

## **A Little Boys Faith**

When our son was three, he and our daughter were across the street from our house playing in the playground. Our boy had climbed up the slide and fell off. The daughter came running home crying and told us our son is hurt. We rushed over to the playground and it looked like his leg was broken, so we took him to emergency and sure enough he came out with a cast on and a little pair of crutches. In a few days he thought this was pretty neat because of all the attention he was getting and using the crutches became second nature to him. He had the cast on for six weeks and when they took the cast off, he was good as new, but lacked the attention.

Two & 1/2 years later, we were going to church. It was the beginning of winter and our back landing was strewn with winter boots. Now there were three steps from the kitchen down to the landing which led to the outside. We were running late and I was on the landing putting on my boots and our son was by the kitchen door nattering as to how he wanted to put his boots on too. I was a little irritated and impatient so I picked him up and set him down on the landing, but being irritated I didn't set him down gently. He let out a scream and started crying and what had happened was when I plunked him down, the leg he had broken before landed on one of the boots laying there, and being off balance he slipped off it and broke his leg again. Well needless to say I felt like a real heel a guilty one at that, because it was my fault. It didn't help when the wife got on my case about how mean I was etc. I did what any macho man would do when he was embarrassed, guilty and hurt, I hid behind anger and got mad at everybody.

His mother took him to emergency and they put a cast on again. After he cried and complained about his leg still hurting, we took him back to our family doctor and after re-x-raying and resetting the doctor said it was just like a skiing break, it was a twisted break and when he was about eight or nine, they would have to re-break and reset it. After the cast was off, his foot turned outward more and more as time went on and he could not run. He would sort of hop and skip plus he would cry during the night because of pain.

We were just babes in Christ at the time and I spent many hours asking God to forgive me and heal him. I also ask my son to forgive me and told him how sorry I was. I don't know how much he understood, but he still seemed to love his dad.



does say that without faith it is impossible to please him. ( Heb 11:6 )

Now When our son was old enough he joined the Air Force and in the medical they found nothing wrong with his leg, let alone that it had been broke twice.

**Mat 18:3 And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.**

**Mat 18:4 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.**

A child has no problem trying to conjure up faith, it's just a way of life. A so called adult has to reason, now reasoning is good as long as it doesn't throw faith out the window.

Next is about our Mobil home.

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken