Chad picked up the phone with reluctance; he wondered just who the persistent caller could be -- five times previously the phone had rung and he had let it ring. Now, however, he had decided to answer and stop the perpetual annoyance and the interruption of the schedule he was working on for the school's choral group. Mr. Haney had told him to contact those in the group and, together, they would compile a list of the churches and pastors.
who would open their doors to them. A full week and a half promised to be exciting and thrilling. He reached for the phone.

"The Killan residence," he said, speaking quickly and clipping the sentence short. "Chad speaking."

"Chad! You're the very person I want," their minister said, with a smile in his voice and the ring of hope in his heart.

"Oh, hello, Brother Ashton. That was a wonderful devotional you gave in prayer meeting last night. It was just what I needed. My folks said the same thing, as we discussed it on the way home. It seems as though the Lord always, without exception, gives you the messages I need. Sometimes they hit me squarely between the eyes," Chad stated, "and at other times they lift me up and seem to transport me on eagle's wings into heavenly places."

"Thanks, Chad. You are gracious and kind, and I appreciate what you have said. But some folks are just easy to preach to; your folks and you are in this group."

"What I said came from my heart, Brother Ashton."

"Oh, I know that. I think I know you well enough to know that you meant what you said. And I really appreciate you because you search the Bible to see that those 'shots between the eyes' are scripturally based and sound and then you walk in the light of God's revealed Word. If everyone did this there'd be a lot less stumbling and falling. Spiritually, I mean. Now Chad, I have a reason for calling you. I'm sure you deduced as much by now."

"Well, yes, I guess I have."

"I need someone to take over a new class we're starting -- an all boys' young teen class. While I was in prayer early this morning, I felt strongly impressed by God that you are the one for this class."

Chad gulped. He swallowed. How could he do it? he wondered, realizing that teaching a class consisted of more than merely preparing a Sunday school lesson once every week. Besides the thorough, much-prayed-over preparation which he felt a Sunday school teacher should devote to the
teaching of the lesson, there would be the responsibility of visiting and calling upon each one who attended and came into the class. Why, this could fill the entire week in for him! And not just one week but, if it was done the way he felt it should be done -- and like his father did with the adult class he was teaching -- it would be a week in, week out thing all year long. And he couldn't do that. Not with all the school activities in which he was involved.

"Are you there, Chad?" The minister's voice sliced quickly into his thoughts.

"Ye . . . yes. But Brother Ashton, I . . . I don't see how I can possibly take on another thing. I'm up to my chin in our Christian school activities. Not to mention the sax lessons and voice lessons I take from Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Wasser respectively. I . . . I wish I could help you. I really do. I know it must be a great disappointment to have people turn you down. But I don't see how I can take on one more thing."

The minister was silent for a long while. So long, in fact, that Chad wondered if he was even on the fine anymore. Then, in a softly-quiet voice, he said, "Chad, I'd like to speak to you as a minister to his member. Openly and frankly, I mean. I have been burdened a long time over this -- prayed much about it, too. I feel the time to tell you has come. Are you ready?"

"I am," came the instant reply.

"Without trying to be tactful, even, let me just get this off my heart. Here it is: You are busy. Too busy. You need a total revision of your priorities and your goals."

Chad gulped. This was a blow. What he was doing was good. Still . . .

"We can become so involved and get so bogged down with nice and good things until the deeper, more needful, and eternally valuable and spiritual things suffer and go unfinished and undone," Brother Ashton said. "What you are so deeply involved with and entrenched in at school, almost any other student over there could do. Not just anyone can teach a young teenage boys' class, however," the minister added.

"Think it over, Chad," he continued. "Pray about it. Again I say, pray about it. I haven't any doubt that God wants you to take this new class. But
it's entirely up to you. The decision must be made by you. And while you're praying, ask the Lord to reveal His will for you regarding your present priorities. I have utmost confidence in you, Chad. I know you well enough to know that you will obey His Voice. I'll be praying for you. When you know for sure what God wants you to do, call me. I'll be waiting. . . ."

Long after his pastor had hung up, Chad sat at the desk with the unfinished and incomplete schedule sheet before him. Looking at it, he realized the truth of what the minister had told him: Andrew Coyle or Art Sizemore or James Nunelly or Preston Dunn could just as easily make up the schedule. And they had all the time in the world to do it, too. They hadn't bogged themselves down with activities the way he had. They had free time after school; time to go places; to play an occasional game of ball on the vacant lot behind Preston's folks' lawn; and time to take on the teaching of a new class, if the pastor had asked them to.

Like a bright light was turned on somewhere inside his being, Chad realized for the first time ever how very little of spiritual value he was doing. And it hurt. Grieved him, too. Why, he had never realized this before.

Contritely, and brokenly, he fell to the floor on his knees and, openly and yieldedly, he prayed -- for Divine direction and guidance. Within a short while, Chad had his answer. It was as clear and as bright as the sun that was shining outside the window. It had taken some revision of his priorities and his likes and dislikes, to be sure, but the "... seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ..." of Matthew 6:33 would forever be his motto now. He would use this scripture verse as a basis for his priorities and his activities, he decided.

Wiping tears from his eyes, he felt challenged over the prospect of that new class. He hurried to the phone to call his pastor and relay the good message to him.