

# SPOTLIGHT

learn • inquire • grow • hunt • think

Research by  
Heidi Good

## LINEN

*"Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie." – John 20:6*



- Linen is one of the oldest fabrics in the world. History tells us that people in ancient Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Greece used linen.
- Linen is made from the fibers of the flax plant. To preserve the length of the fibers, flax plants are harvested by being uprooted instead of being cut.

- Linen is stronger than cotton or wool, and can handle high temperatures. It is also antistatic. Even fabric containing only ten percent linen will not become staticky.
- Linen is very absorbent, but it also dries quickly.
- The United States' paper money contains linen and cotton.
- Upholstery, napkins, tablecloths, sheets, and wallpaper can all be made with linen.
- Book covers can be made with linen and the pages of some books are sewn together with linen thread.

### True or False?

Make your best guess;  
then check the answer.  
Are you right?

1. Linen is a wrinkly fabric.  
True      False
2. *Linen* is mentioned in the Bible 104 times.  
True      False
3. Linen is stronger when it is dry than when it is wet.  
True      False



# Partners

Volume 52

PART 1 FOR APRIL 4, 2021

April 2021



by Grace B. Walter

## For the Sake of Samaya



The sunlight held little warmth that Easter morning, and Christie shivered as a chilling breeze swept around the corner of the Potter Heights Community Center.

"It will be warmer inside," Uncle Wilbur promised as he fit a key into the front door.

"But the cigarette smell might make you cough," Christie's cousin Mary Jo warned with a chuckle. "The people who rent this place on Saturday evening must be chain-smokers. We often leave the door open awhile to air things out." She readjusted the boxes she was carrying as Uncle Wilbur jiggled the key in the stubborn lock.

*What did I get myself into?* Christie wondered. In spite of being cousins, Christie didn't know Mary Jo very well. Had it not been for Daddy's encouragement, she would never have come along

today to help with Mary Jo's Sunday school class.

The lock relented at last, and Christie sucked in a final breath of fresh air before facing the overpowering stench of cigarette odors. *What a place to meet for church! What if Daddy and Mama decide . . . ?* But no, they would never agree to come serve at this city mission. The mission board would just have to look for someone else.

"My children's class meets here," Mary Jo said, opening a door and glancing at Christie. "Do you have the box with the crown of thorns? If you do, you can leave it in here."

"Okay," Christie said. Daddy had made the crown of thorns from a locust branch and used it when he preached the Good Friday sermon in their home congregation. Afterward, Mary Jo had requested permission to borrow the crown for her children's class here at the Potter Heights mission. She had also borrowed the spikes Daddy had used to represent the nails that held Jesus to the cross.





## Alive Again

by Lucy A. Martin

My kittens come. My kittens go.  
Jemima, Twinkle, Skiff of Snow . . .  
Next year there might be Blackie, Puff,  
And Snowball, if one's white enough.  
My kittens don't come back again.  
They die, and we get new ones then.  
When people die, they don't come back.  
We cry about the loss and lack,  
And yet they only pass away  
From earth. They go away to stay  
In Hell or in eternal bliss,  
But yet they don't return to this.  
When Jesus Christ, the Saviour, died,  
The men were sad. The women cried.  
But Jesus rose to life again.  
He lived on earth awhile, and then  
He left for Heaven, but some day  
He'll come and take us home to stay.

Christie set her box on the table but instantly jerked it up again. "Yuck! There's mouse dirt all over the table!"

"That's not surprising. You can get some paper towels in the kitchen to clean it off while I bring a few more things in from the car."

In the kitchen Christie pulled off an enormous length of paper towel and added soap and water. Several minutes of scrubbing made her feel better about the table, but it didn't make her feel better about the place as a whole. Cigarette smoke. Mouse dirt. Why did the mission rent a place like this? Why couldn't they build a decent church house where things would stay clean?

*I just hope Daddy and Mama don't decide to come here regularly.* Christie scrubbed harder as she thought of the mission board's request that their family attend here full-time. Daddy hadn't told her about the request until yesterday, after Mary Jo had asked whether Christie could help her today.

"The idea of going there won't seem as strange if you visit once and see what the place is like," Daddy had told her.

*And now I know it's awful,* Christie thought. *Besides, there's no reason Uncle Wilbur couldn't be ordained as pastor. If he were the pastor, our family wouldn't have to come.*

"Here are the other things I brought to go with

the lesson," Mary Jo said, appearing in the doorway again. Opening a bag, she added, "This piece of linen represents the linen they wrapped Jesus' body in, and I brought some myrrh too, and . . ."

Voices sounded in the entry, interrupting her. Two other families who helped with the mission had arrived, and soon, conversation mingled with the clink of metal as they set up chairs for the service.

Christie was distributing songbooks when an older lady hobbled in. "Good morning, Miss Patty," someone called.

"G'morning," she responded. Judging from the cup of coffee in her hand, she had just visited a fast-food restaurant. More people arrived, and Christie wanted to shrink into a corner as strangers swirled around her. Oh, for the familiarity of her own church!

"Miss Mary!" A girl with a butchered haircut threw her arms around Mary Jo.

"Samaya!" Mary Jo exclaimed. "I thought you wouldn't be able to come today."

"I wasn't going to, but when my mom came to get me last night, she was drunk, and my aunt wouldn't let me go with her, so now I can stay with my aunt some more, and she said I could come to church."

Christie's jaw dropped. *Really?*

More children were arriving—Brandi, Cash, B.J. Mary Jo introduced each one while Christie struggled to keep the names straight.

"And this is Max," Mary Jo said, as a boy with thick glasses planted himself before them.

"Guess what! My dad will get out of jail tomorrow," Max announced, his face beaming.

Mary Jo's response was drowned out by a burst of laughter behind them. Everyone was loud, it seemed, and those who had already sat down were jumping up again as if they were playing musical chairs. Samaya was the exception. She claimed a spot next to Mary Jo, obviously not intending to move.

The service finally started. Uncle Wilbur opened with prayer, but Christie barely heard his words as she prayed a prayer of her own. *Please, God. Please don't make us come here every Sunday.*

"Amen."

"Amen. Amen." Voices echoed all over the room when Uncle Wilbur finished praying.

Then the singing began—not two hymns blending in beautiful harmony but a half-dozen choruses, dominated by inexperienced and gravelly voices.

Samaya leaned against Mary Jo as they sang, but when the Sunday school classes were dismissed, she darted off with surprising speed, determined to claim the seat next to the spot

where Mary Jo would stand. For a few moments, Christie expected a fight to break out, but with quiet efficiency, Mary Jo restored order. Then she began to tell the story of Jesus' death and resurrection.

When she held up the crown of thorns, Brandi eyed it in astonishment. "Did they just bang it right on His head?" she asked.

Cash interrupted her. "Why didn't He shoot the bad people?"

"Jesus wouldn't have shot people!" Samaya declared. "Isn't that right, Miss Mary?"

"You're right," Mary Jo agreed. Picking up the spikes, she continued her story. Then she showed the piece of linen. "This is something like the material Jesus' friends wrapped His body in after He died," she explained.

Were the children understanding? Christie wasn't sure, and later her doubts grew even more when Max and B.J. made paper airplanes with the pictures they were supposed to be coloring.

Samaya, however, was working thoughtfully. "That really was a true story, wasn't it?" she asked at last.

"Yes," Mary Jo said. "It's the story of the best thing that ever happened."

"I'm going to tell it to my mom," Samaya said, reaching for a yellow crayon. "Do you think she'll want to love Jesus too?"

Something squeezed in Christie's heart. What would it be like to have a drunk mother? What would it be like to be bounced from one house to another, never knowing whether you would be able to attend church?

As Christie folded the linen and put it away, someone tugged at her sleeve. "Will you come again sometime?" Samaya asked, hopefulness shining in her eyes.

An hour earlier, Christie would have said, "No." She would have declared that one visit to Potter Heights was enough. No question about it, she would have chosen the comfort and predictability of her home congregation over a service here.

But her home congregation had plenty of people to help with Sunday school. They had more than one preacher. None of the children there would be taking the Gospel message home to ungodly parents. None of them had drunk mothers or fathers serving jail time.

With a smile, Christie looked down at the girl with the butchered haircut. "I don't know if I'll come back again or

not," she said. "But I hope I do."

And for the sake of Jesus, and for the sake of Samaya, she now hoped Daddy and Mama would say, "Yes" to the mission board's request.



*Wanting a pen pal? Include your name, address, birth date (including the year), and a few details about yourself. Write neatly, checking facts.*

Hi!

1212 RENOV RD  
MILL HALL PA 17751

My name is Kelsie Beachy. I am nine years old, and my birth date is September 23, 2011. My parents are Laverne and Mellissa. I have four siblings, so including me, there are five children in our family. We go to Lock Haven Mennonite Church.

I enjoy baking, cooking, playing volleyball, writing and getting letters, and more! I would like a twin or someone near my age.

Write soon, Kelsie

7846 STURGESS RD  
BLACK CREEK BC V9J 1G7  
CANADA

Hi, Girls,

My name is Katie Wiebe. I am twelve, and I was born on June 26, 2008. I have five brothers and five sisters. My parents are Frank and Kathy.

I enjoy reading, writing, making new friends,

being with friends, and swimming. I am in seventh grade. I go to Merville Mennonite Church and School. I would like to have a twin, anyone who shares my name, or anyone who would just like to write.  
Write soon! Katie

14256 CLEAR SPRING RD  
WILLIAMSPORT MD 21795

Hello!

My name is Kelvin Martin. I was born on December 18, 2009, so I'm eleven. I have three brothers and one sister.

I love driving tractors, running the golf cart and my lawn tractor, playing ping-pong, and writing stories. I would like a twin pen pal, but any boy would work between ages nine and twelve.

Waiting to hear from you!  
Kelvin

805 COUNTY RD 226  
SEAGRAVES TX 79359

Hi!

My name is Alyssa Brooke Ginter. My birth date is June 29, 2011, and I am nine. I am the oldest child in my family. I have two younger brothers Colton and Ethan. My little sister's name is Kayla.

I like doing things like swimming, reading, baking, swinging, and playing with friends. I would like a twin or someone close to my age to be my pen pal.

Alyssa

Answers for "Linen":

1-True, 2-True, 3-False.

**PARTNERS (ISSN 0031-2568)**

A Bible-centered paper for Junior/Intermediate boys and girls.

Anita Lee, Editor.

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# SPOTLIGHT

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Research by  
Karla Good

## Honeybees

Honeybees can see in all directions and can fly up to fifteen miles an hour.

The queen bee may lay up to 2,000 eggs in a day.

Honeybees are not native to the United States. Some people believe the first hives were brought from Europe in 1622.

Worker bees hatched in the summer may live only six to seven weeks. If hatched in the fall and winter, they may live four to six months.

Honeybees perform what is known as a dance language to communicate to other bees the location and direction of a food source.

After gathering nectar from flowers, the bee mixes it with an enzyme stored in its honey sac. It regurgitates this mixture, passing it on to other bees in the hive. This process continues until the honey is ready to be stored in the honeycomb.

A bee produces about  $\frac{1}{12}$  of a teaspoon of honey in its lifetime.

Once the honey is stored, the bees fan it with their wings to continue to reduce the water content. When it is finished, they cap the cells with a layer of wax.

The hexagon-shaped cells of the honeycomb store the greatest amount of honey using the least amount of wax.

### Peanut Butter Honey Truffles

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup quick oats  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peanut butter  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup honey  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla  
coconut

Pulse the oatmeal in a blender until it is fine like flour. Mix the oat flour, peanut butter, honey, and vanilla together. Form into balls and roll in coconut. Refrigerate for 30 minutes. For a different twist, use crunchy peanut butter or add chocolate chips, cinnamon, or dried cranberries to the mixture.

# Partners

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Twelve-year-old Carson watched from the pitcher's mound as the ball sailed over his head and landed at the far edge of the ball field. *What's wrong with those outfielders anyway?* he wondered. *They should know to back up a lot farther when Joseph bats.*

As he watched, Abby dashed after the ball. Scooping it up, she started running back.

"Just throw it!" Carson hollered. From the corner of his eye, he could see Joseph pounding past third base.

Abby threw, but the ball flew wildly, and by the time Carson retrieved it, Joseph had already crossed home plate.

*We're losing.* Carson heaved a sigh as he headed back to the pitcher's mound. *The other team is way ahead, and they don't have a single out yet on this inning.*

He turned, and his scowl was suddenly replaced with a grin when he realized first-grader Ava would be the next batter. It would be simple to get her out.

One strike. Two strikes. Three strikes. "You're out," he said after Ava swung the third time.

Ava looked at him in surprise. "Mr. Bontrager said the first graders get to try until we hit the ball," she argued.

She was right. Mr. Bontrager had announced the new rule just last week, but Carson had forgotten it. "All right, well hit it then!" He whipped the ball across home plate. "I can't stand here all day."

Mr. Bontrager joined the ball players just then. "Slow them down a bit, Carson," he said. "She'll never hit the ball that way."

Carson's pitching slowed, but his anger rose,

## Just a Game?

by Amanda Jantzi



man: gradyrese/E+/Getty Images (derived)

boy: John Sommer/E+/Getty Images (derived)



# Nothing Too Hard

by Jean Knabbe

Look forward, backward, up, down, and diagonally to find each of the words in Jeremiah 32:17.

AH	THE	GREAT	THERE
LORD	HEAVEN	POWER	IS
GOD!	AND	AND	NOTHING
BEHOLD,	THE	STRETCHED	TOO
THOU	EARTH	OUT	HARD
HAST	BY	ARM,	FOR
MADE	THY	AND	THEE.

G	O	D	B	E	H	O	L	D	M	H
C	N	Y	E	Q	U	D	E	J	A	T
P	E	I	E	T	N	H	I	S	D	R
J	O	H	H	A	C	E	T	D	E	A
L	Q	W	T	T	U	G	V	N	K	E
P	O	D	E	F	O	R	R	A	Z	R
H	A	R	M	R	H	N	N	E	E	E
C	T	A	D	P	T	D	K	H	A	H
S	Y	H	T	P	Q	L	T	O	O	T

especially when Ava finally hit the ball and several of his teammates fumbled it, allowing her to get to first base.

The next player hit a fly ball straight to the third baseman, but he dropped it.

"Run! Run!" The opposing team screamed encouragement, and the batter dashed to first base while Ava scampered safely to second.

"What's wrong with you all?" Carson demanded. "We should have gotten them both out!"

"Carson." Mr. Bontrager's voice was stern. "Go sit on the porch steps until you've cooled off. Remember, it's just a game."

Carson stormed off, too upset to feel ashamed. "Just a game," he muttered. "Just a game" all right. Happens to be that I'm on the losing side. Why doesn't he say anything about those smug grins the winners are wearing?"

Several minutes later Mr. Bontrager joined Carson.

Carefully avoiding his teacher's eyes, Carson stared at a hole in his shoe.

"Well, Carson," Mr. Bontrager spoke at last. "Why are you so upset?"

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"We're losing," Carson blurted out. "No one is even trying to win anymore."

"Is that the only reason you play?" Mr. Bontrager asked.

Carson looked up, surprised. "Why else would we play? To lose?"

"No, we play to have fun and get exercise," Mr. Bontrager said. "It's all right to try to win, but it isn't all right to get upset if you lose. We can't all be winners." He glanced at his watch and stood up. "I see recess is over."

Glancing back at Carson, he added, "Try to remember that, Carson. It's just a game."

\*\*\*\*\*

A few weeks later Carson arrived home in a bad humor. His team had lost again. Muttering crossly to himself, he was hanging up his jacket when the door opened and Dad stuck his head in.

"Hi, Carson. How was school today?" Without waiting for a reply, he went on. "Tyrell's moving cattle in the barn, and I told him you'd be out to help as soon as you got home."

"All right." Carson smiled for the first time that afternoon. He liked nothing better than helping his older brother.

Tyrell was waiting for him when Carson reached the barn. He said the same thing Dad had. "Hi, Carson. How was school today?" He seemed genuinely interested, so Carson told him about the day's ball game.

"That reminds me of someone else," Tyrell said when Carson finished his story.

Carson waited, certain a story would follow.

"The winter I was in seventh grade," Tyrell began, "we played a lot of hockey at school. There was one boy in particular who liked to play, and he always played to win. If he was on the losing team, we all stayed out of his way as much as possible. He would shove his way through the other players, not caring if he knocked them down because the only thing that mattered to him was that his team won. As you can guess, he wasn't well-liked."

"Did he always win?" Carson wondered.

Tyrell shook his

.....  
Answer for "A Lesson to Remember":  
on him!

.....  
Answer for "Depend":  
him; for he careth for you" (1 Peter 5:7).

.....  
Answer for "Who Am I?":  
"Casting all your care upon

.....  
"Casting all your care upon  
him; for he careth for you" (1 Peter 5:7).

## Solution for "Nothing Too Hard":

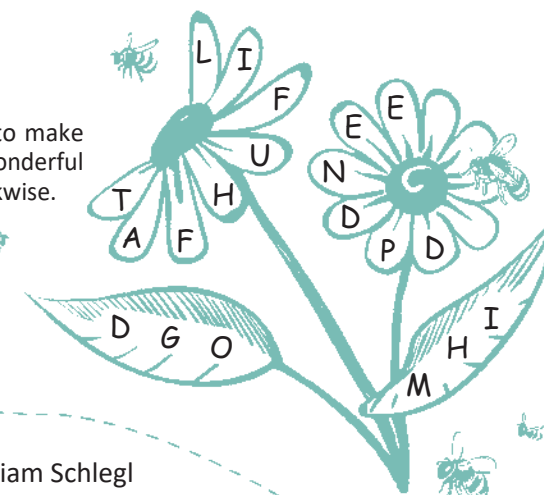
S	Y	H	T	P	Q	L	T	O	O	T
C	N	Y	E	Q	U	D	E	J	A	T
P	E	I	E	T	N	H	I	S	D	R
J	O	H	H	A	C	E	T	D	E	A
L	Q	W	T	T	U	G	V	N	K	E
P	O	D	E	F	O	R	R	A	Z	R
H	A	R	M	R	H	N	N	E	E	E
C	T	A	D	P	T	D	K	H	A	H
S	Y	H	T	P	Q	L	T	O	O	T

# A Lesson to Remember

by Marilyn Senterfitt

Unscramble the letters on the leaves and flowers to make words to fit into the spaces. You will learn something wonderful about the Lord. Hint: Start with the left leaf and go clockwise.

\_\_\_\_\_ is \_\_\_\_\_!  
\_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_!



## Depend

by William Schlegl

Why do we depend on the Lord? Use the code to find out.

" 3 1 19 20 9 14 7 1 12 12 25 15 21 18  
3 1 18 5 21 16 15 14 8 9 13;  
6 15 18 8 5 3 1 18 5 20 8  
6 15 18 25 15 21."

A = 1  
E = 5  
I = 9  
O = 15  
U = 21

head, and a grin flickered at the corner of his mouth. "Often he was so upset he couldn't hit the puck straight."

Carson grinned too. "That must have looked funny!"

"It did. But it's not fun playing with someone whose only goal is to win."

"Is that the end of the story?" Carson asked.

Tyrell shook his head. "Not quite. Now I want to tell you about Brad. Brad liked to play hockey just as much as the other boy did, but the difference was that Brad played to have fun. He was always encouraging his team members and even the other team at times. Everyone wanted to be on his team because he was fun to be with. Do you understand now what Mr. Bontrager was talking about?" Tyrell looked at his younger brother.

Carson shrugged and nodded. "Kind of," he said.

As they continued working, Carson's thoughts rolled. *I don't think I'm as bad as that first boy, but I guess I'm not like Brad either. Maybe I do try too hard to win and get too upset if we lose. Tomorrow I'm going to try something new.*

\*\*\*\*\*

The next day before math class, Carson prayed and asked God to help him implement his plan. When recess came, Carson grabbed his glove and headed outside. The game started, and soon Carson saw his first chance to put his plan into action.

"Good job, Ava!" he called when she hit the

ball on her second try. He felt awkward saying it, but when Ava's face lit up with a smile, Carson grinned. *This is actually fun.*

The game progressed and whenever Carson saw a chance to compliment someone, he did. What surprised him the most was that when his team lost, he was still enjoying the game.

"Carson, I like your new attitude." Mr. Bontrager's smile said the rest as they headed back into school.

Carson grinned back. When you played to win, the game was usually frustrating, but when you played to have fun, you *had* fun the whole time. Mr. Bontrager had been right. It was, after all, just a game.

## Who Am I?

by Delphine Ramer

My father was King Saul.  
My good friend was David.  
When my father wanted to kill David, I saved his life.

One time David was hiding out in the field when I shot my bow and arrows as a signal to him.

King David took care of my lame son Mephibosheth.

Look in 1 Samuel 19 and 20 to find my name.

I am \_\_\_\_\_.