

“God Said, ‘Abraham, Follow Me’ “

Genesis 15:1-6

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By Rebecca Enney

Barabas and Jeter are waiting for Uncle Floyd. He is out cutting the grass. The three of them are going to go on a bike ride to the playground for some batting practice. We will pretend that this batting helmet is actually his bicycle helmet.

Wait . . . wait . . . wait . . . Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . While Barabas is waiting for Uncle Floyd to finish he picked up the cup and absentmindedly began to tap it. Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .

Then Barabas remembered that last week he had volunteered to write a little poem about Faith for the SCS Teacher. Oops! He sat the cup back down. Here it is, Saturday and he hasn't started.

Well, he reasoned to himself. “It is only Sunday School homework, it's not like it is REAL homework.” And then Barabas thought that it would be kind of nice for school to start again in a few weeks, but he was definitely NOT looking forward to REAL homework.

Now, of course Barabas knows he will do the Sunday School homework.

Barabas absentmindedly started tapping the cup again. “I think she said the poem should say something about Abraham too, because he is a good example of Faith.” Tap . . . tap . . . tap.

God said Abraham, follow me

“Hmmmmm.” smiled Barabas to himself. “What rhymes with me?” Then he ran to get a pencil and paper and started writing this all down.

“All right!” said Barabas as he finished his poem! “Let's see if this works!” Barabas took the cup and look what he did! (perform cup tapping)

**God said Abraham, follow me
Your descendants will be**

**Like the stars above, and your son
Isaac starts a great nation**

**We are followers of Abraham's God
Our feet travel where his have trod.**

**Through uncertainty to new places
Back to school to meet new faces**

**We can't see where the future leads
But we know God knows our needs**

**We have Faith in God and His Son
And the Spirit, three in one**

**God, our treasure is placed with you
We know that your Word is true**

When he finished he put the cup by the sink to be washed.



Just then Uncle Floyd came in and said “I reckon you need to write that poem for Sunday School son, before we do our bike ride.”

“Already done!” said Barabas as he put the paper away.

Barabas looked at Uncle Floyd and said:

**“Now the two of us and this hound
Will bicycle to the playground!”**

Uncle Floyd gave Barabas a startled smile and off they went! THE END