

PROGRAM GUIDE  
**DAY FOUR**



## OVERVIEW

THEME: HEALTH

•  
Song Service

•  
Welcome by Program Leader

•  
Flags and Pledges

•  
Prayer

•  
Theme Song

•  
ADRA Video: Nepal – Khokana Colony/Ram Returns

•  
Dismiss to Learning Centers

**CONTINENT/COUNTRY:**  
**Asia – Sarawak, Malaysia**

**ADRA STORY:**  
**“Rains of Kuching”**

**SNACK:**  
**Papaya and pineapple slices with rice cakes**

## **R A I N S   O F   K U C H I N G**

(Help the children find Sarawak on the map)

Stuart, Spencer, and Brittany could not believe their eyes. They sat spellbound, looking out of the hotel window at the torrential rain falling over the city.

“Is everyone going to drown?” Brittany asked.

Stuart shook his head with brotherly authority. “Naw, they’re not going to drown,” he said, adjusting his position on the chair and trying to sound older and wiser than his 12 years. “It often rains like this here. That’s what Aunt Carol said. She should know. She’s lived in Kuching ever since I was a kid.”

“You’re still a kid,” Spencer pointed out.

Stuart ignored his younger brother’s remark. “Remember, this is Sarawak, not Arizona where we came from. We’re near the equator. That’s why it’s hot and wet most of the time.” He pointed at the sheets of rain sweeping the streets below. “Aunt Carol said the rain helps wash the town. She likes rain. So do I.”

“Well, I don’t,” Brittany sighed. “We can’t go see anything.”

“Don’t worry.” Stuart talked as if he really knew something. “It’ll stop soon. It always does this time of year.”

And sure enough, a few minutes later the downpour stopped as quickly as it had begun. The hot sun broke through the clouds, making the town sparkle with brilliant light.

As if on cue, Aunt Carol’s smiling face appeared at the door, her voice as cheery as the sunlight. “Everybody ready to do some serious sightseeing?” she called.

“Ready!” yelled the children.

The energetic woman guided her vehicle along the crowded, rain-washed streets, pointing out strange, but wonderful sights along the way. Riding through the capital city with Aunt Carol was proving to be a great adventure.

They stopped to explore two beautiful, ornate Chinese temples complete with delicate decorations, melodious prayer songs, and tinkling bells.

Next, they stood on the banks of the Sarawak River, gazing over at Astana, the governor’s lavish mansion built years ago by the white rajah, Sir James Brooke, an East Indian explorer.

Aunt Carol had even arranged a tour of a manufacturing plant where jungle rubber was being processed and prepared for shipment to the rest of the world.

But not all the city was beauty and riches. As they drove along the crowded streets, the children noticed

areas where the people were struggling to survive.

"Look, Aunt Carol," Brittany called, pointing out of the window. "The people need to know about health here, too, don't they? When people learn to be healthy, they clean their houses and wash their clothes, just like the jungle people we met up river."

The woman nodded. "You're right, it doesn't matter where you live or whether your house is made of brick or grass, health education is still important."

Stuart tugged on his aunt's sleeve. "Why don't you open a clinic here in Kuching? Then the poorer people could come and learn about germs and disease – stuff like that."

"Do you think that's a good idea?" Aunt Carol asked.

"Well, even Stuart comes up with a good idea sometimes," Spencer grinned.

Their aunt smiled. "Then I'd better show you one more important place in the city."

Turning the wheel, she guided her vehicle along a road leading away from the center of town. Soon she pulled over to the curb and switched off the engine. "Well, what do you think?"

Aunt Carol and her charges climbed out of their vehicle. They saw people hurrying by on the sidewalks, heard vendors shouting sale prices from their storefronts, and smelled the fragrant odor of baking bread drifting from a nearby restaurant.

"I don't see anything unusual here," Stuart announced, leading the group to the cool shade of a brightly colored tarp strung over an empty fruit stall.

Brittany scratched her head. Then her eyes fell on a small sign hanging above a door across the street. "Wait a minute," she said. "I know what those letters say."

Her brothers glanced in the direction she was pointing. Above the door was a small, hand-painted sign that read in English and Malay: ADRA HEALTH CLINIC. EVERYONE WELCOME! Then they nodded, smiles creasing their young faces.

"So that's why you brought us here, Aunt Carol!" Stuart said.

"So you do help city people, too," Spencer added.

"There are fine hospitals in Sarawak," Aunt Carol explained, "but sometimes they're so busy helping people get well that they don't have time to teach them how to keep from getting sick. That's where ADRA can help. We want everyone to have a chance to enjoy healthy lives, no matter where they live and work—jungle, city, desert, mountain—health is important everywhere."

Suddenly, another downpour burst from the skies, sending pedestrians and business owners scurrying for cover. Aunt Carol and her young companions listened as the deluge drummed against the tarp above their heads, and watched the street gutters fill with rushing, swirling rapids. Some people ducked into the health clinic, trying to keep from getting soaked.

"Look," Brittany chuckled, pointing across the street, "Even the rains of Kuching are working to keep everyone healthy."

Stuart chuckled. "Lucky we're under this big sheet of plastic," he said, giving one of the supporting poles a friendly jab. "Rain can't get us here."

Without warning, the pole fell, dropping the tarp's entire load of rain over the surprised visitors.

"Stuart!" Aunt Carol gasped, shaking water out of her hair. "Seems you want to make sure everyone who visits Sarawak knows it's a place where you get wet!"

**HOST:** Why is it important to teach people about health? What are some good health rules? (Let the children give their ideas.) Thank Jesus for making our marvelous bodies and ask Him to help you follow the rules of good health.

# KIDS BIBLE CENTER



## BIBLE TEXT/TOPIC:

Luke 17:11-19 / Jesus heals 10 lepers

## BIBLE CHARACTER:

The “thankful” leper

## MEMORY VERSE:

“Give thanks to Him and praise His name.” Psalm 100:4 (NIV)

## ACTIVITY SHEETS:

(Age 5-6) Praise words/10 lepers

(Age 7-9) Jungle Journey

(Age 10-12) Bank on It!

## THE TEN LEPEERS

Luke 17:11-19

**PREPARATION:** Timon can be dressed in a plain robe, maybe shorter than other characters in previous stories. Wrap a scarf around his head and have him wear sandals or go barefoot.

**TIMON:** Greetings. My name is Timon. I was an outcast from society until the day of my miracle. Let me tell you about it.

I crouched by a smoldering fire, careful to keep a safe distance from the others who huddled around its comforting glow. I knew they didn’t want me too close, and I had no desire to mingle with them any more than I had to. Under normal conditions, the ragged bunch of men would never have shared a fire and food and shelter with me. But we were all outcasts from society, bound together by the most terrible of bonds—leprosy.

Among my own people, the Samaritans, I had once enjoyed friendship and respect. Now I felt utterly alone and friendless. Nine lepers were my only companions. While it seemed the whole world scorned and feared me, my friends, themselves full of leprosy, despised me simply because I was a Samaritan.

As time went by, I forgot about what it had been like to have people look me full in the face and smile. Everywhere I turned, I saw only disgust, hatred, and fear. Without realizing it, I began to hate myself.

I walked with a shuffle, head down. I never looked anyone in the eyes. I found myself apologizing for anything that went wrong, even when it wasn’t my fault. Worst of all, I accepted everyone’s idea that I must be horribly wicked to have been punished with this dreadful disease.

Weeks dragged by. We kept away from other people as the law required. Far from other human dwellings, we lived our miserable lives. Sheltered by dilapidated huts, clothed in rags, our sole purpose in life was to find enough food each day to keep from starving. We searched in the fields produced a few edible roots, vegetables, or berries. Begging sometimes yielded a small reward. Our huts, erected in a field far from the edge of a village, overlooked a much-travelled road. While the law would not let us

approach passers-by, we were allowed to call out to them from a distance in the hopes that someone might take pity on us.

I hated begging. While I had never been rich before I developed leprosy, I had made a good living and could support my family and myself. I had frequently tossed a few coins to beggars in my hometown, feeling generous. I believed that God had blessed me, and that those beggars had somehow fallen from God's favor.

Now I was a beggar, an outcast, a leper. I thought I was without hope and God. But I was wrong. God had not forgotten me. In fact, He had a wonderful surprise in store for me. One day, soon after Jesus had raised Lazarus from the dead, He walked with His disciples down the very road that passed our leper huts. His keen eyes scanned the field to His left, spotting in the distance the row of huts where we lived. As He gazed, the lepers, including me, came pouring from the settlement crying out desperately "Unclean" and "Have mercy on us!"

Suddenly one of the lepers leading the way stopped. He recognized the Man gazing back at him. It was Jesus the Healer! "It's Jesus! It's Jesus!" He cried excitedly to the rest of us. Running forward, we all began to wail "Jesus, Master, have pity on us!"

Jesus, always filled with love and mercy, seemed especially concerned. But instead of saying, "You are healed," instead of touching us, He simply said, "Go and show yourselves to the priests." Later, I understood why He did this. He wanted to strengthen our faith in God. He wanted to heal our spirits as well as our bodies. He told us to do something in order to show our faith in Him.

But there was another reason He sent us to the priests. The law said that people cured of an illness must show themselves to the priests and offer a sacrifice to God. Both the Jewish lepers and me, the Samaritan, knew we were required to keep this law.

We could have stopped to look at our crumbling fingers, splotched arms, and our toeless feet to see if we had been healed before obeying Jesus. But we didn't. We ran joyously through the field in the direction of the temple. Our rotting flesh suddenly felt and looked perfectly normal. We were healed! With whoops of happiness we dashed onto the road. No longer lepers, we were free at last to live as human beings.

I stopped to look at my body in joyous disbelief. I gazed at my fingers, moving them as if examining something I had never seen before. I wriggled my toes. I cautiously ran my hands up and down my arms and over my face. Slowly, a marvelous thought took possession of my mind. I'm healed! I'm healed! God had blessed me and shown His love in a very personal way.

I stood up, straightened my shoulders, and lifted my chin. With a determined step, I turned back toward Jesus. My eyes glowed with happiness and grateful tears as I began to walk. My step quickened. Then I broke into a run. At last I reached Him and, falling on my face in worship, flung my arms around His ankles. "Thank you," I whispered. Then louder, "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Jesus' eyes glowed with pleasure. So few people bothered to say thank you when He helped them. He gazed down the dusty road where the other nine whom He had healed were hurrying along their way. Sadness mingled with His joy. "Were not all ten healed?" He asked. His glance swept the faces of the silent disciples. "Where are the other nine? Can no one be found to say thank you except this Samaritan?" Turning back to me, He gently raised me to my feet and said, "Rise and go. Your faith has made you well."

**HOST:** What would you have done if Jesus had healed you of a terrible disease? Would you have remembered to thank Him even though you were so excited? (Allow several children to respond.)

Today there are many groups of people helping people around the world. ADRA is one of these groups.

People are very thankful like the young man we saw in the video during the opening exercises. He was so thankful that ADRA helped his parents who were lepers that he now works for ADRA.

Why would people be thankful to ADRA for the work they do? (Allow several children to respond. You may prompt them.)

Thank you is a special phrase that makes people happy. I want you to see how many people you can say thank you to when they help you. Let us pray for children who depend on ADRA for improved health in Kyrgystan, Ghana, and Peru. Also, we need to pray for the ADRA workers who sometimes work in dangerous places.

**MEMORY VERSE:** *"Be thankful to Him and praise His name."* Psalm 100:4 (NIV)

**NOTE:** *Repetition is an important part of learning for children. Have the children review the past days' memory verses and read the new one from the Bible. Encourage the children to learn all the memory verses so that they can say them for their parents at the closing program*



## KIDS CARE CENTER

### PACK FOOD BASKETS

**GOAL:** To pack collected food items into bags if going to a food pantry or into a basket or box for delivery to a family in need.

**Materials needed:**

- Food (canned or boxed)
- Bags, baskets or boxes to hold food items

**Preparation:**

1. Remind children the day before to bring in collected items from the Kids Care Center Day 1 activity.
2. Collect food items two weeks before ADRA's Adventures for Kids by announcing in a local school, community center, or church. If possible, put a box in the church lobby for people to put their donations into. This will help you in case the children do not bring enough during your program.
3. Get the name of a food pantry, or use an Adventist Community Services Center (or other center) to find a needy family or families.

### STEP BY STEP:

1. Spread out the collected food
2. Set up bags or baskets
3. Ask the children to pick a variety of food. (It would be a good idea to have a suggested list on a board at the front of the room for the children to go by).
4. Insert notes of good will.

## CONCLUSION

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- Finish with all groups together**
- Connect each of the activities and stories together**
- Review the memory verse**
- Distribute prizes (if they are a part of your program)**
- Preview the next day**
- Benediction**



## CULTURAL TIDBITS

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- Malaysia has two distinct land regions. Peninsula Malaysia is located south of Thailand and north of Singapore. East Malaysia is located on the island of Borneo and consists of two states, Sarawak and Sabah.
- A typical Malay greeting is *Salamat pagi* (Good morning) or *Apa Khabar?* (How are you?).
- It is rude to beckon adults, unless they are close friends.
- In Malaysian culture, the head is the most sacred point of the body, thus, it is impolite to touch another person's or even a child's head.





Activity Sheet (Ages 7-9)

