

**“Just a Bus Kid”**  
**February 2001**  
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Good Morning! My wife and I are happy to be here this morning. It is good to see you. I am glad that Judy could be with Ellis this morning. I am honored to be asked to speak on this occasion of the memorial of this dear brother. Let me say that twenty-nine years is not a common accomplishment. Today, he is not retiring from the ministry, but God has directed him into a private ministry. These twenty-nine years have been a public ministry, but now, he has a private ministry to his wife. I admire him for his devotion. He has his priorities right. I admire him for his devotion to her. I am sure that he does not want me to preach about Ellis Jenkins this morning. That would embarrass him. I do want to say a few things about him, to summarize about his meek spirit. I have never heard of any place where Brother Ellis was a ram rotter. The matter of pushing and shoving to get somewhere is not in his category. Anybody that cannot work with him has something wrong with them, not him. He is a hard worker and not a loafer. He is faithful and loyal to his pastor and to his church. He also has some humor. There have been some times that he had not thought of the words that had come out, but they did. He, also, has a humor where he laughs at others, but they do not know it. You would not know it by looking at his face. Years ago, when he was looking for a clown costume, he was over at the goody barn. Wayne, his son, was along. How old do you think Wayne was? A junior boy, maybe intermediate. They ran across a pair of shoes. He was looking for a clown outfit. The shoes were a size fifteen, if I remember correctly. Wayne put his shoes and all in both of those shoes and laced them up, and he was standing there. A man came by and saw that little fellow in those shoes and asked, “How old is he?” Ellis told him but did not make any explanations. The fellow looked at him and walked off with an adjective. That is his quiet humor. He was in the hospital visiting Judy, and he had his minister’s tag on. He was feeding her. A nurse came in and looked at this man feeding this woman and saw the minister’s tag. She asked, “Are you a preacher?” He said, “Yes, I am.” He did not make any explanation. Here is this preacher feeding a member of his flock. He does things like that. He laughs at other people inside, but you do not know it. He just lets you guess. I could speak on many things when I think about Brother Ellis and his ministry. I could talk about the value of door-to-door visitation when he got saved. I could talk about soul winning. Dan Hale led him to the Lord. I could talk about the matter of discipleship. Tommy Douglas went by and asked Ellis to go visiting on the bus route. That ruined Ellis. He has not gotten over it yet. I could talk about the matter of vision. God used Tommy to touch Ellis. Then, I could speak on being a witness. When Ellis got saved, some thirty of his relatives got saved after that. I think that they really believed that something happened to him when he trusted Christ as personal Savior. One of those was Jim Jenkins. Jim was on our staff. I want to speak on that which Ellis gave, twenty-nine years of his life. I would hate to spend twenty-nine years of my life on something that was not important. Tommy Douglas thought it was important and spent thirty-two years of his life. I have thought a long time about what to call it, but I think I am going to speak on, “Just a Bus Kid.”

Open your Bibles to Matthew 18:1-14: *At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?*

*And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.*

Let us pray. Our Father, in Jesus' name, move upon our midst and upon our hearts today. I am a dead stick unless you touch me. I pray, Lord, that you would use me today. Heavenly Father, be a blessing to Ellis and Judy. Now, I pray, in Jesus' name, do that which we cannot do. In Jesus' name, with thanksgiving, Amen.

"Just a Bus Kid." Our text begins with a problem that continues today. The disciples are arguing about who was going to be the greatest. Times have not changed much. The matter of power-struggles in Christians' lives is still there. We are more interested in being somebody than being a servant. The Lord spoke very vividly about this matter of being a servant. The disciples never learned that. In the next chapter, you find the mother of two of them wanting that special position. In Luke 22, you find they were still arguing at the Lord's table over who was going to be the greatest. You would think that being that close to the Lord, they would not be doing that. You would think that they would learn, but they still had not learned. Oh my, this matter today of servants — Jesus said, "If you want to be great, you will be a servant." Act like you are the youngest and not the oldest. That background set up this child-sermon today or this picture that the Lord would have us to see.

**CONSIDER FIRST OF ALL, THE VALUE OF CHILDREN.** It talks about a child's heart of humility. It is a prelude to receiving Christ. Verse 5: *And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.* A person who gets saved has to get off of his high horse. He comes humbly. No pride is exercised when a man trusts Jesus Christ as personal Savior. The fact that he appeals to somebody else to save him is outside of himself. What does he have to do? He takes a child's heart and the matter of humility. Then, he takes the lamentation in verse 7 about the world and its offenses and stumbling blocks: . . . *but woe to that man . . .* — the personal man who has introduced this matter of offending. Verse 6 talks about adult responsibility: *But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.* That is an awesome statement. It were better that you never were born, better to have a millstone around your neck and cast into the depth of the sea. God surely thinks that a little boy or girl is of utmost importance. Look at verse 10: *Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.* Angels do not despise little children. They are guardian angels. In the passage of Luke 15 where there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, I wonder if that rejoicing is not the fact that they have been watching over them since childhood; and one day, they get saved. Angels rejoice because they are guardian angels, and the one they have guarded has come to know Christ as personal Savior. The Son does not despise them. Look at verse 11: *For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.* The Father does not despise little ones. Look at verse 14: *Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.* Heaven is vitally interested. Father, Son, Holy Spirit, and angels — they are all involved in this matter of little boys and girls. They are somebody. They are important. To despise one makes me out of step with angels, out of step with the Son of God, and out of step with God the Father. When I think about this matter of "Just a Bus Kid," it reveals an attitude, a reminder of responsibility, and Heaven's attitude.

Let us look at verse 10 especially: *Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones . . .* Here is a devastating attitude — despise. The word means "to look down your nose at"; "to think lightly"; "not very important." "Who is that?" "That is just a bus kid. He is not very important." Now, here is a warning about despising. When you despise, you are in a very dangerous position. They were having an adult meeting in chapter 19: *Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.* ("This is not a child's meeting. This is an adult meeting. You get the kids out of here.") *But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them . . .* Now, let us consider this matter of a terrible attitude that will despise little boys and girls. The government does not despise little boys and girls. You have heard politicians say, "We must have more education." I say, "They need less education in what they are giving them." I do not know whether you realize it or not, but I want you to hear something. A man delivered this

message in 1973. I wrote about it in 1980 in a two-page article on "Separation of Church and State." Let me read to you a quote that I cut out from this educator. Listen carefully. This is government. Dr. William Pierce from Harvard University told 2,000 teachers in Denver, Colorado, 1973: "Every child in America who enters school at the age of five is mentally ill because he comes to school with certain allegiances toward our elected officials, toward our founding fathers, toward our institutions, and toward the preservation of this form of government, which we have — patriotism, nationalism, and sovereignty." He continues: "All of that proves that children are sick because the true will of an individual is one who has rejected all of those and is, what I would call, a true international child of the future." The problems of the youth of America — a great percentage of them go to government using children as pawns for world government and world domination. That is on the way. "Give them to us. We will gladly have them. And, the lower that you give them to us, the better off." They do not despise children. When I see these buses, it discourages me. I see these yellow buses taking these little boys and girls to the public school system. I am sorry. You say, "I do not like it." I am sorry. They take them there to undermine their family, to undermine their trust in their parents, and to undermine the heroes of the past. You need to read a book entitled, *The Rewriting of American History*. History has been rewritten for the political agenda of the matter of world government. Our tax dollars are taking them in there to train them. Today, there is much turmoil in the youth. We say, "What in the world happened to the youth?" I will tell you what happened to the youth. Adults educated them and taught them a whole lot of this business. That is another story. I do not need to get involved with that, but I would like to. It discourages me. You steal the children and send them to school to undermine their faith in their parents, to undermine their faith in their founding fathers, and to undermine their faith in the Word of God in the matter of nationalism of the United States of America. By the way, President Clinton is not an American. He is a one-world man. Now, that is not spouting off at the mouth. I can prove that. The government does not despise children. Yet, listen; little bus kids cannot go to Christian schools because they cannot afford it. They are shut up to their education and that sort of institution. You are dealing with boys and girls that are deprived of a Christian education. At one time, you could go to public schools and have Christian teachers, Christian principals, prayer, Bible reading, and preaching services in the matter of the assembly programs. The government does not despise children. Now, fundamentalists, to a great degree, despise children. They think lightly of it. For instance, you tell how many you had in Sunday School, and they will say, "How many of those are bus kids?," as if they do not matter much. Every one of them counts as much as an adult. Jesus died for them. They are very important. You say, "Don't you know you can't build a church on children?" No, you can't, but you surely can get the blessings of God on you if you minister to children. That is a ministry that we must not neglect. Many churches are parking their buses and selling their buses. Why? Because of the fact that they do not think it is important. "Little boys and girls are not very important." That is despising boys and girls.

A friend of mine, Raymond Hancock, resigned his church to a young man that he had groomed to take his place. The man was dishonest. He was groomed, and he knew all of this. When he resigned, the first day, that man took down the missions program. He shut down the buses. He would not let the bus director even sit up on the platform with the rest of the folks. Why? What was he saying? "Those kids do not amount to anything." That is a tragedy. That man took a church by deception. He was groomed, and he knew what he was going to do. What happened? He despised little boys and girls. Did you know the church is the only hope for this vast mission field? This is a tremendous mission field of the bus kids of America. Most of them come out of broken homes. When you begin to think about the amount of divorces in the United States of America, the percentage is about less than fifty percent of marriages that stay together. It is a vast mission field. We must not fail them. You think about hope.

I was in a meeting last year some time. The pastor was from Hot Springs, Arkansas. He told about a girl. She was eight years old. The little girl would ride the bus. She would come to church, and she would grab her pastor around the legs and say, "I wish you were my daddy. I wish you would take me home with you." That was the little girl's life. One day, the bus captain's wife wanted him to quit the bus ministry and asked him to give it up. I am reminded of the details about that. Two weeks later, the pastor got a call. He went to the hospital. There was the mother of this little girl. The mother and the little child were not told anything as to

why the bus captain did not show up. He went to the hospital, and there was the little girl. She had red marks around her neck. She had committed suicide. They found out after that that her daddy raped her every time she would go to church. When she would come home, her dad raped her. You are talking about people who are hurting and are in desperate need of love and attention. Bus kids need that. Not all of them come from terrible homes, but a great percentage of them come from terrible homes. The only hope for these boys and girls — they do not get it in the public schools; and if mom and dad are not serving the Lord and not interested in that, they have no role model, no prayer, no Bible, or anything else — is the church and believers reaching out to minister to that group.

**CONSIDER NUMBER TWO, A SERMON TO SEE.** Jesus set a little boy down in a chair. If I had a little boy today and put him in a chair, I would ask you, “What do you see?” In Jeremiah, one day, he went down to the potter’s house and saw a sermon. What is the potter? That potter is a sermon. When he set that bowl down in the midst, that is a sermon. What do you see when you see a little bus kid? I was at the Temple Baptist Church several years ago. They had a primary choir, and they were singing songs. I looked across that choir, and the little boys’ faces were bright. But, in the middle of that choir, I saw a broken home. I saw a little face, and my heart was moved. I knew the background. I saw in that crowd a little boy, but I saw a broken home. What do you see when you see a little boy or little girl? If you despise and think lightly, then you will see the negative part. You will see a problem. You will see a hindrance. You will see a burden. You will see a number to increase the attendance. You will see just a bus kid that will destroy your property, a disturber of a class, just a child. Pharaoh saw in baby Moses a threat to the throne. Pharaoh’s daughter saw an heir in her life from that little baby Moses. Jochebed saw a deliverer of Israel, the people of God. Oh my, the potential of a little child — a prophet or a wicked politician, either one; a doctor or a dope pusher; a nurse or a prostitute; a preacher or an infidel; a Jochebed or a Jezebel; a Paul or a Judas; a Joseph or a Demas; a Moody or a Hitler; a father or a whoremonger; a God-fearing man or an atheist; a blessing or a blight; a deacon or a saloon keeper; a prayer warrior or a blasphemer. What do you see? What you think is what you will see. If you despise them, you will see negative things. Your attitude will determine what you see — an opportunity or a hindrance.

**CONSIDER NUMBER THREE, BLESSINGS TO ENJOY.** Now, some of these illustrations are not bus kids, but they are little kids from broken homes. They are a blessing to enjoy. Pay attention to the lessons and look at them. Daisy Haws was a Sunday School teacher. Dr. Lee Roberson was a thirteen-year-old boy. Sunday School teacher, you do not know who is sitting in your class. Would you have liked to have been Moses’ babysitter? You do not know in that nursery the little ones that you are helping. You do not know what the potential is there. You had better ask God: “Open mine eyes that I might see.” I think about Tom Sexton. He was a bus kid. He is the pastor of Cape Coral Baptist Church in Fort Meyers. His brother Clarence Sexton, a bus kid, is the president of Crown College. He is the pastor of Temple Baptist Church in Knoxville, Tennessee. I think about Philip Stringer. He is the executive vice-president of Landmark Baptist College. His grandmother was the town harlot, and he was a bus kid. In Clarence Sexton’s church, there is a time that little boys and girls come up and love the preacher. They come up and hand notes to him. They hug him, and he hugs them. In the morning service, he takes time for every little boy and girl that comes up on the platform. That is important. Why? He wants a relationship, not just as a pastor in their head but in their heart. It is a part of the morning service. The boys and girls come up and hug their preacher, and he will read their notes. That is important. They are somebody. What do you see? They are a blessing to enjoy. It is a blessing to enjoy a trusting heart. Little boys and girls have been lied to so many times, and they have a trusting heart toward you. Dr. Bob Gray tells a story. Dr. Bob Gray is a dear friend of mine. He recommended me here. You can blame him for my coming. But, a little boy lived way out in the woods, and Dr. Bob Gray picked him up in his car and brought him to church. No bus could go back there. One Sunday, there came a gully washer. It rained and rained, and there were dirt roads back in the woods. He thought, “My, my, in this rain, will a little boy even get ready?” He tossed about it, but he said, “No, I promised him that I would be there.” Bob got in his car, and he drove down the highway, on the dirt roads, and through the woods. When he drove up in the yard of that little house, he saw a little boy standing on the front porch with his Bible in his hand; and the little boy hollered to his daddy, “I told you he would be here! I told you he would be here! I told you he

would be here!" Oh, the trusting heart. I do not know what I would do if I destroyed the confidence and trust of a little boy or a little girl in me. The blessing of a trusting heart can come out of bus children.

Not only that, but also the blessing of a missionary can come out of a little child. A pastor of a Scottish church turned in his resignation years ago. As he did so, the elders asked him, "Why are you resigning?" He said, "Well, for this past year, I have had but one convert, wee Bobby Moffat." Bobby Moffat was a man who opened up Africa to missionary work. It was the biggest year that preacher ever had. What was it? "Oh, it was just one little boy convert." That little boy convert shook Africa and opened up Africa — a blessing of a missionary.

Then, a pastor of a grateful heart can come out of a little child. Dr. Howard Hendricks, in Dallas Theological Seminary, today, tells of his past. I will read it, "Memories of my childhood haunt me." I would recite it, but I am at the age where I might leave out the punch line, so I read it. I would hate to say something and then hear someone say, "So, why did you leave out the punch line?" I will read it to make sure you get the punch and the punch line. "Memories of my childhood haunt me. My Roman Catholic mother and my agnostic father were separated before I was born, and most of my childhood was spent with my fraternal grandmother. If I look back into the dim recesses of my memory, I can see a boy going from tavern to tavern in Philadelphia, picking up pretzels to eat along the way, looking for an alcoholic grandfather to see if he could slip the pay envelope out of the old man's back pocket before he shot the whole wad in the tavern." Here is this man. "I can remember only two public school teachers that I ever had, my fifth grade teacher and my sixth grade teacher. It is kind of amusing that I should be teaching, because school was just a bad nuisance to me. I could never get together with my school teachers on the basic object of the thing. The moment they would go out of the room, I would go into action. Finally, my fifth grade teacher, Miss Sharman, tied me to my seat with my hands behind my back with a great big rope. Then, she took paper and started all over my mouth and went clear around my neck. 'Now, Howard,' she said, 'you will sit still and keep quiet.' So, what else could I do?" Now, here is somebody who had a little vision. "Finally, I was graduated from her class for obvious reasons, and I went on to my sixth grade teacher. I will never forget her, Miss Noll, six-foot-four-inches tall. She was sort of a feminine version of Sherlock Holmes. I used to think that if the dear woman had done nothing but just stand erect, she would have done something for me. I walked into class, and the first thing she said to me was, 'Oh, you are Howard Hendricks. I have heard a lot about you.' Then, she jarred me by adding, 'But, I do not believe a word of it.'" Lots of times, people hear that, and they are judged. Someone who passed on ahead of them had a bad experience and passed it on. The person can never get away from what happened back then, because someone keeps passing it on. "That year, I found the first teacher who ever convinced me that she believed in me. I never let that woman down. I would knock myself out for her. I would work and do all kinds of extra projects. My most vivid memories of that class are of occasionally looking over at the door with the little window pane in it and seeing Miss Sharman, my fifth grade teacher peeking in to see the thing which had come to pass." What was it? Somebody did not despise him; and far beyond this matter, the outcome was a grateful heart and a saved soul. Later on, Howard Hendricks got saved. He was nine years old. He said, "I might not have ever been saved if someone had not said it with love to me. I was nine years old, a little terror. I was out playing marbles one day when a man named Walt came along and invited me to Sunday School. There was nothing that appealed to me that had anything to do with school in it. So, he made me another proposition, one I liked better. 'Want to play a game of marbles with me?' After he wiped me out in a couple of games of marbles, he inquired, 'Want to learn how to play this game better?' By the time he had taught me to play marbles over the next few days, he had built such a relationship with me that I would have gone anywhere he would have suggested. You know what that meant? I ended up in a Sunday School class with a dozen other boys, most of whom he had magnetized in much the very same way. Of the thirteen boys in that class, nine were from broken homes, and five were Roman Catholics. Eleven of those boys ended up in vocational Christian work. Thank God for a man like Walt who said it with love." What do you see? Here is a blessing of a kid from a broken home with a terrible background, and yet somebody saw the value of it, not only that, but a blossoming heart. You take a kid and invest in that kid, and that kid blossoms.

I read a story about a little boy named Teddy Stallard. Let me read it to you. "Here was a school teacher

named Miss Thompson and a little boy who was disinterested in school. He was messy; he had wrinkled clothes; and his hair was never combed. He was one of those kids in school with a dead pan face, expressionless. When Miss Thompson spoke to Teddy, he always answered in monosyllables, unattractive, unmotivated, and distant. He was just plain hard to like. Even though his teacher said that she loved all in her class the same, down inside, she was not being completely true. Whenever she marked Teddy's paper, she got a certain perverse pleasure putting *X's next to the wrong answers; and when she put the F* at the top of the paper, she always did it with a flare. She should have known better. She had checked his records, and she knew more about him than she wanted to admit. The records read that in first grade, 'Teddy shows promise with his work and attitude, but poor home situation.' Second grade, 'Teddy could do better. Mother seriously ill. He receives little help at home.' Third grade, 'Teddy is a good boy, but too serious. He is a slow learner. His mother died last year.' Fourth grade, 'Teddy is a little slow, but well behaved. His father shows no interest.' Christmas came, and the kids were bringing everything to the teacher. They were nice gifts. She was 'ooing' and 'awing,' but she was surprised that Teddy had brought her a gift. It was wrapped in brown paper, held together with scotch tape; and on the outside, were written the simple words, 'For Miss Thompson. From Teddy.' When she opened Teddy's present, out fell a gaudy rhinestone bracelet with half the stones missing and a bottle of cheap perfume. The other boys and girls giggled and began to smirk and laugh, but Miss Thompson, at least, had enough sense to silence them. She put on the bracelet and put some perfume on her wrist. She held her wrist up for the other children to smell and said, 'Doesn't it smell lovely?' The children, taking their cue from the teacher, readily agreed with *oo's* and *ah's*. At the end of the day when school was over, the other children left. Teddy lingered behind. He came up to her and said softly, 'Miss Thompson, you smell just like my mother, and her bracelet looks real pretty on you. I am glad you like my present.' When Teddy left, Miss Thompson dropped down on her knees and asked God to forgive her. The next day, the children came to school. They were welcomed by a new teacher. Miss Thompson had become a different person. She was no longer just a teacher; she had become an agent of God. She was now a person committed to loving her children and doing things for them that will live on after her. She loved all the children, but especially slow ones and especially Teddy Stallard. By the end of the school year, Teddy showed dramatic improvement. He had caught up with most of the students and was even ahead of some. She had been helping Teddy for a long time. Then one day, she received a note that read, 'Dear Miss Thompson. I wanted you to be the first to know that I will be graduating second in my class. Love, Teddy Stallard.' Four years later, another note, 'Dear Miss Thompson. They just told me that I will be graduating first in my class. I wanted you to be the first to know. The university has not been easy, but I liked it. Love, Teddy Stallard.' A few years later, 'Dear Miss Thompson. As of today, I am Theodore Stallard, M.D. How about that?! I wanted you to be the first to know that I am getting married next month, the twenty-seventh to be exact. I want you to come and sit where my mother would sit if she were alive. You are the only family I have now. Dad died last year. Teddy Stallard.' Miss Thompson went to that wedding and sat where Teddy's mother would have sat. She deserved to sit there. She had done something for Teddy that she would never forget."

I love children. My wife loves children. I play with little boys and girls. I got in trouble one time. It was about a mile away from here. We were in this home. The lady was by herself, and she had a blond-headed, cute little thing — three or four or five years old. Well, I was talking to the lady, and I was picking at the little one. I said, "I am going to get some of Suzie's sugar." "Un uh!" I said, "Oh, but I am." "Un uh!" I said, "Yes, I am!" She said, "No, you are not. You are not going to kiss my mommy!" I thought her name was Suzie. I am glad my wife was there. My wife said, "I have been trying to get your attention." So, playing with that would have got me in trouble.

A couple others — We had Vacation Bible School. It had to have been in the sixties. We had a couple of children from foster homes — a little boy and girl. The little boy — I guess he was six, seven, or eight — decided that he was not going to have Vacation Bible School. He was kicking chairs and, I mean, just everything in the world. The teachers could not straighten him out. I said, "You straighten out." He did not stop; I took him in a room, and I dusted his britches. I could not hurt him. I just jarred him. I jarred him several licks like that, and I turned him loose. He started again. I said, "You have not learned? Okay." I jarred him again. I turned him loose. I started to jar him again. He said, "I'll be good. I'll be good." Well, about a

half hour later, I went by his room and looked in. I saw the little boy with the sweetest smile. I walked over and said, "How are you doing?" "Fine." He had the sweetest smile. When he went back to the foster home, they said that they did not know what had happened to him. They thought that he had had a psychiatrist. He had completely changed. What was it? Did you know a child that is not disciplined is like a bastard? That is what Hebrews said: *But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.* That little boy needed somebody that drew some lines and so forth, and he responded. It changed his life.

I will give you one other. A lady came to me with a little boy. She said, "I want you to spank him. His daddy is out to sea and will not be home for six months." Now, that is a long time in the sixties. You do not do that today. This lady came in this office over here, and she wanted me to spank him. She said, "He needs one." I said, "I cannot do it. I would be happy to help you." I sat down, and I spanked him with my tongue. Man, I talked rough to him. I said, "Are you saved?" "Yes, sir." I said, "Do you obey your mom and dad?" *Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.* He said, "No, sir." I said, "In 1 John, it says, *He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.*" I said, "Somebody is not telling the truth." I just jarred him. I said, "All right, now, let's pray." He got on one knee. I said, "Get on both knees!" He got on both knees. I prayed with him. She took him out. That night when I came to church, that little boy was standing outside the door waiting for me. What happened? These kids do not have anybody to love them enough to discipline them; and they are desperately crying for love doing everything in the world, saying, "Pay attention to me." A baby cries when his diaper is wet. He says, "Pay attention to me." A baby cries when he is hungry, saying, "Pay attention to me." Many of these things that you see going on are boys and girls saying, "Pay attention to me." The Bible says: *He that spareth his rod hateth his son:* Oh, you say, "I love him too much." No, no, you love yourself too much. Do you know why? You do not discipline because you are afraid that if you discipline, he will not like you. You are thinking, "I want him to like me." You let him go to the dogs because you want him to like you. I never thought about disciplining my kids that they might not like me. I disciplined because they needed it; lo and behold, when they needed it, it is strange that they liked me. They loved me. Here are little boys and girls who need attention. They need someone to love them.

Let me give you one other thing. It will help you in your witness. One day, a grandmother came to my office over here. They were taking care of their grandchildren. Her grandson had ridden the bus and had come to this church. She came in and identified herself and gave the little boy's name. She said, "He got saved, and he has been so different. We want what he has." Here is a little bus kid, "just a bus kid." Well, "just a bus kid" touched grandmother. I introduced her to what the little boy had. "Just a bus kid." You had better get that out of your vocabulary. . . . *despise not one of these little ones* . . . What thinkest thou? What do you see in these little boys and girls? You had better look carefully. There are multitudes of opportunities there. Here is a pair of shoes that surely needs filling. These are Ellis's shoes. Who will fill these shoes? For twenty-nine years, he has carried a load and a vision. He has been pulled in another direction by the leadership of the Lord. These shoes are empty. Who will fill these shoes in this very important ministry? This is not a minor ministry. This is a major ministry. Little boys and girls constitute, after a while, the homes of America and the building privileges of America. They are of upmost importance. Just a bus kid!