekiel is looking at the

Questions:

1. What is the most beautiful part of this city? (See Revelation 21:3)
2. What did Jesus have to do so that there could be a city with this name? (See Matthew 1:23)
3. Who can enter into this city? (See Revelation 22:14-15)

A Text to Learn:

Revelation 21:3

A Song to Sing:

Psalter 237

land of Israel, but this vision points especially to a spiritual city and not to one built out of stone.

In Revelation 21, John also saw a vision from the top of a high mountain: The "great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God" (Revelation 21:10). That city is a picture of God's redeemed people, where He will dwell with them. That is only possible through the Lord Jesus. God's people could only return from captivity because He would send the Redeemer, the Lord Jesus, to pay for their sins.

That is what we all need as well. The LORD is not in our hearts by nature. We have all sinned against the LORD and we deserve only punishment, just like Israel. We need what Paul writes in Ephesians 3:17, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Then it can be said of the city of our heart that it is called from that day, "The LORD is there!"

The LORD showed Ezekiel this vision because there is a city where the LORD will live in the hearts of His people forever. If the LORD is not in your heart today, there is still forgiveness for all your sins with the Lord Jesus. The city gates are still open for you. Can it be said of your heart, "The LORD is there?"



Student
Ben Van Liere

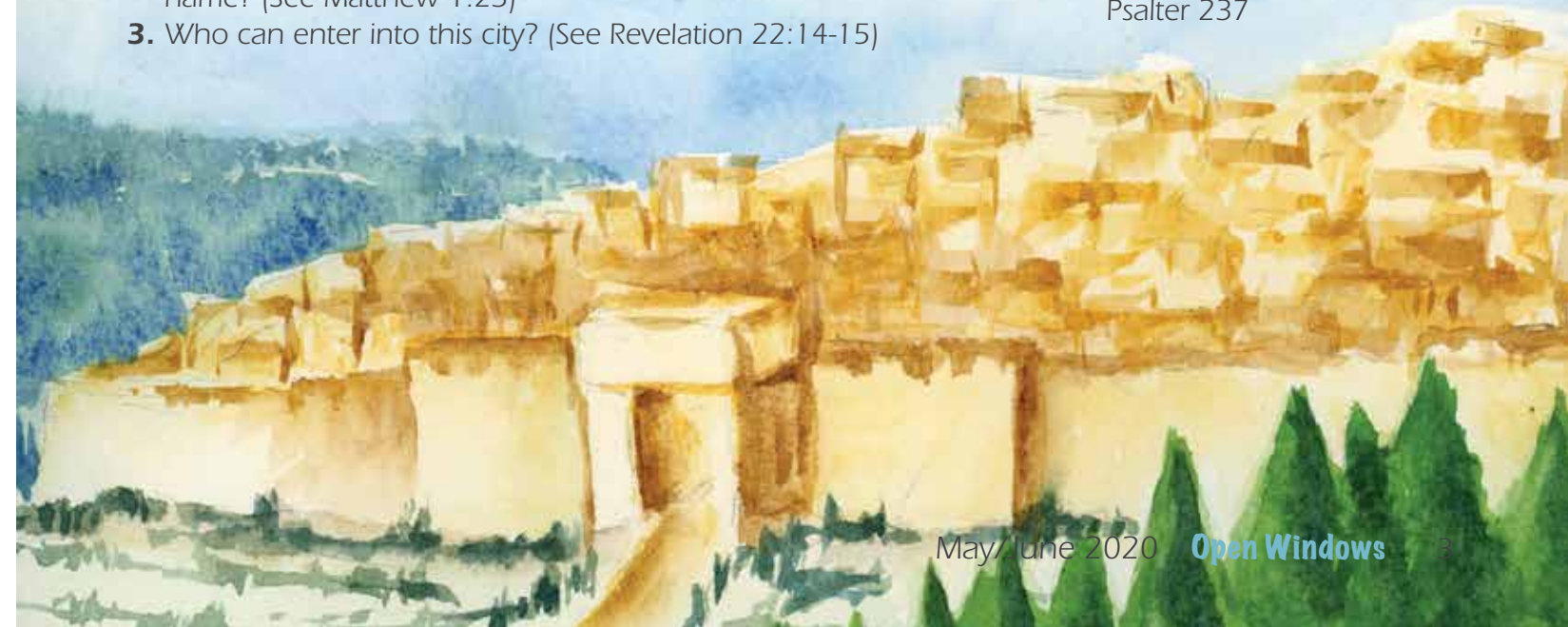


Illustration: Andrea Pol



Alaska

It is an early summer morning on the Alaskan tundra, but the sun has already been shining for hours. Even though the sun is shining, a chilly breeze sweeps across the wide valley, flowing down from tall mountains covered in ice. For kids growing up in Alaska, the chilly morning is no reason to stay inside: there are so many adventures to go on, and so little time before winter!

Many children hike with their families up into the mountains to pick blueberries, wild strawberries, and cloud berries. Some of the highest mountains are covered in ice all year round. The ice looks like it is sitting still on top of the mountain, building up year after year as the snow falls. But the ice isn't really sitting still. Slowly, slowly, the ice is moving down the mountain, flowing like a river. As the heavy river of ice moves down the mountain, it picks up rocks and drags them along, eroding the mountain beneath it. These rivers of ice are called glaciers.

In the summer the melting ice makes wide rivers. The rivers are full of salmon migrating upstream. Alaskan kids learn to fish, sometimes catching fish that are even bigger than they are! They also learn



to hunt for caribou, moose, mountain goats, and even bears! Along the ocean shore, children watch for playful otters, seals, and whales that migrate up the Alaskan coast to eat the salmon.

As summer turns into fall, the air turns cold, and Alaskan kids wait eagerly for the first snow, the beginning of a season of skiing, snowshoeing, dog sledding and driving snow machines. The cold and snow make it difficult to travel with cars, so dog sleds and snow machines (snowmobiles/sleds) are a great way to get around. Many Alaskan families have their own dog sled teams, and teens participate in dog sled races! It is always fun to gather at the starting line, where the dogs are barking and wagging their tails in excitement!

God's handiwork is seen everywhere in Alaska, from volcanoes to temperate rain forests to the northern lights. God's world is breathtakingly beautiful, and Alaska is one of the best examples! Alaskan kids are friendly and fun, and every summer they welcome tourists who come to see the beauty. Tourism is one of the biggest forms of income for people working in Alaska, along with fishing, scientific research, and drilling oil from deep under the frozen tundra. If you ever get the chance, Alaska is worth the visit!

Did You Know?

- Gold has been found in many places in Alaska, and today you can still pan for gold and find it in some rivers and streams.
- In many of the northern native villages, during December and January, the sun does not come up at all, and it is dark all day long! In the summer, the sun never goes down, and it is as bright as daytime, even in the middle of the night!

PUZZLE

Asher
Benjamin
Dan
Gad
Issachar
Joseph
Judah
Levi
Naphtali
Reuben
Simeon
Zebulun

and
five
four
measures
name
shall
that
the



Ezekiel 48: 30 - 35

And these are the goings out of the city on the north side, four thousand and five hundred measures. And the gates of the city shall be after the names of the tribes of Israel: three gates northward; one gate of _ _ u _ _ _ , one gate of _ _ _ _ h , one gate of _ _ _ _ . And at t _ e east side f _ ur thousand and fi _ e hundred: and three gates; _ nd one gate of _ _ _ _ _ _ , one gate of _ _ _ _ j _ _ _ _ , one gate of _ _ n . And at the south side four thousand and five hundred measures: and three gates; one gate of _ i _ _ _ _ , one gate of _ _ _ _ _ _ , one gate of _ _ _ _ _ _ . At the west side four thousand and five hundred, with their three gates; one gate of _ _ _ _ , one gate of _ _ _ _ _ _ , one gate of _ _ _ _ _ _ i . It was round about eighteen thousand _ easures: and the na _ e of the city from th _ t day s _ all be, The LORD is there.

Serving the Lord with a Washcloth

When you come to church every Sunday and sit in your pew, do you ever wonder who wiped your boot mark off the bench in front of you, or cleaned up the candy wrapper you dropped out of reach? Do you know who opens the doors, sets up the chairs, bread and wine for the Lord's Supper, and makes sure that there are cookies for after-church fellowship? What about who cleans the bathrooms and vacuums all that winter salt and summer dirt off the mats? That's the job of the church caretaker!

My sister-in-law and I recently became the caretakers at our church. We go to the church a few times a week and make sure that the carpets are vacuumed, the windows are washed, the bathrooms are cleaned, the babysit is tidied, and the cookies and coffee are stocked, all so that the church looks nice and clean for worship services and weeknight meetings.

Being a church caretaker is perfect for me because I became a mommy a few months ago. I can take little Jonny with me, and he can go for a nap in the swing or play with the toys in the babysit while I work. This allows me to still be

with my baby like I would be if I were at home, while still being useful in another small way for the Lord.

Why is being a caretaker important work? I mean, does it really matter if the windows have a few smudges or if the bathrooms get scrubbed? You probably don't notice if the lights are dusted or if the carpet is vacuumed! The thing we must remember always is that church is God's house. It is where He delights to meet us. We do well to respect His dwelling place, and that includes trying to keep it clean and tidy, whether that is as a person in church or as the caretaker. We are told in the Bible to delight in God's house (Psalm 122:1). Being the caretaker is a great way to use my time to serve the congregation and especially to serve the Lord. Other people might not notice that the window blinds are wiped, or that the Psalters and Bibles are straightened, but the Lord sees our efforts even when other people don't.



The LORD is There

The grown-ups talked in quiet voices. They were sitting in the family room in a circle. I was supposed to be in bed. Instead, I sat on the stairs, peering through the railing. My ears tried to capture every word they said, but I could only hear snatches: "Cancer... doesn't want to be treated...stubborn... weeks, maybe months..."

Aunt Alice was sitting on the couch facing me. She had tears running down her face, and Uncle Phil handed her a Kleenex. A feeling of dread swept over me. I didn't know what they were talking about, but I knew it was bad. Bad enough that all the aunts and uncles had met together. Bad enough that the grown-ups were crying. Mom was walking around with a coffee pot, filling up mugs. As she moved around the room, she glanced up to the stairs and spotted me. I saw that her eyes were also red, that she was crying. I couldn't stay any longer. I raced back to my bed and buried my head under the pillow. What was happening? I don't know how long I lay there with my heart thumping, but finally I must have fallen asleep. The next thing I knew, it was morning.

"Good morning, sleepyhead!" my mom said. She kissed my cheek and then turned to open the blinds. The morning sunshine filled the room. "It's Saturday, so what do you want for breakfast? Pancakes? Oatmeal? Cereal?"

Saturday was one of my favorite days for many reasons. First of all, there was no school. Second, I could choose what I wanted for breakfast. Third, after my chores were done, I would bike to my grandma's house and help her. Sometimes we would bake, sometimes garden, and sometimes make a special craft. And there was always ice cream with chocolate syrup

when we were done. Yes, I loved Saturdays.

I was ready for another fun day, when suddenly I remembered last night. "Mom, why was everyone over here last night crying?"

Mom's smile disappeared. "It's not for me to tell you, Sweetie, but you'll find out soon. Can you wait?"

I shrugged. "I guess. And I'll have pancakes this morning, please."

The pancakes were golden and crispy, just the way I loved them. I watched the pat of butter melt slowly over the edges and poured maple syrup on top. What a sticky, delicious mess! I cheerfully dug into the pancakes and chattered to my mom as she washed dishes.

"Grandma said that we're doing some gardening today. She has some rosebushes that she wants to plant. Of course

they're small and won't have roses until next year. But she wants to teach me how to prune them. We also might put up a new bird house. Grandma has a hard time going up a ladder, so I'm going to have to hang the bird house in her maple tree. Grandma wants to attract a house wren because they have such a pretty song. They also eat a lot of insects, so they are good for a garden. She sure knows a lot, doesn't she?"

Mom looked at me strangely, and her eyes were shiny. "Yes, Grandma knows a lot...why don't you skip your chores this morning and head on over so that you can get a full day in?"

"Really?" I smiled. "Thanks, Mom!"

I pedaled as fast as I could go down the city sidewalks. I had to go one block straight, two blocks to the left, down a hill, around a corner, and there was Grandma's little house. It was a tiny house, but Grandma lived by herself and didn't need a lot of room. In fact, her garden was probably larger than her actual house!



"Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." I Cor. 10:31b

For some reason, that morning at Grandma's house seemed extra special. Grandma hugged me extra tightly when she saw me arrive early. "Well, look who is here bright and early! We will have lots of time for all kinds of special things! Let's start by planting the roses and working outside while it's not too warm."

The best part about being with Grandma was that work didn't seem like work. It was fun! Fun to dig holes in the ground, sprinkle in fertilizer, and plant the rose bushes. Fun to climb the wobbly ladder, carefully reach high, and hook the bird house over the branch. Fun to take a break and sip coffee with Grandma. She didn't treat me like a little kid. She let me drink coffee (with lots of cream and sugar), and asked me what I thought about painting her house a different color. I liked the cheerful yellow color and told her to keep it yellow. I couldn't imagine Grandma in any other house but a yellow one.

After our break, Grandma asked me if I wanted to bake, do a puzzle, or take a walk. She looked a little tired so I thought that a puzzle would be best.

We sat down at the kitchen table and I dumped out the puzzle. It was only fifty pieces, so I knew that we could finish it quite quickly. I got to work pulling out all of the edge pieces.

It was then that Grandma told me. All of those words that I heard last night suddenly made sense: "cancer...no treatment...weeks, maybe months..."

I didn't want to listen to Grandma. I didn't want to hear what she was telling me. I didn't want to hear that the doctors told her she was dying of cancer. I didn't want to hear that I would only be able to visit her for a few more weeks or months. I thought of us planting roses that wouldn't bloom until next year, about the bird house that was supposed to be a home for a house wren all summer long. Of course Grandma wasn't going to die!

"Can't they give you medicine?" I asked.

"Yes, but the medicine will not make me better...it will only make my life a little longer, and perhaps more painful."

I looked at Grandma's tired face,

but didn't want to accept what she was saying. I felt anger wash over me. "The aunts and uncles said that you were stubborn...that you, that you..." I couldn't finish my sentence because tears began to gush down my cheeks. Grandma pulled me into her arms and let me cry.

"I want to explain something," she said softly. "I am not afraid to die. While I'm on this earth, God has called me to live a life pleasing to the Lord out of thankfulness for all that He has done for me. But when He calls me home, I want to go!"

"This is your home," I cried. "This yellow house is where you belong."

"No, it's not," Grandma said. "Heaven is my final home; it's where I belong. Let me explain it this way: If I didn't live in this little yellow house, it wouldn't mean very much to you. And if the Lord didn't live in Heaven, it wouldn't mean very much either. But the Lord does live there. God's Word says that it's His dwelling. And where He lives is where I want to live. And so I'm not going to fight this cancer with medicine. I am old, and I will spend my last weeks and months on earth preparing for my great move."

She hugged me again. "Also, I want to spend as much time as I can with you and my family, in my garden, in my house, baking, cleaning, and even doing puzzles. How does that sound?"

I had a lot to think about, but I nodded my head and picked up a puzzle piece. Suddenly, it started to make sense. It was like Grandma's life was a puzzle that was almost finished, and she wasn't going to hold on to the last few pieces when the puzzle would look so much better complete. She belonged, not in the yellow house, but where God was calling her, where He dwelt Himself.



Stop and Smell the Flowers!

One of my favourite things to do at this time of year is to go into my backyard and smell the lilacs. I love their sweet scent! There is also a large magnolia tree in my backyard. Sometimes you can smell its flowers while walking down the sidewalk. There are so many wonderful smells!

There are also many unpleasant smells. Have you ever smelled a skunk's spray? Ugh! That is not nice at all!

Other smells remind us of certain places or special events. When I smell fresh-cut hay it makes me think of the horse barn. The scent of ginger cookies always brings back memories of Christmas gatherings.

Have you ever thought about how we smell things? The air is filled with tiny particles from different objects. Some objects give off more particles than others. When we breathe, these

particles come into our nose. Inside the nose, or nasal cavity, these tiny particles rest on the surface. This sends a signal to our brain where it is identified as a scent.

When we smell certain scents a lot, or at significant events, they become tied to a memory. That is why, when we smell the scent again, it brings that memory back. This is also true for smells that remind us of a bad memory. Perhaps the smell of antiseptic makes you think of the doctor or dentist!

Some smells are very faint, and we have to get really close to something to smell it. Other smells are so strong that we can

smell them even if we plug our noses tightly!

The world is full of so many different smells, both pleasant and nasty. Being able to smell is another way we can enjoy the world around us. Don't forget to stop and smell!



Did You Know?

- In humans, the area of our nasal cavity that detects smells is about 10 cm² (1.6 square inches). Some dogs have 170 cm² (26 square inches). That is why dogs are able to smell much better than humans!
- Our sense of taste is connected to our sense of smell. That is why food does not taste as good when our nose is stuffed up with a cold.
- The sense of smell is called "olfaction".

Things to Try!

1. Cut a piece of peeled apple and a piece of raw peeled potato into pieces the same size so you can't tell the difference.
2. Close your eyes and mix up the pieces so you don't know which is which.
3. Hold your nose and eat each piece. Can you tell the difference?

Because the texture and shape are similar, your mouth probably can't tell which piece is apple and which piece is potato!

Artwork by Lily-anne Hein



Here's a bumblebee looking for a clover. Can you find one hidden somewhere in this magazine?

Sweet Anticipation



Sweet peas, carrots, beets... yum! Sweet corn, green beans, tomatoes... yum, yum! The farmer's son fingered the different packages of seeds. He could almost taste the delicious vegetables he hoped to grow this year. The bright spring sun had been drying and warming the soil, and soon he would be able to plant the first batch of seeds outside!

The farmer's son glanced out the window towards his garden plot. He noticed a couple of rascally rabbits nibbling on the spring grass nearby. "Hmm," he thought, "Those rabbits will be right there waiting to munch the first seedlings that pop through the soil. I'd best set up the wire mesh fence around the garden before I get busy planting!" And right then, the farmer's son set the seeds aside and headed to the shed in search of last year's fencing, visions of the sweet vegetables he hoped to harvest dancing through his head.

Visit www.classicsforkids.com and listen to Johann Sebastian Bach, *Brandenburg Concerto No.2: Movement 1*. Hear the excitement as the germinated seeds burst through the soil, reaching for the summer sun, and grow, grow, grow!

Think About It!

Once a seed is planted, it remains hidden in the depths of the soil, undetected, until it finally breaks through the soil's surface as a bright green sprout. Similarly, the work of God in our hearts is often unnoticed at first; yet, He is there, with His Spirit, working a wondrous work that changes our lives and begins a life of spiritual growth.

"Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"
Psalm 107:8

Book Review

by Lenora Van Grouw

The Lonely Mailman

by Susanna Isern

It's very exciting to receive a card or letter in the mail addressed just to you, isn't it? In this charming story, a mailman is busy delivering letters to all the forest animals. With four little words, "_____, letter for you!", he is busy spreading cheer and love to the community, but no one seems to notice him. As he faithfully works day after day, the other creatures think, "Perhaps he doesn't say much because he is sad", but no one really knows, because no one has ever asked him. Then one day the mailman receives a letter and everything changes. The kind, problem solving, peacemaking mailman finally receives his due and new friendships are formed. This story is helpful in developing a child's empathy to those around them. The warm, detailed illustrations will hold children's attention right until the last page!

Hard or soft cover, 28 pages, full-color picture book, ages 4-8

www.amazon.com \$10.49 hardcover, \$6.39 softcover US

www.amazon.ca \$15.98 hardcover, \$11.73 softcover CA



Is He There?

Have you ever thought to yourself, "The LORD is NOT there"? The people of Israel who were taken captive into Babylon probably thought that too.

Babylon was the wonder city of the ancient world. It was the center of civilization in Mesopotamia for almost 2,000 years and was located approximately 60 miles (100 kilometers) south of modern day Baghdad, Iraq. The Tower of Babel may have been located there. According to historians, Babylon began as Ur of the Chaldees; this is where Abraham came from (Genesis 11:31).

The earliest kings to rule in Babylon were Amorites, descendants of Ham, Noah's son (Genesis 10:16). King Hammurabi reigned here from 1792-1750 BC. He is known for making over 300 laws, known as the Law Code of Hammurabi. During his reign he extended the city into an empire that covered much of modern day Iraq, spreading to the Persian Gulf and including the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

Although there were times of famine and hardship, Babylon was a force to be reckoned with. They destroyed the Assyrian city of Nineveh in 612 BC, and defeated the Egyptians at the Assyrian city of Carchemish in 605 BC. It was during this time that Nebuchadnezzar II reigned. He conquered Jerusalem and took many Jewish captives to Babylon.



Thinking It Through:

The Babylonians worshipped many false gods. The main gods were Marduk, Bel and Ishtar. There were 53 temples and 180 altars in the city, and it was to this city that the people of Judah were taken. God warned them in Ezekiel 14 that they would be taken captive because they worshipped idols (false gods). Now there they were, in the midst of total idolatry. They spent 70 years in captivity. Through Ezekiel the prophet, they heard that a new Jerusalem would be built, and "the name of the city from that day shall be, The LORD is there" (Ezekiel 48:35). God is everywhere and promises, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you" (Ezekiel 36:26a); "Lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the LORD" (Zechariah 2:10).

Did You Know?

- The Law Code of Hammurabi is inscribed on a black basalt stele (stone) 7 feet (2.25 meters) tall. It is on display in The Louvre Museum, Paris.
- Ezekiel was taken captive in 597 BC.

Look It Up:

- Which Psalm describes God as being in all places?
- Who said, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"?

You can find the answers at the bottom of page 14

Uncharted

"Look at this map!" Logan exclaimed as he shoved the big paper over the book his brother Liam was reading. "See? This whole section here has nothing on it—no names, no rivers, no roads, nothing!"

Liam followed his brother's finger across the blank section of map. It was shaped like a triangle, with a road on two sides and a river on the third.

"It's uncharted territory!" Logan explained with excitement. "No one has ever explored it!"

Liam looked up at his brother doubtfully. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Of course! Map-makers *need* people like us to chart out the land. They are busy drawing and printing the maps for sale; they need people like us to bring them new information."

"Alright," Liam agreed slowly as he closed his book. "How are we going to get there?" he asked as he looked at the blank white triangle again. Maybe his brother was right! There wasn't even a shade of green or a single blue creek running through the area...

"We'll just follow the river up through the back fields, then cross it where the woods start. If it's too wide, we'll build a raft!"

Liam looked surprised. "How are we going to build a raft?" he asked.

"Oh, we'll take some rope along to tie branches together," Logan replied. "You can pack a flashlight and your compass and pocketknife, and I'll take the rope and a notebook for the new map. We'll both take some water and snacks along." He had thought of everything.

It was a fine day in May, breezy and wonderfully warm—perhaps a little too warm as the boys trudged along field after field. Logan had his notebook out and had drawn a compass on the corner of a page. Now he was drawing a winding river across the bottom. "You know," he told his brother, "this is how explorers get started. They find a blank space on a map—say, like Antarctica—and then they go out and explore it!"

Liam nodded and pointed across the river to the woods. "We're almost there," he said. "Shouldn't we be looking for trees to build a raft with?"

"Right," Logan agreed. He returned the notebook to his backpack and began leafing through his *Outdoor Survival Skills* book, looking for the raft-building page. "Whoops!" he exclaimed as he read. "We didn't bring a hatchet!"

"Well, there aren't too many trees to chop down here, anyway," Liam said. "They're all on the other side in the woods. Guess we'll just have to wade across," he added and eased down the steep bank. Taking off his shoes, he stuffed his socks into them and held one in each hand.

"Wait!" Logan called. "We can tie a rope across to hold onto!" But Liam was already splashing across, getting his

shorts a little wet before he scrambled up the other bank.

Before crossing, Logan spread his map out on the top of a fence post. MAP OF PRINCE COUNTY, he wrote in big letters across the top. "Okay, we have our line of latitude," he said drawing the fence just below the river. "Mr. McDee said his fences run as straight from east to west as a compass! Now we just need to get in some meridians."

"Don't you mean longitude?" Liam asked.

"I guess," Logan answered. "But meridian is easier to remember because they are the midday lines—the lines where it will be noon for everyone at once. If I draw the lines right at noon, I can just check which way my shadow is pointing, so my lines will be straight. That's the kind of stuff you need to know if you're going to make maps," he added, tucking his pencil behind his ear.

The ground rose steeply from the bank of the river, up into the woods, forming a hill, but the boys didn't hesitate.

"This is where we really have to pay attention," Logan told his brother. "We need to find landmarks to draw on the map, to help the explorers who follow."

"Well, there's a blaze in that tree over there," Liam said, pointing ahead to the left. "It might direct us to a good landmark."

"A blaze!" Logan exclaimed with a frown. "It can't be!" Hurrying ahead, he stared up at the patch of fresh wood in the pine tree above him. Had a strip of bark been neatly sliced away to blaze a trail? Logan grabbed a branch and pulled himself up for a better look.

"It is recent," he called down to Liam, "but it looks like a branch was torn away... could have been a bobcat fight or something like that." Pushing off the branch, he jumped down and dusted off his hands. "I think they drag their prey up into a tree. You can find marks on trees where they sharpen their claws."

Liam took a few steps backwards and looked up at the bright wood. "I think it's marking a turn to something," he said as he looked around. "It's marking something like... something like that teepee over there!"

At that, Logan's head whirled. "Where?" he demanded. "Over there!"

Sure enough, a dozen thin pines were leaning together in the shape of a teepee, but Logan would have none of it. "That's not man-made," he said loudly, "those trees came down in a storm."

"But a storm would have blown them all in one direction!" Liam protested.

"Unless it was a tornado!" Logan explained triumphantly. "Remember the tornadoes that came through last summer? They could pick up the dead trees and swing them in a circle. Their branches would catch together so they didn't fall down." The boys ran over to inspect the leaning trees, and Logan kicked at one of them. "See?" he said. "There

isn't even a door..."

Liam just shook his head.

It was at the top of the hill that the smell of smoke and bacon drifted towards them.

"What in the world?!" Logan grumbled angrily.

"Fellow explorers!" Liam said cheerfully. "Let's go see!"

The man put out his hand. "Sawyer," he said and solemnly shook each of the boys' hands. Logan and Liam stared at him with their mouths open.

Sawyer? Like, Tom Sawyer? But, of course! Tom would have grown up by now. He would be a man! The boys looked at each other and grinned.

"I'm Logan and he's Liam," Logan said. "We're charting new territory for the map company."

"Really?" the man's eyebrows rose as he nodded, impressed. "Then I won't keep you from your work, unless you want a coffee before you go?" He turned to the fire to hide his grin.

Liam opened his mouth to say, "No, thank-you," but Logan was already speaking. "Sure, I'll have a coffee!" His dark eyes sparkled as he grinned at his brother. Liam frowned.

Sawyer pulled a small tin cup from his kit. "Here you are, Son," he said, passing the steaming cup to Logan. "I'm sure you take it black, like I do..."

Logan sat down on a log by the fire pit and held the cup on his knee. "What are you doing?" he asked the man. "Exploring like us?"

"Reckon I am," he said. "Following this here waterway. See them steep banks? You can tell it's been cutting through here for millions of years. The banks are rock here, solid rock."

Logan gulped down a bitter swallow of coffee. "Thousands of years old," he sputtered out.

"No, *millions*," the man replied. "I'll bet an old dinosaur used to sleep in the shade under that overhang, cooling off by the water on a hot day."

"Sure, but only thousands of years ago," Logan protested shaking his head. "Lots of books say millions when it's only thousands. The world-wide flood created loads of ancient fossils in just a few months!"

"A flood," the man grunted and squatted down to stir up the fire with a stick. "Next you'll say there was a boat full of animals floating around with an old man."

"That's right!" Liam exclaimed. "It was Noah and the ark he built!"

"Listen, boys," the man turned and looked at them. "You can tell your Sunday School stories, but I'll stick with the evidence."

Logan set the cup of coffee down. It sure didn't taste as good as it smelled! "We study the evidence too," he said

hotly. "We are reading books on evolution and creation. And what I don't get is, if the world wasn't created, then how come it works so well? Look at the sun up there! It's a flaming ball of gas, and if the earth was orbiting a little bit closer it would get burned up, or a little bit farther and we would all freeze!" he said eagerly, jumping to his feet.

"You can see the signs," Liam added. "They're everywhere. It's just that... it's just that people don't want to see them," he explained seriously. "Like Logan," he added, gesturing to his older brother.

"What do you mean?!" Logan exclaimed fiercely. "I can see the signs of a Creator!"

"No, I mean on the way here," Liam told his brother. He turned to Sawyer and explained. "Logan thinks these woods have never been explored just because nothing shows up on the map, but when we were coming through the woods we saw a blaze in a tree and there was some kind of shelter built just over the hill. Logan said they came from a bobcat and a tornado, but he just wants to

believe that we are the first ones here."

Sawyer listened to the boy intently, then laughed when he finished. "So what are you going to do with me?" he asked, turning to Logan. "You can't have a campsite in the middle of your uncharted territory... Maybe I was dropped in by a tornado too!"

But Logan was glaring at Liam. He did not appreciate his brother's example.

"My mom was baking cupcakes last week for my little

sister's birthday," Liam had earnestly begun again. "And Mom said that for the world to create itself would be a lot like putting all the ingredients for the cupcakes in the big mixer—even putting in the candles and cupcake papers—and then turning it on real fast, letting it mix and chop and shoot everywhere!" A grin spread across Liam's face as he continued. "Then, if someone says the cupcakes won't turn out good, you just tell them you are planning to leave the mixer on for a long, long, very long time, and at last you'll have twelve golden cupcakes, ready to eat!"

"That could never happen!" Logan put in, and even his eyes filled with delight at the thought of chopped candles mixed with gooey eggs and cupcake papers slopped on the table. "It would be an awful birthday," he laughed.

A small smile played around the corner of Sawyer's mouth. "It sounds like you have a clever mother," he said. "Here," and he passed them each a strip of bacon. "Why don't you pass me that coffee?" he asked Logan. "The evidence tells me that you never really liked coffee in the first place!"

NOTE: Many evolutionists believe that time is one of the ingredients that made evolution possible. What do you think?



Illustrations: Tanya Byl

God Was Even There

The large prison room was noisy, crowded, filthy, and crawling with fleas. The women imprisoned there moaned and cried. They were terrified at the sounds of shrieking that came from outside. The shrieks were from other prisoners who were being tortured and killed by the cruel prison guards. Surely God could not be in this place.

Betsie ten Boom and her younger sister, Corrie, were among the prisoners of the infamous Ravensbruck concentration camp in Germany. Their crime was hiding Jews from the cruelty of the Gestapo soldiers and the concentration camps during World War II. The sisters had been betrayed by a friend, arrested, and transported to the camp where they awaited torture and death.

Miraculously, they had been able to smuggle a Bible into the camp when they arrived. Every day they gathered their fellow prisoners together, read God's Word, and prayed. For some strange reason the guards never searched their barracks, and the women could witness and worship freely.

Betsie was often sick and grew very weak, but her faith and trust in God was strong. When Corrie complained, Betsie reminded her of God's nearness and blessing. One day Betsie told Corrie to be thankful for all their great blessings, even the fleas that crawled all over them. Corrie could not think of a single reason why anyone would thank God for the fleas! Betsie explained that the guards never searched the barracks because the fleas were so bad. If there were no fleas, the guards would have found their Bible and taken it away.

Betsie's illness grew worse and worse. Some of the last words she spoke to her sister before she died were, "There is no pit so deep that God's love is not deeper still."

Thankfully, we do not live in such a terrible place as Ravensbruck, but sometimes we have trials too. We can be sad and scared, or experience worry or loneliness. We might be bullied at school. We might be very sick and have to spend lots of time in the hospital. Sometimes we can feel that God is very near to us...or we might feel that He is very, very far away. Regardless of what we feel, the truth is that our God, Who calls Himself Jehovah Shammah, is always there.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. Psalm 139:7-10



ARTWORK: Joke Broekman

Contest for ages 4-12. One winner will be selected from each age category. Tell us what you like best about the magazine! You can write it on the back of the colouring page.



Savannah Hakkenberg
Age 5, Norwich ON

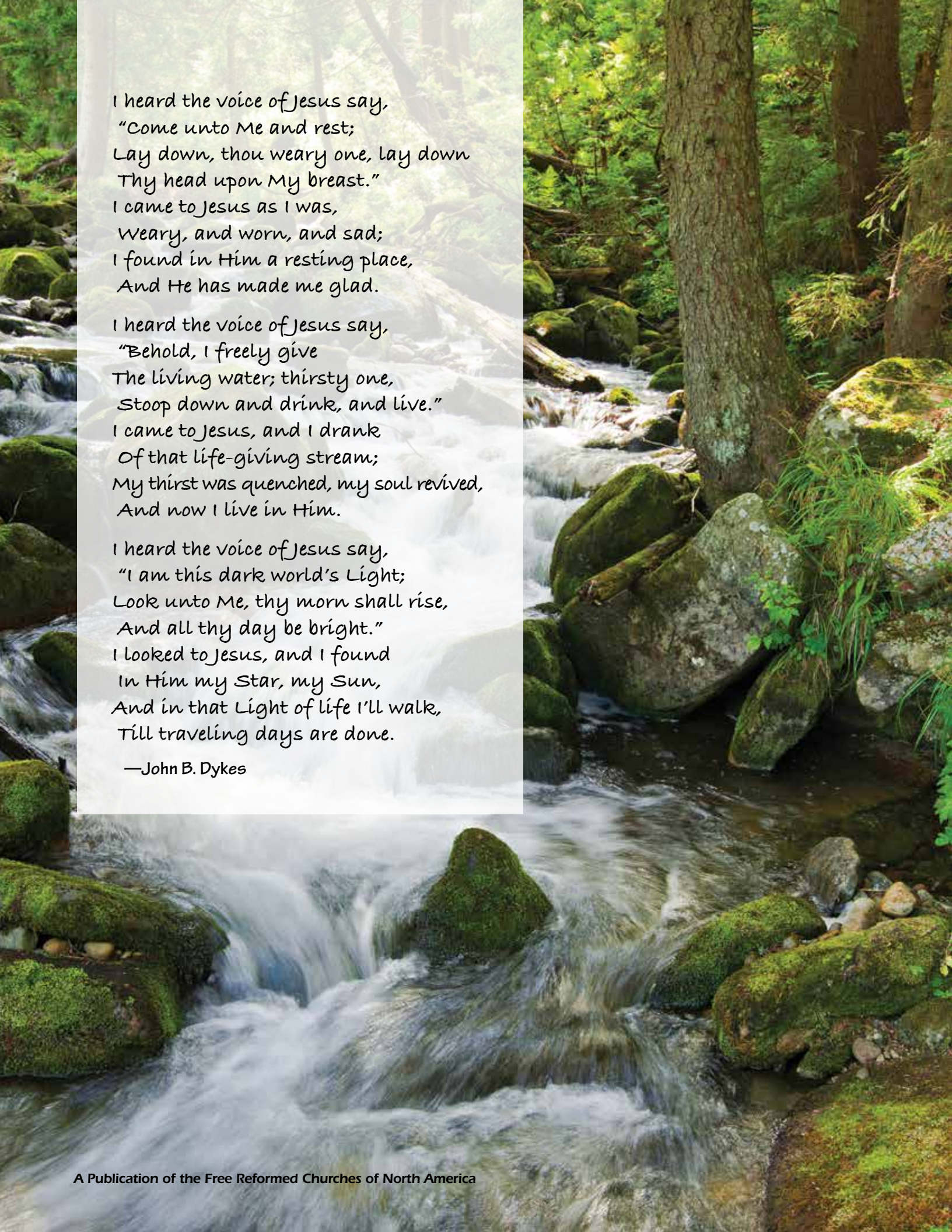


Tamara Tamminga
Age 7, Victoria PEI



Kaylie Otten
Age 11, Lynden ON

Contest is for ages 4-12. Print this page at <http://openwindows.frcna.org>. Mail your coloured picture to **621 Lynden Road, Lynden, ON, L0R 1T0** or email to openwindowseditor@gmail.com. Due Wednesday, June 10, 2020. Include your name, age, and where you are from. Pictures may be folded. They will not be returned.



I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

—John B. Dykes