

THE RUNNER

Sounds of crushing leaves and branches could be heard.

The scene began to unfold with a woods' scene.

Panting and breathing could be heard.

The breathing was hard and zigzagging between trees.

The person stumbled and fell.

Looking backwards.

Heard noise of many voices. Get up crawling then standing up.

Looking back.

The light penetrating through the thick trees.

Many, many voices could be heard pursuing the one ahead of them.

The person continues to run towards the edge of the forest.

The camera lifts up as if a person is lifting up their head.

The light is showing through the forest.

The person stumbling.

The face and hands of the stumbling person begin to emerge.

The clothes torn and ripped.

The child is looking back because the predators are closing in. He could tell by the howling and boisterous voices they knew they were close to him for them to catch him and drag him back through the forest to their habitation.

The child with scratches on his face and hands gritted his teeth and propelled himself off the ground and lunged forward and his determination overcame his exhaustion. He was determined not to let his enemies destroy him.

He ran and he ran.

He could hear the enemies catching up to him. He looked back and he could see them approaching.

He began to stumble and he fell.

He bit his lips and said with such heart, "You will never take me."

As he was getting up from his fall an enemy was bent over and running towards the boy.
The enemy's hands were scarred and broken.
He reached out to grab the boy.
He touched the boy's shoulder and grabbed his shirt.

There was such a thunderous bolt of white lighting that the entire forest shook.

The ground vibrating underneath the child with earth quaking shaking velocity.

The boy balled up and covered his head as the scorching white lighting carried away the enemy.
The enemy's hand was still reaching out at the boy.

But because of the split second timing of the war angels of God they swept the lead enemy and his hordes of evil spirits away from the Christian boy.

The boy, knowing that the earthquake force around him were God's holy angels, looked behind him to hear the retreating howls of his enemies as the holy angels' drawn swords ran through the evil spirits.

The boy sat up swaying from side to side trying to get a better look.

As he sat on the ground and looked, he was being approached from behind.

He sensed a presence.

He did not move but cut his eyes from side to side.

Then he bolted from the ground and turned around.

He stood and looked from the shoes upward at the men standing around him.

They were dressed in lightning white armor.

With coats of mails.

The boy had never seen any such metal and material.

He was afraid of such magnificence, but he reached out to touch the men's armor.

They did not move and allowed him to touch their armor and weapons.

Weapons he didn't know existed.

The boy was so fascinated until another man approached.
The men around the boy stepped aside and the boy looked at the men with wonder when they stepped aside.

Then he caught a glimpse of a man.

When slowly turned his head back he could see another man clothed in armor.

The man emitted from his body the light the boy saw in the forest.

The light came out of the man and filled the forest.

The man had on the full armor and a sword on his side.

HE smiled at the boy.

The boy was mesmerized by the beauty of the man and his light.

The boy's mouth and jaws dropped open.

The warring holy angels' swords could be heard in the background.

Jesus held out his hand to the boy.

The boy walked to Jesus and took his hand, still looking up at Him.

Jesus looked up as the holy angels were returning.

The boy caught a glimpse of something in the light from Jesus.

The boy looked and he began to turn around.

The holy angels were in the air, in the sky, on the ground and underneath the ground.

Air could not penetrate them.

They were all dressed in the same armor the twelve men were dressed in that stood near him and Jesus.

The holy angel in the sky who had the gold on his shoulder called a name out to Jesus.

One of the twelve men took a gold book and pen from his belt and wrote the name down in the gold book.

I stood and looked at the sight of the warriors.

I began to realize the light in the forest, which I thought was the sun, was the glory of Jesus as He was coming to rescue me.

Just when the enemy touched me to grab me from my journey did Jesus rescue me and destroyed my enemies.

Just the sheer magnificence of Jesus made my knees become weak.

As I was falling to my knees Jesus lifted me up.

Jesus said, "I will always be with you even to the end of the world. Continue to live every day in me. Always seek me daily and I will provide your every need. Remember I am your high tower and your exceeding great deliverance."

I awoke as the school bell signified the school day was over.

I was surprised that I slept through my history class and no one noticed.

I got out of my seat and began to put my backpack on when the school's bullies walked up to me pointing their fingers in my face and poking me said, "Outside."

They walked pass me.

I struggled to put on my backpack.

I turned and watched them out of the classroom.

I looked back and my history teacher went and sat at her desk.

I thought what type of person is that.

She knows there's no fighting and she didn't say anything to them.

The dream I had began to come back to me.

The face of the ringleader enemy from the forest face was replaced with my history teacher's face.

As I turned my back to her and put my backpack on I said, "Oh yeah.

I knew those bullies would be right at the door when I walked out and they would get the best of me.

As I approached the door and put my hand on the door I said, "Jesus" out loud.

My hand touched the door and pushed it open.

The boys were standing on each side of the door and the biggest bully was standing in front of the door with his big fist drawn back.

He punched me hard in my face and caused my head to snap backwards and hit the door.

I was dazed as I began to slide down the door.

I could feel the punches in my head and face as I sat on the floor as I was being kicked.

Then all of a sudden it stopped.

I fell over onto the floor.

And could see legs and shoes and then nothing.

I felt my arm being shaken and my mother's voice calling me.

I began to open my eyes but I still couldn't see my mother and my little sister who was shaking my other arm and crying and calling my name.

Then I felt something cold over my face.

I heard my mother's voice begin to pray.

"She said, "Lord Jesus I thank you for watching over my boy and girl but please help me now. I ask you to intercede. I don't want to intervene and kill those folks' children for what they have done to my son."

The nurse continued to work on me.

The bullies were sitting in chairs lined against the wall in the principal's office.

The police had reached the school and were taking them to juvenile detention.

The principal hand the police papers, to show the bullies were being expelled from school.

The video was pulled from my history class and my history teacher was called to the principal's office.

The history teacher was yelling at the principal and assistant principal.

My mother and the school nurse were bent over me but listening.

The principal's office door swung open and the history teacher had a piece of paper in one hand as her other hand was on the doorknob.

She rolled her eyes at my mother.

My mother stood up and made a step from me with her fists balled up.

I leaned upon my elbow lifting my head to gather a look at the brawl my mother was getting into.

The nurse stopped and was looking between my mother and the history teacher.

The history teacher stomped out of the office and tried to slam the principal's door, but the assistant principal caught the door and escorted the history teacher out of the office back to her classroom.

The principal was standing up but he was bent over his desk and his head down.

The bullies' relatives were rushing into the principal's office yelling for him to release their children.

The principal said, "Close the door."

The bullies' relatives said, "We ain't closing no door."

The principal standing up behind his desk said, "Well then there is nothing to discuss. They jumped on that child out there. I saw it and I have never seen anything like that and it will never happen again at this school. Now leave."

The police stepped back inside the office and told the bullies' relatives to leave.

The bullies' relatives were screaming and hollering.

One lady walked over to me and said, "I don't know why he did this to you. But I didn't raise him to act this way."

She looked at my mother (who was still standing with her fists balled) and said, "I'm sorry ma'am."

One of the bullies' relatives yelled back into the office and said, "Don't talk to them!"

My mother looked at the lady.

The lady who apologized walk out the office.

My mother got me home and put cold towels on my head.

I heard her on the phone telling my daddy.

When he got off from work, he came by to see me.

He sat on the edge of the bed and we talked.

He asked me, "What did you do to those boys for them not to like you and want to jump on you and beat you like this?"

I could see my mother outside the room, but my daddy had his back to the door.

I said, "Daddy nothing."

He kept saying, "You did something."

I kept saying, "No daddy I didn't do anything to those boys. They just didn't like me."

Daddy said, "You're lying boy."

I said, "Daddy I don't lie. Jesus taught me to tell the truth."

Daddy said, "Now you're lying on Jesus."

Mother hit Daddy on his head and at the same time grabbed him by the collar and snatched him off my bed and was dragging him out of my room.

He was still in a sitting position and his arms were swinging in the air.

Mother said, "All this child went through today and has been going through by himself. BY HIMSELF! He tells you..."

Now daddy is standing by the door and mother is yelling at him.

She said, "He tells you Jesus taught him not to lie. Then you call him a lie. You are crazy. Get out and never come back!"

Daddy said, "All you go to hell."

My little sister yelled from my bedroom door, "Daddy, we got Jesus we're not going to hell!"

My mother was looking back at my little sister and said, "You're right baby."

Mommy turned to daddy with the door already open and said, "Get out!"

Daddy looked at her, held his head slightly down and putting on his hat walked out the door.

Mommy locked the door and stood there for a minute with her arms folded.

The phone rang.

She went and answered it.

It was our grandmother.

We heard mommy tell grandmother all that happen.

Me and my little sister were lying on my bed talking.

She said, “Why do you think those boys jumped on you?”

I said, “Because I belong to Jesus.”

My sister said, “They started early.”

I said, “So did we.”

Both of us laugh (as mommy was listening).

As I slept, I could remember all the details of the dream.

But a part of the dream I didn't remember but it came to me while I was sleeping at home,

Jesus said, “You will be tested today. Be courageous and know I have already given you the victory. The victory may not appear to be a victory, but I tell you it is. Because you will stand in the place of those who do not have the strength you have. You will remove the danger from the weaker ones. Be courageous. Stand for I am with you.”

I awoke.

I thought about my little sister and what she said, “...they started early.”

I said, “But thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.”

As I lay on my side in the dark bedroom.

Mother opened the door and the light from the hall shone into my room.

She checked on my face.

And I thought about the beautiful light of Jesus's glory and drifted back to sleep under the soft touch of my mother's hands.

