



Verbeel jou julle het gaan kamp. Jy word wakker met jou maag wat knor van die honger. Koffie en beskuit of lekker gebraaide “bacon” sal mos net die ding wees om die honger knorrer te stop. Jy rits jou tent oop, maar al wat jy sien is hierdie wit, blink goed OOOORrrAAAL op die grond! **WAT IS DIT? ? ?**

Dit is presies wat die Israeliete gesê het toe hulle die eerste keer manna gesien het. Lees weer die verhaal in jou kinderbybel.

Hierdie week is daar nie net speletjie en kuns idees nie, maar 2 verhale om ons te laat dink.

Maak manna bymekaar.

- Watta balletjies
- 2 borde
- Lepel
- stophorlosie

Plaas watte balletjies op 'n bord. Plaas 'n entjie van die watte bord 'n leë bord. 'n Speler mag slegs met een hand en een lepel so veel as moontlik watte balletjies bymekaarmaak en die leë bord vol maak. Bepaal die tyd volgens ouderdom. Die speler

Manna Cracker Whistling Relay

Each player on the team gets three manna crackers. First player must eat their three manna crackers and whistle reasonably well (swallowing or not) before second player can start eating and try to whistle. First team to have last person whistle is the

Het jy geweet?

- *Die woord Amen beteken: *Laat dit so wees of dit is so.*
- *Die Hebreeuse woord Manna beteken: **Wat is dit?**
- *Die manna was soos **koljander-saad** en dit het geblyk soos 'n boom se gom.
- *Moses moes 'n **kruik manna** is in die verbondsark sit om die Israeliete te herinner dat **God sorg** vir hulle.

Flying quail

- Paper for quail
- A quail pattern
- Small piece of white paper
- Scotch tape
- Straw



Cut out several quail for each person. Wrap the small piece of white paper loosely around straw and tape the cylinder you just made. (This is the most crucial part. You want it tight enough that the straw will slide easily out of the paper but tight enough to keep some air in.) Fold over one end of the white paper and tape it shut. Tape the white piece of paper to the straw with the closed end of the white piece of paper at the front of the quail (otherwise your quail will fly backward!). Insert the straw about 1/2 to 3/4 of the way into the white paper holder. (If you push it too far, the quail will not fly.) Blow! Watch the quail fly across the room.

Manna koekies

125ml sagte botter
2,5ml vanilla
30ml heuning
250ml suiker
12ml bakpoeier
2 eiers
500ml koekmeel
Knippie sout

Room botter en suiker tot liggeel. Voeg eiers by en klits goed. Voeg heuning, sout en vanilla by. Sif meel en bakpoeier saam. Meng meel met die bottermengsel. Skep teelepel grote skeppies op 'n gesmeerde bakplaat. Bak by 180°c vir ongeveer 8 -10 minute. Laat afkoel op 'n droograkkie.

Om oor te wonder

Is dit nodig om te bid voor ete? Selfs as jy in

Deur te bid voor ons eet, erken ons dat dit God is wat die kos gee, sodat ons kan lewe.





'n Mooi verhaal met 'n goeie lewensles: "The things that last"

Bubbles and balloons are used to represent the difference between material things and the things that really matter - like family, love and health.



Once upon a time a kid named Peter totally wanted an iPod. He prayed every day. When his birthday came around a few weeks later, lo and behold! An iPod!

"Wow, this prayer thing really works," Peter said to himself.

A few hours later, he was up on his dad's computer trying to download music. The computer kept crashing.

"Why did God give me this iPod if He won't help me download any music?" he grumbled.

"Give the computer a rest tonight. We'll shut down and try again tomorrow."

The next day, Peter downloaded fifteen songs.

So, Peter tried again. "Lord, I really want a puppy. Please bring me one."

A few days later, Peter saw a dog up the street without a collar on. "God really answers prayers," he said. "Thanks, God."

When his mom came in from work and saw the dog, she said, "Who does he belong to?"

"Me!" Peter said. "He doesn't have a collar, and he showed up on our street just a couple days after I started praying for a dog." "Peter, I know you really want a dog, but this one probably belongs to someone. Let me check around."

Sure enough, a grateful neighbour scurried up to the door after Peter's mom sent out a WhatsApp text to everyone, she knew in the neighbourhood. "Thank you so much!" The woman said tearfully. "I was starting to think that Buddy had been stolen or hit by a car."

"Ya know, he probably would have found his way home if you hadn't brought him in the house," his mom said.

"But" I prayed for a dog, and it showed up!"

Peter went to bed, thinking God must have a mean streak for tricking him, for getting his hopes up.

Three weeks later, Peter's dad took him to the dog pound to look at dogs. "Pete, these dogs are all too big for our house. We don't have a big enough yard for any of these. We said you could have a small dog. We'll have to keep looking."

Peter felt dejected, slammed the car door and said, "This praying thing doesn't work! I wanted my dog today!"

"Where's your iPod?" Dad asked, remembering Peter's tale about answered prayer.

"Oh wow" I don't even know! I kind of got tired of the same fifteen songs. I prayed for more music, but you kept saying the economy is bad and I had to wait. I hope I didn't leave it in school!"

When Peter got home, he checked his room and all over his house. No iPod anywhere.

"I definitely think this prayer thing doesn't work," he said.

His father sighed, weary of Peter's complaining. "Keep track of your belongings, and don't blame it on God! Maybe you'll find it in school tomorrow."

And Peter did. But he wasn't very happy. He had prayed for more songs, which he hadn't gotten yet, and he really wanted a dog, and his trip to the Humane Society turned out to be a bust.

Dad reminded him of the Israelites in the desert. How quickly they forgot that God had freed them by throwing back the waters of the Red Sea. Soon after, they were complaining because they didn't have food. God provided the food, and they tried to save it. When it spoiled, they were unhappy again.

"Why don't you try being grateful for what you do have?" Dad asked.

It's hard for us to remember what we have when there's something we want. But guess what? There's always something we want.

Take out your bottle of bubbles and the bubble blower.

Sometimes the things we want are like bubbles. They shoot out into the air and look very fun and beautiful.

Blow some bubbles.

However, when we forget what we already have, our feelings start to sink.

Blow again, tell the children not to break them, and watch them get close to the ground.



When we're not grateful enough, and when we're not patient enough, our desires burst, like Peter's did. Most of our desires are short term. We often get the item and then stop caring about it because something else gets to be a want. Then we want that thing.

Blow more bubbles.

Sometimes, we can enjoy those fleeting things for a while longer, though.

Catch a bubble on your bubble blower.

Bubbles are fun. For a while. But they always break. We have to remember to be thankful for the important things of God - the things that last.

Put the bubbles down and bring out a balloon - one that you've already blown up once, so it will blow up easily.

Like our freedom. *Blow into the balloon, then pinch it.*

Like the people who love us. *Blow into the balloon, then pinch again.*

Like our health and what we can do with it. *Blow into the balloon, then pinch again.*

And most importantly, for a God who always cares and will always provide for our needs.

Tie a knot in the balloon and toss it into the air.



Basiese Tuisgemaakte "Bubble" Oplossing

Dit is 'n eenvoudige resep wat basiese en goeie borrels produseer. Baie mense stel voor om net water en skottelgoed te gebruik, maar die toevoeging van Karo (vloei-bare koring stroop) of gliserien hou die oplossing saam om mooi, ronde, soliede borrels te maak. Hier is die resep.

- 1 koppie water
- 2 eetlepels ligte koring stroop of 2 eetlepels gliserien
- 4 eetlepels skottelgoedseep

Roer saam totdat alles opgelos word.

Kyk op hierdie webtuiste vir 'n gekleurde "bubble" resep: <https://a...tuisgemaakte-bubble-oplossing-te-maak/>



'n Ware verhaal van 'n kind se gebed in geloof:

One night, in Central Africa, I had worked hard to help a mother in the labor ward; but in spite of all that we could do, she died leaving us with a tiny, premature baby and a crying, two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive. We had no incubator. We had no electricity to run an incubator, and no special feeding facilities. Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous drafts.

A student-midwife went for the box we had for such babies and for the cotton wool that the baby would be wrapped in. Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle. She came back shortly, in distress, to tell me that in filling the bottle, it had burst. Rubber perishes easily in tropical climates. "... and it is our last hot water bottle!" she exclaimed. As in the West, it is no good crying over spilled milk; so, in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over a burst water bottle. They do not grow on trees, and there are no drugstores down forest pathways. All right," I said, "Put the baby as near the fire as you safely can; sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from drafts. Your job is to keep the baby warm."

The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with many of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them

about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle. The baby could so easily die if it got chilled. I also told them about the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died. During the prayer time, one ten-year-old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt consciousness of our African children. "Please, God," she prayed, "send us a water bottle. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, the baby'll be dead; so, please send it this afternoon." While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added by way of corollary, " ... And while You are about it, would You please send a dolly for the little girl so she'll know You really love her?" As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say, "Amen?" I just did not believe that God could do this. Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything: The Bible says so, but there are limits, aren't there? The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending a parcel from the homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never, ever received a parcel from home. Anyway, if anyone did send a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? I lived on the equator!

Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door. By the time that I reached home, the car had gone, but there, on the veranda, was a large twenty-two pound parcel! I felt tears pricking my eyes. I could not open the parcel alone; so, I sent for the orphanage children. Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly. Excitement was mounting. Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box. From the top, I lifted out brightly colored, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then, there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children began to look a little bored. Next, came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas - - that would make a nice batch of buns for the weekend. As I put my hand in again, I felt the...could it really be? I grasped it, and pulled it out. Yes, "A brand-new rubber, hot water bottle!" I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could. Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, "If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly, too!" Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully dressed dolly. Her eyes shone: She had never doubted! Looking up at me, she asked, "Can I go over with you, Mummy, and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?"

That parcel had been on the way for five whole months, packed up by my former Sunday School class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator. One of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child - five months earlier in answer to the believing prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it "That afternoon!" "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Isaiah 65:24

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