Jimmy Potter stood looking up at the broken window trying hard not to run away like all of his friends had done. Just moments ago, he'd hit the baseball so hard, it had rattled his teeth. Like a rocket, the ball had sailed out over the vacant lot where he and his buddies were playing, flown silently over the hedge at the edge of the lot, and kept right on going until it finally smashed right through the big side window of the house next door. CRACK. He'd heard the sound just as he was passing first base.

"Let's get out of here!" his friend Justin shouted. And before Jimmy knew what was happening, he was the only ball player left on the field.
What to do? If he ran, the owner of the house with the broken window would never know who sent the ball crashing into his living room. If he ran, he wouldn't have to face an angry person who, he was sure, would demand payment for a new window which Jimmy figured would cost far more than the eighteen dollars he had in his savings account at the bank. If he ran, he'd save himself and his parents a lot of embarrassment.

But Jimmy Potter didn't run. Instead, he walked slowly toward the house, toward the broken window, toward the embarrassing meeting he was about to have with whomever lived inside. Why? Because of his name.

You see, the name Potter had been around his family for a long time. His grandfather Potter was a soldier in a terrible war that took place long before Jimmy was born. He'd heard stories of how his grandfather had saved his buddies by refusing to run away when the enemy stormed in his direction.

Jimmy's father owned the grocery store in town and everyone said that he was always honest and kind, even giving food to people who were down on their luck and couldn't buy what they needed from time to time. People liked to shop in Potter's Grocery Store. No, Jimmy wouldn't run away because his name meant something. He would be as brave as his grandfather, and as honest as his dad. He would be a Potter, even when that meant getting yelled at.

When he reached the front steps, the door to the house burst open and a large man raced out onto the porch and shouted in his direction, "Who broke my window?"

"I did, sir," Jimmy answered, standing as tall as any soldier or grocery store owner would.

"And who are you?" the man asked, a frown darkening his face.

"I'm Jimmy Potter. I'll pay for a new window."

"Well, you'd better," the angry man stated. "And don't think I'll forget who you are. I know your name."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said with a smile. Then he turned and began walking toward town. His dad had offered him an afterschool job at the grocery store. He figured now was the perfect time to take him up on his offer.

My Bible

When we call ourselves “Christian,” we need to know what that name means. Being a Christian means we want to be like Jesus in everything we do. We want to honor His name in our words and actions. So, how does the Bible describe Jesus? Look up the texts in the Library and write what Jesus is like in the spaces.

My Prayer

Thank You, Jesus, for telling me and showing me the kind of person I need to be if I'm called by Your name: "Christian." I want to be just like You. Amen.

Fun Facts

BASEBALL:

- A regulation baseball has 108 stitches.
- The longest baseball game was between the Milwaukee Brewers and the Chicago White Sox and lasted for eight hours and six minutes.*