



A THIRSTING AFTER CHRIST

There is a burning desire in my heart for all teachers as we begin the new school year and that is that each would develop an unquenchable thirsting for Jesus Christ.

The boy was tall, he had blonde hair, he wore a black leather jacket. Black leather jackets in those days were a symbol of rebellion. His face was sullen. He stood in front of my desk and he said:

“I can’t stand it any longer. I’m going to leave. Your rules are stupid. I can’t handle it; you don’t have to worry about me any longer.”

And with that he turned and went out of the office. I hate to admit, but my feelings were, “Good riddance!”

Greg was a very brilliant boy with an exceptional mind but he had not learned to thirst after the things of Jesus Christ.

We had a faculty meeting that afternoon and I announced to the faculty that Greg had decided to leave. There was a low round of applause. It’s not easy for me to relate this because I think of the callousness we as staff members showed to a human soul who was crying out for help. Greg did leave; the school year did move along very smoothly.

The end of the school year came and it was time for my vacation. My family and I got into the car and took off for North Carolina where my parents were living. We had traveled this route many times; there was a motel in Arkansas that we always tried to get to on the first day. It had nice, clean rooms, was reasonable, and it had a nice swimming pool. As soon as we arrived, my children and I changed into our swimming suits and headed for the pool. We were having a great time when all of a sudden I looked up and there was Greg getting out of his parents’ car. They were on vacation too. I didn’t want to see him; didn’t want to talk to him. So we moved around in the swimming pool and got behind people.

But I am convinced that the Lord was in this whole experience and it wasn’t but a moment when Greg looked over and saw me. He came running over! I was surprised! He seemed so happy to see me! After a few niceties he got down to real business. He said:

“Mr. Kilgore, you must let me come back to school next year. I want to graduate with my class. I will do anything you or the faculty asks me to do. I may not always agree with you have my word; I will be a model student.

And I said:

“Greg, you remember what went on last year. I can’t give you an answer by myself. I will have to take it back to the faculty.”



Well, before Greg left, he had extracted from me a promise that I would take it to the faculty and that I would do all I could to help him get back into school. I had mixed feelings. I knew it was the right thing to do but I also knew how the faculty felt and I knew it would be difficult for them to accept him back.

Vacation is now over; we are back at school and a faculty meeting is called for the purpose of accepting applicants into the school. I remember putting Greg's name on the bottom of the list. It was an uneventful meeting until we came to that name. There were feelings of utter disbelief expressed by some of the faculty members. To make a long story short, for we did spend considerable time discussing Greg, the faculty did vote to allow Greg to return for his senior year at that school.

Greg kept his promise. He stayed out of trouble and he did everything we asked him to do. But you could tell that he wasn't completely happy for there were a lot of things that were going against his grain.

Then the fall week of prayer came along and Elder John Thurber was our guest speaker. On Tuesday evening, he painted a beautiful word picture of what Christ meant to him and what He could do for each one of the young people. At the end of the meeting the young people filed out but Greg came bounding down the aisle, took hold of Brother John's hand and said:

“You've got to help me! I want to be a part of this kind of religion!

Right there, you see, after all of the work, through many, many years, it took the tool of Elder Thurber to spark the hunger and thirsting after Jesus Christ in the heart of Greg.

Some were cynical; they said it wouldn't last and that he was only doing this to make a show. But I'm happy to tell you that **it did last!** He had a true conversion. He was a boy going in one direction and God took hold of his shoulders and turned him completely around; and he never looked back. Greg went on to become a Bible teacher in one of our western academies.

You see, you still have a chance for your son or your daughter or that boy or girl in your class to get that great thirsting after Christ.

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