



AS THE BUS CONTINUED ON THE ROUTE TO THE SCHOOL, WE TOOK TURNS WITH THE YO-YO. "RICKY, DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JESUS?" I ASKED.

"NO, I DON'T THINK SO," RICKY RESPONDED. "SHOULD I?"

"I THINK YOU'D REALLY LIKE TO GET TO KNOW HIM."

"WHY?" RICKY ASKED. I HAD NEVER HEARD SOMEONE ASK THAT QUESTION BEFORE. SO I SAT THERE AND THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

"BECAUSE HE IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND," I TOLD RICKY. "I THINK YOU'D LIKE HAVING HIM AS YOUR FRIEND, TOO."

THE NEXT SUNDAY, RICKY'S MOTHER DROVE HIM TO THE SMALL TOWN CHURCH, AND RICKY JOINED OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

THREE YEARS PASSED, DURING WHICH ALL OF US WHO ATTENDED SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTINUED TO LEARN MORE ABOUT JESUS. SUMMER CAME, AND THERE WAS A SPECIAL SUMMER CAMP HELD FOR THE CHILDREN WHO ATTENDED THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. RICKY AND I AND SOME OF OUR OTHER CLASSMATES ATTENDED.



