

Brannan came to me ask if he could teach a class of 4th to 6th grade boys. I thanked him for volunteering but had to tell him we had enough teachers at the time and didn't need any more teachers. I was the Sunday School Superintendent.

"Oh, you don't have to give me any kids," he said. "I'll find my own kids. I just wanted to know if you could find me a room in which to teach?" I promised him a room for next Sunday. Before Sunday School I stopped in to see him. He had pictures and posters, an object lesson, a small stack of Bibles, and his guitar.

One boy came.

The following week there were four; the class continued to grow. Brannan didn't drive, but his roommate had a car and would go out each Sunday to an area where Brannan found kids to invite each week.

Early one Sunday morning he knocked on my door. Would I drive 7 miles to pick up some new kids. "Brannan, I'm the SS Superintendent. I have to be in Church as soon as the first person gets here."

"Pretty please." Done.

Bigger problem. He told be that some of the boys who wanted to come weren't allowed to come unless they brought their sisters. He did *not* want to teach girls. Would I get someone to teach the girls?

Done!

Then I got a phone call from a local pastor. He asked me if Brannan was one of my Sunday school teachers. I told him he was. The pastor said he was glad that Brannan was inviting the kids to come to our church. The pastor's church was right in the community from where most of Brannan's kids were coming not too far from our church.

Since the kids weren't attending his church, he was glad to see them going to ours. No problem so far. He was only troubled by one thing. I asked what that was. "It's Will, my son," he said, "Now my own son wants to go to your church instead of ours. Could you tell Brannan not to invite my Will?"

Done!

Lord, send me a great tribe just like Brannan.

*He became a pastor.*