

Psalm 78 Psalm 78 Psalm 78 Psalm 78 Psalm 78 Psalm

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(sort of)



Let me tell you a good story,
Teaching lessons from of old;
We have heard them lots of times,
They're the one's our parents (*said, told, sang*).

And we'll tell our children's children,
Of the great things God has (*done, lost, sent*);
We'll pass on the stories of our God
To every daughter, every (*cost, son, rent*).

How God led us out of Egypt,
And through the desert (*snow, rain, heat*).
And gave us water from a rock,
And very special food to (*throw, drain, eat*).

At times we stopped believing,
We felt like God (*forgot, left, went*);
That we were in the desert,
We were hungry, tired, and (*spent, hot, theft*).

We doubted He would find us food,
We thought we'd die of thirst,
We all complained, and whined and cried,
Well, the babies were the worst.

And God didn't like our whining,
He let us know quite (*clearly, fast, right*),
If we refused to trust Him,
Well, it just might cost us (*light, dearly, past*).

But in the end we made it through,
If we didn't, who'd have (*told, said, gone*),
These stories from our parents,
These stories from of (*red, old, yesterday*)?

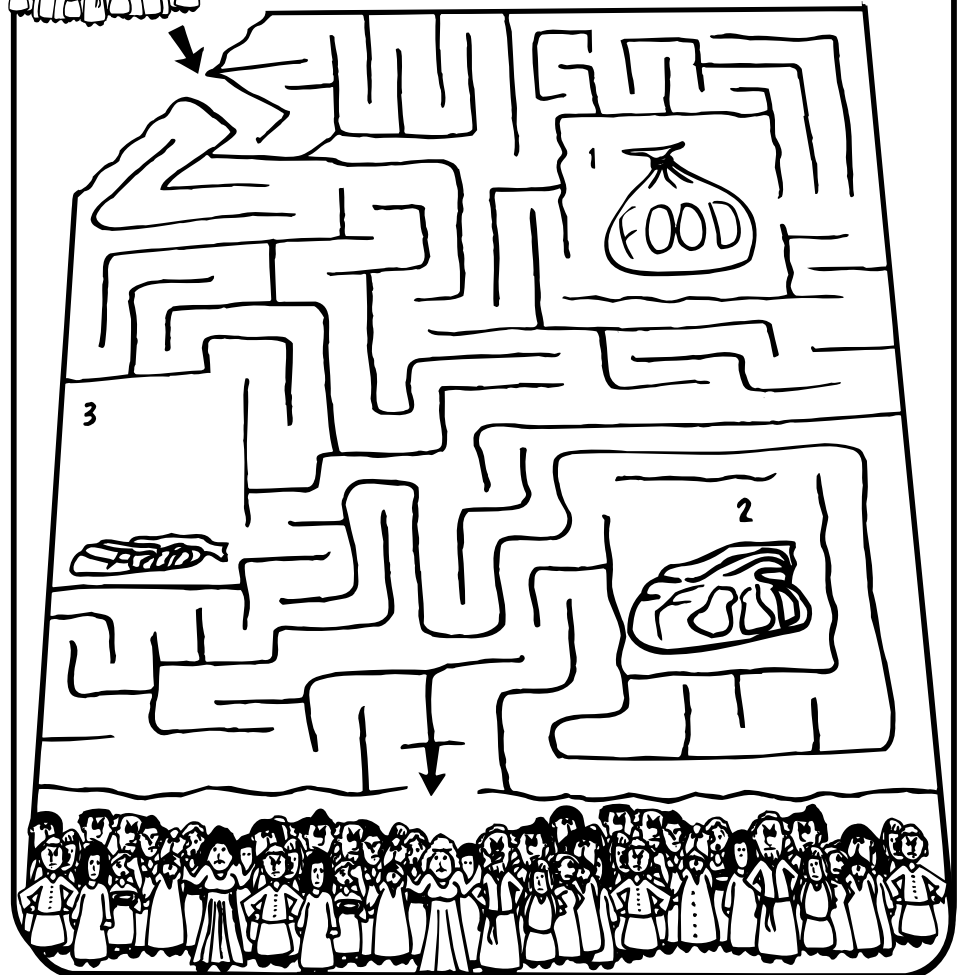


Kidsword

Exodus 16; John 6

Choose the best words to finish the lines of the poem.

God's people were complaining,
They were in a frightful (*state, mood, pickle*),
For after they ran out of Egypt,
They ran out of (*gas, hate, food, shoes*).



Their tummies growled as they all
Howled at Moses who had led them;
They longed to live as slaves again,
For the Egyptians at least fed them!

God saw that they were hungry,
And their patience nearly (*gone, up, flown*),
So he sent them bread from heaven,
And birds to munch (*alone, upon, down*).

*Find ten birds and the word
"mamma" (that's what the bread
was called) hidden four times.*



Once Jesus fed five thousand folks
With a little fish and (*pie, jam, bread*).

And after this great miracle,
He looked at them and (*cry, said, ran*):

"Think back now to Moses,
And his hungry tribe;

They ate the bread that God sent down,
But still grew old and died.

I, too, am bread sent down from God,
Though I'm neither wheat nor (*corn, oat, rye*);

I'm the bread you eat by faith,
To live in hope and never (*born, die, croak*).

D	I	N	N	E	R	M	M	B	U
X	B	E	L	I	E	V	E	R	E
D	R	I	N	K	G	N	A	E	G
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T	A	F	O	O	D	H	U	D	T
O	K	I	T	C	H	E	N	M	A
M	F	O	L	L	O	W	C	I	B
A	A	I	M	O	U	T	H	L	L
C	S	N	A	C	K	B	A	K	E
H	T	R	U	S	T	C	O	O	K

*Can you find
twenty-four
words that have
to do with eating,
or trusting God?*

When we decide
to trust Jesus, God
comes to live in us in
a new way. He becomes
part of us, like the
food we eat. And like
the food we eat, he
gives us strength,
nourishment and joy.

