

Actions May Be Under Surveillance

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Four-year-old Randy is my constant companion when I'm working in the yard. Randy lives a couple of houses down from us and is constantly ringing our doorbell asking "Can Sandra come out and play?" When he sees me in the yard digging or painting he comes charging down the sidewalk with "Whatcha doin' Mr. B?" or "Can I help ya paint?"

But Randy's a good kid and I enjoy having him around. And for a four-year-old he asks a lot of smart questions. Like the other day when I was using my garden hose to wash a hole under the sidewalk. I needed to push a sprinkler pipe through to the other side and was softening the earth so it would slide easier. I turned on the water and poked the hose into the ground under the sidewalk. It got away from me. It started burrowing into the soft sand and try as hard as I could I couldn't hold it back. I screamed to one of the kids to turn off the water but by the time the faucet was off I'd already lost 10 feet of hose into the ground. It took an awful lot of pulling and grunting and digging and cursing (thoughts, not verbal) to get the hose back out of the ground.

And of course little Randy was standing by watching it all and finally asked, "How come ya did that, Mr. B?" Like I say, he asks a lot of smart questions. "That, Mr. B?" Like I say, he asks a lot of smart questions.

Last week Randy was sitting beside me in the grass

while I pulled up weeds from the flower bed. "Say, Randy, have you ever been to Sunday school?" I asked.

HE GOT excited and said no but he'd sure love to go. Was it like big school? Did he have to carry a lunch? Did he have to get up real early to get there on time?

I explained what it was about and told him he could ride with us and would be in Sandra's class. I suggested he ask his mother and daddy and we'd be glad to take him with us.

Yesterday afternoon Randy was back. I was painting a new deck I'd put on our four barrel raft we have on the little lake in our back yard. Randy came over to help kick sand on the wet paint.

"**YA KNOW**, my Daddy says you sure drive fast." Uh oh, I sensed some kind of revelation about to take place and didn't want to hear it. "He says you might run over someone the way you drive." Boy, it was getting more painful all the time. "He says that ever'buddy ought to obey the speed laws—specially preachers." I painted furiously. "Well, I gotta go now but Daddy says I can't go to Sunday school with you 'cause the way you drive. Bye Mr. B, I'll come back and help you later."

I sat down on a concrete block and looked heavenward. "Honest God, I wasn't aware how fast I was pulling into the driveway—nor was I aware I was under surveillance. And with your help and for the sake of all the little Randy's, I'll watch my speed—and watch a lot of other things too."

What was it that Jesus said? "Out of the mouths of babes . . ."