

Keypoppers Quiz Kit

The Key Quiz Kit is an exciting way of using the keycaps from an old computer keyboard to magnify Jesus Christ and become an evangelism tool. They may also be an elementary language teaching tool.



CAUTION! Keycaps are quite small and probably not sterile. Keep them away from unattended toddlers and definitely not put into mouth (since an extension of this game is to smear the keycaps with peanut butter.)

Additional FREE tool kits and ideas may be downloaded from:

www.wsprog.com

Any of these copyrighted resources may be downloaded, stored, or shared by any means so long as they are not changed, or become part of a document/product that is charged for, without the written permission of Work.Space Programming.

© work.space programming

Little Hopeless

Gramps sat all alone in the old condemned building staring at all the walls and corners, with a troubled heart. He had so many times, thought of tearing down the old structure. His heart told him the old building was no more needed than he and his gray hair were.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the door open just a bit with a slow mysterious creak. In a moment a clump of long dirty hair began to appear. Next 2 dark brown eyes of a little preschooler cautiously peered around the door, spied Gramps and disappeared. A few minutes later the little girl peered in again. Without a word, she shyly entered the old building with her back against the wall, opposite Gramps.

Her dirty face, ripped clothes, and matted hair easily stereotyped her as a castaway in anyone's book. The old gentleman and the little ragamuffin carefully watched the other wondering who would move first. Not really knowing why, Gramps slid out of the old rickety chair and sat on the floor Indian fashion, as best as his stiff joints would allow. He slowly picked up a short piece of string lying nearby and started winding it around his fingers like weaving a rug. The little lady watched with increasing interest.

Gramps started tying a little knot in one end of the string and she moved next to him to get a closer look. In tender tones, Gramps said, "They call me Gramps. What's your name?" "Hopeless" came the matter of fact answer. "No. No. I mean what is your name?" he asked while risking a touch on her shoulder. "Mama says I'm hopeless. The lady that sleeps behind the bus station says I'm hopeless. Well, I guess I'm Hopeless. Mr. Gramps, is Hopeless my name or a disease I got?"

Out came a big bandanna from the well worn bib overalls just in time to catch the first tears on the old gentleman's face. In careful movements the little girl laid her head against Gramp's leg and let out a long deep sigh. The weary pained fingers took the bandanna and wiped some of the dirt off the face of little Hopeless.

The old building was so quiet he could hear the restful breathing of a little one searching for someone to care. The stare of the old gentleman returned to the walls and corners of the old building whose future of purpose seemed hopeless. Maybe the name of the building should be Hopeless too.

The old gentleman's knee was killing him, but what a way to go... sharing restful moments with someone that hurts too. He didn't dare move a muscle.

Maybe an hour later, little Hopeless woke up but was in no hurry to leave the calm caring corner of the condemned building. Occasionally the neighborhood computer club brought junk pieces of computers to the old building that had no electricity. They tried to discover things about a computer's insides. Gramps found an old keyboard. The keycaps were removed, sitting in a pile nearby.

He worked quickly hoping that little Hopeless didn't wander off. Seating himself on the floor near Hopeless, he spread out the letter keycaps and started lining up the alphabet. His heart raced with the thrill of teaching the little ragamuffin, with her messy hair and dark brown eyes starved for signs of unconditional love.

The orange colored sun that forced its rays through the dirty cracked windows was moving low in the sky. With upturned eyes that would melt the heart of any football player, she asked, "Mr. Gramps. If I promise to bring them back tomorrow, can I borrow your computer keys?" The reply, "Sure. No problem." His heart said, "I'll give you my heart too, if you ask." They hugged and each went their own way.

The next afternoon, Gramps was sitting on the rickety chair and little Hopeless came in and gave him a hug that grandpas love, the world over. She didn't have the computer keys with her, so Gramps reminded her of yesterday's promise to return them. She pointed toward the door she had come in. "The bus station lady is here." A middle aged lady with about the same appearance of little Hopeless, cautiously came through the door. In her hand was a discarded bread wrapper with the keycaps inside. She walked up to Gramps and asked, "Will you teach me, mister?"

You can learn all sorts of things with computers, or even parts of them. Try it.

Mrs. Twiddle's Problem – Sticking Together

Squee-e-e-e-e-e-k ... JUST LIKE IN A HORROR MOVIE, the door of the condemned clubhouse opened with a long eerie squeak. The first few clubbers had just arrived. They saw Gramps using a couple old crates as a table, building a church using a candy box (turned inside out) and paper. Grady Davis was the silver haired leader of the Computer Club. He'll tell you right off that he much prefers being called 'Gramps'.

As more of the preteen clubbers continued to arrive, they all quietly gathered around the construction project, watching every move as the little church started taking shape. No one doubted that a fascinating story and related lesson would be crafted before the day was over. As Gramps finished the final assembly needed for the church, he asked the boys and girls to have a seat. Since there were no chairs, they sat on the old wooden floor in front of their silver haired leader.

As Gramps mixed something in an old coffee can, he said, "Instead of tape or glue, I wanted to show you how to make your own paste from flour and water. It works pretty well. I'm going to use this church, and a parable to teach you about sticking together as a team, not just sticking things together. Both are very important, especially around church.

"A parable is a simple story that teaches a lesson. Jesus used many of them." Gramps set a computer keyboard on his construction desk and placed the candy box church on top of the keyboard.

"For this parable; this simple story, we'll pretend this is your church. I'll lift the church off and place it aside. Now in our parable, let's pretend that each one of the computer keys is a different person in your church. Have you got it? Each key is a different person in church." He then directs all the clubber's attention to the key between the Escape key and the Tab key. "You can call this key the TWIDDLE key. The little squiggly line on the key is called a Twiddle. It also goes by other names too."

Imitating a woman's voice with a sad tone, Gramps tells the preteen clubbers, "Mrs. Twiddle says, 'I just feel so left out. No one knows my name or cares what I do. I could just dry up and blow away and not another soul would even notice. On the other hand, my neighbor, Mr. Tab, gets used a lot and people really think he's important. Oh, I just feel so sad I could cry.'"

Gramps changed his voice to a low toned man's voice, pointing to the keyboard spacebar. "Mr. Spacebar spoke to Mrs. Twiddle. He said, You think you've got it bad, I'm ten times larger than all the rest of you key people. I guess because of that, I'm always at the bottom. I never get used to type numbers or words either. But what makes it even worse is that I don't have anything written on me like you fancy keys do."

The white-haired grandfather gave a serious look into the eyes of the dozen or so clubbers. "That certainly is no way to act in church is it? But many people do; even young people like you?" Now let's pretend these key people were part of a computer keyboard that God uses. He certainly couldn't write letters of love to us, when some of the church key people are grumbling."

Gramps taped a large piece of paper to the wall of the condemned clubhouse. At the same time he said, "While we are talking about names, like Mrs. Twiddle and Mr. Spacebar, let's list some of the names for God. These names tell us wonderful things about God." He listed, door, light, shepherd, bread, etc. The clubbers added other names to the wall list.

With all the children watching him, He reached over and picked up his old worn Bible and began opening it to the book of John. No one moved or made a sound as chapter 17:11 was being found. With great tenderness Gramps read aloud, "*And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.*"

Almost in tears, He raised his eyes to the children and said, "We see here the Creator of all things, praying to His Heavenly Father, and we get to listen in. What does He ask for? He asks that we be a team; a family of believers; all busy telling others about the TRIUNE GOD that has provided salvation for our souls and cleansing from all our sins. All we have to do is ask"

After club was over, several of the clubbers asked if they could tell the story to the kids at their church. Hank popped up with, "I'm no good at tellin' stories, but I'd love to help someone build a candy box church... or maybe even more than one of them. ☺"

Ugly Keyboard

During a visit to a local school, Gramps asked the classroom, “How many of you like computers?” Every hand shot up high.

He pulled out his ugly junk computer keyboard that had keys missing. “The world will think it’s ugly.” The silver haired Gramps told them.

He had two students stand with him and hold each end of the ugly keyboard.

The student holding the left side of the ugly keyboard pointed to the key with the “W” on it. She said, “This is the ‘W’ key. It could stand for the whipping that Jesus willingly took before He died on the cross for me.”

The right side student pointed to the “O” key. He said, “This is the ‘O’ key. It could stand for Jesus is the Only way of Salvation.

The left side student randomly picked another key and taught the children and the audience, “This key I picked is the ‘A’ key. It could remind me that Jesus Always loves me. Even when I make dad and mom sad.”

Gramps and the students did a few more keys and then several of the students watching the contest started waving their hands and saying they wanted to do one.

“Do you see? Anytime we use something to tell others that Jesus loves and protects them, it’s beautiful in God’s eyes,” he said with his comforting grandfatherly smile.

You’ll want to know the two students helping him were **1st Graders!!**

As they went to repeat the contest in another class, they asked Gramps, “This is exciting. Can we do this again tomorrow?” He said, “You can do it every day. All you need is a burden for Jesus, a backyard, and some friends.”

We heard of a group of children that played a gooey version of the keyboard contest, using peanut butter.

Further details are in: The Magic Website and Peanut Butter Keyboard. www.wsprog.com

Lessons to learn:

1. Become familiar with the attributes of Christ,
2. Give beauty to things by using them in Christ's name, and
3. Events are more fun when we include super seniors.

CAUTION! Keycaps are quite small and probably not sterile. Keep them away from unattended toddlers and definitely not put into mouth (since an extension of this game is to smear the keycaps with peanut butter.)

Note: This can also be a high action module. This preteen version does not involve typing or even learning key locations.

Materials needed: 1 or two old keyboards, 1 jar of peanut butter, paper towels, and hugs. Make a trophy described later in this module.

One of the keyboards should have an ugly worthless appearance like the picture. The idea is to demonstrate that objects (and some people) may first appear to be ugly to us, in some way. But when God is honored by those ugly things/people, they become very beautiful to God.



1. Remove the Q, X, and Z keys plus a few other non-letter keys.
2. Cut the cables off.

You may wish to eliminate the Q, X, and Z keys from the Attributes ABC's list below.

Each of the attributes could be written larger, on a full sheet of typewriter paper and have a student or super senior recite/practice it.

A- always listening to us pray
B- The Bible tells us of Him
C- Nailed to the cross for me
D- His death payed for my sins
E- He gives us eternal life
F- He forgives when we ask
G- He is God
H- His home is Heaven
I- He wants inside our heart
J- Jesus loves me most
K- He is the King of Kings
L- loves us like we are
M- He's building us a mansion

N- He never leaves us alone
O- Only way of salvation
P- protects us from Satan
Q- never quits loving us
R- He rose from the grave
S- Saves us
T- Tell others about Jesus
U- Understands how we hurt
V- we have victory through Him
W- His words made the earth
X- He shows us how to excell
Y- He yielded to His Father's will
Z- Serve Him with Zeal(excitedly)

ABC Attributes of Christ List (preteen)

Keyboard Module (preteen version) Page 2 of 2

(Note:) Review this module's introduction.

1. Pop all the LETTER keys out of the keyboard. A table spoon can help in doing this.
2. You'll want to separate out the Q, X, and Z keys to use in making the trophy.
3. Dab each key top in peanut butter so the letter can't be read by the contestant.
4. Place them in a group.
5. Caution each contestant not to lick or eat the peanut butter – the keys are not sanitized.

Modify the following steps for what works for your group.

6. Cut paper towel sheets in half or quarters.
7. Give each contestant one piece of towel.
8. Have one contestant from each team choose a buttered key.
9. When the starter gives the signal, the two contestants race to point B and wipe off the peanut butter with the towel to reveal which letter they have.
10. As they race back to the starting point, they must think of that attribute of Christ. (or a suitable one that works with that key.)
11. As soon as they have told their answer to the judge, their next teammate may repeat the process.

Note: If your team sizes are rather large, you may need to re-butter some of the keys during the race to be reused.

Make a trophy about 18" high, using 1 or two peanut butter jars and the Q, X, and Z keys glued on top. Have a camera ready to take pictures of the winning team with the trophy. You could even "Cream" the losing team captain with a Peanut Butter Cream Pie. This should be done on the top of the head, not in the face.

End.

CAUTION! Keycaps are quite small and probably not sterile. Keep them away from unattended toddlers and definitely not put into mouth (since an extension of this game is to smear the keycaps with peanut butter.)

