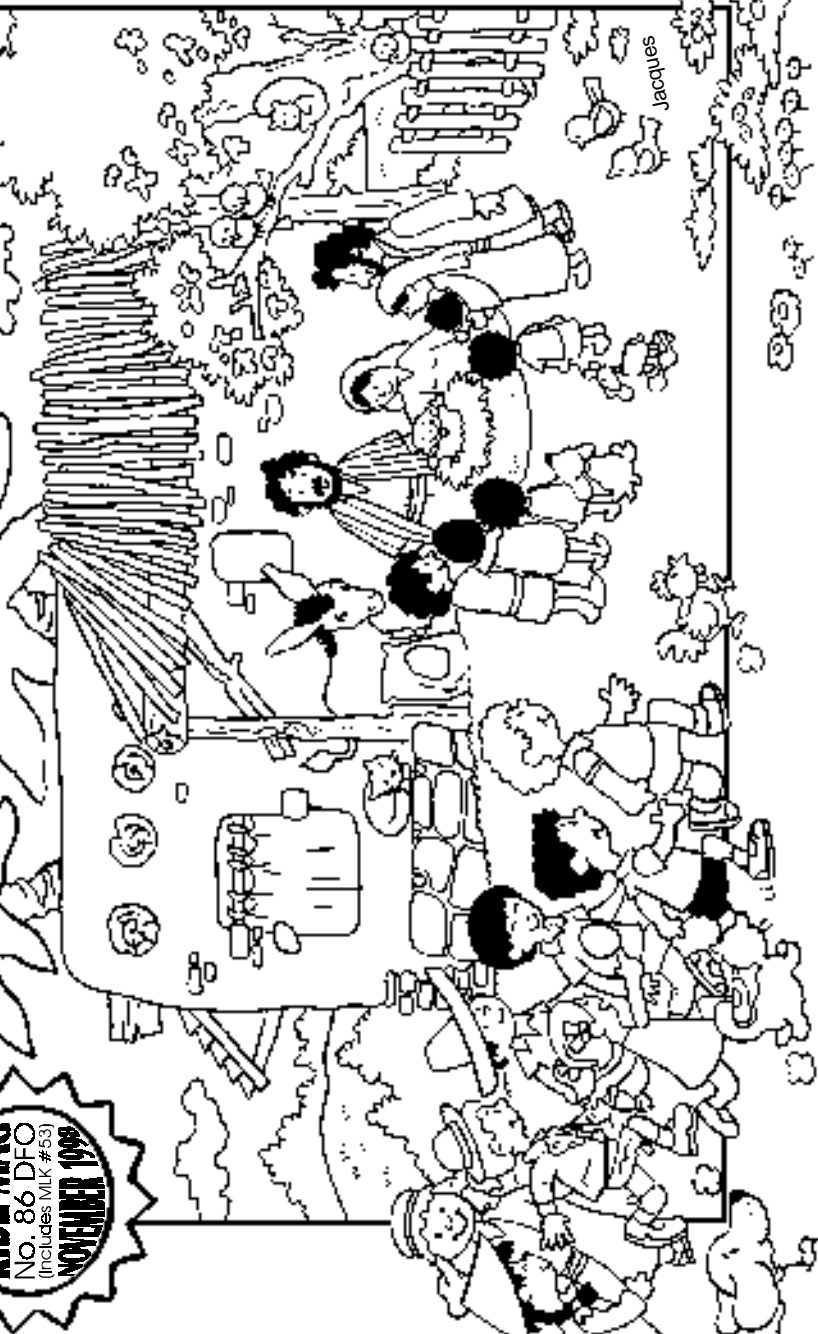


Happy Birthday Jesus!

KIDZ MAG

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Jacques



Hi! We're getting ready for some visitors we've invited to join us as we celebrate Jesus' birthday!

Happy Birthday Jesus!

Did you know that one of Jesus' favorite presents is lots of souls saved?

He also loves for us to give Him our love, praise, and dedicated hearts.



The following pages are a special Christmas gift to you all.

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Art by Jacques Elan

The Tailor's Secret

Few people seemed to take much notice of the lonely, grief-stricken old man. Klaus and his wife had moved north to Finland to escape the war and turmoil in their homeland. In time and in his new home he became a successful tailor. Then the terrible flu epidemic came and took the lives of his wife and two children — and left him feeling he had little reason to go on living. No longer the happy, cheerful soul he had once been, Klaus aimlessly wandered the cold streets of Helsinki during the day and collapsed on a cot in his cold empty workshop at night. He no longer did tailor work. He couldn't if he wanted to for he had sold or traded everything of value for food and fuel. His clothes were tattered, his head hung low, and his feet dragged. His hair and beard, now white, had grown wild and tangled. Those who had known him before could now hardly recognize him!



Whenever his departed wife, Gertrude, and his children looked down from Heaven, they were heartbroken at what they saw. Gertrude often pled for her husband's sanity before the throne of God, and God always comforted her.

“At just the right moment,” He would say, “a ray of light and hope and new purpose will shine through the dark clouds that hang over Klaus' life.”

Then God would let her go to Klaus' side. From the unseen realm of the spirit she would whisper words of love and encouragement to her poor husband's heart.

As time passed and Klaus' condition did not improve, Gertrude was certain that her loved one had reached the end of his rope. She again came sorrowfully before God.

This time God announced, “The time has come at last! Your husband is about to turn his eyes from his own sorrow, and see the needs of others. The moment he does, I will work the miracle.”



It was winter, and as usual Helsinki was very cold with only a few hours of sunlight each day. Tradesmen worked at their crafts in cozy workshops by glowing fires. Women left the warmth of their kitchens

only for hurried trips to shops — nothing more. Only the children seemed to venture more than a few blocks from home. Wherever they lived, it never seemed too far to walk to “Children’s Lane,” where the town’s renowned toy makers worked their magic. Some folks said that gifted saints and angels gave the toy makers their ideas. Along “Children’s Lane,” window after window was filled with toys which delighted the children’s eyes and set their minds awahl!

Klaus loved children, but whenever he would stop to watch them as they played or looked at the toys in the toy shop windows, they would remind him of his own children and each time his heart would break all over again, and tears would tumble down his cheeks.

One day Klaus noticed a small boy in clothes nearly as tattered as his own, gazing at the toys in a shop window. The look of hopelessness and disappointment on the boy’s face told Klaus just what the boy was thinking: *I’ll never know what it’s like to have such fine toys as those!*

Klaus began to cry, but for the first time in a very long time, Klaus wasn’t crying for himself. His tears were for the little boy and the hundreds of other poor children like him.

The image of the small boy lingered in Klaus’ mind as he went on his way. Scarcely thinking about where his feet were taking him, Klaus eventually found himself at a small





ravine on the edge of town, where people dumped their junk and trash. For some unexplainable reason, Klaus began to feel happy and hopeful. How long had it been since he had felt that way?

A newly discarded doll lay lifeless and in pieces on one of the

trash heaps still not covered with snow. Klaus bent over and picked up the pieces.

Put them together, Klaus, whispered Gertrude to his heart.

Without knowing why, Klaus put the doll back together. Was it Klaus' imagination, or did the doll open her eyes and look at him as if she was alive? *Thank you for giving me back my life!* she seemed to say.

Klaus looked at her and smiled. "You're welcome!" he said out loud.

There was no one there to see or hear him, but Klaus suddenly felt very foolish and tossed the doll back onto the junk pile.

Immediately a great sadness filled his heart.

He picked up the doll again, and happiness filled his heart once more. *How strange!* thought Klaus.

Then he pulled an armless teddy bear from another pile of trash.

How nice it would be if these broken toys could be repaired and given to the children of poor families. How happy they all would be! Klaus thought. *But what can I do about it? I am just a poor broken old man myself, and I have no tools — no needles or thread or material to mend them with!*

A voice from Heaven seemed to speak to him, *With God, nothing is impossible! Where God guides, He provides. Look around!*

Still not understanding what was happening, Klaus started looking through the junk that was scattered around. Suddenly he spotted a battered wooden box. It looked worthless, but when Klaus lifted the lid, he was in for a big surprise!

It was full of *tools* — everything he needed for the job! The tools

were old and a little rusty, of course, but he could scrub and sharpen them and they would be as good as new. In one compartment of the box was a sewing kit with needles of all sizes, and thread in many different colors.

That's a wonder! Klaus thought as a new idea formed in his mind. *What if ... ? What if I collect all the broken toys I can find and I fix them and give them to poor children for Christmas?*

In Heaven, Gertrude and all those helping her jumped for joy! God's promise was coming true!

Klaus didn't waste a minute. For the next few days he collected broken toys, and took special notice or quietly asked where each needy child in town lived. This information he wrote down in a small book. Klaus then spent many days repairing, mending, gluing and stuffing toys. So absorbed was Klaus in the task at hand that he often forgot to eat.

In a few days it will be Christmas, he kept thinking, and the children from the poor families need to have toys of their own. How I want them all to be happy!

Harder and harder he worked, late into each night, until his fingers ached, his eyes grew blurry, and he fell asleep in his chair. At dawn's first light, Klaus would awake and continue his labor of love.

Klaus felt wonderful inside. On Christmas Eve his task was finally completed! Every child in his book would get a present. Seven big bags filled with beautiful toys sat on the floor of his workshop — all brought back to life by the worn old hands of the tailor.

But how shall I give them to the children? Klaus asked himself. *They must not think that the toys are from me, for truly they are gifts of love from God's own heart!*

Disguise yourself and give them away at night! whispered Gertrude. And so he did.

Christmas Eve was cold and blustery. Just before midnight, Klaus loaded the bags of toys onto a big sled he had once pulled his own children around on, one of his few remaining possessions. The load of toys was heavy and he struggled to pull it through the snow. From street to street he went, leaving a package, or a few packages on the doorstep of each house where a poor family lived. In each package was a toy for some child in the house, and on each toy was a little note that said, "To you with love, from God Above."

Peace at last filled Klaus' heart.

On Christmas morning the poor of the town awoke to the wonderful surprise. Some thanked God for what seemed to be a miracle; some didn't know what to think, but were glad to see their children happy. Some said they had seen an old man covered with snow distribute the packages. Others said they had seen a mysterious sleigh loaded with many big bags. The story grew until finally it was said that the sleigh was pulled by reindeer, and had come down from Heaven!

Well, much of the story was true! There was an old man, covered with snow, and there was a sled filled with bags. And yes, in a sense, they *did* come from Heaven, for God was surely behind it all!

Klaus spent the next year quietly collecting and fixing broken toys. How happy that made him!

And when Christmas came again, Klaus once more made his secret rounds to deliver toys to all the poor children. Then, exhausted from a long night's work, Klaus passed away in the early quiet of Christmas morning. Most people in the town didn't even notice he was gone, but what a party they had where he went! Klaus was reunited with his wife and children, and all Heaven rejoiced.

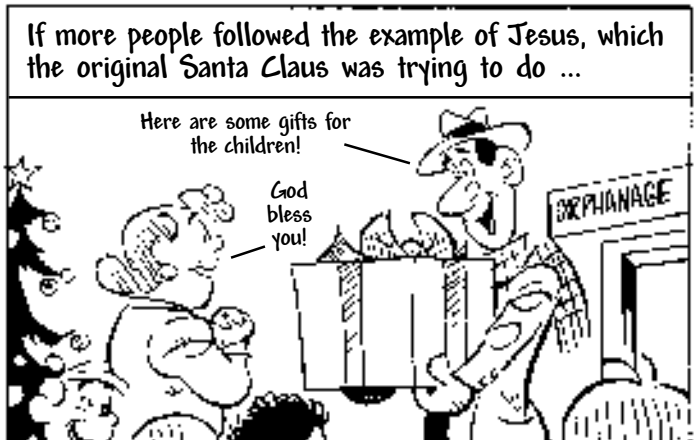
"What you did was wonderful," God told Klaus, "but it doesn't have to end there. *All* children need to experience My love. Will you help Me give it to them?"

Gertrude's prayer for her husband had been answered and would continue to be answered. Klaus was happier than he ever thought possible. He began doing all he could to help children around the world, whispering in their hearts and encouraging them, as Gertrude had done for him. What joy he felt as the children opened their hearts to God's love and their lives became happier.

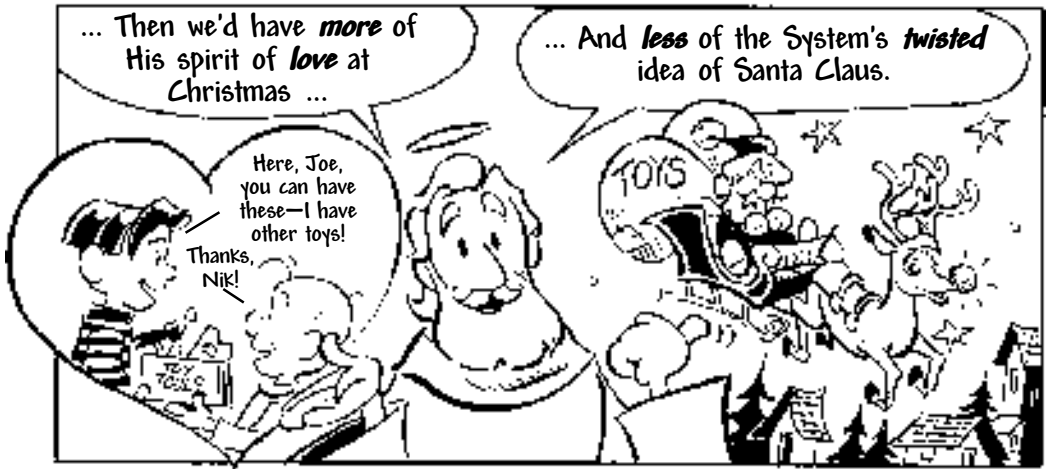


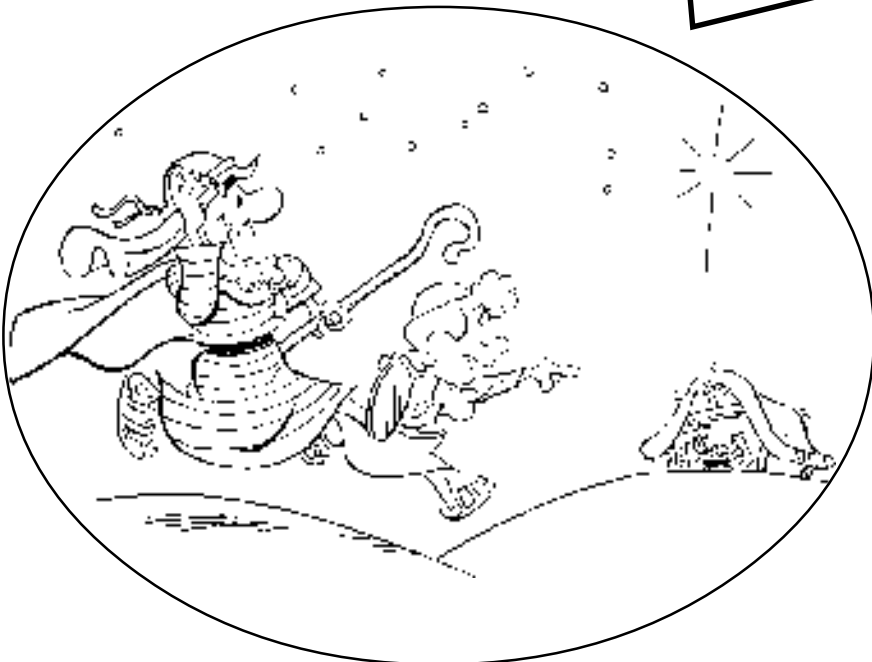
THE REAL SANTA!





(Simplified prophecy for children—2/98)





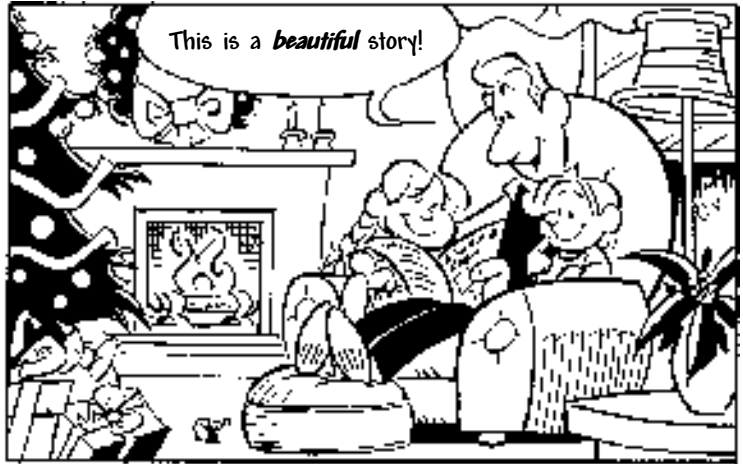
Photocopy this page to make your own Christmas tree decorations or card covers. You can also en



GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!



This story is actually helping to clarify to the world what Santa really should be all about—a man of *love* and *giving* and *sharing* and *caring* about the poor children who need some love and some toys.



It also encourages the idea of being Jesus' helper and giving His spirit of love.

Papa, let's be like Santa in the story and give some presents to the poor!



It's encouraging the spirit of *unselfish giving* and reaching out to help others in need.

Merry Christmas!

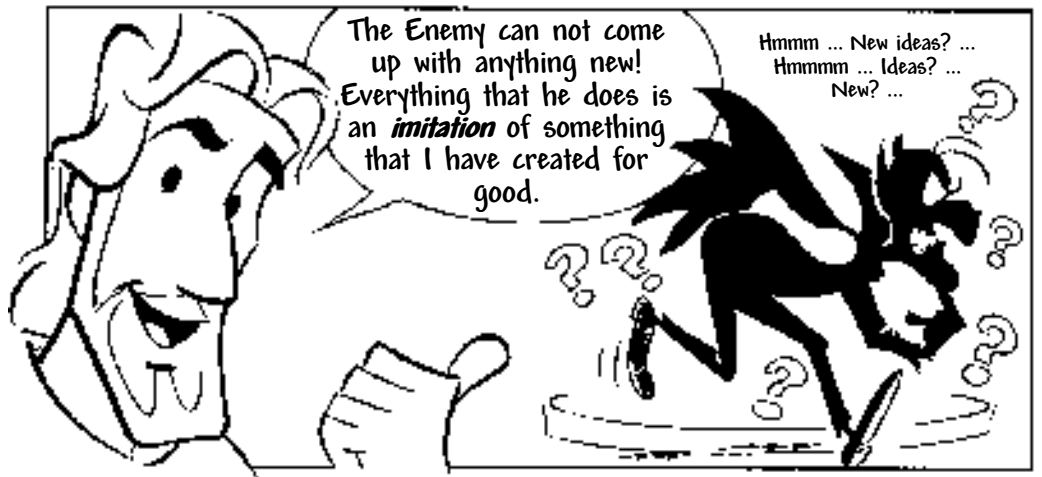
Thank you!

God bless you!



Santa is *not* the *Savior*, but it was during the celebration of the birthday of the Savior that he realized he could do something out of love for others. He was motivated [inspired] to be a vessel of Jesus' love for others in need.





THIS IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE:

Santa Claus was one of my children and his *good deeds* became a legend* which made people think of me.



***Legend:** an old story about great deeds of the past, sometimes a true tale to which marvelous events have been added later

This made the Devil *mad*, so he set about to change it, which is what you see today.



There is nothing *wrong* with Santa Claus, for he made the people believe that I loved them.



He made them look for ways to imitate what he did.



But then the rich materialistic *merchants* used this as a chance to sell more of their goods.

Then those who did *not* believe in me used this as a way of getting people to think about *gifts* and *presents* and "*getting*" rather than *giving*.

Let's use *Christmas* to make more ...

... money!

Let's advertise, so that people only think about ...

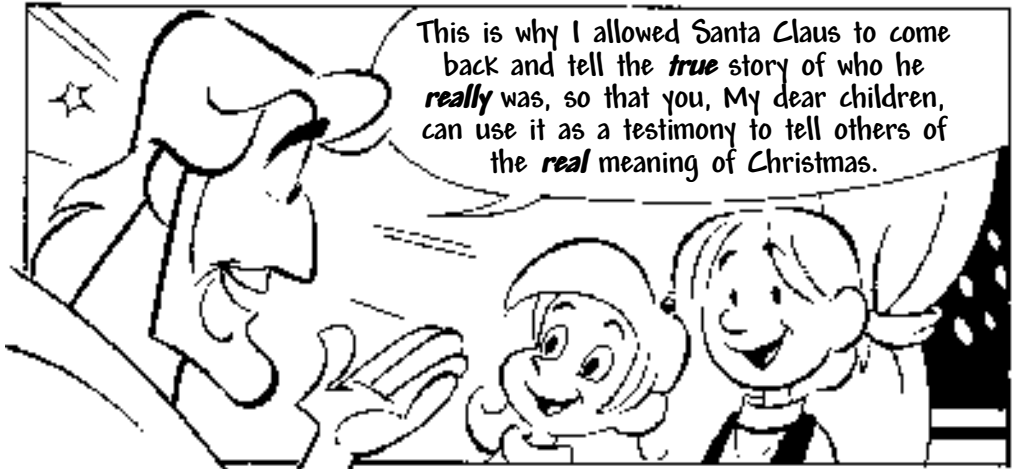
... getting!



That is how they *lost* the *true* meaning of Christmas.



This is why I allowed Santa Claus to come back and tell the *true* story of who he *really* was, so that you, My dear children, can use it as a testimony to tell others of the *real* meaning of Christmas.



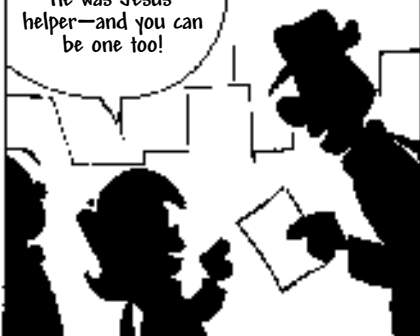
When using Santa as an example, you must show that he lived to give the true meaning of Christmas away.

You see, Santa was a *real* person! But he was a lot different than what people think!



This will be a perfect chance to tell them of *Me!*

He was Jesus' helper—and you can be one too!



The *purpose* for using Santa Claus is to give you a different way to witness to get the *message* into people's hands. So happy witnessing! I Love You!

You can pray with us—Jesus ...

Jesus ...



THE SPIRIT OF **XMAS!**

By Grandpa - 1985

Many folks have almost *forgotten* or *rejected* the *true* meaning of Christmas! In a lot of places they no longer even call it *Christmas*, but "*Xmas*." *Christ* is crossed out of *Christmas*! In many big cities all you see are signs of "*Xmas sale! Xmas shopping! Merry Xmas!*"



But there's so much *more* to Christmas than *trees, decorations, presents* and all the *make-believe* and *materialism* that comes with Christmas today!



CHRISTMAS is celebrating the day that *God* sent His *love* into the world, in the form of a tiny, weak and helpless *baby*, almost 2,000 years ago.

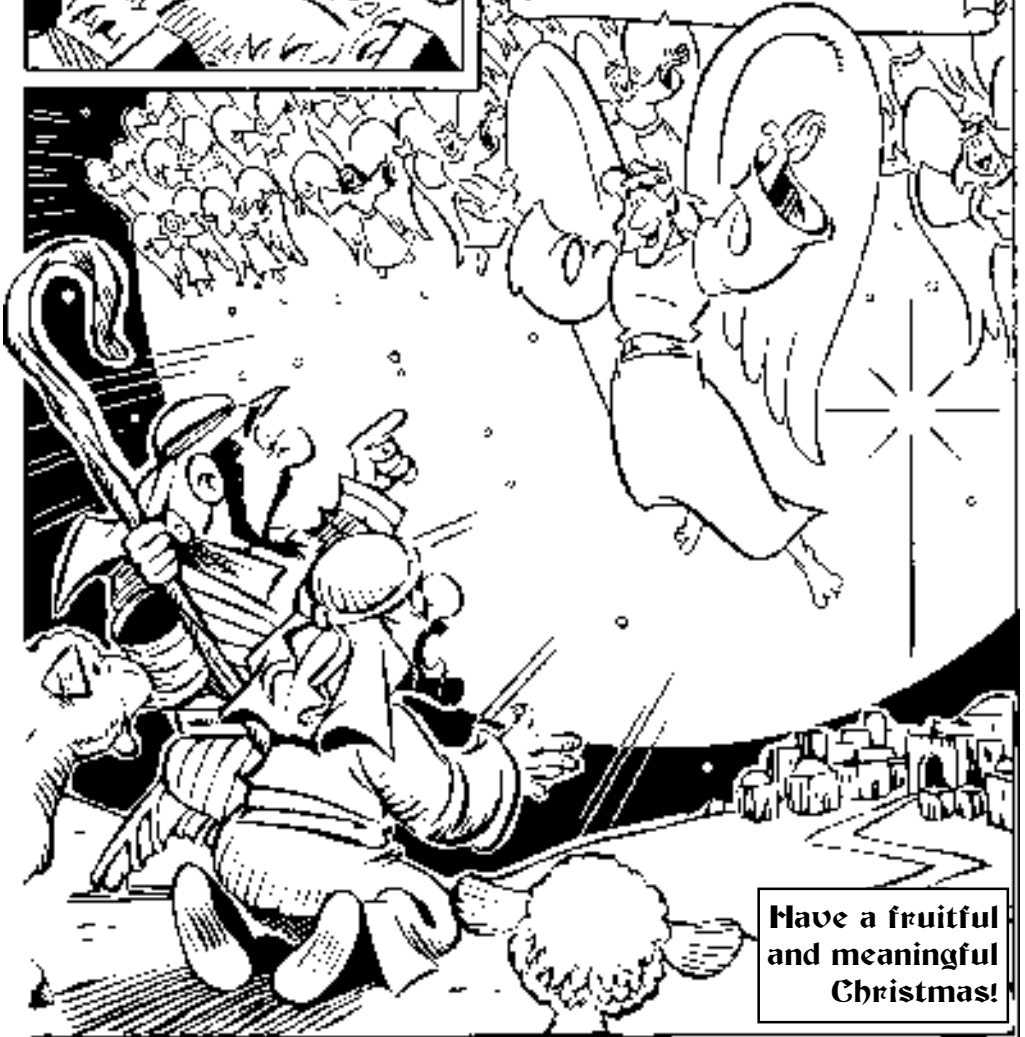
(From "Christmas Love" ML #2295, 10/85)

This Child was born to be
the *King of kings*.

(Read 1 Timothy 6:15.)



And though His birth brought
no attention from the System,
that night a brilliant *light* burst
from the starry sky. An host of
angels filled the night with their
Heavenly song: "Glory to God in the
highest! Peace on Earth to men of
good will! For unto you this day is
born a Savior, *Christ the Lord!*"
(Luke 2:8-14).



**Have a fruitful
and meaningful
Christmas!**

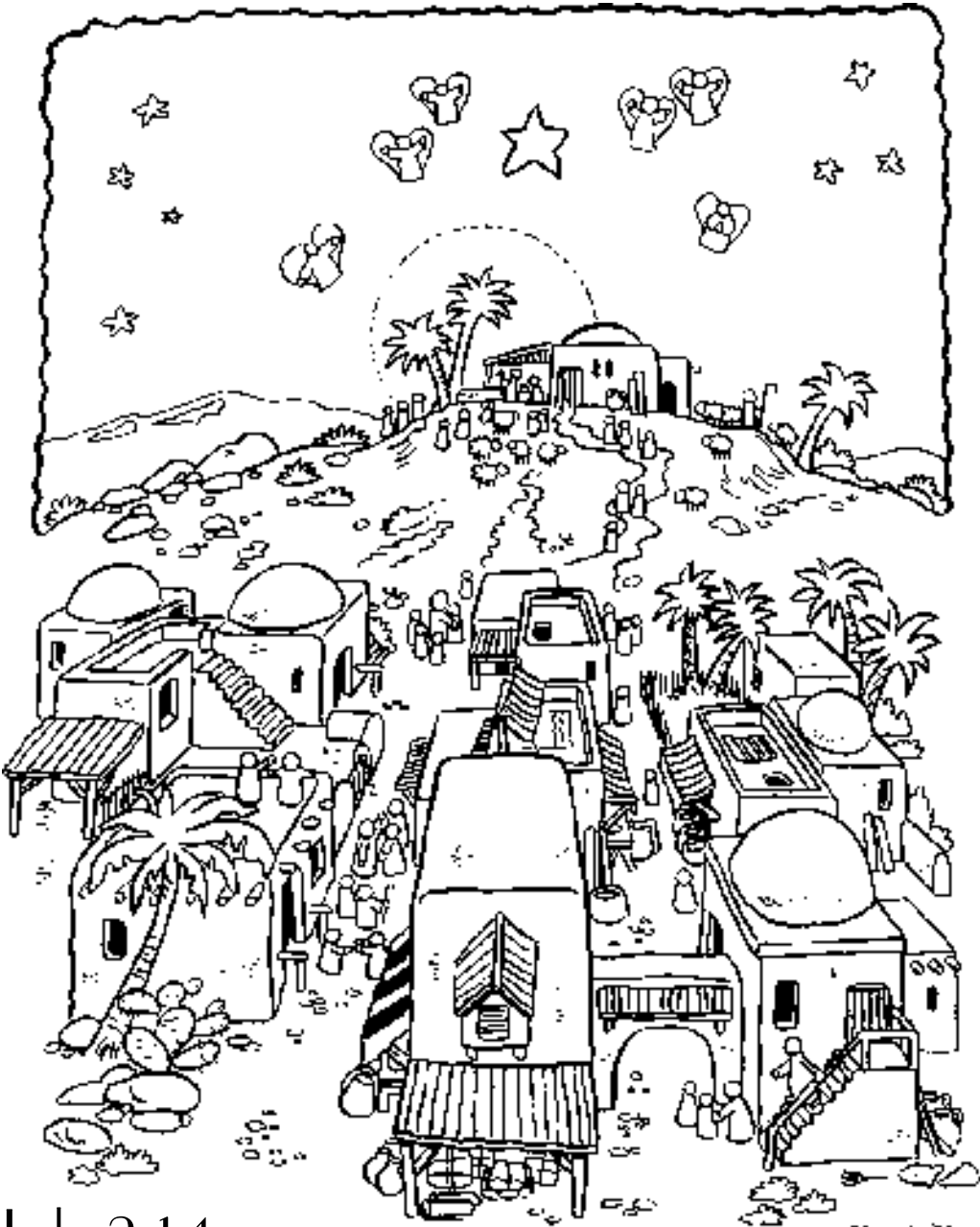


Photocopy this page, enlarging if desired. Kids can then trace these figures onto regular paper in a variety of ways to make different characters and scenes for Christmas cards, pictures and decorations. Have fun!





Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace,
good will toward men.



Luke 2:14