Dwayne Runyan dropped to the ground on his abdomen. He must capture that butterfly! What a prize winner the colored snapshot would make!

He edged forward, slowly, carefully. Then he flipped over lightly on his back and waited for the precise moment. With a satisfied sigh, he clicked the
button on the camera then got to his feet, smiling with profound satisfaction. Another winner, he was sure, in still another category of picture taking.

Dwayne watched the brightly colored butterfly as it flitted lightly from one beautiful aster to another, then he left the meadow and crossed the rustic, arch-shaped bridge, from where two of his prizewinning pictures had been taken, and walked leisurely through the cool woods, following the crystal-clear stream for some distance, his eyes on a constant lookout for a thing of beauty or something unusual.

He patted his camera affectionately; it was like an old friend. The way some people felt about their books, he thought, chuckling to himself. He recalled the excitement he experienced when, as a ten-year-old, his grandfather had presented him with a Brownie camera for his birthday.

"I never saw the likes of you, Dwayne," Grandfather Runyan remarked that day. "It's quite unusual for one so young to be so deeply interested in picture taking and photography. But I'm going to follow through on a hunch I have, and as you grow older and can appreciate the value of a good camera, I'll buy you a new and better one every so often, God willing, until you are a senior in high school. If you prove yourself an outstanding photographer, as per my little 'hunch,' which, incidentally, is slang for 'an instinctive feeling or conviction; then I shall buy you one of the very finest and best."

He smiled as he patted the beautiful new camera with pride. True to his word, his grandfather had presented him with one of the finest cameras available the very first week of this, his senior year. And he was certainly making good use of it. Why, he'd taken ever so many school pictures. He'd received compliment after compliment from some of the teachers on the pictures. Several of the teachers went so far as to put the pictures he'd taken on the school's bulletin board where everyone could see them. Some were funny. Hilariously funny. Some revealed fumbles and faults; like the relay race in which Brian Cox dropped the baton. He had put this one on the bulletin board himself.

Dwayne recalled that recent day with a smile. He was out on one of his numerous searches for just-the-right picture when he became aware of the fact that Mr. Fetters had the racers out practicing. He "captured" Brian's fumble perfectly. He heard, later, from several of the fellows that Mr. Fetters
"chewed" Brian out good for his clumsiness after he had seen the picture and studied it carefully.

Then there was the picture of CynthiAnna yawning while waiting in the cafeteria fine. And the one where Buster Drake dropped his food-filled tray on the floor of the cafeteria. And Myran Cranson taking a spill on his bicycle. Every one of them as real and true to life as they could be. And why not? The camera didn't lie: it showed its true-to-life subjects just as they were.

Picture taking was fun and fascination and pleasure all put together. He hoped to someday make it his life's vocation. How exciting, to travel around the world taking pictures of current events and happenings that would someday make history! he thought as he walked on, his eyes alert and searching.

He stopped quickly, seeing a breathtaking scene of play of light and shade. What a beautiful picture it would make for a travel magazine! Bringing everything into proper focus and making sure the light was perfect, he took the picture then stood in awe of what he was beholding. Again he snapped the camera, noticing, particularly, the dappled shadows playing in the crystal-clear stream that raced over and around the pebble smooth stones and rocks.

He was loath to take his leave of this beautiful place but he knew he must do so; he had promised his father that he would be back in time to clean out the garage. Twice weekly, he was allowed and permitted to "indulge" himself after school in his favorite hobby; other school evenings he had to be home as soon as possible for study and chores. Saturday was a favorite day for him. Once his chores and studies were finished he was free to become the picture taker again.

He was scarcely inside the kitchen door when his mother informed him that their pastor wanted to speak to him.

"To me?" Dwayne asked. "What does he want? Did he tell you? Did you tell him I must clean out the garage? I told Dad I'd do it as soon as I got in from taking more pictures, God willing."
"I only know he said he wouldn't be long, when I told him what time you'd be home, the Lord willing. So you should still have time to take care of the garage, Dwayne."

He hurried to his room and put the camera away, then he went to the front porch. Almost immediately, he saw the minister's car come around the corner.

"Talk about perfect timing!" he exclaimed as he welcomed Reverend Thornberry. "I just got home a few minutes ago. Come up and sit down. Would you care for something cold to drink; lemonade, iced tea, milk? Mother's famous for her lemonade, you know."

"That's a fact; but no, thank you. Mrs. Thornberry has supper just about ready and I want to be able to do justice to her carefully prepared meal. This means much to a wife. Dwayne. Store that away for a later date; a date and a time when you will have a bride -- a wife. Bring it out of 'storage' then and put it into practice; it will help to keep your marriage alive and on a solid footing."

He chuckled and slapped Dwayne playfully on his shoulder. "Sit down," he said pleasantly, "and let's talk together. I have something I'd like to talk over with you."

"Yes, Sir. What is it?" Dwayne asked as he sat in one of the chairs near the pastor.

"It has to do with your pictures. . . ."

"My pictures? What about them?"

Brother Thornberry studied Dwayne for a while, then he said, "For one thing, and to begin with, God has given you quite an unusual talent, Dwayne. It's common knowledge that you take all the top prizes in our area, and I hear you've earned yourself quite a name already in one of the newer family type magazines. This is wonderful; I wish to congratulate you."

"Thank you" Dwayne replied. "I thoroughly enjoy what I'm doing as a hobby for the present time. Someday, God willing, I'm hoping to make a living out of it. Why, you can capture practically anything and everything on camera."
"That's what I want to speak to you about. I understand Carmen Abney said she won't be back to church so long as our "shutter bug" as she called you, chooses to take pictures that are inappropriate and distasteful and obnoxious."

"But they're true to life pictures, Brother Thornberry, and the camera doesn't lie."

"Maybe so. Maybe so, Dwayne. But how would you feel if someone were to take your picture when your hair was completely disheveled and the front of your shirt was stained a sickly brown red and even your shoes had tell-tale stains spotting them?"

"Oh, you have reference to Stacie. I thought she looked too funny for words. I couldn't resist taking that."

"Would you think it was funny to have it put up on the bulletin board in the young people's room if it had been you?"

"Well, I . . . I guess I never thought about that. I figured all the young people would enjoy seeing it, that's all."

"You know Stacie never looks that way, Dwayne. She's an extremely neat and clean and modest young lady. Had it not been for one of our brand new nursery children Stacie wouldn't have looked that way. She took the little boy so his parents would be able to hear the goods news about Jesus and salvation. The little fellow tugged at her hair, pulling the hair pins out and tangling it into the mess you saw and which you took. Then he somehow opened his bottle of Kool Aid, or whatever it was, and dumped it over her head and blouse.

"I don't think that's funny, Dwayne; it's almost catastrophic. Especially to someone as shy as Stacie. You haven't helped her, in her attempt to break out of her shyness, by tacking that picture up on the bulletin board. Nor has it helped us in our effort to reach Alex Stiffel, by showing the picture around of him bending over and having a rip in his slacks. He was completely unaware of that rip until one of the fellows jostled him about it and said you had the proof of what he was saying. How would you feel if things were in reverse
and it was you in those pictures? Do you think Jesus would ever have done such things?"

"I . . . I never gave it any thought, Brother Thornberry. I was trying to capture interesting and true to the pictures, that's all."

"Would you call Stacie's picture that you took 'interesting' if you had been the subject and Stacie had been taking the picture of you? Does Stacie go around looking messy and careless? And does Alex wear ripped trousers all the time. Dwayne? In each case mentioned, these are not true to their style and manner of everyday living. Each of us have some moments when we look less than normal or attractive, but I hardly think it's pleasing to God to display these off-times and make sport of them. Why not take only the very best pictures and display these on the bulletin board?"

Dwayne gulped. He felt "located." Inwardly, and secretly, he had taken delight in getting the ridiculously funny shots. Now, however, he realized it was both uncharitable and unkind. And, worse still, the minister was right; Jesus would never have done it. Jesus, out of love and compassion, would never have done anything that would have caused embarrassment or humiliation.

"I want you to pray about this, Dwayne. Don't use your God-given talent for the destruction of the kingdom of God; rather, use it to glorify God and His mighty creation. I've been receiving reports from the high school that you're using your camera in much the same way there. I'm afraid you haven't been aware of how much damage you have done to the cause of Christ, nor of all the hurt feelings you have caused. I want to help you. Only to help you."

Dwayne felt guilty and crushed. "I'm sorry" he said sincerely. "I see what you mean."

"Then will you pray about it, dear boy?" The question was almost a plea.

"You can count on me! And by God's grace I'm going to change. I'll see that those offensive pictures are taken off the bulletin boards -- in church and in high school. And I'll be going to Stacie and Alex and the ones in high school, God willing, and asking their forgiveness."
"Thanks, Dwayne; I was sure you'd understand. I'll be praying for you. I must hurry home now. . . ."

Dwayne followed the minister to the car, then he hurried to the garage. He had some things to settle with God, yes, indeed. One of the things had to do with forgiveness. For himself. He had "fiddled" around long enough with a mere dead, dry profession; he would dig deep now and strike the Rock. And who could tell, then, how God would use his talent, or where!

Brokenly, he stepped inside the garage and quietly closed the door.