Timothy Stinson, pastor of Faith Central Church, locked himself in the study and fell on his knees at the chair behind the desk. His heart felt like it was smashed into so many pieces; pieces so tiny and miniscule as to prevent them ever being put back together again. Everything seemed like a nightmare; like it was unreal: a dream.
If only that was the case! he thought. But the crushing burden inside his chest related with acute certainty the reality and verity that what he had been told was anything but a nightmare or a dream. It was cold, hard, numbing truth, and the sooner he came to grips with the facts, which he could scarcely bear or face, the easier it would be to put everything into God's hands. For the present, however, his mind was in a state of confusion and turmoil as the questions raced with lightning speed through his brain. How could Trevor have done it? Why did he do such a stupid thing? What motivated him? Where was this son of Emilie's and his?

He buried his face in a handkerchief he had extracted from his pocket and the tears streamed into its folds. What would this do to his ministry? he wondered. How could he pastor and be a shining example to his flock when, by all apparent appearance, he hadn't been able to rule his own household properly?

Great heaving sobs rent his bosom and shook his shoulders. He felt he would die beneath the weight of the burden. He hadn't realized that Trevor was so rebellious. No, he hadn't. To the contrary, he had always felt his three sons and two daughters were well-adjusted preacher's children. By external appearance, they were.

He wiped more tears from his face. His thoughts traveled to Travis and Thomas; both sons were away in Bible school studying for the ministry. Thomas felt God's special call to labor on foreign soil as a missionary and Travis was called to pastor.

His daughters, too, were busy in kingdom work; Tabitha was a missionary nurse, laboring joyously beside her preacher husband in Ghana, while Tonya and her husband pastored in a nearby state. All were happy workers for their Lord. All but Trevor.

Where had he failed with this last son of his? Timothy Stinson wondered. True, Trevor had come trailing years behind the other four of their offspring; but in even this, God was the regulator of their family. He had given Trevor to them in His own time schedule and they had welcomed him with as much eager anticipation and excitement and loving desire as they had their earlier-in-life other four children. And they had raised Trevor by the same Biblical principles and standards as their other offspring, making no
difference in him just because he had arrived later in their life. He received an abundance of love, and was treated kindly, gently and respectfully, with punishment being meted out when and if necessary.

The minister felt numb with shock. He could scarcely believe that Trevor had left home. And without even so much as saying good-bye or leaving a note of explanation behind.

If the boy had been incorrigible or "mouthy" or stubborn Timothy felt he may have better understood the reason for the sudden exodus and the totally unpredicted and unannounced departure. But there was never anything like that about Trevor. He was the quiet kind, and he was always respectful to both his mother and himself. He had a handful of select and special friends with whom he was close, but they were good, solid Christian young people. He never bothered with the wild jet set nor, even, did he care to emulate them.

He got to his feet and began to pace the floor. Back and forth, back and forth he went, groaning, sobbing, praying. And searching his heart for the "why" of the sudden happening; asking God to show him where he had failed his son, if anywhere. On and on he prayed. Then Ms thoughts wandered again -- where was Trevor? What was he doing? Did he have enough to eat? Was he hungry, perhaps? What did he plan to do, now that he had dropped out of school? And with only six months from graduating, too!

Again the unreasonableness -- the un-reality -- of it all settled down upon the God-fearing man like a great dark cloud through which not even the faintest glimmer of light could penetrate. An agonized groan came from his lips and a great sob shook his sagging shoulders.

"My God! My God, follow the boy. Follow him. Keep him from evil; from sin. Oh, hear this plea; answer my prayer. Bring him to his sense: draw him to Thee."

In a moment of time everything came back to him again -- Trevor wasn't home at his usual time after school. Supper time arrived, still no Trevor. That was two days ago.
"This isn't like Trevor," his wife remarked with a worried look on her face. "He's always home right after school. Or he calls if he'll be a little late. Maybe we should call the principal. Or Connie; he's quite fond of Connie."

"Let's wait a while longer, Emilie," he had replied kindly, "I'm sure he has a reason for being late. He's never given us any trouble so I'm sure he'll be home shortly."

"But it's so unusual for him not to call and let us know, dear," Emilie replied with concern. She had kept the supper warm by putting it in the oven, and when the hours passed and darkness fell, they were truly alarmed.

He had called Mr. Smithson then, the principal, but received no answer. They had gone out for the evening. After that, a call to Rex and Brandt, two of his closest friends, revealed the fact that Trevor had been to school in the morning but hadn't returned for the afternoon.

"He said he was fed up with school," Brandt Horn told the minister.

"He said that?" Timothy Stinson asked, incredulous.

"He did, Brother Stinson. Just this morning he told me again."

"Again? What do you mean by that, Brandt? Has he said this to you before?"

"Lots of times. I told him he'd regret it if he didn't finish school. He laughed, said school just wasn't for him. He wanted to be free."

"Free? The most free people in the world are the truly born again and sanctified wholly people," the minister remembered having said.

There was a long silence and a pause on the other end of the line after the statement, and he had asked, "Are you there, Brandt?"

"I'm here, Brother Stinson." Another long pause. Then, "Maybe I shouldn't say this; but . . . well . . . is Trevor free? Really and truly free, in Christ?"
It prompted a shocked silence on his end of the line, then, "I . . . I thought he was, Brandt. Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering, that's all. When I pray, I find myself being led to pray for God to make him more than to be only morally good, but to change him from the inside out. He doesn't seem joyously happy, Brother Stinson, like a Christian should be and is."

That had come as a shock to him, he recalled. But pondering over it and upon it proved Brandt to be speaking the truth.

Rex Clauser's answer was much the same as Brandt's, with the addition that Trevor said he hated being a P.K. and someday he was going to leave it all behind and go among men as being just a regular guy.

Tears stung the minister's eyes as he remembered Rex's words. He had felt cut to the heart. He loved his son; but God's call to preach the gospel must be carried out and obeyed regardless of the cost. It was either preach or burn, and he would choose the former, putting God first and placing Trevor in the hands of the One who had called him into his kingdom work.

The call to Connie added yet another sequence to the story. With tears in her voice, she said, "You mean he isn't there?"

"No, he isn't, Connie. Do you know why he isn't home or where he is? He's never done this before. We've never had a problem with him."

"Oh, Brother Stinson, I'm scared for Trevor. I think I understand now what he was trying to tell me, but he just didn't have the courage to say it. This morning before classes began he said he needed to talk to me alone. We walked down the hallway together and suddenly he stopped and took my hands in his. He told me that I was very special to him and that I would always be this way in his heart and in his mind. He told me I must always remember this and believe it. And then he said, 'Connie, whatever I do, believe in me and trust me. I'm fed up with school, and with a few other things.'"

"So-o?" I questioned. 'You're almost finished with twelve years of it: six months isn't all that long . . . ."
"He looked at me, gave my hands a gentle squeeze, then said again, 'Believe in me, and trust me.' And then the bell sounded and we hurried to our home rooms. He didn't show up for the afternoon classes." Connie's voice broke on a sob.

Supper meant nothing to either Emilie or him that night. They forced small portions down but most everything was refrigerated in the hope that appetites would be restored eventually. And now, two days later, with not a word from their son and his whereabouts, food was one of the least thought about things in their life.

Pulling himself together, the minister pushed the troublesome thoughts into a far corner of his mind and began interceding earnestly for Trevor. Worry fostered and gendered doubt: it must go. It was as much out of place beside faith and trust and hope as daylight was beside darkness. The two could not co-exist: one must go; it must be thrust out. So, pleading the blood, worry, fear and doubt were routed and took their departure. "Look to the rainbow."

A voice spoke to his now calmed and peaceful soul. "After the storm comes the rainbow. Did not God give the bow in the cloud for a symbol? The storm will pass. Trust in God."

Like a bird let out of its prison-cage, faith soared high and touched the throne of grace and of mercy. When next the minister realized what he was doing he discovered that he was shouting. Relief poured into his previously troubled and tormented soul with healing balm. God was working in spite of the fact that he did not see how nor in what manner. He would be still and know that God was still in full control of the situation.

Free in both soul and mind, he got to his feet and unlocked the study door. Wiping the tears from his face, he headed toward the car in the church parking lot. He had sick calls to make as well as absentee calls. God's work must go on. He had an obligation to his church and a call from God which he would keep and fulfill.

A song of triumph and victory rose up in his heart. With faith in God and implicit confidence in His covenant and promises, he slid behind the steering wheel and turned the key in the ignition.
Part 2

Trevor Stinson left the school building as soon as the buzzer sounded for lunch. He knew that with his classmates and friends all hurrying to the school cafeteria he would easily be able to get away without being questioned or noticed, even. He wanted it this way. He had planned it like this. He never did like being plied with questions; today was certainly no exception.

His long legs soon put the distance between the school house and himself at what he considered a safe piece, then he turned quickly and walked down a wooded side road and retrieved the packed duffel bag which he had put there earlier, in hiding, for this hour and this time. It was stuffed, literally, with things he knew he'd be needing.

Knowing the area well and not wanting to be seen or recognized, he cut through woods and crossed fields, staying away from all the main roads and the well traveled highways. He had a small town, many miles from his home, picked out on the map as his stopover place for the night. It was well off the main traveled roads and was nestled snugly in a valley where two mountains overlapped. The money he had been saving for many months from his part-time job at Henry's Grocery and Deli Shop would keep him, by careful budgeting, until he could acquire a full time job in the city, he was sure.

He found a mossy mound beneath a fir tree in the forest and sat down long enough to eat an apple and one of the sandwiches which he had packed and in that quiet moment he felt an emptiness and a loneliness like he had never felt before. Suddenly, he wondered if he was doing the right thing. For the first time ever, he was gripped by a strange and annoying fear. He had never been on his own; always, he had been a part of a caring, loving, praying family. He had never wondered if he'd have a warm bed to sleep in nor if he'd have food to eat. He had never needed to worry over such things nor be concerned about them: always, they were there, provided for him by his loving earthly father.

He finished the sandwich then got to his feet. Chiding himself for his fear, he started walking, this time at an even more brisk and hurried pace than before He was a young man now and it was high time that he prove himself such -- by his own merit, and not because he was the son of Reverend Timothy Stinson.
Why was it that people thought the preacher's sons and daughters should be so very different from their own sons and daughters? he wondered again with great annoyance. Not that he desired to live like some of his peers and counterparts were living; not at all. But neither did it seem right that just because he was born into a minister's home he should be expected to be faultless and perfect.

He had been very careful not to do anything deliberately or willfully that would bring a reproach either upon his parents' good name or his father's ministry. But in his heart it goaded him and rankled him mercilessly. It would be pure delight and a blessed relief to be away from it all and to be out from under it; away from the ever-constant watchful eyes of his father's parishioners, some of whom, it seemed, were always watching for any mis-move on his part without so much as noticing, even, the wickedness of their own offspring.

Trevor sighed. He wanted to forget these things that had bothered him for years. His father had enough good people in his congregation that he should not have allowed the others to bother him so; but they had, and now that he had dropped out of school and was on his way to the city he determined that he would put those things out of his mind.

It was dark by the time he reached the small town and he was tired with a tiredness like he had never experienced before. He saw a tiny little motel; its malfunctioning neon light was winking and blinking feebly like each wink and blink would be its last. But he hurried toward it, wanting only to get a shower and crawl into bed. A sign on the door read, "Ring the bell for service."

Trevor looked up and down the main street, then, seeing neither man nor beast around, he took hold of the soiled rope and rang the bell. The clang, clang, clanging of the bell startled him. He stepped back and waited, wondering why the noisy bell wasn't replaced by something with less clamor and clang; something with a more soothing and pleasant sound. Oh well, little matter about a noisy bell so long as he could get a good night's sleep.

He yawned wearily and waited. Not a sound could be heard from inside. He pulled the rope again.
"I'm coming! I'm coming! I heard you the first time, Sonny."

Taken by surprise, Trevor gazed up a hill toward the sound of the voice. Hobbling toward him, using a cane and swinging a lighted lantern from his arm, a grizzled looking man appeared. "You want a room, I suppose," he said, unlocking the door and ushering Trevor to a tiny and very dingy room inside.

Stunned by what he saw, Trevor was speechless.

"Well, did you or did you not want a room?" came the impatient question.

"I . . . I . . . yes sir, I did. How much will it cost, sir?"

"Ten dollars, Sonny. Nothing fancy, mind you, but where else can you find a room for that price? Now, sign here. . . ."

Too weary and tired to think well, Trevor signed the yellowed page of the antique looking register and parted with one of his hard earned ten-dollar bills.

Swinging the lantern ahead of him, he said, "Follow me, Sonny."

Sonny! Three times he had called him Sonny!

He paused in front of a door in dire need of paint and unlocked it. Motioning Trevor inside, he said a hasty goodnight, then, lantern swinging from her arm, he hobbled away.

Trevor found the light switch beside the door frame and flipped the light on. The naked bulb, dangling from the ceiling, gave little more light than the man's lantern. In fact, he would have much preferred the lantern; its light was far softer and more gentle looking.

He looked at the bed; its lumpy mattress looked anything but inviting to even a weary traveler. Then he walked into the bathroom. No shower. A small wash bowl was the only thing he saw for him to use to take a bath.
Weary from the long hike, he decided to make the best of the situation and get the sponge bath over with then go to bed. He'd survive one night of these strange and completely horrible conditions, he was sure, and tomorrow would find him in something more modern and cleaner. But when he pulled the bed covers back and saw the condition of the sheets his heart seemed to sink into his feet: instead of snowy-white sheets like he had always been used to, he looked down upon sheets that were the color of a cloudy gray sky and, worst of all they looked like someone had slept on them before his arrival.

"Ten dollars!" he exclaimed aloud. "Ten dollars wasted!" Then he slumped down into the lumpy cushioned over-stuffed chair and buried his face in his hands. He felt like everything he touched was defiling his body with its uncleanness and its dirt. Even the stagnant air he breathed smelled polluted and unclean from the filth. Home never beckoned more than at that moment. Groaning within himself, he leaned back against the chair.

He must have fallen asleep, for when next he opened his eyes a man's voice said, "Hey Bud, you're in my room."

Trevor was on his feet in a minute. "Sorry, Sir," he said. "I paid for this room. The old gentleman gave me this one."

"I've had it since night before last," came the reply. Trevor felt dazed. Then he gathered his few belongings together, stuffed what he wouldn't need into his bag and headed for the door, saying, "It's all yours, Sir. All yours. I suppose the sleep I got in that chair was worth the ten dollars I paid. Goodnight."

The air was chilly as he stepped outside but at least it was fragrantly-clean and not stale and stagnant with dirt and filth and uncleanliness, he mused as he walked away from the little town which seemed to be totally and completely asleep. Not even a dog barked or stirred as he left it behind. He would never forget the town. Never.

A bad experience did this to you; left you with a bitter taste in the mouth and a memory that was equally bitter and unpleasant.

By light of the moon and the stars, he saw a wooded area ahead of him and, upon reaching it, he discovered it to be a piney woods. How utterly
delicious and fragrant the woods smelled, he thought, as he walked into it, and how soft and inviting was the brown needle carpet upon the dirt floor!

Thankful to be out of the dirty room, Trevor dropped down onto the pine needles and, using his duffel bag as a pillow and zippering his wind breaker jacket up to his neck, he fell asleep to the whisperings of the pines above him and around him.

It was the twittering of the birds and the raucous caw, caw, cawing of the crows in a nearby tree that awakened him early in the morning. He sat up and looked around, marveling that he had found the lovely shelter of the pines and that he had slept so well.

Better by far than the lumpy mattress, he thought, and not a single cent did it cost him, this outdoor pine bedroom.

He got to his feet and stretched, realizing that he had no time schedule to meet of any kind. None whatever. He was free. Free to go if he so chose or free to lie down and sleep again, if he so desired. No school. No books. No lessons to study. No homework to do. But no Connie, either. And no Rex or Brandt.

He missed them all, he conceded silently, wondering what they thought about him now. And, yes, he missed his parents, too. Greatly. But he was sick and tired of school and of being made to feel like he was less than human just because he was born into a preacher's family.

His stomach grumbled and growled, letting him know it was empty and that he was hungry. In his haste to make it to the little town, he hadn't eaten anything but another of his packed sandwiches. Now, however, he felt he must get a hot breakfast. But where?

He picked up the duffel bag and headed for the road. He would try to get a ride into town on his route toward the city, he decided, and as soon as he was where he could get a bus to the city he'd buy his ticket and be on his way.

He hadn't walked very far until a pick-up truck stopped and a man's voice called out, "Care for a ride?"
'Oh, thank you. Yes,' Trevor replied, opening the door and getting in beside his kind benefactor.

"You going far?" the man asked.

"To the city."

"Well, I'm not going that far," came the kindly answer, "but you may ride with me for the next sixty-five miles if you care to. It's right on the way to the city. And buses leave twice a day for the city. Take you quite a long time to get there, even by bus, but these sixty-five miles will take that much less off you."

"I really appreciate this," Trevor said with deep gratitude and complete sincerity.

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Not yet, Sir."

"There's an excellent restaurant twenty miles down the road," the man declared. "I enjoy my breakfasts more than any other meal, I suppose. And since I haven't eaten as yet, we'll stop there, the Lord willing."

"Sounds great," Trevor admitted, hoping the man couldn't hear the growling noises his empty stomach was making.

"You going to the city for anything special?" the man asked kindly.

"To get a job," Trevor replied.

"Anything special?"

"I'll take whatever comes along that's decent and honest."

The man smiled. "I like your answer," he admitted. "Maybe I can help you. I have a friend who owns a bookstore in the city. I'll give you his name and address when we stop to eat, God willing."
God willing! Trevor was amazed. The man was a Christian, he was sure. But to work in a bookstore! Of all places!

Part 3

Trevor stood looking at the books in the store, shelf after shelf of them from floor to ceiling. Everywhere he looked there were books. Thousands of them and, mostly, they were religious books. If his kind chauffeur of the sixty-five mile stretch of highway hadn’t asked him why he was heading for the city he wouldn’t have known he was in need of work and he felt sure he would have found something different; something more to his liking. Still, he owed a lot to the driver of the pickup truck, Mr. Lloyd Fay; he was kindness and courtesy through and through, insisting upon paying for his -- Trevor's -- breakfast and refusing any pay whatever for taking him the sixty-five miles into the town where he caught a bus for the city and, finally, to the owner of the book shop who gave him work after meeting him.

"I've been looking for you," Mr. Carnaby remarked when Trevor entered the store and introduced himself. "And on the recommendation of my trusted friend, Lloyd, you are hired. There's a room at the back end of the store for you to live in. No charge. You'll have to do your own cooking, though. It's ready for you to move into. My other helper used it until he married and moved away. It's a nice little room; nicely furnished, too. I hope you'll enjoy your work here. Books are some of my best friends, if one dare call a book a friend."

Trevor liked Mr. Carnaby immediately, just as he liked Mr. Fay immediately. They were men he could trust. He knew this instantly and instinctively. And now, as he worked side by side with Mr. Carnaby day after day in the bookstore, he became smitten with the thought that his meeting with both Lloyd Fay and Harmon Carnaby was no mere happenstance nor, even, a coincidence: his parents' prayers for him -- and for his safety -- had preceded him on his secret journey. He may have dropped out of school and run away from home but there was no way he could run away from the prayers of those who loved him and who were concerned for him and about him.

It seemed strange to him now, that he hadn't remembered this fact nor thought of it before. But he hadn't. All he had been concerned about and was interested in was getting away. He had been too obsessed with his
passionate hatred of textbooks and homework and of being a minister's son to pause long enough to remember that prayers followed one into the caves and the dens of mountains and onto the ships at sea or the planes in the air. There was no getting away from the prayers of the saints, no matter how far away he ran nor where he lived. Forever and ever, so long as his parents had breath remaining in their body, their prayers would follow him and, ultimately, they would track him down. He knew this now as surely as he knew that he was working for Harmon Carnaby in his meticulously-kept and well-patronized bookstore.

The long evenings were lonely for Trevor and, often, his thoughts traveled homeward to his parents and to Connie. Mr. Carnaby had invited him home on numerous occasions to be with his wife and himself but, always, he had refused the kind invitation with a polite thank you. He was afraid someone might question him about his family, his past, his schooling, and other things. Harmon Camaby, like Lloyd Fay, never pried into his past nor his affairs. He did try to get him to go to church, however, stating that one should make this a regular habit in his childhood days so the pattern would be well established in youth and adulthood. He was never "pushy," but the kind man frequently mentioned that one had to be born again to get into Heaven and that he was praying for Trevor.

Again, Trevor was reminded -- acutely -- of the fact that some things were impossible to escape from. Try as one may, he could never escape from God: God was everywhere and, even more profoundly amazing, He was eternally existent and He was All-seeing and All-knowing, beholding the happenings of the darkness as well as those of the light.

The months passed away. The day when he should have been graduating with his high school counterparts came and went and, with a hint of remorse and a slight pang of regret, he went about his work, wondering about his parents. For the first time since leaving home, he realized that he had brought disgrace to his father and mother. His heart sank with the thought. He wanted to run. And then he saw that running was not the answer; coming to grips with what was bothering one, and facing it squarely and like a man, was the only solution. One could run and run and never stop running, but until he was willing to admit and acknowledge his real trouble and the real problem -- that within the heart; the old sin nature and sin principle -- he would never find relief and release for his soul and the peace and rest for which his heart was crying and craving.
In the silence of the moment and during a lull in business, Trevor realized that God's sheriff of Heaven, the Holy Ghost, had tracked him down. He had been traveling a one way street of rebellion and resistance and stubbornness, prodded down the road by Satan himself. The only way off this self-filled and selfish street was to make a hard turn right onto Humble Thyself and Confession Street, and to continue down this street of deep humiliation and repentance until one reached the door of pardon and forgiveness and, ultimately, total victory. Trembling with conviction and the knowledge of what he must do, Trevor worked away, watching the hands on the clock and longing for closing time. There was no turning back; he knew what he must do, and do it he would. It was either obey the Spirit's wooings and proddings and gentle pleadings or reject it and be damned forever. He had had so much light. He knew the way Home. For him, it was either obey or burn. He felt this keenly and strongly. God's Spirit would not always strive with man.

At closing time, Mr. Carnaby laid his hand on Trevor's shoulder and said kindly and with tears in his eyes, "My boy, I wish you'd give your heart to the Lord. I've been observing you all these months and praying for you, too; I feel something's troubling you. Whatever it is, the Lord wants to help you with it. The devil's a hard taskmaster; he drives us to do things that we know we should not do, making them appear and seem so right at the time, then he mocks us when we get into a mess which we regret and wish we were out of. I just want you to know that our mutual friend, Lloyd Fay, and I are praying for you. Lloyd is much concerned over you. He feels God sent him down that road."

Mr. Carnaby turned to leave and for the first time ever, Trevor didn't want him to leave.

"Mr. Carnaby," he said, "I . . . I . . . would you have a few moments to spare, please? I need to talk to you."

"My dear boy, I'll stay all evening if you need me."

"Thank you, Mr. Carnaby. You have been most kind to me. I'll never be able to repay you for all you've done for me. First, I am the son of a minister; a finer, more God-like father and mother never lived."
If Mr. Carnaby was surprised he never revealed it.

"My parents had no idea of my plans. I left home without so much as a note of explanation even. They know nothing of my whereabouts. I realize now how dreadfully worried and hurt and grieved they must be over me and what I have done to them. This past June, I should have graduated. Had I not run away, today I would be a young man with a high school diploma and, no doubt, into my first year of Bible school. But I was tired of school and homework and text books, and filled to the boiling-over point with being a preacher's son and being expected to be perfect in everything and every way. I've grown up a lot since being here, and I realize that my attitude and my feelings were all wrong and totally displeasing to God. I see how utterly depraved and wicked I am."

Harmon Carnaby took his handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes, saying as he did so, "I knew you were from a good home, Trevor; something inside me told me so."

Brokenly, Trevor said, "I want to do business with God, Mr. Carnaby. The Holy Spirit's been dealing mightily with me. I'll never be able to get away from God and what I know is in the Bible. My parents' prayers have followed me since the day I left home. I'm ready to surrender; ready to take the route of confession and restitution and repentance and get right with God. And then I mean to get rid of that awful carnal nature which pulled me back and down the first time I ever came to Jesus. I never did get rid of that old sin principle. I received a wonderful blessing and thought I was sanctified wholly, but realized shortly afterwards that the old sin principle was still very much alive inside of me.

"Instead of going to the altar and praying and fasting and waiting on God until I knew the carnal nature was eradicated, root and all, I professed over it and today you can see where it put me and what it did to me. I became deceitful and was quite a convincing actor at covering up. I'm through with acting and pretending and covering up. I want total deliverance and complete victory. I want you to pray for me, please."

* * * * *

It was late in the night when Timothy Stinson was awakened out of sleep by the ringing of the telephone. Turning on his side, he reached over to
the nightstand and picked up the receiver. "Stinson residence," he said softly into the mouthpiece "Brother Stinson speaking."

"Dad! Dad! This is Trevor. I just prayed through. I'm saved, Dad. I want you to forgive me and. . . ."

"Trevor! Where are you, dear boy?" and Timothy Stinson was out of bed in a flash with his wife right behind him.

"Trevor!" she cried. "Oh, Trevor, we love you so much. Where are you?"

"In the city, Mom and Dad. I'm working for a wonderful Christian man. Your prayers followed me all the way. All these months I've been working in a Christian bookstore for this wonderful Christian owner, Harmon Carnaby and his wife I want you to forgive me for everything I did to you. I'm sorry. I know I hurt you greatly, and I disgraced you, too. But I'm different now. And by God's grace I mean to seek, this time until I know the carnal nature's taken out and that I'm sanctified wholly. . . ."

*    *    *    *    *    *    *

A year passed by. Trevor, now completely and entirely sanctified and having received his high school diploma by going to night school, continued to work for Mr. Carnaby. His twice a month weekends spent at home with his parents and Connie were spiritual feasts and times of memory making as he opened his heart wide to receive the love and the kindnesses of those whom he had previously shut out of his heart and out of his selfish little world. Everything for him was, indeed, new and wondrously changed. The God from whom he had tried to escape had worked things together for him until he had found his rest and peace in Christ. And now, with a full and overflowing heart, he could say he was satisfied.

Lifting his hands upward, Trevor praised the Lord.

*    *    *    *    *    *    *

THE END