

The Encounter In The Alley

May 28, 2006

By Rebecca Enney

Psalm 1 “Oh, the joys of those who do not follow the advice of the wicked, or stand around with sinners, or join in with scoffers.”

It was Saturday afternoon and Barabas and his “once I was lost, but now I am found” dog Jeter were on their way to Sam’s house. Sam only lives one block away from Barabas. Sam’s dad bought a new refrigerator and Sam and Barabas are going to make a neat fort out of the big box in the back yard!

Barabas walked around the corner of Uncle Floyd’s truck parked beside their garage in the alley when he heard a voice say “Hey kid!” Barabas looked up and it was Ken, his hired babysitter from two weeks ago. “I see your stupid dog came back home.”

Three things struck Barabas. First, that his dog Jeter is NOT stupid. Second, that he felt nervous with the way that Ken was talking. And third, he was pretty sure he smelled cigarette smoke on Ken.

“Yea, he came home,” said Barabas and he started to walk past Ken. But Ken again said “Hey kid.” Barabas stopped uneasily.

You know, sometimes dogs know things without words. Maybe when you grow a little afraid, there is something that a dog senses about you. Whatever it was, Jeter stepped over closer to Barabas, as if to be ready to protect Barabas from danger.

“Would you like an easy \$10.00?” Ken said in a rather low voice. “\$10.00!” thought Barabas. But he didn’t say anything out loud. So Ken continued; “All you’d have to do is go back in your house and “borrow” Uncle Floyd’s keys to the church and give them to me. Just for a half hour. That’s all, just for one half hour and then I’ll bring them back to you.”

“Why do you need to go to the church right now?” said Barabas innocently.

“Ah . . . to . . . pray! Yeah, to pray.” Said Ken, thinking he was very clever.

“You don’t have to be in a church to pray.” said Barabas.

“Just get the bleeping keys!” said Ken in a threatening voice. And immediately, Jeter gave a quiet low growl. (grrrrrrrr)

“No . . .” said Barabas. “You can go to the church and ask for the keys tomorrow when Pastor Ed is there.”

Ken glared at Barabas. He looked really scary when he slowly said “I . . . would . . . advise . . . you . . . to . . . do . . . what . . . I . . . say!”

Barabas could feel his heart pounding. He had already figured out that Ken was up to no good. Barabas knew he should NEVER give Uncle Floyd’s keys to ANYONE. But he couldn’t figure out what else to say, so he just said “NO” again. And Jeter said “grrrrr,” just a little louder than before.

And then Barabas did a very smart thing. He did not go down the alley to Sam’s, but he turned and went back to his own house and waited until Ken left.

“Do not follow the advice of the wicked, or stand around with sinners, or join in with scoffers. But delight in doing everything the Lord wants. Think about His law!” THE END