



Perspective

By Jamie Buckingham

I don't know if it was Sunday afternoon or Monday back in 1809 when two Kentucky hillbillies met in a "holler" near the Hardin County border.

"What's new down your way?" one of them asked.

"Nuthin," came the answer. "Nuthin a tall. Nuthin ever happens out here 'cept a few babies borned—like the one down at Tom Lincoln's last night . . ."

Nothing indeed? That seemingly insignificant moment in history is what in retrospect is known as the pivotal event in the life of our nation.

I think about this sometimes when I come face to face with some filthy little snot-nosed kid throwing rocks at cars, or read a birth notice in the paper, or see a group of little children sitting about a table in a primary Sunday school class.

Who knows what restless child in someone's home, classroom, or Sunday school will someday take a place in the affairs of men that will distinguish every part of a previously obscure past?

This came flashing to mind when I read an article written by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of San Antonio, Texas. He said:

"We missed him. Our chance to change things came and passed, and we did not know it was there.

"A dark-skinned little boy sat through Sunday school classes for three years at our church, but someone missed him. His name was Sirhan Sirhan, and at the age of 24 he shot and killed Senator Robert Kennedy. In a welter of words and the shudder of grief throughout our nation, the persistent thought keeps recurring—someone missed him."

I remember reading an anguished letter in the Dallas newspaper written by a Baptist Sunday school teacher from Ft. Worth. He told of having a kid in his class that he never reached for Christ. They finally dropped his name from the roll and concentrated on the kids that showed more 'promise.' The kid's name was Lee Harvey Oswald.

President or presidential assassin? He could be in your home, in your class, in your employ. Be careful when you say with a casual shrug, "Nothin ever happens around here."