


FRIDAY NIGHT YOUTH CLUB *BOOK #2*

His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law he meditates day and night. ~Psalm 1:2



**Way of
Wisdom**

**Learning to Love God:
the Ten Commandments**



Review and recite the following key verses and motto:

Key Verses **Proverbs 3:21b-23**

²¹Keep sound wisdom and discretion, ²²so they will be life to your soul and adornment to your neck. ²³Then you will walk in your way securely and your foot will not stumble.

Motto: Remembering God's Words while we are young

Section 2:1 _____ **Date** _____

The verses in this manual help us to understand who God is and what He has told us that He loves. By learning these verses, a young person can begin to think the same way that God does.

God has made Himself known to people through the words of the Bible. Sometimes the words are in the form of stories. Sometimes they are poetry. Other times they form explanations. Sometimes they take the form of commands.



In Sections 2-7, you must correctly answer the questions in your own words and recite the Bible verses perfectly.

What are the Ten Commandments? The Ten Commandments are laws from God that teach us what He is like and how to love Him.

John 14:15

If you love Me, you will keep My commandments.

What does the first command teach? The first command teaches us that God wants us to love Him with an undivided heart.

Exodus 20:3

You shall have no other gods before Me.

“*Before Me*” means all of the following:

1) Next to Me 2) In front of Me 3) Against Me

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What does the second command teach? The second command teaches us that God wants us to worship Him the right way. We are not to pretend that He is something He is not.

Exodus 20:4-5

You shall not make for yourself an idol. . . . For I . . . am a jealous God.

What does the third command teach? The third command teaches us to remember that God's Name is very important. We are to behave and speak in a way that helps people realize how important God's name is.

Exodus 20:7

You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain.

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What does the fourth command teach? The fourth command teaches us that God wants us to remember His promise to provide for our needs on earth and in heaven.

Exodus 20:8

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.



What does the fifth command teach? The fifth command teaches us that our parents are very important to God and He wants us to treat them that way.

Exodus 20:12

Honor your father and your mother.

Honor means to respect and obey.

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What does the sixth command teach? The sixth command teaches us that life is a gift from God.

Exodus 20:13

You shall not murder.

- I should not want to kill someone in my heart.
- I should not ever try to kill someone.
- I should not speak so meanly to someone that they would want to kill me.

What does the seventh command teach? The seventh command teaches us that once married, God wants us to give our hearts and bodies only to the one we marry. Until then, we are not to give our hearts or bodies to anyone.

Exodus 20:14

You shall not commit adultery.

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What does the eighth command teach? The eighth command teaches us that people are allowed to have things that we don't have, and that we are not allowed to take them without permission.

Exodus 20:15

You shall not steal.

What does the ninth command teach? The ninth command teaches us that our words and actions should always tell the truth.

Exodus 20:16

You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.

Section 2:6 _____ **Date** _____

What does the tenth command teach? The tenth command teaches us that God wants us to be thankful and happy with what He has given us.

Exodus 20:17

You shall not covet.

Now recite all ten of the commandments at one time.

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Read the following story. Answer in writing all of the questions at the end.

My Mother's Ring

Hi, my name is Nick Carter. During all my years growing up, only one two-week period seems worth telling. We had just moved to Milwaukee. My dad had been an account manager, but couldn't seem to find a job that needed that type of expertise. He began to get discouraged, and started passing his time away by drinking beer with some new friends. The result was that our money slowly started disappearing. My mom had to start doing small jobs in order to put food on the table.

One day, when I returned home from school, my mom gave me a small amount of the money she had earned to buy some groceries. Mr. Dalton, the store owner, greeted me as I came in the store.

"Hi Nick, how's your family doing?", he asked.

"Fine", I answered politely, even though I knew that wasn't true. I looked around the store for the items my mom wanted. As I was doing this, I happened to hear my name being repeated by a strange man. He was talking with Mr. Dalton. When I came up to pay for my groceries, the strange man swaggered over to me, and asked me if I was Nick Carter. He was dark, had tinted glasses, and looked like he needed a good shave. Once he made sure I

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was Nick Carter, he took a gold ring out of his pocket, and turning it around carefully in the light, read the inscription on the inside.

"Is your mother's name Alice?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And your father's name is Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

He then showed the ring to me and asked if I had seen it before. I recognized it right away. It was my own mother's wedding ring. She had worn it for as long as I could remember—until recently. Lately she had grown so thin that the ring would no longer stay on her finger. Afraid of losing it, she had placed it in a small drawer of her dresser, hidden in an old purse with some other precious jewelry. As I looked at the stranger, the question kept running through my mind. "How did HE get the ring?"

The stranger began to explain: "Your father gambled with it in a little game the other day," he said, "and it fell into my possession." He dropped the ring into his briefcase, which he then closed with a snap. "I've been trying for several days to see your dad and give him a chance to buy the ring back before I turn it in to the pawnbroker's. If your mother cares, tell her she can get the ring for ten dollars," he added as he turned away.

I didn't know what to do. I was so ashamed and hurt to think that my dad, whom I loved and in whom I had

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such confidence, would gamble away my mom's ring, the very ring he had given her as a pledge on their wedding day. As I stood there, hesitating, Mr. Dalton came forward, reminding me not to forget my groceries. He put his hand on my shoulder and said very kindly:—

"It's pretty tough, Nick, isn't it?"

I thought he was talking about my dad, but one look at his face made me realize he was talking about much more than that. He then said, "But I will help you out, son, I will help you out." I turned and faced him, touched by the kindness in his voice.

Mr. Dalton continued, "I will pay for the ring, and keep it for you until you can get the money. What do you say? You can rest easy then, knowing that it is safe, and you can take your time. What do you say?" With some awkwardness I agreed to his plan. Then he called the stranger, and, leading the way back to his desk, paid him the ten dollars, requiring him to sign a paper. He then placed the ring carefully in his safe.

"There, Nick," Mr. Dalton said, "it is safe now, and we don't need to worry."

I shook his hand, then without a word took the groceries and started on a run for home.

That evening my dad was more restless than usual. He kept complaining about being out of work. After going to bed that night, I lay awake for a long time making plans for how I could earn ten dollars to pay Mr. Dalton back for the ring.

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The next day, I told my mom I would be back later than usual from school. Since I usually played ball with my friends or studied my homework, she did not ask any questions. After school, I went to Mr. Dalton, and asked him to please allow me to work for him in order to earn the money. He allowed me to start work immediately, at five dollars a week, with the privilege of stopping at nine at night. I swept floors, bagged groceries, stocked supplies, and did anything he asked in order to earn the money. I had no fear of either of my parents finding out, as dad spent his evenings drinking and mom stayed close to our house.

During the two weeks I worked for Mr. Dalton, I would come home every evening around 9:00, try to get some studying done, and then fall asleep from sheer exhaustion. Up till this point in school, I had made very good grades. That was one thing my dad had always been proud of, and would often press me hard to do even better. He wanted me to be the top student of the class, and was always boasting about my accomplishments. But now, my classes suffered very badly. I tried to study at night, but was so tired I was not able. I fell asleep in several classes, and my grades dropped.

At the end of two weeks, Mr. Dalton handed me the ten dollars and asked me if I wanted to spend some of it or give it all for my mom's ring. It was tempting. I

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started to think of all the things I could buy with the money—but then, I thought of my dad and mom. I handed the money back to him. He gave back my mom's wedding ring with much praise.

That evening dad was out as usual with his drinking buddies. I gave the ring to my mom, telling her all about it. She began to cry, and held me in her arms for a long time. We then had a long talk about my dad, and agreed to not say anything to him about the ring.

The next evening, when I returned from school, my dad met me at the door, and asked if I had been to school. I saw that he had been drinking—his face was red with anger.

"I met your teacher just now," he said, "and he asked about you. He said you've been sleeping in class lately, and that your grades have dropped." I stood for a moment without answering. "What do you say to that?" he demanded.

"He's right, Dad, my grades have not been—"

"I thought you were studying every night." He grew very angry, and, catching me by the shoulder, gave me such a jerk that my books, which I had under my arm, went flying in all directions. "What have you been doing with all that time?" he asked angrily.

"I started a job at night, Dad, but—,"

He interrupted, "A job?! A job?! Where did you find a job?"

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"At Mr. Dalton's grocery store."

"How much did you earn?" he growled, watching me closely to see if I told the truth.

"Five dollars a week," I said timidly, afraid that he would make me confess the secret I so wanted to keep from him for his sake.

"Five dollars a week! Where is the money? Show me the money!" he persisted.

"I can't, Dad. I don't have it." I was greatly ashamed and frightened at the way he was acting.

"Where is it?" he growled.

"I – I – spent it," I said, not knowing what else to say.

A groan escaped through his shut teeth as he reeled across the hall and took down a short rawhide whip. Although he had never punished me severely, I was now frightened at his anger.

"Don't whip me dad!" I begged, as he staggered toward me with the whip. "Don't whip me, please!" I started to try to tell the truth of the whole matter, but the cruel lash cut my sentence short. I did not cry. My heart was filled only with pity for my dad. Something lay so heavily in my breast that it seemed to fill up my throat and choke me. I shut my teeth tightly together, and tried to endure the hurt, but the biting lash cut deeper and deeper until I could stand it no longer. Then I begged him to stop. This seemed only to anger him more.

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I screamed for help. My mom was out at a friend's house. Had she been at home, she would have protected me. My dad kept on and on, his face as white as the wall. I could feel something wet running down my back, and when I put up my hand to protect my face, it was slippery with blood. I thought I would die; everything began to go round and round. I could not even feel the strokes anymore. The hall suddenly grew dark, and I sank upon the floor. Then I suppose he stopped.

When I returned to consciousness, I was lying on the couch in the dining-room, with a wet cloth about my forehead. My mom was kneeling by me, crying. My head ached dreadfully, but I managed to ask where dad was, and she said he had gone downtown. We did not see him again until the following morning.

I could eat no supper that night before going to bed. I was in so much pain, but every thought was about my dad. My poor dad! I felt sorry for him, and kept wondering where he was. All through the night it seemed to me that I could see him drinking and drinking, and gambling and gambling. My back hurt dreadfully, even though my mom had put some ointment on it.

It was late in the morning when I awoke. With great difficulty, I climbed out of bed and dressed myself.

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When I went down, mom had a fire going, and dad was sitting, or rather lying, with both arms stretched out upon the table, his face buried between them. Beside him on a plate were some slices of toast that mom had prepared, and a cup of coffee, which had not been touched.

I went over by the stove and stood looking at dad. I had remained there for a moment, my heart full of sympathy for him, when he raised his head and looked at me. I had never before seen him look so haggard and pale. His eyes rested on me, and he said hoarsely, "Nick, I have done you a great wrong. Can you forgive me?" For the first time in years, he held me in his arms—I felt no stiffness nor soreness now. He held me tightly, and after a long time he spoke again:—

"If I had only known—your mom has just told me. It was the beer, Nick, the beer. I will never touch the stuff again, never," he said faintly. Then he stretched out his arms upon the table, and bowed his head upon them.

Mom, who was standing in the kitchen doorway with her apron to her eyes, came and put her arm about him, and said something, very gently, which I did not understand. Then she hugged me. I will never forget the happiness of that hour.

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For a long time after that, my dad would not go downtown in the evening unless I could go with him. He lived to be a good age, and for many years was the head account manager for Mr. Dalton. He kept his promise and never touched alcohol again.

Mom is still living, and still wears the ring.—
Alva H. Sawins, M.D., in the Union Signal (adapted)

QUESTIONS:

1. Why did Nick's dad begin to drink?
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
2. Why do you think Mr. Carter was willing to gamble with something that he knew belonged to his wife?
3. What was the wedding ring supposed to represent?



4. How did Nick continue to show respect for his dad even though he was hurt and disappointed by what his dad had done?

5. Even though Nick was a teenager, he was able to help his dad. List three ways that your obedience to the Ten Commandments can actually help your parents.

a.

b.

c.

Section 2:8 _____ **Date** _____

