

Driven from Home-Part Four

“You’re hurt.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Why do you live this way, starving in the jungle and drinking dirty water? Does it really matter what spirit we worship?”

Kham reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, wooden elephant. “Do you remember when you carved this? You said it was more than a piece of wood. It was a gift of joy.”

“Because it was a piece of myself I gave you forever.”

“Jesus gave me a gift of joy, too. God is with me, and He didn’t give me just a piece of Himself, but all of Himself. He and His joy will never leave me. I hate starving. I hate seeing Bua so sick. But I realized something just now. I’d rather be hungry and sick with Jesus than full and healthy without Him.”

Boun turned and looked toward the village. “Aren’t you scared of the villagers?”

“Sometimes.”

His brother turned to face him. “Do you have room in your camp for one more?”

“Always!”

Boun picked up his brother and carried him down the trail. Just as they reached the camp, they saw their father, the pastor, and Vieng.

“What are you doing with Kham?” their father asked.

“I thought I would bring him home.”

The pastor studied Boun’s face. “Will you be staying with us?”

Boun nodded.

Their father beamed. The pastor looked to the sky and prayed, “God, we thank You for bringing Boun home. Help us celebrate the joy You feel now that one more of Your children has come home.”

Home. Kham looked around. They would not live in exile forever. Whether or not they were allowed to live in the village again, he knew one day they would live in a new home with Jesus, just as He had promised. And now, his brother would be with them.