Warmed by the early afternoon sun, Molly skipped and ran along the path. She felt so strong and excited after their visit to the King. Sharing this adventure with Dad was exciting. "I'm so glad the King promised to help us!" she shouted.

The first part of the climb was easy. Dad had slowed his pace, and Molly's excitement gave her extra energy to keep up. But after an hour, her legs began to feel like jello.

"Let's rest for a while," said Dad. They sat on a large smooth boulder next to the path and looked down at the royal city and the King's palace below. After some cookies and juice, Dad was ready to go.

"Wait Dad. I'm too tired," mumbled Molly.

"The King didn't promise it would be easy," said Dad gently. "He just promised to be with us and give us everything we needed for this trip. Let's ask him for strength."

When he had prayed, Molly smiled. "Thanks. I'll make it!"

A little later, Dad stopped by a large flat rock. "Time to eat," he said. "You've been a real trooper, and this is a perfect place to eat."

They devoured the dinner Mom had prepared--turkey, carrots, cherries and juice... Then Molly stretched out on the rock. "Isn't this the best dinner you ever ate, Dad?"

"Sure is!" said Dad.

"I'm ready to go again."

"Let's put on the armor first," said Dad. "We didn't finish this morning."

"You were just beginning to tell about the belt of truth," said Molly. "How do I put it on?"
"By remembering the King's truths. The most important part is what the Book says about the King. Let's remember how strong and wise and kind he is. Since he always cares for you, you never need to be afraid."

"Is that all? That seems too easy."

"There is a lot more we need to know about our King and what He promises us. But this a good beginning."

Molly clasped her hands and smiled up toward Heaven. "Thank you, dear King, for being so strong and kind, and for always taking care of us," she prayed.

"Thank you for being our Helper and Guide," continued Dad.

When Dad and Molly started climbing again, the sun was already setting. Soon they came to the place where the path divided.

"Which way should we take?" asked Molly.

"We can trust the King to lead us," answered Dad confidently. "If we take the wrong way, he will tell us. Let's try the path to the right."

They did, then both became very quiet. They were listening for the King's silent voice.

"I don't hear anything," said Molly. She felt disappointed, because she really looked forward to hearing his voice way up here on the mountain.

"I sense we're on the right track," said Dad.

Molly stood silent for a moment. Then her eyes lit up. "I hear him, too. He just reminded me of something from the Book of Truth. He said, 'I will lead you in the way you should go.' Dad, I'm sure this is the way to go. Thank you, King!" She felt so happy she wanted to skip and run. But the path was a little too steep for that.

After they had walked for a while, Dad said, "Let's stop and rest again. Then we can talk about the next part of the armor--the Breastplate of Righteousness."

"The what?"

"The breastplate of righteousness."
"What does that mean?"

"Righteousness means being good," explained Dad. "We all know a little bit about what's good, but to really understand it, we have to learn what the King says about goodness."

"Is that why it's so important to hear the reading each morning?"

"Yes. We can only be good—or righteous—by listening to the King and trusting Him to make us right on the inside. Sometimes we feel so strong and good about ourselves that we forget to trust the King. Then we get into trouble."

"I know." Molly thought about what happened early this morning. It seemed like such a long time ago.

"Only our King is perfectly good," continued Dad, "and He wants to share everything He is and has with us—even His own life. That's why He gave us His Spirit to be in us. It's His Holy Spirit that makes us good."

"I don't understand. How do I get this righteousness?"

"By thanking Him for giving you His Holy Spirit to live in you and make you good from the inside out."

"Will you pray first, Dad?"

"Okay. Thank you, dear King, for showing us that we can't be good by ourselves. Thank you for giving us your Holy Spirit to help us be good."

Molly wasn't sure she understood, but she prayed anyway. "Thank you, King, for showing me that I need you all the time. Help me to do what you want me to do."

Dad looked around. "Let's camp here for the night. Soon it'll be too dark to see well." They set up the little tent, rolled out their sleeping bags, and crept inside.

"I wonder where Tom and Peter are sleeping tonight," said Molly.

"So do I, Molly. Let's ask the King to keep them safe."