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Digital Edition 10/22/2001  
By Holiness Data Ministry

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The Sunday School Beacon  
May 21, 1995



**CHARITY IS KIND**  
**By Mrs. Paul E. King**

"Hey Derek, guess what?" Scott said as he rushed into Derek's room where his brother was taking down notes from the reference books he'd brought home from the library in preparation for the big exam in Mr. Harbor's Agriculture class.

"What is it, Scott?"

"The Blue Goose is sold! Russ Calloway bought it for \$600.00."

"Russ? I didn't know he was in the market for a car, Scott. And \$600.00! I thought you wanted \$800.00 for that old relic."

"I did, Derek; that's what I was asking for it. But when Russ came by and offered me \$600.00 cash, well, I told him the car was his. I've been trying to help Russ. His home and his home life are as different from ours as North and South Poles are apart. I feel sorry for him. I even told him I'd let him have the Blue Goose for \$400.00, but he wouldn't hear to that, said he knew how much time and energy I'd put into that beautiful old thing, not to mention all the scavenging I did for parts. That's what took my time; hunting for parts. What a job!"

"Bless Russ!" Derek exclaimed. "He has so many good qualities and such a great potential to amount to something. If only he had more encouragement and love from home."

"This is where you and I come in," Scott remarked with a positive note to his brother.

"Us?" Derek cried, pointing his index finger at Scott and a thumb at himself. "No one -- but no one! -- can influence a child like his or her parents can. This is why God made the home in the order that He did: the father to be the head; the mother to guide the house and love and care for the family, and the children to obey, honor and love their parents. And I doubt that Russ knows the first thing about family love. I wonder if either of his parents ever told him they loved him."

Scott felt a lump pop up into his throat. He had the thing do its jumping act often when he thought about Russ. "That's where we come into the picture," he said sadly. "Russ told me that if it hadn't been for you and me he'd have run away long ago. He said our home, and being with us, is like a quiet harbor with peace and beauty and love, while his home is like a tempestuous sea surrounded by crushing, rolling, churning, foaming and roaring waves that never cease their turbulence and noise. I told him he was welcome to come to our house anytime, and whenever he wanted to, that we -- you and I -- loved and appreciated him. And so did our parents."

"What did he say?"

Scott felt the lump choking him up. "He said that was the nicest thing I could have told him; that I had given him a gift of priceless worth and that he would hide it as a treasure inside his heart and 'take it out' whenever he needed courage and encouragement. He's really quite poetic, Derek, and I enjoy being around him and hearing him talk. He can get pretty profound sometimes. If he had half a chance, he could go places with a mind as brilliant as his."

"Not only a brilliant mind, Scott, but with God." If Russ knew the Lord no telling where God would send him nor how He would use him."

"That's why we must pray more and help him every way we can," Scott said. "Sometimes I feel like I should give him at least a hundred dollars back. I'd rather lose money, where Russ is concerned, than make a dime on the Blue Goose."

Derek got to his feet and stood beside Scott, saying, "You're a great guy, Scott, and a wonderful brother. And knowing you as well as I do, I'm sure you haven't made much above what you put into that old car; not if you sold it for \$600.00. Some of those parts you had to have to get it running and put it in such excellent shape cost you a pretty penny."

"And some I located on scrap heaps, Derek. Remember?"

"I think the Lord helped you to find those scrapheap parts to sort of even it out for the parts that you had to pay anything but 'junk' prices for. And I must admit that you did a superb job on that old car. Who'd have thought, when you brought it home from the Wickersham's farm shed, that it could have been restored so beautifully! It was worth a whole lot more than your asking price, Scott. Yes, a whole lot more."

Scott smiled. "I know it was, Derek. But it's the first one I did; and the reason I wanted \$800.00 for it was so I could give the Lord a 'Thank You for helping me' offering. Over and above my cost, I intended to give it all to the Lord. With His help, I plan to do another one. I've contacted Mrs. Merrell; she has one in her barn that's there only for sentimental reasons, she said. She's been debating about getting rid of it since it's only taking up space that could be used for something else, she told me."

"Oh? How'd you hear about it?"

"I delivered feed to her farm a couple of weeks back when her old truck broke down and she couldn't get in to the store herself to pick it up. You know how Mr. Tovey is at pleasing his customers and keeping them happy. He told her I'd bring it right out to her. We loaded the feed and then Mr. Tovey threw on some bags of seed grain and a lot of fertilizer, saying I'd have to take it out anyhow later on unless I took it along with the cattle feed. He said he kept records of what his customers ordered and bought and used from year to year and that Mrs. Agnes Merrell would be much obliged to know he remembered and that he had sent it all along on the load I was taking out to her.

"Mrs. Merrell farms all by herself, Derek! She's one plucky old woman. Only she doesn't look old. She's as thin as a long pole bean and walks straight as a soldier. How she manages the work is amazing to me. I told her I'd be glad to help her on my time off at the store if she ever needed a second pair of hands to help her. She thanked me graciously then threw her head back and laughed merrily, saying she enjoyed working the farm but that, even after fifteen years, she 'missed Hiram something dreadful.' She said they had worked that farm together for forty years, just the two of them, and that it was 'second nature' for her to be working it still."

Derek let out a long whistle. "I had no idea she did all that work by herself!" he remarked. "Wouldn't you like to see some of the girls we know do something like that all by themselves! They'd never make it."

"Maybe not," Scott admitted. "But Mrs. Merrell does it as naturally and easily as our mother does her cooking and baking. And Derek, you should see her handle those feed sacks. It's a feat which, for one her age, is almost unbelievable. She's quite a woman; a remarkable woman!"

"I saw the car while I was unloading the feed, the fertilizer, and the seed grain, all of which she was immensely pleased over my having brought out to her. I made some comment about liking old cars and that I had just put one back together, and she said, 'O that old thing. It's just taking up space. The only reason it's still here is because of this sentimental old woman you're looking at. It was Hiram's favorite of all cars he ever owned and that's the only reason it's still around. Kinda' stupid, too, keeping something that long

ago died and doesn't run anymore and just sits there taking up space and collecting layers and layers of dust and dirt.'

"I told her I didn't think it was stupid at all: I said I thought it was nice of her to do this in remembrance of the man she loved. She got tears in her eyes and thanked me for saying it, adding that she was thinking of getting rid of the car since she knew that Hiram would not be coming back to see it or drive it, and she had absolutely no use for it.

"I looked the car over, Derek, and I prayed about it. Then I called Mrs. Merrell a few days later and told her I'd like to buy the car if she was willing to sell it and if I could afford it. She assured me I'd be well able to afford it. Now I'm waiting for a call from her, telling me when I'll be able to see her so we can get all the paper work done and the car will be mine. The Lord's and mine, really, since all that I have has come from Him and belongs to Him."

"I'm sure I know why you want that car, Scott. . . ." Derek patted his brother on the shoulder. "Sometimes you shame me; make me realize how very little I'm doing to reach those outside of my circle and my world."

"You're busy studying, Derek," Scott replied quickly and defensively. "I'm not bogged down with heavy studies and hard exams like you are. So, yes, I want the car so Russ and I can work together after our day's work is done. Jude tells us, 'And of some have compassion, making a difference': my heart has such compassion and pity for Russ that sometimes I feel it's going to burst. If he knew the Lord and was born again, how different his life would be. Oh, if only he knew the Lord!

"The Apostle Paul stated in I Corinthians 13 that Love -- or Charity -- is kind. This kindness and love that we have been demonstrating to Russ, and which we have been showering upon him, has opened areas and avenues of conversation in him that I would never have dreamed possible. He has always been so introverted, seeming to live in a world all his own and as tightlipped as a clam. Until I got to working on the Blue Goose. Everything changed after I asked him over to help me. The real Russ came to the fore, and I have been praising and thanking the Lord ever since. You see, Derek, I prayed earnestly and fervently for the Lord to open the door to Russ's heart so I could speak to him and lead him to the only One who can lift a wounded spirit and heal a hurting, aching and broken heart.

"If 'operating' on Mrs. Merrell's late husband's very old car and restoring it to its once shiny-bright status can help Russ to Christ, I'll feel it's well worth whatever it may cost to do the job. He said he never knew anybody so kind and understanding as our family. And he's begun asking question after question about things in the Bible. Our folks, and you and I, are so different from the people he's grown up with and known all his life. He's coming around, Derek; I feel it in my heart when I pray for him and weep over him. Oh, that God's love may show and shine through my kindness to him!"

"It does, Scott, believe me, it does! And I feel you'll soon be seeing the answer to your many, many prayers."