



Teacher—These special Dee-Cy-Paul application stories reinforce the Bible lesson. Choose the “Bookends” or the Story based on your time and preference.

Dee-Cy-Paul “Bookends”

Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

Paul had been sick over the weekend. He missed church and Sunday school! Dee and Cy brought over his Sunday school worksheets and talked about the lesson with him. Later, Paul told his dad about it and asked his dad to help him review the lesson he missed. Pastor Shepherd refused. Why wouldn't Paul's dad help him? Had he upset his dad? Was Mr. Shepherd too busy?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Paul's dad explained that the reason he couldn't help Paul ... was that he didn't need to! Dee and Cy did such a good job explaining the lesson that he felt Paul already understood what he needed—all Paul had to do was read the Bible passage himself. He reminded Paul how Aquila and Priscilla had helped Apollos and pointed out that Dee and Cy had done the same thing! Paul was glad he had friends who could help him learn more about God.

Chip whined as Paul lowered him down the tree. When the dog carrier reached the ground, Dee opened it and unhooked Chip from his harness. Chip zipped out and ran in circles, barking. Dee's pup didn't like his new “doggie elevator,” but he loved being up in Paul's treehouse with Dee—safely tethered inside the room, of course!

“See you guys later,” Paul yelled to Dee and Cy. “Thanks again!”

“You're welcome!” shouted Dee.

“See you tomorrow at school!” piped Cy.

“Woof!” barked Chip.

After his friends had left, Paul tossed the doggie elevator's rope over the railing, grabbed his papers, and carefully climbed down the treehouse ladder.

“Well, I'm glad you're feeling better, son.” Paul's dad, Pastor Shepherd, had come down the back porch steps. “It's time to do your homework before dinner.”

“Okay, Dad, do you think later tonight you could go over this Sunday school lesson with me?” Paul held up his papers.

“Do you mean the one you missed while you were sick this weekend?” Mr. Shepherd asked. “Where did you get those worksheets?”

“Dee and Cy brought them to me. Mrs. Trujillo gave them an extra set.”

“That's wonderful! What was the lesson about?”

“Well, Dee and Cy said it was about Paul and his new friends, Aquila and Priscilla...” Paul went on to tell his dad what Dee and Cy had said about the lesson.

“...And so they said it was clear from Acts 18 that Christians faithfully help each other, just like Aquila and Priscilla helped Paul and Apollos!” Paul finished. “I can't wait to read the story myself in my Bible tonight.”

Mr. Shepherd shook his head. “Paul, I don't think I can help you with your lesson tonight.”

“You can't? Why not? Do you have work to do?”

“No. The reason I can't help you is that I believe Dee and Cy already did a great job filling you in. It sounds like all you need to do is read Acts 18 and complete your worksheet.” Paul's dad smiled. “I'll be happy to assist you if you get stuck, but Dee and Cy did most of the work already.”

Paul scratched behind his ear. “But, Dad, Dee and Cy aren't teachers or pastors! I need someone like you who understands God's Word.”

“Dee and Cy may not be adult teachers, Paul, but from what you just told me, they do understand God's Word—and they did a fine job teaching you.” Pastor Shepherd pointed to Paul's worksheets. “The Apostle Paul was the famous missionary, not Aquila and Priscilla. But they were still able to help Apollos learn more about Jesus.”

“You're right!” exclaimed Paul, “And Dee and Cy helped me learn more about them! If I didn't have my friends to help me, I would have fallen behind in Sunday school. I can't wait to tell Dee and Cy they can teach as well as Mrs. Trujillo!”

“Now, I wouldn't say that,” said Paul's dad. “There's a reason God chose Mrs. Trujillo to be your teacher. Dee and Cy did well, but Mrs. Trujillo has been teaching for a long time. She deserves your respect.”

“Sorry, Dad, I guess I got carried away.”

Mr. Shepherd put his arm around Paul and steered him toward the house. “Okay, enough stalling. You need to do your schoolwork, too, or you'll fall behind there! I think I'll go into my study and open my Bible to Acts 18. Your summary of the lesson makes me want to check it out, too.”

“Glad I could help, Dad.” Paul smiled. “And if you have any questions about it, feel free to come see me.”

Paul and his dad laughed together as they climbed the back porch stairs.



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Dee, Cy, and Paul were at a friend’s birthday party. They heard that some of the kids wanted to bring out and play with a ouija board—a fortune-telling game that supposedly calls on spirits to answer questions. The more they heard about the game, the more they thought it was a bad idea. How could they avoid dishonoring God by participating in a dangerous superstition?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Dee, Cy, and Paul decided they needed to “bite the bullet” and go straight to the authorities—in this case, their friend’s mom. They explained to her that playing with a ouija board, or believing any superstition, is showing God that we do not trust His authority and control over the future. All three kids said they were willing to leave the party to show how strongly they felt about it. Thankfully, the mom agreed with them and refused to let her daughter bring out the game. She promised to get rid of the game the first chance she got.

“What’s a Wee-Gee board?” asked Cy. “Is it like a skateboard?”

“No,” said Marcy Marny. “O-u-i-j-a. It’s a fortune-telling game. My older sister played it once at her friend’s house. She said it’s really cool, but kinda spooky.”

Cy looked at Dee and Paul. The sounds of party horns, noisemakers, and boisterous fourth-graders filled the air. The kids were at a birthday party for Kaylee Carter. Everyone had been having lots of fun—there’d been games, cake and ice cream, and Kaylee had opened all her presents. It was raining outside, and some of the kids were getting restless. That’s when someone had asked Kaylee if she had a ouija board.

“So,” Dee ventured, “With this game, you get your fortune told?”

“Uh huh,” nodded Marcy. “You ask the spirits a question, and then the board piece moves under your hand and spells out an answer.”

“You ask spirits?” asked Paul. “What spirits?”

“I don’t know. Like ghosts, I guess. My sister said it’s really just the kids moving the piece around themselves. It’s just a goofy game.”

Dee frowned. “I don’t like this. Even if it is just a game, we aren’t honoring God by playing it.”

“You’re right, Dee,” added Cy. “Wee-Gee boards, horoscopes, broken mirrors—believing in all that superstitious stuff says that we don’t trust God to be in control of the future.”

“So what do we do?” asked Paul. “Kaylee’s nodding her head like she does have a ouija board!”

Marcy started to walk away. She looked back over her shoulder. “Talk to Kaylee’s mom, if it bothers you that much. I don’t care either way—I just want some more ice cream!”

“She’s right, you know,” said Cy. “We should talk to Kaylee’s mom.”

“I know,” complained Dee, “I just don’t want to be called a party pooper!”

Paul stood up straight. “Well, I think it’s too important to stay silent. I’m going to talk to Mrs. Carter.”

“Me, too,” said Cy.

“Don’t forget me!” said Dee.

The kids went over to Kaylee’s mom and told her what they’d heard. They explained why they felt playing with a ouija board was a bad idea. Paul summarized their feelings.

“We don’t mean to be party poopers.” Paul looked at Dee. “But the Bible is very clear about putting our trust in God, not superstition or luck. If you decide to let everyone use the ouija board, we’ll have to say goodbye to Kaylee and leave the party.”

Mrs. Carter looked at the three kids and then sat in a chair. “Thank you for bringing this to my attention. I’m ashamed to say, I never really thought about it before—but you three are right. My daughter and I are Christians, too. I don’t why I haven’t thrown out that silly little game a long time ago. Maybe we can organize a game of tag instead.”

“I know 47 varieties of tag, if you want some ideas,” said Cy. “Seven of them are my own inventions.” Everyone laughed, and then Dee explained.

“Cy really likes tag.”

“Well then, Cy,” said Mrs. Carter, “You are officially in charge of the next game!”

“All right!” exclaimed Cy. Paul and Dee just groaned. But all three kids felt good inside that they had taken a stand for God.



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Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

Cy wasn’t happy about leaving his three-year-old sister, Diane, at a strange woman’s house. Cy’s mom needed to work more at the hospital, and so Diane was going to have to be in an in-home day care while Cy and Becky were at school. When they arrived at the house, a short, happy woman named Mimi answered the door. Cy was still upset. How could he learn to trust Mimi to take care of his sister?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Mimi was warm and courteous, and her home was well set up for a day care. She had books, games, and colorful pictures all over the walls. A phrase she used, “God’s children,” piqued Cy’s curiosity. When he got the chance, he asked Mimi if she was a Christian. Mimi happily informed Cy that she was, and that she knew she had to earn Cy’s trust. Cy agreed to give Mimi a chance to take care of Diane and said he would pray for Mimi’s success.

“Mom, tell Becky to stop making faces at me!” Cy yelled from the back seat. Becky was Cy’s little sister, now in first grade.

“Becky, honey, we’re almost there,” said Mrs. Yung. “Be good to your brother for just a few more minutes.”

“I don’t like this, Mom,” complained Cy. “Why do we have to drop Diane off with some strange lady?” Diane was Cy’s even younger sister. She was only three.

“Mimi is not some strange lady. She runs a licensed, in-home day care service. Now that you and Becky are in school, I need to work more hours at the hospital. Mimi will take care of Diane while I’m at work.”

“I don’t like her name,” Cy pouted.

“Her real name is Melissa Teeger. But all her kids call her Mimi.”

Cy crossed his arms. “How will she know what food Diane likes? Or that she’s allergic to peanuts? Or—”

“Cy!” Mrs. Yung exhaled. “She’s trained to take care of young children. And she has a whole stack of information about Diane that your father and I put together. You can relax. Oh look, we’re here!”

Cy’s mom pulled the car into the driveway of a very nice house. After everyone climbed out of their car seats, they walked up to the front door. A small fountain tinkled near the porch. Mrs. Yung held Diane in her arms.

“Becky, ring the doorbell for me?”

“Okay!” Becky rang the bell. Cy, thought it sounded like the hymn, *Holy, Holy, Holy*. A short lady with sparkling eyes answered the door.

“You must be the Yungs,” she said, smiling. “Welcome! Come in, come in!”

Cy’s mom introduced them. “Hello, I’m Jenny. This is Becky.” Becky stuck out her hand.

“Hello, Mimi,” she said, grinning.

“Well, hello, Becky. It is so nice to meet you.” Mimi pumped her hand up and down.

“This is my son, Cy.”

Cy glanced up at Mimi sideways. “Hi.”

“Hello, young man.” Mimi hunched over her knees. “How old are you? Thirteen?”

Cy puffed up a little. “No, ma’am, I’m only ten.”

“Well, you look a might bit older than ten to me! And this must be precious Diane.” Mimi held her arms out as Mrs. Yung passed Diane over.

“Be careful!” warned Cy. “Don’t drop her.”

“Cy, that was rude,” started his mother.

“It’s okay,” interrupted Mimi. “Cy, I would never drop your sister. She’s one of God’s children, and I am very careful with His precious little ones.”

Mimi took everyone down to the basement and showed the Yungs her facilities. While she spoke with Cy’s mom about her other day care kids and her policies, Cy took a good look around. He couldn’t help but be impressed. It seemed more like a little school than a babysitting service. There were racks of books, shelves of games, and colorful pictures all over the walls. While Cy’s Mom took Becky and Diane for a potty break, Cy looked up at Mimi.

“Ma’am, you talked about God’s children. Are you a Christian?”

“Cy, call me Mimi.” Mimi’s eyes sparkled even more brightly. “Why, yes, I am a follower of Jesus Christ. How about you? Do you call Jesus your Lord and Savior?”

Cy smiled. “Yes, Mimi. I’m Jesus’ disciple!”

“Wonderful!” Mimi beamed. “Listen, Cy. I sensed that you aren’t comfortable trusting your baby sister to someone you’ve just met. I understand. It takes time to earn trust. Would you give me a chance to earn your trust, and would you pray for me to take good care of Diane?”

“I guess,” said Cy. “Christians have to be able to trust each other, or God’s work would never get done!”

“Why, Cy, that is true wisdom!” Mimi leaned down and whispered sideways at him. “Are you sure you’re not thirteen?”

“Not yet,” Cy announced. “But I’m getting older!”



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Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

Dee was afraid for her mom. Mrs. Morgan had agreed to take over her church’s Prison Magazine Ministry. She collected magazines and grouped them into sets, then took the sets to the local prison to give to the inmates there. Dee was afraid if her mom would get hurt if she went. Would Dee get over her fears and allow her mom to do the ministry?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Dee’s mom explained to Dee that the prison was actually a very safe place, but that even if it weren’t, God would protect her. She believed God had called her to minister to the prisoners and so it was her duty to obey God and to trust Him. Dee was reminded of the Apostle Paul’s words about trusting God, and she knew that her mom was right. Together they agreed to finish up the magazine sorting, but not before praying for God’s protection and the Holy Spirit’s comfort.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” Dee said to the floor. She was in the living room with her mom, putting together sets of different magazines. Chip was at her feet, gnawing on a plastic chew toy. He was giving little grunts of pleasure.

“What do you mean, sweetie?” asked Mrs. Morgan. “You don’t think these magazines will be appreciated?”

“No, I think the magazines are great,” said Dee. She took a deep breath. “It’s you I’m worried about. What if something happens to you in prison?”

Dee’s mom had volunteered to take over the Prison Magazine Ministry at church. Every month, she’d be taking sets of donated magazines to the local prison. She’d even be going to each cell, giving the magazines to the inmates themselves! To Dee, prison was about the scariest place she could imagine. Almost everyone who was there had done something really wrong or bad. And many of the people weren’t even sorry about what they did!

Mrs. Morgan sighed and set down her magazines. She sat on the couch.

“Come here.”

Dee climbed into her mom’s lap, like she was in second grade again. Chip came over and put his head on Dee’s knee.

“Dee, nothing is going to happen to me.” Dee’s mom held up a finger. “First of all, all the prisoners will be locked in their cells.” She held up another finger. “Secondly, the prison guards will be right with me the whole time.” A third finger went up. “And best of all, I’ve got the protection of God!”

“I still don’t think you should go,” Dee protested. “God sometimes allows bad things to happen.”

“It’s a lot more complicated than that, honey, but you do have a point. Let me ask you a question.” Mrs. Morgan peered into Dee’s eyes. “Do you believe God wants me to do this prison ministry?”

“Yes, but—”

“And do you believe, if God has called me to do it, that I should obey Him?”

Dee pouted. “Yes.”

“So, how better can I show God that I trust Him than by putting myself in His hands and doing what He asks, even if it seems dangerous?”

“Mom.” Dee perked up. “You sound like Paul.”

Dee’s mom gave a puzzled look. “Well, Paul Shepherd is a brave boy...”

Dee laughed. “No, Mom. I mean the Apostle Paul. He said almost the same thing in the latest chapter of Acts that I read. He was willing to obey God no matter what, because he knew the Holy Spirit was with him.”

“I love you, Dee.” Mrs. Morgan squeezed her daughter. “I think what I’m doing is very important. The prisoners really appreciate the magazines. It helps them pass the time and makes them feel more connected to the rest of the world.”

“You’re right,” said Dee. “The Prison Magazine Ministry is a great way to show God’s love and serve others. I shouldn’t be so selfish.”

“You weren’t completely selfish,” explained Dee’s mom. “You were also concerned for me. But I need to follow through on my commitments. And by helping me sort these magazines, you’re a part of the ministry, too!”

Dee jumped up. Chip gave a surprised yelp—his comfy knee-pillow was gone.

“Then let’s get to it!” proposed Dee. “But, Mom?”

“Yes, Dee?”

“First, could we pray for your safety anyway? And that the Holy Spirit would calm my fears?”

“Of course, dear.”



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Introduction (5 minutes)

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Paul was super-nervous. He was at a city hall field trip, and he was one of three people whom his teacher, Mr. Lemon, had asked to give a speech. As he looked out at all the serious faces and important people, he didn’t think he could go through with it. Paul had decided to give his personal testimony about Jesus, but now he thought it was a bad idea. What if the people became mad at him, or worse, laughed at him? How would Paul find the courage to face them?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Paul’s friends, Dee and Cy, encouraged him and reminded him how the Apostle Paul had drawn strength and courage from the Holy Spirit. Paul prayed a brief prayer, asking God to send His Holy Spirit to embolden Paul. Afterwards, he felt much better and gave his speech. No one became angry or laughed, and Paul even discovered that his speech had caused an atheist to go talk with a pastor!

Paul had never seen so many flags in one place. City flags, police and fire authority flags, county flags, the country flag, and even the flag of a sister city in another country all festooned the round room. A security guard stood beside Paul, looking straight ahead. Paul couldn’t stop his knees from shaking.

“Hey, Paul,” whispered Dee. “You okay?”

“I’m nervous,” Paul admitted. “Look at all the people!”

All around the kids sat men and women in nice clothes, with serious looks on their faces. The room was tiered, like a stadium or movie theatre, so everyone had a clear view of the podium at the front. The adults were all city leaders—city council members, police department chiefs, the fire authority chief, lawyers, and even the mayor. Paul swallowed hard. His mouth was so dry!

“Hey, buddy,” said Cy. “You’ll do fine. Don’t worry about it.”

“Easy for you to say,” complained Paul. “You don’t have to go down there.”

Paul’s fourth grade class was on a field trip to city hall. Now they stood in the main audience room—a room full of dark wood furniture and those colorful flags. The city council had requested that the kids’ teacher, Mr. Lemon, choose some students to speak in public. They thought it would be nice to hear from the “future of the town.” Mr. Lemon had asked Paul to speak, and Paul had agreed. Paul was allowed to talk for five minutes about anything he wanted.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” said Paul.

“It’s okay, Paul,” comforted Dee. “Remember the man you were named for, and remember the Holy Spirit is with you!”

Paul had decided to give his personal testimony at city hall. At first he’d been excited, but as time went on he’d become more and more nervous. These were very important people! What if they didn’t like what he had to say? They could try to shut down his dad’s church! Or what if they just thought he was a silly boy and laughed at him?

Dear God, prayed Paul, I don’t think I can do this! He paused. What I mean, Lord, is I can’t do this without Your help. Please send Your Holy Spirit to give me courage, just like the Apostle Paul had. I know that You can overcome my fear and help me speak. May I honor You with my words and conduct. In You Son, Jesus’, name, amen.

Paul immediately felt better. Dee was right—the Holy Spirit was with him. No matter how the adults reacted, Paul’s real audience was God Himself. Paul imagined Jesus sitting in the back row, smiling—His eyes filled with infinite love.

“Next up, we’ll hear from master Paul Shepherd,” announced the chairwoman.

Paul walked to the podium. He still felt a little nervous, but nothing he (or God) couldn’t handle.

“My name is Paul Shepherd. I’m here to talk today about my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ...” Paul spoke for a short time, and thanked his audience for their attention. Everyone clapped politely.

“You did it!” exclaimed Dee and Cy.

Paul exhaled loudly. “I sure did.” He looked across the room. “I don’t think I changed any lives, though.”

“I don’t know about that,” said the security guard who had been standing near the kids. He motioned with his head across the room. “See those two men talking over there? Mr. Takeo, on the left, has never said a word to Pastor Garcia. Mr. Takeo has always claimed to be an atheist. If nothing else, your speech got them talking to each other.”

“Wow,” said Paul. He thanked God for His Holy Spirit and silently prayed that God would change Mr. Takeo’s heart.

“See you in church, Paul,” said the security guard. For the first time, Paul noticed it was Mr. Jackson, who always sat behind Paul and his family on Sunday mornings.

“Thanks, Mr. Jackson! I’ll see you Sunday!” Paul smiled. Mr. Jackson winked, then put on a “serious face” and stared out across the room again.



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Dee couldn’t believe her classmates, Mikayla and Nichole, were standing in front of her, just as Cy predicted. It was recess, and they were acting nice to her, but Dee wasn’t fooled. Dee tried to be nice back, inviting them to play on the rings. They soon became rude and walked away. Just then, Cy dropped from the oak tree Dee had been standing beside, and Dee thanked him. What had Cy done for Dee? And what had just happened with her classmates?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Cy had overheard the two girls making fun of Dee for bringing her Chloe doll to school. Then he heard them decide to steal Dee’s doll during recess—they were going to throw it over the recess fence! Cy warned Dee, and Dee left the doll in her locker. Cy decided he was like the Apostle Paul’s nephew, who warned Paul of a conspiracy. As Dee thought about it, she realized God had protected her, even if it was nothing as serious as a death plot. She thanked God for protecting her, and thanked Cy again.

“Hello, Dee,” said Mikayla, one of Dee’s classmates. Dee stood near the big oak tree in the recess yard.

Dee smiled. She hoped her smile looked genuine. “Hi, Mikayla. Hi, Nichole.”

Nicole nodded but didn’t say anything. The three girls stared at each other a moment. Mikayla strained to look behind Dee.

“Where’s Chloe?” she asked.

“Chloe’s in my locker,” Dee replied. “Why? Did you want to play with her?”

Mikayla laughed. “Ah, no. I was just wondering where she was.”

Chloe was Dee’s doll. Her favorite doll. Dee was trying hard to be nice. Inside herself, she just wished these girls would go away, and recess would end. Dee said a silent prayer and smiled again.

“Do you guys want to play? We could go hang on the rings, or we could get in line to play box hockey.”

Mikayla looked at Nichole and smirked. “That’s okay. We think we’ll hang out with a more...*mature* crowd.” The two girls turned and walked away, giggling. Dee looked after them, shaking her head. Suddenly, a baseball dropped at Dee’s feet.

“Sorry,” said Cy. He climbed down the oak tree. He’d been up there the whole time!

“Good thing you didn’t get butterfingers until after they left.” Dee sighed. “Well, you were right, Cy.”

“Of course I was right,” said Cy. “I know what I heard! Plus, it was so obvious listening to them just then.”

That morning, Cy had overheard Mikayla and Nichole talking. They’d been making fun of Dee and her Chloe doll. They thought Dee was too old to be carrying around a doll—but that wasn’t the worst part. Cy heard them making a plan to take Dee’s doll! Mikayla would distract Dee at recess while Nichole grabbed Chloe. Then they would both run to the recess fence and throw Dee’s doll over! Dee would have had to ask a

teacher to get Chloe for her. The whole fourth grade class would have laughed at her!

“Thanks again, Cy,” said Dee. “I’m so glad you told me, so I could put Chloe safely in my locker before recess.”

“No problem. Hey, Dee! I’m kinda like Paul’s nephew!”

Dee was puzzled. “Paul’s only ten! He’s not an uncle yet.”

Cy laughed, “Not, Paul Shepherd, silly. The Apostle Paul. His nephew warned him about the Jews’ conspiracy. And I just warned you about the plot by Mikayla and Nichole!”

“I guess,” said Dee. “But the Jews were trying to kill Paul! Mikayla and Nichole were just teasing me.”

“So?” asked Cy. “Are you saying that God wasn’t watching out for you? I almost never go down that hallway to get to class. And if I hadn’t noticed my shoe was untied...”

“Okay, okay,” laughed Dee. “I should thank God, too. He didn’t just save me from embarrassment—He also kept me from being tempted to hate those girls. The more I think about it, the more grateful I am that God protected me from all that.”

“Don’t forget about me,” protested Cy.

“I’ve already thanked you, Cy. Twice, in fact!”

“I know. I’m just kidding.”

Dee took a moment to silently thank God for protecting her.

“Hey, Dee?”

“Yes, Cy?”

Cy gave Dee his best “puppy dog” look. “Were you serious about playing box hockey?”

“You bet! Race you to the boxes!”



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Introduction (5 minutes)

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Paul was very nervous. A lawyer was grilling him with questions! He did his best to avoid answering directly, but he knew he had to tell the truth. This attorney was relentless! Paul just wished he could go hide in a closet somewhere. Finally, he broke down and confessed—his guilty conscience got the better of him!

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Paul was participating in his teacher’s mock trial. Mr. Lemon had played the bailiff and Marcy Marny had asked Paul questions. Paul was a key witness—he was supposed to have seen the defendant steal a candy bar at the local drug store. But Mr. Lemon had asked Paul to avoid the truth without actually lying! Paul realized that having a clear conscience, and answering questions truthfully, was a much better way to go about life. The Apostle Paul knew what he was talking about!

“Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?”

Paul swallowed and spoke: “I do.” He lowered his right hand. The prosecuting lawyer stood up.

“Paul Shepherd, where were you on the afternoon of April 5th?”

“I, uh, was at Turner’s Food and Drug.”

“Were you alone?” asked the lawyer.

Paul felt warm. “It depends on what you mean by ‘alone.’” Paul looked at the jury.

“Were you not, in fact, with the defendant, Marcus Kyle?” The attorney turned and pointed to the boy sitting across the room. Marcus gave Paul a menacing look.

“We were in the store together, I guess.”

The lawyer fixed her gaze on Paul. “And what did you see?” she asked.

“I saw the slushie machine and some microwaveable hotdogs,” replied Paul. He heard some people in the room giggle.

“Paul, what did you see Marcus do?” the attorney clarified.

“Um, he flipped through some magazines?” Paul offered.

The attorney huffed. “What did you see Marcus do that was *illegal*?”

“Um, illegal?”

“Mr. Shepherd, did you or did you not see Marcus Kyle steal a candy bar from the store?”

Paul closed his eyes, “Yes! Alright, I saw Marcus steal a Crunchy-crunch Bar!”

People clapped. Paul breathed a heavy sigh. He was sweating.

“Okay class, let’s call it a day.” Mr. Lemon, Paul’s teacher smiled. “Tomorrow I want the jury to decide if Marcus was guilty or innocent.”

Marcy Marny was giggling with her friends. She had obviously enjoyed playing the “prosecuting attorney.”

“Great job, Paul!” said Dee.

“You had me convinced,” said Cy. “I couldn’t believe you were just playing a part!”

“Well, I was...and I wasn’t,” explained Paul. “Even though this is just a mock trial, it made me really nervous to avoid the ‘truth.’” Mr. Lemon had assigned Paul the role of a witness who saw the crime, but who didn’t want to “rat out” the perpetrator—in this case, Marcus. Paul was not allowed to lie on the stand but he was supposed to do what he could to stall and confuse people.

“You had it good, Dee,” complained Paul. “You just played a witness who saw Marcus in the store and nothing else.”

“Yeah, it was nice to be able to tell the ‘truth’ with a clear conscience,” admitted Dee.

Cy nodded. “Even though you didn’t steal the candy bar, Paul, it was wrong to see Marcus do it and not report it to anyone.”

“Exactly!” said Paul. “My conscience wasn’t clear, and I wasn’t even the one on trial!”

“Remember Paul the Apostle?” asked Dee. “He said he was able to speak the truth with a clear conscience before God and other people.”

“It’s much easier to defend our faith and actions with the Holy Spirit on our side,” said Cy.

“Hey, Shepherd!” Marcus Kyle came stomping up to Paul.

Paul trembled. “Um, yes Marcus?”

Marcus broke into a large grin. “Great job up there! How’d you like my ‘mean criminal’ act?” he asked.”

Paul gave a weak smile, “It was awesome—a little too good if you ask me!”

Marcus scratched his head. “Thanks, I think. Well, I’m off to ‘jail!’”

Dee, Cy, and Paul looked at each other and shrugged. Marcus had a strange sense of humor, but they all liked him.

“I’m just glad my part in the mock trial is over,” Paul said. “I like having a clean conscience.”

“Before God,” added Cy.

“And others!” said Dee.



Teacher—These special Dee-Cy-Paul application stories reinforce the Bible lesson. Choose the “Bookends” or the Story based on your time and preference.

Dee-Cy-Paul “Bookends”

Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

Cy couldn’t stop fidgeting! He’d won a chance to meet his favorite baseball player, Bradley “Stopper” Helton! Now he was in a hallway in the stadium with his parents, waiting for Stopper to come out. It was taking forever! Cy paced. He jumped up and down. He slapped the wall. Cy’s dad took him aside and explained to Cy that God had answered his prayer, but he was blowing it. What did Cy’s dad mean?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

The night before the baseball game, Cy had asked God for more patience. He was inspired by Paul’s example in Acts—waiting patiently in prison for a chance to defend himself. Cy’s dad explained that waiting to meet Stopper was a chance to practice patience, but Cy was acting the exact opposite way. Cy knew his dad was right. They said a brief prayer to help Cy be patient. Twelve minutes later, Cy’s hero, Stopper Helton, came out of the locker-room.

Cy couldn’t stop hopping.

“Do you need to go to the bathroom, dear?” his mom asked.

“No, I’m fine.” Cy started pacing up and down. *Where is he?* Cy thought to himself.

Cy started slapping his hand against the concrete wall. He accidentally slapped a handicap railing, and the metal made a loud, echoing ring through the stadium hall. Cy looked at his mom and dad.

“Sorry.”

Cy gripped the baseball tighter in his left hand. “Come on come on come on come on come on,” he began to mutter under his breath.

“Son, come talk with me a second,” suggested Cy’s dad. Mr. Yung was in a wheelchair—he was very, very sick, but he’d found the strength to come out with Cy and his mom to watch a baseball game. Cy knew this might be his last outing with his dad.

“Hi, Dad.”

“Hey, buddy.” Cy’s dad looked at Cy. “I heard you praying last night. Do you remember what you asked God for?”

Cy thought back. “I asked Him to heal you.”

“I know, son. Thank you for that,” Cy’s dad had recently asked Jesus to come into his life and forgive his sins. Cy was so happy about that! “Actually, I was thinking of something else.”

Cy heard a door close. He took two big steps to look down the hallway. It was just a maintenance worker. Cy looked at his baseball. His dad coughed, and Cy felt terrible.

“Sorry, Dad. What were you saying?”

Mr. Yung smiled. “I asked what else you prayed for.”

Cy thought and thought. “I remember! I asked God to give me more patience! Like the Apostle Paul had while he waited in jail.”

“Ah, yes,” said his dad. “Do you think maybe God is giving you a chance to

practice patience now?”

“Now?” Cy made a face. “But Stopper’s going to come out any minute!”

Cy was waiting to meet Bradley “Stopper” Helton, the greatest Short Stop player his town’s team had ever fielded. Today had been “Meet-a-Player Day,” and all the kids had received a special ticket at the door. During the “Seventh Inning Stretch,” an announcer had come over the loudspeakers and had called the number on Cy’s ticket. He had won an autograph meeting with Stopper Helton! Stadium security had led Cy and his parents to this area to wait for Stopper to come out. Cy felt he’d been waiting forever!

“Cy, sweetie, listen to your father,” suggested Mrs. Yung.

“Huh? Oh yeah. Dad?”

“I haven’t been a Christian long,” began Cy’s dad. “But one of the things Pastor Shepherd showed me is that God answers prayer. You asked for more patience, and now God has given you an opportunity to display patience—but you’re blowing it.”

That got Cy’s attention. “I am?”

Mr. Yung chuckled. “Cy, you can’t stop fidgeting! You’re muttering under your breath, and you’re not listening to us well. That’s a pretty good picture of *impatience*.”

Cy took a deep breath. “You’re right, Dad. Paul waited patiently for *two years* to be freed from prison, and I can’t even wait *fifteen minutes* to meet a baseball player. Maybe a quick prayer would help me.”

“Good idea.”

“I’ll keep watch for Mr. Stomper,” offered Mrs. Yung.

“Stopper, Mom! Stopper!” Cy and his dad shook their heads and laughed. Mrs. Yung smiled as Cy wheeled his dad over to a private corner to bow their heads.

Cy had to wait twelve more minutes, but Stopper Helton finally came out of the locker-room, all showered and dressed. Cy silently thanked God for a moment he’d never forget.



Teacher—These special Dee-Cy-Paul application stories reinforce the Bible lesson. Choose the “Bookends” or the Story based on your time and preference.

Dee-Cy-Paul “Bookends”

Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

Dee was so nervous! She’d been taking singing lessons, and now had agreed to sing at a local competition. She’d chosen the hymn, “’Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus,” but none of the other singers were performing hymns or any kind of religious songs. Dee was also prepared to sing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.” Should she change her song choice in case the judges didn’t like hymns?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Dee prayed and chose to stick with her hymn. After singing, she realized that the judges weren’t even that important to her—God was the one she wanted to please. The judges gave her fairly good scores, and one even wrote a note thanking her for brightening the day with her hymn. Dee was glad she’d chosen to stand firm with a song that praised Jesus.

Dee’s earlier excitement was turning into a knot in the pit of her stomach—she couldn’t remember the last time she’d been so nervous! Looking at the three judges as she walked to her place near the piano, she realized how her friend, Paul, must have felt at the city council field trip. He’d been so nervous to speak in front of everyone, but Dee hadn’t really understood that then. She did now.

The woman at the piano started playing scales for Dee to sing along with and warm up her voice. She’d been taking singing lessons for a few weeks. And now here she was in the high school music room, singing for judges at a regional competition! Her voice coach, Miss Zorwick, said that a competition like this was good for her—she’d get feedback from other listeners about her singing. Dee had agreed to go, but she felt she’d had little choice in the matter.

What she did have control over—her song choice—was what was making her so nervous. She’d chosen to sing “’Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus,” one of her favorite hymns. But as she’d waited for her turn to sing in the hall and heard the other singers practicing, she realized no one else was singing a religious song! They were singing show tunes and even some modern pop songs, but nobody was performing any hymns, gospel, or worship songs.

Had she overlooked something in the competition’s rules? Would the judges hate her for singing about Jesus? They didn’t look too friendly, although the one lady in the purple hat was smiling at her. She had also prepared “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.” Should she sing that at the last minute instead?

Dear God, Dee prayed to herself, I’ve chosen to honor You with my song today. Please help me “stand firm” and sing my heart out!

“You may begin whenever you’re ready,” said the purple hat lady.

Dee nodded to the piano player. The opening notes of the hymn sounded from the piano. Dee took a deep breath. *“’Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus...Just to take Him at His word...”*

After she finished singing, the judges thanked her, but no one clapped. Because each contestant sang alone in the music room with the judges, Dee had no way of comparing how she did with the other singers. Miss Zorwick said she was sure Dee had done just fine, and complimented her again on her song choice.

“The hymn you chose has a great melody,” said Miss Zorwick. “And the lyrics gave you a chance to show off your excellent diction.”

“Plus, once I started singing,” added Dee. “I forgot the judges were even there! I felt like I was singing just for God.”

“An audience of One,” smiled Miss Zorwick. “Good for you, Dee.”

It seemed like forever until Dee received the judges’ score sheets. Dee looked them over, and they weren’t too bad. She scored 4 out of 5 in several categories, some 3 out of 5’s, and even had two 5 out 5’s—both in diction, just as Miss Zorwick had predicted. Dee scoured the judges’ comments, hoping to see if her song choice had affected their judging, but saw nothing on the first two judges’ sheets.

The third sheet, however, from the lady in the purple hat, had this note at the bottom of the page:

“You’re right, Dee. It is so sweet to trust in Jesus! Thank you for brightening my day with your song.”

Dee felt thrilled that her song had touched someone else! She thanked God for the opportunity to sing for Him, and for helping her stand firm in her song choice.



Teacher—These special Dee-Cy-Paul application stories reinforce the Bible lesson. Choose the “Bookends” or the Story based on your time and preference.

Dee-Cy-Paul “Bookends”

Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

The county fair had come to their town, and Dee, Cy, and Paul were riding the Ferris Wheel. Cy was a little nervous because he didn’t like heights that were *that* high. Dee and Paul tried to reassure him, and just as Cy was enjoying the ride, the Ferris Wheel stopped. Cy started to panic. Had the ride broken? Were they in danger?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

The Ferris Wheel *was* broken! Cy was scared, and he was making Paul scared, too. Dee began praying for the Holy Spirit to protect them. As soon as Cy and Paul realized what she was doing, they joined in. After the prayer, all three kids felt a sense of calm—they knew they were in God’s hands. Soon the Ferris Wheel was fixed and everyone was safe on the ground.

The padded bar descended and locked securely just above the kids’ thighs. Cy let out a little moan of fear, but Dee and Paul did not hear him. The carnival worker, a man with long hair and stubble on his face, mumbled through his clenched teeth and cigar, “Have a nice ride.”

Little by little, the car they sat in moved backwards, higher up the Ferris Wheel as more passengers were loaded into cars. Cy, moaned again. This time Dee and Paul heard him.

“What’s the matter, Cy?” asked Dee.

“Yeah, you look kind of pale,” offered Paul.

“I’m fine,” said Cy. “Just a little...ulp...nervous.”

“You?” said Paul, bewildered. “You’re the bravest kid I know!”

“Not when it comes to heights,” said Cy.

“What do you mean?” asked Dee. “You love Paul’s treehouse.”

“That’s not *high*,” Cy explained. “*This* is high.”

The Ferris Wheel began to turn—everyone was “on board.” Soon Dee, Cy, and Paul were high in the air. The lights of the town twinkled below them. The county fair had come to their “neck of the woods” this year, and the kids had been allowed to come. Dee’s mom and dad waited for them on the ground

Cy started smiling. He felt much better after a couple of turns. This wasn’t so bad...

Suddenly, there was a screeching sound and the wheel began to slow down. Then it stopped—right when Dee, Cy, and Paul’s car was at the very top of the wheel!

“Oh, gosh!” exclaimed Cy. “The Ferris Wheel broke! We’re gonna die!”

“We aren’t going to die,” said Dee. “Calm down, Cy. I think the wheel stopped because they are going to change the direction of the turn. They do that sometime, right Paul?”

“I don’t know, Dee,” said Paul, looking down. “I’ve never ridden one of these before.”

“It’s broken!” said Cy. “Didn’t you hear that sound? We’re all in danger!”

Dee looked down and found her parents. They had rushed toward the front of the ride where the carnival worker was speaking to the crowd. Then they could hear his voice coming through some speakers somewhere.

“Folks, the Wheel’s broke down—something in the motor, I think. We’ll have ‘er up and runnin’ in a few minutes. Just sit tight—you’re all safe as can be as long as you stay seated in your cars.”

“See?!” said Cy, wiggling. “It broke! We’re in big trouble!”

“Cy,” said Paul. “Get a hold of yourself! You’re making *me* scared.”

Dee had closed her eyes, and her head was tilted to the sky. In a quiet clear voice, she prayed, “Holy Spirit, please hear our prayer. Keep us safe as we wait for this Ferris Wheel to be repaired.” As soon as Cy and Paul realized what Dee was doing, they closed their eyes and bowed their heads. Dee continued. “Please help the workers figure out the problem and fix the Ferris Wheel quickly. We trust You to keep us from harm. Please protect everybody else on the ride, too. In Jesus’ name, amen.”

“Amen,” said Cy and Paul. The kids sat for a minute, not saying anything. Then Cy spoke up.

“I feel better.”

“Me too,” added Paul. “I forgot for a second that God has us in His hands.”

“Thanks, Dee,” said Cy. “I let my fear get the better of me, but you let your *faith* get the better of you!”

“Thank God, Cy,” Dee suggested. “He’s the one who protects us, not me.”

“You got that right!”

Soon the Ferris Wheel was repaired and moving. The ride was cut short, but no one minded—in this case, safety was much more important than fun.

Dee, Cy, and Paul decided to buy some cotton candy. The only danger they wanted to face was eating too much!



Teacher—These special Dee-Cy-Paul application stories reinforce the Bible lesson. Choose the “Bookends” or the Story based on your time and preference.

Dee-Cy-Paul “Bookends”

Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

Paul’s dad seemed sad and distracted. He’d been reading from his computer, and he hadn’t heard Paul’s question. When Paul asked him about it, Pastor Shepherd explained that his friend Mr. Daniel Jarim, had been arrested in Ethiopia. Daniel Jarim worked in Ethiopia to tell people the Good News about Jesus. Paul wondered what Mr. Jarim had done to get himself arrested. What law did he break?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Paul’s dad told him that Daniel Jarim had probably not broken any laws—the Ethiopian government had arrested him for being a Christian and for telling others about Jesus. Paul could hardly believe it. Pastor Shepherd said that there are many countries that persecute people for being Christians. What Mr. Jarim needed was for everyone to write letters and to pray. Paul agreed to do both. He’d pray for Mr. Jarim to be released, but also to stay strong and to keep telling people about Jesus, even from jail.

“Dad?”

“Mmm?”

“Dad? Did you hear what I just said?” Paul asked. Paul’s dad was still staring at the computer screen in his study. He turned to look at Paul.

“I’m sorry, Paul. I was reading a letter with some important news. I didn’t mean to ignore you.”

“That’s okay,” said Paul. “Mom wants to know if you’d rather have mashed potatoes or mac and cheese with dinner tonight.”

“I know what you want me to say.” Pastor Shepherd smiled. “So let’s go with mac and cheese.”

“All right!” Paul started to leave, then paused at the door. “Dad?”

“Yes, Paul?”

“What were you reading? You looked so sad and serious.”

“Well,” Paul’s dad swung his chair out. “C’mere.” Paul walked over to his dad, who put his arm on Paul’s shoulder. “Do you remember meeting Mr. Jarim in church?”

“Sure,” said Paul. “He was that great guy from Africa. He spoke about the church they were trying to build in...” Paul scratched his head.

“Ethiopia,” offered his dad.

“Ethiopia! I almost had it.”

“Daniel...that is, my good friend, Mr. Jarim, loves Jesus very much,” began Paul’s dad. “He’s told the Good News to many people in Ethiopia. Today I received an e-mail from a mutual friend. The Ethiopian government has arrested Mr. Jarim.”

“That’s terrible!” said Paul. He lowered his voice. “What did Mr. Jarim do?”

Pastor Shepherd sighed. “Well, I believe he didn’t break any law. The official story from the government is that he had illegal ‘substances’ in his apartment. Our friend believes they are talking about Bibles.”

“Are Bibles illegal in Ethiopia?”

“No, they aren’t,” explained Paul’s dad. “But the government doesn’t want people to become Christians. They don’t like what Daniel Jarim is doing there. So they probably made up reasons to arrest him.”

“That’s so unfair!” exclaimed Paul.

“I agree,” Pastor Shepherd said. “Unfortunately, there are many countries in the world that arrest Christians for false reasons. We are very blessed to live in a country where we are free to worship God.”

“How long will he be in jail?” Paul asked.

“We don’t know,” said Paul’s dad. “People are already writing letters to the Ethiopian government, asking them to release Mr. Jarim. And thousands of people are praying for him. In cases like this, sometimes the government lets the people go, but some remain in jail for years.”

“Mr. Jarim is in chains for Jesus,” observed Paul. “Just like Paul the apostle.”

“That’s right, Paul. Daniel Jarim could tell the government that he’s not a Christian, and they’d probably let him go right away. But he loves Jesus too much to renounce Him.”

“I’m going to write a letter to the Ethiopian government,” announced Paul.

“That’s great, Paul. I’ll help you if you want,” offered Pastor Shepherd. “But you know the best thing you can do for him?”

“What’s that?”

Paul’s dad smiled. “You can pray. People facing persecution for following Jesus need our constant prayers. Pray that God would free him, but don’t forget to pray that people will see Jesus even now as Mr. Jarim is in jail.”

“I’ll pray, Dad. I hope Mr. Jarim knows that he isn’t alone—Jesus is with him!”

“I’m sure he knows, son. Now go tell your mother to fix us that mac and cheese.”



Teacher—These special Dee-Cy-Paul application stories reinforce the Bible lesson. Choose the “Bookends” or the Story based on your time and preference.

Dee-Cy-Paul “Bookends”

Introduction (5 minutes)

Use this “hook” to introduce the lesson.

Cy’s dad had died several weeks ago after a battle with cancer. Everyone in the house was very sad, and Cy missed his dad very much. One day Cy and his mom were going through some of his dad’s belongings. Cy made a comment about seeing his father in heaven. His mother became angry and told him not to talk about things like that. Why was Cy’s mother upset with him?

Conclusion (5 minutes)

If you used the introduction to begin your lesson, use this to conclude.

Cy’s dad had trusted in Christ sometime before he had died, but his mom was not a Christian. Mrs. Yung apologized to Cy for yelling at him and said he could believe whatever he wanted. Cy took the opportunity to explain to his mom that his faith and Jesus was for all times, not just the hard times. He urged her to believe in Jesus, too. Although she said she couldn’t make that leap, she promised to think about what Cy had said. Cy prayed for his mom and his family.

Things were very quiet in Cy’s home. Cy’s father, Mr. Yung, had died of cancer several weeks ago. Cy had never felt so bad or sad in his life. He knew his father was in heaven with Jesus, but Cy missed his dad. He missed him so much.

Today Cy was helping his mom go through some of his dad’s belongings. They were trying to decide what to save and what to give away. Cy’s mom was being strong for the kids, but Cy knew how sad she still felt.

“Mom, what about this arrowhead collection?” Cy held up a thin box with a glass front. Stone arrowheads in all shapes and sizes rested in foam against the glass.

“I know your dad wanted you to have that, Cy.” His mom tried to smile. “You may not remember, but when you were little, the three of us went to a special place where you could hunt for arrowheads. We found all those in one day—even you found one!” She pointed to a large arrowhead in the center.

“I remember. It was hot, but I enjoyed looking at all the rocks. Dad found so many arrowheads!”

They continued sorting for a while in silence. Cy’s mom held up an old, blue, sports jersey. She chuckled.

“You know, your father never wore this much, but he refused to let me give it to charity. He wasn’t a fan of the team; he didn’t know the player whose name was on the back; and he wasn’t even fond of wearing blue shirts. I never knew what made this shirt so special to him.” Cy’s mom shook her head.

“Well, Mom.” Cy smiled. “I’ll have to ask him about that when I see him in heaven.”

Mrs. Yung raised her voice. “Cy Yung, I’ll not have you talking about your father like that. It’s bad enough that he’s gone—I don’t need to hear about Jesus or heaven right now.”

Cy held back tears. His dad had accepted Jesus just before he died, but his mom

was not a Christian. Cy knew she was upset and didn’t mean to hurt him, but her words still hurt. When she saw the look on Cy’s face, she knelt down and hugged him.

“Oh sweetheart, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have yelled at you. Forget what I said—whatever you need to believe to feel better about your dad is fine with me.”

Cy shook his head. “Mom, I believed in Jesus before Dad got sick. And Dad believed, too. He explained his decision to ask Jesus to be Lord and Savior of his life. Jesus tells believers that after we die, we’ll live forever in heaven with Him. So I know Dad is with Jesus. I miss him so much, but I’m even more sure now that I’ll see him again. My faith in Jesus is for all times, not just the hard ones like now.”

Cy’s mom looked at him. “You are very serious about your faith, Cy. I can see that. I wish I could have your assurance that your dad still lives in heaven.”

“You can, Mom! You can. All you need to do is confess your need for Jesus and ask Him to be your Lord and Savior.”

“Okay, Cy, okay,” said Mrs. Yung. “I’ve heard the Gospel from you many times. I’m not ready, but I promise to think about what you’ve said. Why don’t we take a snack break? All this talk about death has tired me out and I think I need some energy.”

Cy offered up a silent prayer for his mom. These would be hard times, and Cy needed Jesus more than ever. Although he had wanted to say more to his mother, Cy sensed that it wasn’t the right time. His mom had said they had been talking about death, but Cy had a different point of view.

They had been talking about *life*.