

UP Working Teens

Presents



Mission Adventures

hands-on home-grown

Book 2 of 2

book 1 is #229

Leader's Guide

230

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Introduction

Nano Web Lab is a mission station with a garage door and lawn chairs. Silver-haired Gramps doesn't have a drop of missionary training, but a heart bursting to fill each day of his golden years with introducing young neighborhood boys to God's love and leading. That love and leading takes the form of home-grown hands-on nontechnical adventures that can easily be used in your garage, shed, or jungle hut. [~]

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#1 - Plugs 'n Tugs

Three hearts were pumping fast. Dozer, Monte, and Petey wanted to be no place else on earth except right here in this Saturday's Nano Web Laboratory, with their precious silver-haired Gramps. The two teens and 8 yr old Petey would tell you right off that Gramps (a.k.a. Ross Tappin) was not really their grandfather or anyone else's, they knew of. Neither of the three actually believed in magic except that Gramps had some special way of hugging the boys with his eyes. And the other thing was what happened in their chest every time the boys heard him talk to this 'Jesus man' while their heads were bowed. It just melted away all the inside hurts like butter on a hot sidewalk.

Gramps stood next to the large marker board on his garage wall. The boys watched his every move, hungry for everything Gramps would dish up. They never left his garage laboratory hungry for truth and hurting hearts. The silver-haired 71 yr old looked deep into each of the boy's eyes; some of his special huggin'. "Boys we're doin' a computer experiment here in the lab today. Actually it'll be a bit strange 'cuz we're not going to plug in anything. In fact we're gonna take a computer apart, or at least start to."

Gramps picked up a green marker and wrote on the white board "Computers most often do their most powerful work when you DO NOT plug them in." For emphasis, Gramps partially faced the boys and repeated what he wrote more than once, with great emphasis on the 'DO NOT'. He continued with, "Fellas, I want to share something that's deep, really deep, in my heart, that you won't learn anyplace on earth or on the Internet. Say, this is big stuff. We better ask Jesus to help us say stuff the way it needs to be said. You boys bow your heads and we'll ask Jesus to help us along." Each of

the boys bowed their heads as their hearts began to beat a little faster.

No sooner had the final amen been said, than Gramps told Petey to get a couple empty peanut butter jars to hold the small parts and Monte to get a couple screw drivers; one Philips and one spade-tip. Monte remembered the Philips looked like a plus sign and the spade-tip looked like a minus sign on the end. “Dozer I need you to carry one of those metal computer boxes over here on the table so we can begin our experiment.” One of Ross' ingredients for healing young boy's hurts was to lead them into new territory. For sure there was no place more intriguing than the innards of a computer; even though it was just rescued from the elementary school's trash barrel.

Warnings about this new territory were made clear. “Boys, you can get bit, where we're going. You have to be on your guard every minute 'cuz these metal parts have sharp edges and will bite you if you're not paying close attention.” With Monte's plus-sign screw driver, the cover was removed as Gramps told the boys the big metal box of the computer is called the 'CPU'. Petey put the small screws in the jar like he had the most important job.

Gramps repeated the warning about not getting bit by the computer. He told his precious pupils the names of several of the main parts inside the computer and began to weave a lesson how the parts are all a team, with nothing being more important than any other. The 8 yr old hugged his peanut butter jar close like he was just as important in this experiment as the teens were.

The silver-haired laboratory leader, here in the garage, showed the boys how to carefully remove one of the cables from the CPU, by removing a clip here and a couple screws there. Monte used the spade-tipped screwdriver this time.

Dozer carried the cable harness to the other end of the table and laid it down for everyone to examine. The cable was actually three cables all tied together with some plastic spot ties. The longest part of the whole thing was barely a foot long, but Gramps was about to make it an example of something in the boy's lives that was far larger than all three of them put together.

“Boys. Ya remember how our experiment here, is going to make this junk computer even more powerful than when it was brand new and plugged in? Well, here's one way. I want you to make a small circle and then I want each of you to take hold of one plug sticking out of this cable harness. Please don't pull on it hard, but I want you to tug on your plug just a little, all at the same time.”

None of the boys could make any sense out of this jerking on a computer cable in several directions all at once, and it even seemed a little silly. “OK, now boys. While you're gently tugging just a little on your end of the cable, I want you to close your eyes. Go ahead. Close your eyes now. I'll be standing right where I am, and you will too. OK. Now I want you to imagine this cable is you. Petey, this cable is you. Monte, this cable is you, and Dozer you imagine the same thing. I mean, one plug is your left hand, another plug is your right hand, and the same with your feet. Imagine this cable is you being yanked in all different directions, all at once.”

“Now pretend you're getting yanked in all directions, every day, everywhere you go. This little cable being yanked in all directions at once sure can't get its job done inside the computer, so we won't be able to get any job done either. OK. You can each stop your tugging and open your eyes. I'll take the cable and you boys take a seat on those lawn chairs and stool.”

Gramps held the cable and its four connectors up to the marker board with one hand and wrote the words “Follow Me” next to

each of the connectors. None of this made any sense to the boys, but they still paid close attention to all the 'Follow Me's written on the board. Gramps drew a stick figure of a boy on the board so the hands and feet pointed to each of the 'Follow Me's.

The silver-haired teacher explained, “Boys, let's think of this 'follow me' to be the Internet's Facebook 'Follow Me's. We're getting tugged toward Facebook. This 'follow me' over here is Twitter tugging us in the direction of its 'follow me's, at the same time. Down here, this 'follow me' is tugging us toward computer games and all their competition and points. As sure as I got silver hair, none of these 'follow me's ever give satisfaction, peace, and a reason why we're alive in God's world.” Gramps paused to let his words sink in.

With only a few seconds pause, Petey jumped up and scooted up to the marker board. He pointed at the remaining 'follow me' by the left foot of the stick figure boy. He looked up at Gramps and asked, “But Gramps. You ain't done. There's this 'follow me' you ain't used yet. What's this for?” Gramps' heart screamed to Glory's Gates for the right words to answer Petey's question.

A strong arm full of arthritis wrapped around Petey and drew him close. Sometimes little boy hurts are healed by just a loving hug from someone who really cares for them, just as they are. The old gentleman hunkered down hugging Petey even closer. “Petey's 'follow me' here is nothing at all like the emptiness and dead ends the others offer. This 'follow me' is voiced by God's own Son, Jesus. He says we should Follow Him because of how much He loves us and understands exactly what we need, sometimes even when we don't know what it is.”

Petey thought about mama's almost empty refrigerator and the hole in the knee of his only pair of pants. The 8 yr old, still wrapped in

the kid-lovin' hug, wondered if this Jesus man could put good stuff in his mama's refrigerator and take away her sad tired eyes. It wouldn't be hard to follow anybody that could do that, would it?

Monte and Dozer could see some of that cloudy fog melt away in their minds, to reveal directions that really led somewhere worth going and doing. The two teens touched the plugs of the cable like it was telling them the real 'follow me' they should set their sights on.

Even Ross was seeing this burden he has for the boys was really focusing all his inside questions of what to say next. They all pointed towards the only real 'follow me' anybody would follow, that really wanted to know truth and peace. The hearts of the 3 boys and their leader fused together as Gramps' closing prayer included the phrase, "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men". Petey jumped right in with, "**AND BOYS TOO! I BET!**" [~]

#2 - Anger Times Two

Everybody needs a puter labtory like ours," thought 8 yr old Petey. Sitting quietly on the wooden stool, his eyes saw the two teens in lawn chairs near the folding table. Monte was telling his husky buddy, Dozer, about other schoolmates he had been sending text messages to. On the table in front of them were stacked 4 junk computers, without the monitors, rescued from the elementary school trash bin. Next to the computers was Gramps' open Bible all ready for teaching three young hearts all the love and goodness Heaven has for everyone who will listen. Petey wanted to carefully touch the old Bible, hoping it magically would tell him how to mend his mama's lonely tired eyes.

The 8 yr old's eyes scanned the rest of the garage that looked like

most others. That is, until you spied the home-made white marker board mounted to the garage wall just beyond the folding table. At the top of the white board were the words, “NANO WEB LABORATORY”. Just below that, was the sentence, “Computers most often do their most powerful work when you DO NOT plug them in.”

But what Petey cherished the most, was Gramps, who was in the house finishing up a telephone call. 'Gramps', to the boys was a silver-haired 70 yr old messenger from God. Instead of wings and a halo, this angel full of arthritis, had more love and loyalty for the boys than any 50 of the real angels. His aching joints daily reminded Ross (that's Gramps), that time was running out and he needed to disciple the boys with every piece of spirituality he could muster.

From outside the garage, the three boys could hear that precious old voice getting nearer and, “Hang on boys! I'ma commin'!” A moment later Gramps came around the door with a soft smile, that reminded you this was the only place on earth to be, when your world is not turning very well.

After a short prayer that seemed to align the boy's hearts and attention, Gramps briskly rubbed his aching hands together as a sign that God had exciting moments ahead for this humble little garage laboratory, some would correctly call a mission station.

“Boys. Thanks for being patient. I had a phone call that needed to be done. Let's get started. I don't know if you knew it, but I write short stories – lots of them. Some of my favorites are about a group of boys and girls that do things with old computer parts. It's called, “**SpaceAGE Clubhouse**”. A computer buddy of mine put the stories on his Internet website **ChurchKids.org**. Well, anyhow... One story that didn't get added in with the others, I want to tell you

about today. It's about an angry teenager named Rex.” [~]

#3 - Rex's Story

Rex struggled harder than most teens to be a likeable fella, but fell far short of becoming anyone's friend. A silver-haired grandfather named, Zeb, reached out to Rex in hopes of creating a friendship. That's the Christian thing to do.

Zeb knew most boys and men like to take things apart and see what's inside, how it works, and all. It took a little bit of coaxing, but Rex met with Zeb on a day and time that Rex should have been in school. It's just possible God had a lesson for Rex and Zeb not to be taught in any public school.

The big part of a computer was on the table in front of the two wanna-be friends. Also were a couple screwdrivers and an open Bible with ragged pages that spoke of being through many storms and wars with Satan.

Now, Zeb didn't know anything technical about computers, except you never turn your back on one that's plugged in, or so he thought. But he did know that youngins today like computer stuff so that's what they'd operate on. As the two slowly took parts out of the computer, cables were grouped here, screws went in the pie pan over there, and the mysterious green printed circuit boards go over there in the cardboard box.

One time, without warning, Rex threw a small printed circuit board on the garage and began stomping on it like it was an evil snake. The troubled teen growled at the pc board like it was a person to be hated, not just a computer part that couldn't think or talk. In just a few seconds Rex stopped, and began to calm down. He quietly sat in a lawn chair with his elbows resting on the folding table and his

hands covering his face.

Zeb didn't touch the teen, but sat very close to him for some moments. His soft voice began, “Dear Jesus. Help Rex and I to understand your love and your protection for each of us, right now. As only you can, give us your peace and desire to snuggle close to you in our hearts.”

Her timing couldn't have been better, but Zeb's wife lightly tapped on the garage wall announcing her delivery of some soft cookies and two medium sized glasses of iced tea. She could see that now was not the time for any 'get acquainted' talk. She left without a word.

Zeb set quietly close to Rex but his heart was screaming for helpful words from Heaven. After a couple audible deep breaths, Rex explained. “Mr. Zeb, I apologize for ruining your computer board and getting angry like that. What you need to know is that I get angry twice. I mean, I get angry in my chest 'cuz I can't figure out why I get angry with my hands and feet. It just doesn't make any sense to me. I know I make people around me afraid of me, since they don't know if I'm going to break stuff or hurt them, before I calm down.” A few moments of quiet passed.

Zeb passionately told the teen, “Rex when I was in the war with fires, bombs exploding, and guns shooting all round me, I'd get scared – really scared on the inside. I wondered if I would live to see another day, or to see my family again. Most of the time I was scared 'cuz I wasn't sure what to do next, or how. Maybe it was that being scared every day that made me kick the dirt and bang my fist against a nearby tree that helped take my mind off being scared inside. It was like God was teaching me in my foxhole that inside fear will always erupt like a volcano as outside anger.”

“Rex, God has made us with warning signs when things need to be fixed. Mostly when we get angry, it's a sign that we haven't let God take care of all our inside fears. He wants to protect us against Satan's warfare by reminding us of all His promises, and His power to make them happen.”

“I want to tell you there are two kinds of peace. There's **outside** peace, when no bombs or guns shooting. But there's a very precious **inside** peace that only God can give, as we read His promises in the Bible and trust them. Let me show you so you can read it for yourself. It's right here in John 14 verse 27: *Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*”

“But Rex, just as sure as there's yummy chocolate frosting on this cookie, God has a promise that's even better than that peace promise. You have your own guardian angel, that's watching over you every single second of your day, the Bible says so. And the reason is because God made you the way you are, and you're super important to Him. He has some important missions for you, while you're on this earth. Knowing that oughta put peace and purpose inside ya where Satan had been storing all that rotten fear.”

Zeb took a few more moments telling the once-was troubled teen some more of God's power promises that were connected to an ugly, bloody, cruel Cross on a hill called Calvary.
[end of Gramps' story]

“Well, Dozer, Monte, and young Petey. Do you now see why some people are mean and seem to get mad over nothing? In a way they're telling us they need to learn about and trust in the Bible's promises, and what Jesus did on the Cross for them. We need to love them, 'cuz Jesus loves them.” [~]

#4 - Battle Boxes

T*here's No Turning Back!* Battle assignments have been made and there's only one direction to move – straight forward – like you really mean it!

This had to be the all-time most unique experiment the Nano Web Laboratory had ever done. Even though the laboratory was actually just one side of Gramps' garage, the two teen boys and 8 yr old Petey took this all very serious. After all, this Saturday's opening prayer had asked God to help them not to goof around. They should use this precious time to learn important things that would help them to succeed in all the things they worked on, especially the ones for Jesus.

Each of the boys was given a small piece of paper with a short description of what their battle box was supposed to represent. Then Gramps gave each boy a cardboard box they'd create their battle exhibit inside of. They were told to do their best, because a photographer from the big church downtown was going to come and take pictures to help explain their Battle Box experiment to interested church leaders. This coming Saturday would be the day of photographing and explaining their Battle Box exhibit.

Things didn't go as planned.

The following Saturday, the boys were setting up their exhibit boxes on the garage laboratory folding table, rather close to Gramps' well worn open Bible. Petey liked to touch the old Bible and wished he had his own, but was always careful never to let anyone else know.

Both teens, Monte and Dozer, had their exhibits set up much sooner than the 8 yr old did. The older boys were helping Petey

with a few things as a van pulled in the driveway. The silver-haired driver looked like he was part of the same generation as Gramps. He went to the back of the van and removed the wheel chair. It was moved next to the passenger-side door of the van. With a bit of a struggle, an 18 yr old boy plopped himself into the wheel chair, released the brakes, and headed toward the rear of the van.

Silver-haired Max began unloading a couple lights, camera tripod, and extension cords. Dave was handed the video camera case and began wheeling toward the Nano Web Laboratory inside Gramps' garage. Max was a clean hard worker but he didn't say more than 10 words all the time he was there.

Just after Gramps finished the opening prayer, he asked Dave for introductions and exactly what they expected to take pictures and a video of. Dave began, “Fellas. This is something we haven't really done before. This photo and video shoot is just practice for us. Max here, is sort of my stand-in grandpa and helper.”

“My name's Dave Matton. I want to make videos that missionaries can use to tell people around them about Jesus – especially in these days with technical gadgets all over the place. So if you start getting nervous about these lights and picture taking, just remember that Max and I are learning too. It helps me just to keep my mind on the kids in church basements and jungle mud huts that want to share Jesus, but don't know how to start. Also, I'll be doing some editing of the video and can remove anything we need to. Mr. Tappin – I mean, Gramps, we'll start with you giving an introduction of the Battle Box Experiment itself.”

It took a couple restarts, but Gramps made it into his introduction of the Battle Box experiment. It helped for him to often speak toward Max and his quiet attention.

“Welcome to the Nano Web Laboratory. Nano means little, Web means we do non-technical computer stuff, and Laboratory just says the teen boys and I are just learning neat things about God's gifts to us and how we can use those gifts to please Him. The experiment we'll tell you about today is one you can do in your own back yard too.”

“Monte, Dozer, and 8 yr old Petey here, want to show you their displays of three kinds of games. The first two displays show kinds of games you will always lose, and Petey's display teaches us the kind of games you can always win, and even more. Monte, tell us about your kind of games display.”

Monte was really nervous. It helped when Gramps walked around behind the cameras so Monte could explain his display while looking at his beloved Gramps.

“My Battle Box display reminds us of the kinds of games I see a lot of my school friends play hours every day. These kinds of digital battle games don't have a final goal. They are never ending. But more than that, these kinds of games use what I call 'mind magnets'. They just keep drawing the player in closer, more involved, more intense. So it's not long before my friends are not getting their homework done, and they don't care to help mom with the housework and dad with the mowing.”

Pointing to his box display, “See, I made a big cardboard magnet next to the little end of this plastic funnel. By the big end of the funnel, I drew this head with the squiggles above his eyes. That's his mind being sucked into the funnel that has little chance of escaping back through the little end of the funnel. On the back of my display, I wrote a description of what I just told you. I made some take home papers that also tell about getting too close to a mind magnet. I ended with a couple Bible warnings about guarding

our eyes by what we see, especially every day. That's all I got to say, Gramps.” Everyone in the garage, I mean laboratory, clapped.

Dozer was a husky teen that didn't get very good grades in school, no matter how hard he tried. But he had a heart for helping others any way he could. “I wanna thank Gramps and the fellas for letting me help in this here labtory, even since I'm not a great talker, with or without them bright lights.” Dave thought for sure he would have to edit tons of stuff out of Dozer's talk, but that would happen later. For now he had to make sure the camcorder was operating fine.

“My name's not really Dozer, but I like it when kids call me Dozer – bulldozer work is hard but it gets good things done... and that's what I want to always do. Well, anyhow, this is my Battle Box. It's called a battle box 'cuz mine tells about battles that you never actually win. See. Here I got a picture of a game controller that just uses your thumbs. I guess there's nothing wrong with just using your thumbs. But that's not the real problem that I wanna WARN YOU ABOUT!”

Dave hoped Dozer wasn't going to keep shouting. He tried to hold the camcorder still as Max took some snapshots of the husky teenager's display.

Dozer continued. “Everybody knows you remember the stuff you see longer than other stuff you hear or read. Well... The video games my display tell about, use action figures that are mostly monsters and satanic looking creatures that'd give ya nightmares maybe every night. It probably doesn't sound good on your camera there, but there's mostly blood and guts stuff that stays in your mind. If you play these kinds of games every day, why, you're gonna completely forget about all the beauty that God gave us to live in. And another thing. I'll be struggling enough to land me a

job someday, without having spent several years looking at dragons and warlocks. Gramps. I guess that's about all I got to say.”

Without explaining any more about his display, Dozer decided he'd better just sit down before he really said something stupid while the camera was turned on.

The camcorder slowly panned over to view Petey. He sort-of waved at the camera and began with, “Ummm... hi everybody. I'm Petey and I made this display with a teeny bit of help from my mom. These blocks of wood are supposed to be like the ones the Oily Impic runners stand on when they win those shiny medals for practicing hard and then winning. I only know the super best winner gets to stand on the tallest step, like this here block.” As the 8 yr old began his talk, Gramps had slowly walked up next to Petey.

Gramps asked a question. “Petey will you let 'ol Gramps help tell about your super special display?” “Well, sure Gramps. But I sure could use a hug right now. I'm scared of these bright lights and Dozer talking about those monsters and dragons.” Max got a snapshot of Gramps giving Petey a good hug.

The silver-haired laboratory leader began with, “Maybe we could take just a second and see where we are so far... Let's see. Monte told us about games you can play and actually never win – even though you get the most points. You actually loose because you spend so much time playing those games. You get addicted to them, and forget to do things for Jesus. Do you remember his funnel and mind magnet?”

“Now Dozer's display teaches us about games that you can kill the most uglies and win the most points, but you still loose, because of

all the evil pictures of creatures that get stored in your mind. It's how nightmares get started inside you. So both teens tell us about games that you really never win. I wanna stay away from those games, don't you? I sure hope so.”

“Petey worked hard on his display that teaches about the kind of games that you never lose. That's right. They're just the opposite of Dozer and Monte's kinds of games. Petey and I want you to know there is nothing wrong with playing games, so long as we're always asking God to show us which ones to play and when. Petey. What's this over to the side of your reward steps?”

“You'd be proud of me Gramps. I really hunted for this little picture of a computer, I cut out and pasted right here. And then I put this lady over here. She's a missionary that tells her neighborhood kids about that Jesus love you're always telling us about. Gramps. Don't you 'spose she needs for us to keep telling her how important she is? I sure think so.”

Gramps continued the explanation with, “Well the computer here, is to remind boys and girls to learn how to use all their fingers to type words and messages to missionaries. They need to be told how we love them for all the hard things they do. Now the battle; the contest, here is to learn to type correctly as fast as you can. Maybe even faster than a school friend. Do you understand? Even if your friend types faster than you do, you still win, 'cuz you're getting better at typing messages telling others that Jesus loves them, so much. And this is true if you're typing emails, tweeting, or texting.”



“There's one more strange thing about this winning. First, the only place you learn about it is in the Bible. It's in Romans 8:37 that tells how you can MORE THAN win. You can win every time. You

can win in a way that makes Jesus smile and maybe give you a thumbs up... well, sort-of. We should find and play games that don't get in the way of us learning more about Jesus and stuff He wants us to do – and stay away from! Every day we should take time to pray, read our Bible, and tell our friends about the wonderful thing that Jesus won, when He shed His blood on the Cross for each of us.” [~]

#5 - God's Eyes 'n Kites

What a surprise! And a good surprise, at that. Only seconds after the two teens and 8 yr old Petey peddled in Gramps' drive way and laid their bikes off to one side, that a black van pulled in. Its motor was shut off and out climbed silver-haired Max and removed Dave's wheel chair. In a couple moments Dave was in his chair wheeling toward the garage and the Nano Web Laboratory.

Ross Tappin (that's Gramps) was arranging things on the long folding table near the white marker board. The two main objects of the every-Saturday get-together of the boys.

Without any words, Max shook hands with Gramps and nodded hello. Monte, Dozer, and Petey all found something to sit on around the folding table, as did Max. 18 yr old Dave locked his chair in place and said, “Mr. Tappin... I mean, Gramps, thanks so much for letting Max and me come back. We didn't bring any cameras, lights, and all that stuff, like we had last week. When I talked with Monte on the phone, a couple days ago, he told me your story about Rex and his anger problem. I know it was just a story, but I know a boy like Rex, and he really hates himself. I'm hoping my friend Max and I can learn some things from this Nano Web Laboratory to share with this hateful boy I know.”

Gramps began, “Well this is wonderful that we have a great little laboratory group. Let's get started on the right foot, by asking God to bless and lead us.” Max watched every move Dave and all the boys did. In no time, he picked up on Petey resting a couple fingers on Gramps' open Bible on the table in front of everyone, every time anyone was praying. The young boy was already connecting prayer and the Bible words that would speak to his heart. He was always looking for things that would help him change his mama's tired sad eyes and lonely heart.

“This week I want to tell you about eyes – especially God's eyes. We'll start with drawing a kite that has no hope of flying,” Gramps said with a grin. He told everyone to use the sheet of paper and pencil on the table in front of them. Still without any words, Max picked up his pencil and licked his lips like he knew something fun and helpful was about to happen.

Gramps spoke directions to his class as he used the green dry erase marker on the white board mounted on the garage (I mean, laboratory) wall. “The first step learning about God's eyes is to draw a simple cross with two straight lines, like this. Next I want you to shorten the left side of the cross a little bit. Go ahead, I'll wait. Now I want you to connect all four points of the cross, so it looks like a lopsided kite. Yes I know a lopsided kite would never fly, but we're going to learn something beautiful about one of the things understood when we use God's eyes.”

“Yes I know kites are not played with much these days, with all this technology. But they should be. Enjoying the power of the wind at the end of a long string, and a kite tail waving at you, really reminds us of just one of the magnificent gifts God gives us, only 'cuz He loves us.”

The silver-haired laboratory leader showed Max and the boys how

to add lines, mostly up and down, inside the kite shape. The kite, that started from a cross, was becoming more strange by the minute. Max was still watching the 8 yr old, to make sure he didn't fall behind.

“OK everybody, now watch close, because we're going to add a few small horizontal lines.” Everyone did well, at drawing a bunch of lines on a kite that didn't make much sense. Gramps said, “Max, can I use your drawing for a minute? Without hesitation, quiet Max handed Ross his paper.

“Now I want you all to watch close. See, we've been drawing this weird kite, that to our eyes doesn't make sense. But I'm going to rotate Max's kite so the short side is facing down.” Instantly the boys recognized the weird kite was actually a store with windows and front door. “Do you all see how the sides of the store get littler the farther they go? Well that's called PERSPECTIVE. That's a fancy word for drawing something on a flat piece of paper in a way that makes the object appear to our human eyes like the store goes back into the paper. I'll write the word on the board, here.” PERSPECTIVE was written in large letters over Gramps' whiteboard kite. “Boys, God's eyes see things around us in a far different way, because of His power, greater than the wind, and His love for each of us, the Cross shows us. Using God's eyes, God's perspective, God's way of looking at us. He sees our struggles we have doing homework, understanding our parents, and even how our schoolmates act toward us.

“Let's look once more at how that goofy kite, that started as a cross, became a store. Look at your own store front drawing in front of you. Use another gift God has given you, your imagination. Stare at your storefront and imagine you see the old storefront building now with a bunch of boys and girls, just like yourself, inside. Without any electricity, computers, or other techy

stuff, they're taking old computers apart and making packages for missionaries that contain stories and junk pieces of computers to help boys and girls to learn about God's eyes and His incredible love.”

“This is a little hard for us to visualize, but while Jesus was hanging on the cross, bleeding and in terrible pain, in His heart, He could see each of your faces, and your hearts too. His eyes visualized our Nano Web Laboratory, each of us, and others we talk to. He sees us loving Him in return for all the good gifts He's given us; the wind, our eyes, our friends, yes – our technology for gabbin' and gaming, but especially our gift of Salvation.”

“Do your eyes meet His eyes?”

(end of resource... many more
exciting adventures at ReachingYouth.net)

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