

## Driven from Home-Part Two

Vieng stepped closer. “I have to see if my uncle and cousins are all right!”

“Not now. The villagers might spot us.”

“But I have to help them!”

“Your family is probably working in the fields. I’ve heard that villagers in other places have torn down a house as a warning. They probably did it after your family left. But if they see us here now, they might think your family is still helping us. Maybe we can get the tools from my family’s home instead.”

“Your uncle and cousins hate us—even your brother Boun.”

“My brother wouldn’t tell anyone if he believed in Jesus because he was scared. But he doesn’t hate me.”

Vieng followed Kham deeper into the jungle.

“There, you see—everything is quiet at my old house,” Kham said.

The moment he stepped from the bushes, he realized how wrong he was. His uncle and four cousins stood in the shadow of the house. And Boun stood with them.

“I knew you’d come here after you saw what happened to Vieng’s home,” his uncle said.

“Bua is sick. We have to get tools to dig a well.”

The frown on his uncle’s face deepened.

Kham turned to his brother. “Please, Boun, we need your help.”

Boun looked away.

His uncle shouted, “We told you to leave! If the elders think we have helped you, we will suffer the same as Vieng’s family!”

Another man’s voice called out from behind the house.

“We’ve heard your refusal to help these Christians.”

Kham swallowed hard. The village chief.

The chief walked to the front of the house. “We were willing to let you live in peace outside the village, but you have broken our rules and returned.”

Kham thought of his sister lying sick in the shelter. A wave of boldness surged up in him. “Live in peace while we starve to death and drink bad water?”

“You chose that life when you chose to follow the one you call Jesus. He is not the spirit our grandfathers worshipped.”

Behind the chief, a great murmur began to grow. The chief held up his hand. A mob of villagers stepped out of hiding.

Kham prayed for help.