

Saturday, March 23, 1968

# 'Daddy, Do

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

A broken-hearted grandmother sat in the Counseling Center weeping. She told of having to sit in the car while her son took his little 7-year-old boy into a package store where he purchased his liquor.

"My son wasn't raised like this," she wept. "I just can't understand him. Ever since he moved here he's

been going backward. What's happened?"

IT'S NOT an unusual story. Matter of fact, it's tragically normal for Brevard County. Her son, once a devoted church member, moved here five years ago. It was a new way of life. None of the old restraints. Money and material things took precedence. They attended

# You Love

## Perspective

church twice but never went back.

The woman moved here last year after her husband died. She has a small apartment. She is shocked at the change in her son, but helpless to do anything

about it. She's been taking 7-year-old Jimmy to Sunday school, but his parents refuse to go. We agreed to pray about the situation.

The answer came three weeks ago. One Sunday morning Jimmy got up and

# Jesus Anymore'

put on his Sunday clothes to wait for his grandmother to come by and take him to Sunday school. His mother got up and fixed him breakfast and then took her coffee and went back to bed to read the papers with her husband.

LITTLE JIMMY came in and sat on the edge of the bed beside his father.

"Daddy, don't you love Jesus any more?"

Daddy didn't want to answer but the little boy just sat there and looked at him.

AFTER A couple of "Gruuumps!" the father answered, "Well, yes, Jimmy, I love Jesus. Why do you ask?"

Jimmy's words seemed to spill out of an overburdened heart: "Because you never go to Sunday school with me. Nanny said that when you were a little boy your daddy took you and you used to love to go and then sit with him in big church. She said that when I was born you cried and promised God you would raise me in the church."

Jimmy continued: "My Sunday school teacher says that if we love Jesus, we will do what he wants us to do. I try to do what he wants me to do, but you don't."

AFTER A LONG period of uncomfortable silence, the father realized that his wife was staring at him. He turned in the bed and looked at her and there was a trace of moisture in her eyes.

She, too, remembered. Squeezing her hand under the covers, he turned to Jimmy.

"You're right! Now run to the door and tell Nanny to go on by herself. Tell her that Mommy and I will be bringing you this morning — and from now on, big church, too."

IT WAS the beginning of the old life — in a new way.

The boy's question digs pretty deeply: "Daddy, don't you love Jesus anymore?"