

I choose to believe that a three-minute conversation I had in a hallway had an enormous impact on one of my church kids in such a way that it helped him to begin to invest his life in others.

I snagged 11 year old Jimmy as he walked down the Sunday school hallway. I was the Sunday School Superintendent. I told him, "By the time you're in high school, two of my own kids will be in 6th grade. I'd like you to be their Sunday school teacher. I think you're good with kids."

"Who me?"

"I think you could do a good job. When I look for teachers for our church they have to love their students. You'd have to tell every single one of your kids how to get to heaven. You'd have to be good about praying for them and you'd have to prepare your lesson carefully every week."

"Um-thanks."

"You think about it. I think you'd be a good teacher."

Two weeks later Jimmy stopped me in the hall. "Tell me again," he said. "What do you have to do if you're a Sunday School teacher?"

Well, our family moved out of the state and I don't know whether he became a Sunday School teacher. Twenty years later I was living back in south Florida again. While I was sitting in church one Sunday, I saw a thirty-something guy and his little wife walk in and sit down. They were trailed by four burly teenaged guys. I knew in a minute that it was Jimmy. But there hadn't been enough time for him to have 4 highschool kids.

Jimmy and his wife and opened their hearts and homes to four foster kids. Yes, I was right. He was good with kids.