

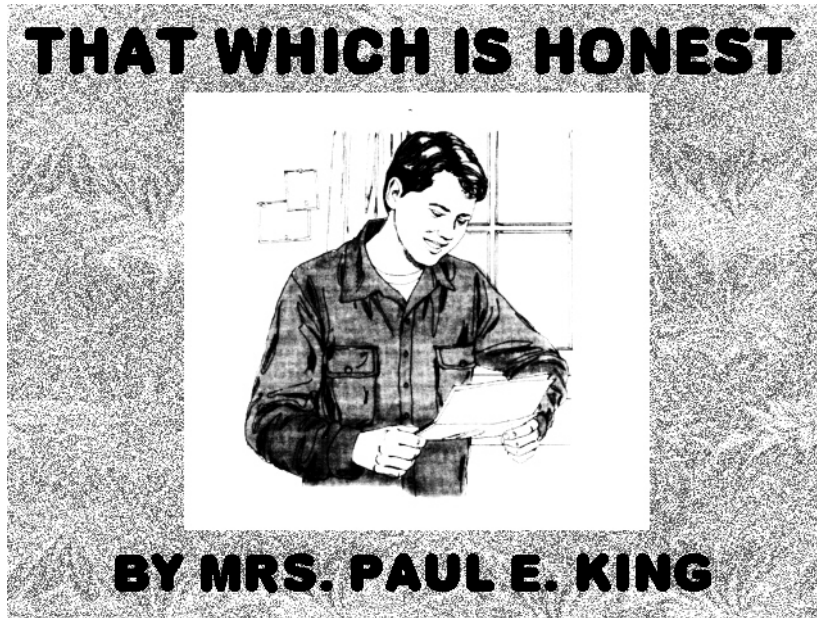
Copyright 2001 By Lucille King  
All Rights Reserved and Duplication  
Of This Publication Is Forbidden,  
Except For Personal Use

\* \* \* \* \*

Digital Edition 10/22/2001  
By Holiness Data Ministry

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sunday School Beacon  
September 3, 1995



**THAT WHICH IS HONEST**  
**By Mrs. Paul E. King**

I stood on the steps outside the dorm and watched as my parents drove away, waving until their car disappeared around the bend in the long driveway down the hill, knowing that Mom was shedding tears and that Dad was too -- on the inside, same as I.

It was a great feeling, knowing that I was now in college and out on my own, but it was kind of scary too. After all, I had never been away for any long period of time from my parents and my two brothers and three sisters. To top it all off, we were a closely knit family, enjoying each other's company and fellowship and, best of all, we were born again Christians.

I stood for a long while on the steps, taking in the beauty of the campus, wondering about my teachers and professors and praying that God's love and His beauty and radiance would shine out through me in everything I said and did. Then I hurried inside and, taking the steps two at a time, I was soon up on the second floor where my room was.

I unlocked the door and stepped inside, closing and locking the door behind me, realizing that, in spite of the much help from both my father and my mother, there was still a lot to do before classes began. My eyes wandered to the window where Mom had hung the pretty draperies she made especially for my room and I felt a feeling of awful homesickness grip me. On my dresser, beside the Bible, was a big picture of both Mother and Dad. I grabbed it up and held it to my heart, realizing just how much they had impacted my life and meant to me. Then, praying for them, I placed the picture tenderly back on the dresser and got on with the rest of my unpacking, making the room look, as much as possible, like mine was at home, by hanging a picture here, placing a motto there.

I emptied the last piece of luggage and had just gotten down off the little stepladder Mom had insisted would "come in handy" for me, which prediction was indeed true since I had already used the handy little thing nearly half a dozen times to stash the luggage pieces up, out of sight, on the highest and topmost shelf of the tall closet, when I heard a thump, thump, thumping noise coming along the hallway toward my door and a big, booming, brazen voice, shouting, "Hey, you in room 244, open the door and let me in."

I stood still, wondering what was going on; who this brash, brazen fellow could be and why he wanted to come into my room. After all, I was new; a freshman. I knew no one. Absolutely no one. I was here to study, not to waste time.

"Open the door. Do you hear me?"

"I'm afraid you have the wrong room," I replied.

"Don't be funny; I know where I am and I know the fellow I want to talk to. Open the door, I say."

Praying silently, I went to the door and turned the knob. "See, you don't know me," I said as I swung the door open wide.

Without waiting for me to invite him in, the noisy, brassy student stepped inside. He was huge. Humongous. Football stuff from head to toes. Rather, from shoulders to feet. Huge. He grabbed my shoulders and looked down at me. "I'm Herman," he stated by way of introduction, "but everybody on campus calls me Bouncer. Know what a bouncer is?" I knew; but I remained silent.

"Look," he said, digging his fingers into my shoulders, "I hear you're a brain. You know -- one of the smart guys who help those of us who have involvements other than books to get them through college. I'm a star; a football star. I love football. I'm . . . well . . . books aren't my thing. You're going to help me stay on the team."

I could scarcely believe what I was hearing. Was it some sort of practical joke he was playing on me as a freshman? I wondered, aghast with disbelief.

"When I have a paper due, in, say like English or Math, I'll bring it to you," Bouncer said meaningfully. "I'm sure, from what I've heard, you'll do good papers for me. I have to keep up good grades to stay on the team, you understand. And I mean to stay on. You're going to see to it that I do!"

Before I had time to reply, he was out of the room and running noisily down the hallway toward the door.

I closed the door, still not sure if it was reality or all just a dumb joke. Whether it was or was not reality, the big fellow was in for a surprise if he'd try, even, to get me to do a single paper for him: God's Word was my guidebook; I followed its teaching and its principles implicitly and with delight

With the beginning of classes and getting adjusted to my daily schedule and weekly routine, I gave little thought to Herman -- Bouncer. I loved my

studies in agriculture and, especially, the hands-on experience and training I was getting. It was only the beginning of greater, more intensive and extensive training, I knew. Oh, how I prayed for God's help and enlightenment as I studied and worked. I wanted to be the best possible agronomist for the Lord, since I felt He wanted me to be His ambassador abroad, both as a teacher and a witness.

I was deep in study one night when I heard the heavy thump, thump, thumping coming along the hallway and the booming voice all but shouting. "Open the door, Shrimp, or I'll break it down with my fists."

I opened the door and stepped aside just as the massive body, all but filling the entranceway, came into my room. Shoving a stack of books in my face, Herman -- Bouncer -- said, "I have a fifteen-page paper due within four days. You better make it a good one. My grades are sagging a bit and I mean to stay on the team"

"Sorry, Herman, I can't do it."

Grabbing me roughly by the shirt collar and pinning me to the wall, he said between clenched teeth, "Sorry? Listen to me; either you comply with orders or you'll have reason to be sorry! That paper is due in four days. You will have it ready for me or else . . .! And stop calling me Herman; I'm Bouncer!" Shoving a fist under my nose, he turned and exited as fast as he had come.

I closed the door, dropped to my knees and asked the Lord for grace and courage to stand up to this poor soul; this cheater who tried to fake his way through school so he could be a star; a football star. Then I got back to my own studies. I would not stoop to his level; no way; threat or no threat. God's laws were my laws; His principles were my principles. His Word said, "Now I pray to God that ye do no evil; . . . that ye should do that which is honest" (II Corinthians 13:7). And in Hebrews 13:18, "Pray for us: For we trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly."

Putting the books Herman brought to me in a stack along the wall, I read the Bible, prayed, brushed my teeth, went to bed and slept like a baby.

Two days went by; then three. The fourth day, in the cafeteria, I heard the heavy thump, thump of Herman's footsteps pounding their way to the table where I sat with a number of other students, finishing up the noon meal.

"Well, well, imagine seeing you! I take it my paper is finished and ready for the professor's desk or you wouldn't be here," Herman remarked. Turning to the students at the nearby tables, he said in a more subdued tone of voice as he slapped me on the shoulder, "This is 'brains'; he's going to keep up my grades and keep me on the team. Aren't you, Squirt?"

Rising from the chair and pushing it away from the table, I said firmly but kindly, "No Sir, I am not. That wouldn't be right, nor honest."

Color drained from Herman's face. He clenched his hand into a tight fist. "You . . . you mean you defy me? Defy my orders?"

"I wouldn't say that I defy you, Herman, it's simply that I won't do it. I told you this when you tried to intimidate me up in my room. I am a Christian: As such, I get my instructions and orders from God's Word as to what to do and what not to do. Cheating is dishonest and sinful. I refuse to cheat for you or for anybody else."

A loud cheer went up in my behalf. I felt sorry for Herman and embarrassed for myself. After all, Divine Love never delights in seeing another pushed down.

"Look," I said as I placed my hand on the broad shoulder before me, "I'll gladly help you with your studies if you need help, Herman; but to do them for you I can't. It's dishonest. And I just know that a fellow like you could be pulling grades equal to his track record if you'd settle down to real studying. Out there on the field you're using your body. Apply the same energy and time to your books and your brains and you'll make the honor roll, I feel."

For a long time, Herman studied me. I saw his fist unclench. Then in a flash he grabbed my hand. "Thanks," he said. "I . . . I . . . well, I believe you mean what you said. I see it in your eyes and on your face. I admire you, Joel; admire you greatly. I'm sorry for calling you whatever 'weak' names I called you. Forgive me, please. You're the first and only fellow who leveled with me and wasn't afraid of me. If you think you'll have the time, I'm willing to accept your challenge to study, and try to amount to something along other

lines. I've always wanted to go in for electrical engineering. It was my uncle who pushed me into this football thing."

"Look, Herman, I believe in prayer. I'll be praying for you, that the Lord will help you with your studies. And say, I don't have another class until late this afternoon. Let's go up to my room and get busy on your paper. I'll help but not do, OK?"

Grabbing my hand, Herman shook it vigorously. "Agreed." he said. "Let's go. Even if it's a bit late, it will be my paper."

My heart was singing as we hurried out of the cafeteria. I felt like God was moving and working and that out in the not too distant future He would have a spiritual giant working in His kingdom.