

Driven from Home-Part Three

The chief continued, “The spirits must be made to understand your decision to follow Jesus is not our fault. Otherwise, they could punish us for your betrayal.”

Deep in the jungle, the sound of thunder shook the ground. Kham dove to one side and glimpsed Vieng dive to the other.

Three elephants charged into the clearing. Kham scrambled to his feet and watched them race straight toward the mob. They ran with their trunks tucked close to their heads, waiting to plow both head and tusks into whoever was careless enough to get in their way.

The villagers scattered into the bushes.

Kham pulled Vieng to his feet and ran for the shelters.

Gradually, the village sounds faded. Kham glanced behind him to see if anyone had chased them. He thought he had heard someone.

The next thing he knew, he was lying with his face in the dirt.

Vieng dropped to his side.

“Are you all right?”

“I think I broke my ankle. And maybe my arm.”

“Stay here. I’ll get your father.”

Kham nodded. Vieng disappeared into the jungle. Suddenly, he felt very alone. He was stranded between what used to be his home and a small, make-shift camp far from food, clean water, and almost everyone he had ever known. His sister was sick, he was hurt, and he didn’t expect things to get better any time soon.

“God,” he prayed, “why did You leave us alone out here in the jungle?”

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Whispers from pages of the Bible his pastor had read started to float through his mind. “Do not let your hearts be troubled. I will never leave you or forsake you.”

Suddenly, he heard it again—that sound. Kham’s eyes flew open.

“Who’s there?”

Boun stepped from the bushes.