



Vol. 6. No. 1

Kidz NeWz

from the CBC Clubhouse

MARCH/APRIL 2021

The Children's Bible Club • 6331 Chestnut St Milton, FL 32570 • www.childrensbibleclub.com • auntcarolyn@childrensbibleclub.com



THE COST OF A BIBLE

"Oh, hurry up, Buffy! You'll make me late to meeting, and I can't miss the Bible reading! Now, shoo!" Barefooted, with only a shawl around her shoulders, eight-year-old Mary

hustled the last stubborn hen into the hen house. She borrowed the neighbor's lantern because Father's was broken. She and Mother carefully walked two miles to the chapel on a rough, dark mountain path.

Afterward, Mary told Father about the meeting, especially all the Scripture she had memorized. "Oh, it was wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I do wish I had a Bible. Then we could have it with our prayers every night."

The idea was great, but Mary's parents were poor, simple weavers. They could not read. There was no school for Mary to attend and learn how to read, so what would be the point of owning a Bible?

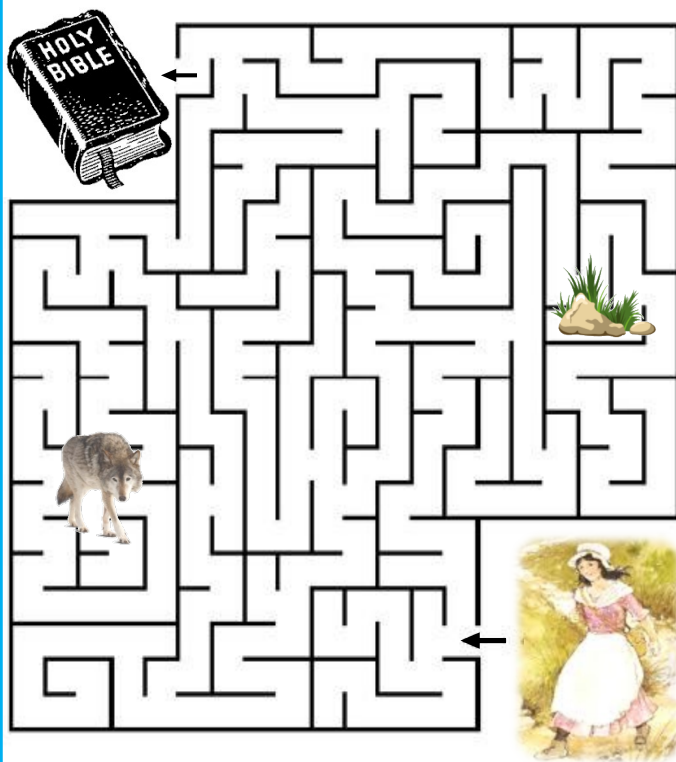
Yet Mary was not discouraged and longed for a Bible of her own. They were not only scarce in Wales, but also very expensive! For Mary to learn to read and have a Bible in the Welsh language would take a miracle! But Mary would not give up. "I *must* have a Bible. I will work and earn until I can buy one of my very own!"

No job was too large or small. She earned a half-penny for picking up firewood and another for doing washing and ironing. She received six-pence for returning a lost purse. One year passed. When Mary opened her money box to count her savings, there was only eleven pence and three farthings – not nearly enough for a Bible!

By age eleven, she earned more money by sewing, mending, selling eggs and helping take care of children. When SIX years passed, Mary again opened her money box. At last, there was enough to buy her Bible! "But now, *where* can I get it?" Indeed, Bibles were scarce! There were none to be found in any of the nearby towns, but Mary knew that



Help Mary Jones walk the mountain path to Bala to get her Bible.



Reverend Charles in Bala would have some.

"Bala!" exclaimed Mother. "That is twenty-five miles away! How can you go to Bala?"

"I shall walk! Perhaps I can go in one day and come home the next."

"Mary, that will be a long, treacherous journey! And you will be all alone!"

"No, I won't be alone, Mother. The Lord will be with me."

"Mother, we ought to let her go," Father intervened. "She will be safe, and how else can she get a Bible?"

Up early, Mary packed a bit of food and slung her boots over her shoulder. The old shoes would fall apart if she wore them all the way to Bala. The journey was certainly long and tiring, but it was the path to her Bible!

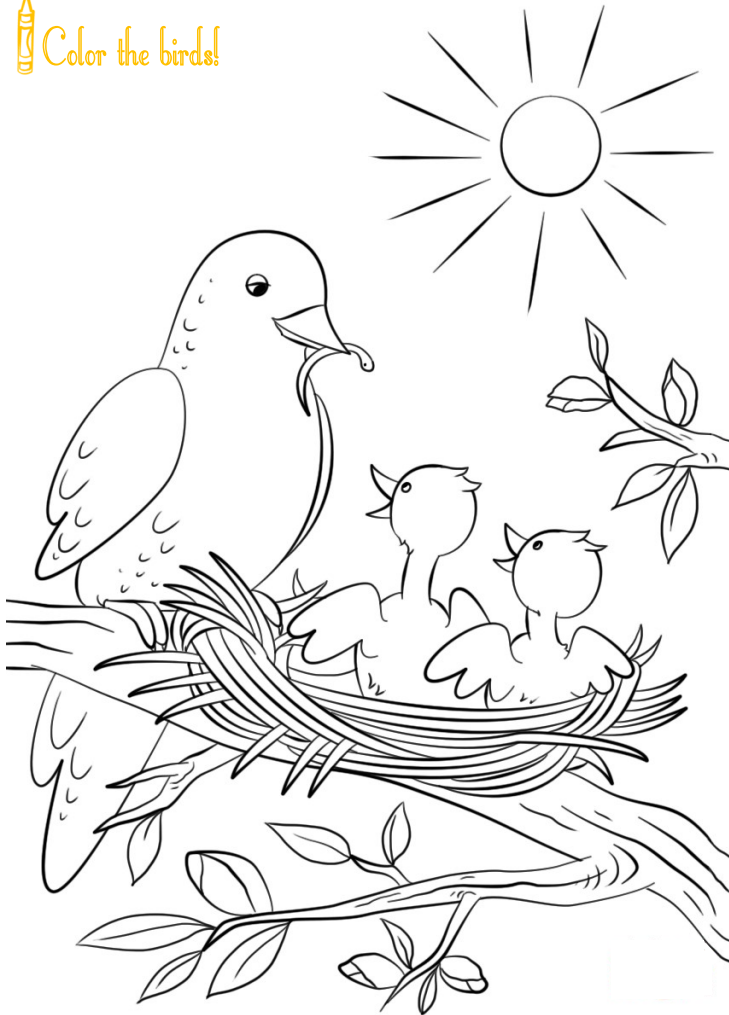
(...continued on back...)

The Little Bird

Our Father tells in His Word
How much He loves the little bird,
And so we surely know that He
Will always care for you and me.

-Mary Z. McHenry

 Color the birds!



Can you memorize this verse
and say it for your
parents or teachers?

KIDZ VITA-VERSE



"I will delight myself in
thy statutes: I will not
forget thy word."

Psalms 119:16

(Be sure to take your vitamins and say your Vita-Verse every day!)

THE SEED GREW

As the story spread of Mary's struggle for a Bible, some men realized the importance of getting God's Word to people in their own language. They pressed for translators to put the Bible into the languages of many countries. It takes years of painstaking work to form sounds into an alphabet, and more years to put these sounds into written words. Many Bible Societies have been formed for the sole purpose of translating, printing, and delivering the Bibles to people who do not know Christ and His Gospel. Let us pray that a time will come soon when all people across the world will have the Bible, the Word of God, in their own language!

At dusk she finally reached the home of Pastor Edwards. His wife gave her supper and a cot for the night. Early the next morning, Pastor Edwards took her to Reverend Charles' house. Mary waited eagerly as the pastor told her story. He shared how she had worked and saved for six years and walked twenty-five miles just to buy a Bible.

"Oh, Pastor Edwards," Rev. Charles answered gravely. "This is a tragedy. I only have three Bibles and they are all promised. There is no Bible for this young lassie!"

"No Bible?" Mary cried out. After all of her praying, after working and saving for six years, after walking twenty-five miles, there was no Bible! Mary sank to the floor sobbing in bitter tears.

Minutes passed before Rev. Charles turned and spoke, "Pastor Edwards, this lassie shall have her Bible! Someone else will have to wait!" He took a Bible from the shelf and laid it in Mary's hands. "There, child, this is yours.

"This Bible belongs to Mary Jones!" Mary's grief turned to joy as she pressed the beloved book to her heart. Her very own Bible!

Mary did not mind the long walk home. She finally had her precious Bible. She would treasure, study and memorize it so she could share its message with everyone. What a happy day for her parents and those who helped fill her money box with half-pennies and shillings! What a time of praise and thanks to the Lord!

God's Word is precious! Let us treasure, read, and memorize it, and share its message!



Book Condensed: *Mary Jones and Her Bible*.
Revised & rewritten by Mary Carter.
Old Paths Gospel Press, 1882.

