
September 26: *"We Made a Difference in at Least One"*

Billy & Pat B. – Atlanta Area

I was saved in 1958. That was a long time ago even though it seems like yesterday. I clicked along for about ten years just doing the normal things Christians did. I was always at church helping and even visited some if the preacher needed someone to go with him. If I were looking for a description of myself, it would be complacent. One night my life started changing with a phone call from my preacher, *"Bro. Billy, will you go with me to a meeting tonight?"* *"Preacher, can you find somebody else?"* *"No, you're the last one on the list."* That let me know how high up on the importance ladder I was. *"Sure, I'll go with you."* We met and headed off toward the meeting. *"What kind of meeting is it we're going to?"* I asked. *"Not real sure,"* he replied. We just knew it was some kind of revival. Arriving and finding a seat, my attitude was not the greatest to say the least, but I didn't say anything. What caught my attention though was when it was told during the introduction that this man had over one thousand attending his church in a small town of 900. Our little church had 75 on a good day. He began his message telling a story. He was driving down a road behind a school bus. The bus lights began flashing indicating the driver was about to let some children off the bus. *"I stopped,"* the preacher said. *"The man behind me zoomed around me. Just as his car got to the front of the school bus, a little boy stepped out to cross the road. The little boy was hit knocking him from the road into the ditch."* The preacher jumped from his car running to the little fellow. He recognized the boy as one of his kids from church. He held the child's bleeding head in his lap trying to talk to him. The little fellow died in his arms. He then made this statement. *"If the parents are determined to go to Hell, why should we let the kids go to Hell too?"* From that moment, my focus changed to reaching kids with the gospel. We had an old white bus on a hill behind the church. We called it the "Old White Ghost." My visitation up until that night I heard that preacher was focused on adults. Now, the focus moved to the children. We began going into neighborhoods with lots of kids, loading the "Old White Ghost" with them, and telling and singing to them about Jesus all the way to church. Over the decades, hundreds of children have come through various ministries, all geared for children, and trusted Christ.

Now that we are older, we have wonderful memories of children we led to Christ. Every Christian at some time, and most of us many times, has the devil sit on our shoulder telling us we didn't really make a difference. One night we had just left a funeral home. It was raining. My wife and I were talking, asking each other that very question, *"Did what we do really make a difference?"* We were down, somber, feeling maybe we didn't. *"Why don't we stop and get a*

cup of coffee?" she said. We parked, got out into the rain and went inside a McDonald's. I paid for the two coffees, walked over and sat down. Just about that time, a big man walked over to my wife and me. "You're Bro. Billy. Aren't you?" "Yes, I am." "I used to attend Sunday School over at a small Bible college in Decatur." he said. "Did you go to the teen class? Do you remember Bro. ___?" He replied "No, I don't remember anybody there but you. You led me to the Lord." He went on to tell us about his life after getting saved; he finished school, went to college, got married, had a couple kids, and is now the manager at the restaurant. The Lord gave my wife and I a little "handful on purpose" when we needed it most. Did we make a difference? We did in one life.