I sat at my desk, sweating fiercely. My hands felt like ice cubes and my feet equally so. Me, witness to Kelly Pandexter? Incredulous! Kelly was the big brain in our school. Everyone in Valley View High knew this. Everyone! And Kelly knew it too. This was the sickening part about it: Kelly, the brain, "wore" the bit of knowledge with an air of arrogancy and pride in such a way
as to make one nauseated. But he was brainy; unusually so. If only he were more humble about it. Yes, if only! But he wasn't.

I tried to concentrate on the work I was doing on a theme dealing with Democracy, but the gentle prodding of the Holy Spirit telling me to witness to Kelly interrupted my usual ability to concentrate. Every thought I had on Democracy left me. Every one!

I tried diverting my thoughts by looking over at Alton Sheffield, who usually knew how to get everyone laughing by his natural, comedian-like antics. But not even Alton could flush the urge from my heart and mind that I must witness to Kelly.

I sighed. I felt almost like I was suffocating. Me witness to Kelly? Always, he made me feel insignificant and small; almost like I was a nothing. Whenever he came close enough to me he'd chant his little made-up ditty-rhyme:

"Susie Lou, how do you do? How's your I.Q.? Toodle-de-do."

It never did make sense to me. In the first place, my name isn't Susie Lou; nor anything even remotely close to that. My name is Jennifer Joanne Jewel. The three initials, being J, seem to be something very special with my parents: Dad's and Mom's, too, are the same -- three J's. So are those of my two brothers and one sister. Dad's name is Joseph James; Mom's is Judith Joanne; my sister's is Janice June and my brothers are named Jason John and Justin James, respectively I guess, without any stretch of imagination whatever, one could readily call us the J family.

As to my I.Q., I haven't been endowed with brains such as God has blest Kelly with, but (and I give God all the glory for what I am about to say) I have made it on the honor roll ever since I entered Valley View High. True, I work (rather, I study) hard for every grade I make. Kelly, on the other hand, has been endowed with a sort of photographic mind that records any and everything he so much as glances at. He scans his lessons, as it were, and has them down pat. Me, I go over and over my lessons until I have them mastered, which takes hours for me. But my parents say the main thing is for one to understand his lessons; so, although it does take hours for me to get
mine finished, I understand what has been taught me when I am through with each assignment.

Mister Masters' voice sliced into my thinking. Immediately I snapped to attention. (This was a lesson well taught by our parents: that one always pay close attention to his/her teachers and/or superiors. Not only that we give them our total attention, but our respect and courtesy, as well.)

"The themes are all to be in no later than the 11th of this month," our teacher was saying "I would like them in before then, if possible. But the 11th is the absolute deadline for these papers"

"Mine is completed," Kelly said, holding his sheaf of papers up for all to see.

"You may give it to me after class, Kelly. Thank you. If there are any others that are finished, please get them to me as quickly as possible," our teacher added.

I felt my icy fingers get suddenly hot, like my cheeks. My paper was almost totally completed, but how could I ever finalize it when my thoughts refused to cooperate! "Witness to Kelly!" Again I heard the Voice. The Voice was unmistakably plain; the message was simple and clear. It was mine to act; mine to obey. But how? I was so utterly shy. Around Kelly especially. But the Voice had said for me to witness to him.

My mouth became suddenly very dry. I felt as though I had no salivary glands I wanted to cry. To pray. To ask my kind Heavenly Father to please send someone else to Kelly; anyone but me. But I couldn't get away from the message nor from the Voice. I had become well acquainted with my Father's Voice since the day I was converted and, more recently, since the Holy Spirit had sanctified me wholly and entirely. Yes, I knew the Voice.

I bowed my head and squeezed my eyes shut ever so tightly. Tears flushed out beneath the closely-shut eyelids. I took a tissue and dabbed them away quickly. Then, in a silently whispered vow, I said, "I'll do it, Lord! I'll do it! Please, please, help me. Open the door and make a way for me."

It was as though the pressure on a tightly-closed valve was opened, so instantaneous and wonderful was my relief. I felt the glorious presence of my
constantly abiding Lord and Savior and knew that He was well pleased with my obedience and my vow. My chief delight and joy was to please Him.

The opportunity for which I had prayed came in an unexpected way and manner: I was walking to my locker after school when someone bumped into me with tremendous force, knocking all the books from my arms and almost taking me down to the floor with them. Turning, I saw the brain standing before me, grinning impishly, almost jubilantly, I thought.

"Oh, Kelly," I said suddenly but softly, "why did you do it?"

"For your information, Susie Lou, I did it because I wanted to do it. You're so all-righteous and religious until it bugs me. Get smart, and learn what real living's all about. Why don't you 'let your hair down' and enjoy life?"

I began picking my books up from the floor and, as I gathered them together in my arm, I prayed for the Holy Spirit to speak through me.

"Kelly," I began, softly, "I'm glad you asked me why I don't 'let my hair down,' or, rephrased, live like you do and act like you do. My life is not my own; not since I gave my heart and life to the Lord Jesus Christ. He changed me completely; old things passed away and all things have become new. I'm happy with Jesus, Kelly. Are you happy? I wish you'd bring your sins to Jesus and confess them to Him and invite Him to come into your heart. He loves you, Kelly"

Kelly threw his head back and laughed hilariously loud in my face. "Are you crazy?" he retorted angrily. "Don't make a fool out of me by preaching to me. If I want a sermon I'll go to the church of my choosing and listen to the minister whom I want to listen to. So far, and as of now, I'm not ready for going to church nor listening to a sermon. So cut it, Susie Lou."

"You asked me a question or two," I countered softly, "and it's only polite to answer. Wouldn't you say So?"

"I just don't want preaching. I'm making it well enough on my own. I suppose you think God gave me the brain I have, and that I should be thankful to Him for it. You're a religious fanatic."
"Whether you want to believe it or not, God did give you the brain you have, Kelly. And He can take that master-mind of yours away in an instant of time if He so chooses. But I'll not say any more, except this; Jesus said it, not I: '... Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' I've been born again, Kelly; this is why I don't 'let my hair down'... your words... and go partying, drinking and smoking, and carousing around with 'the gang.' I found something better; something that satisfies each and every longing of my heart. The Lord Jesus is very real to me."

"You're crazy! For sure, crazy!" Kelly exclaimed as he wheeled around on his heels and took off down the hallway.

I placed the last book in my arm; then I headed toward the doorway, feeling suddenly amazed. I had witnessed to Kelly!

The thought was actually one of awe, for you see, I felt no fear whatever while speaking to him about what Jesus had done for me. And then I remembered the wonderful Scripture verse in Acts 1:8: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Tears found their way to my eyes and spilled down my cheeks in rapid but joyous succession. God had fulfilled that blessed promise in my life! He had taken away the shyness and the fear of man and had given me power to witness for Him. The amazing thing was how easily I had been able to do this once I started.

"Thank You, blessed Father," I cried out in sincere love and appreciation as I walked toward home. "The results of my witnessing are in Your keeping entirely."

Several days passed by. Kelly ignored me. My soul was a deep, placid, and peaceful calm. I felt blest and extremely happy in having obeyed the Voice of my precious Heavenly Father. I had learned an invaluable lesson: Obedience to God brought with it the reward of soul peace and joy and rest. And, truly, this passed all understanding and human comprehension.

Kelly wasn't at school that Thursday and I actually missed him. I had put him on my prayer list of important things to pray for and about and I was
expecting the Lord to do something in his life. It was Sally Pelley who gave me the news of his accident and of his brush with death.

  "He's in a sad condition," Sally said. "Bryan and Jack Cox went to the hospital to see him. He'll never be the same again. The doctors fear he has brain damage."

  Tears stung my eyes. "No!" I cried. "No, it can't be."

  "Well, it isn't your fault," Sally answered sweetly, trying to console me. "Maybe it's God's way of getting Kelly's attention. He never has had time for God. You know this as well as I. And when we get to the place where we feel independent of Him and His mercy, grace, and help, He jolts us out of our high-mindedness and pride and arrogancy with catastrophies. Or near catastrophies."

  I nodded my head in assent, then walked away. I wanted to be alone for awhile; alone, so I could thank the Lord for giving me His power to witness to Kelly. The rest was in God's hands. And Kelly's!