



# DOMING, THE POPSICLE BOY

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## NOTE TO THE TEACHER

This five (or ten-chapter) story tells about a little Filipino boy who comes to Christ. Doming's dread of his grandfather's Muslim beliefs, his conflicting emotions before he comes to Christ, his concern for his grandfather's salvation as well as the story's insights into the Philippine culture make this volume a fascinating missions story. Salvation, witnessing and missions are highlighted. Breaks for telling the story in ten segments are indicated in the story text.

## ONLINE HELPS

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## CHAPTER 1

### NOTE TO THE TEACHER

If you were to write a story that was "typically American," of which part of the country would you write? The hills of Kentucky? The Pennsylvania Dutch area? The streets of a great city? No one place, it seems, is typical of the entire land.

Nor is there one area of the Republic of the Philippines that could be considered typical of the whole. There are many islands and many different kinds of culture—the culture differing from island to island, and often differing on the same island.

The facts in this story are true. Some are true of the mountain areas. Others are true of the lowlands. Some are true only of the Muslim (Muhammadan) people. To identify the particular culture with the proper geographical location would be confusing to those who do not live in the Philippines. So the facts have been woven together into one story.

If you are given the opportunity to visit the Republic of the Philippines, be prepared to lose your heart to the people. They

are delightful! They live in various kinds of homes. Some choose the exquisitely beautiful. Others in those tropical islands prefer the airier nepea houses. In such a home, Doming of our story lives.

One more thing: The editor has already told this story (without any illustrative material) to five different groups. They were captivated! Be prepared for the query, "Is it a true story?"

The answer? Doming (though that is not his real name) is a real boy—a Popsicle Boy. And the events in the story happen every day in the Philippines.

This story comes to you, teacher, with the prayer of the writer, the artist, and the editor, that it will be an instrument in God's hands to cause a volume of prayer to ascend in behalf of the dear Filipino people. And if through it hearts will be turned to the land and some called to serve the Lord there, our joy will know no bounds.



### Show Illustration #1

Doming wiped the perspiration from his brown face with the back of his hand. The box of popsicles hanging over his shoulder was heavy and, even though it was only seven o'clock in the morning, the hot sun of the Philippines was almost unbearable.

Doming carried a little bell which he rang to let people know the *Popsicle Boy* was coming their way. He rang it louder, and more often, when he thought about his mother. His father was dead and the money Doming earned was urgently needed by his mother whom he loved so well.

Doming wished his mother would not make him go to school. *If only I had more time*, he thought, *I know I could find*

### Pronunciation Guide

Mindanao	Min-da-NOW
Peso	PAY-so
Barrio	BAR-reo—a as in art
Tagalog	Ta-GA-log
Carabao	CAR-a-bou—car as in carrot
Doming	Dough-MING
Calesa	Ca-LEE-sa
Balut	Ba-LOOT
Betel	BEET-el

*ways to earn more money. But Mother wants me to be educated so I can be someone important when I grow up: a doctor, a lawyer, or maybe a politician!*

*But I think Grandfather is right, thought Doming. I'm 11 now and I do not need to go to school any more—not if I am*