## WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT SUNDAY?

LESSON 139  $\rightarrow$  Isaiah 58:13-14; Matthew 12:1-13

# Dominic rode away angrily when his dad vetoed the fishing trip.

## dad that you'll be coming?"

"Boy, I sure want to go, but my parents probably won't let me since you're going on Sunday."

*"What's the difference? Sunday's just* another day, isn't it?"

"Not to my parents, Jack. I'll ask them and call you. Maybe if I'm lucky they'll let me go."

When Dominic arrived at home, his father was mowing the front lawn.

"Dad, I want to ask a favor."

"Sure, Son, ask away!"

"Would you let me go fishing with Jack and his dad?

"Well, I suppose so. When are they going?"

"About six o'clock tomorrow morning."

His dad took his gloves off and leaned against the bumper of their car. Looking at Dominic he said, "On Sunday? I think you'd be disappointed in me, Son, if I let you go on the Lord's Day. Wouldn't you?"

*Upset at receiving the expected answer, Dominic* grabbed his bike and sped down the street. Faster and faster he raced, passing another bicyclist. As he came



to a bend in the street he hit a patch of sand. Losing control, he went down hard. Another rider stopped beside him.

#### "Dominic! You all right?"

*"I guess I am, except I scraped my arm. Where'd* you come from, Austin? I didn't see you."

*"Tve been following you for a couple of blocks.* You were riding like a madman! And you were almost hit by a car! What's the matter with you anyway?"

#### "Oh, I'm just fed up with my dad and mom!"

"You're kidding! With your parents?"

*"Yeah. It's just rules, rules, rules. What do you* know about my parents, anyway?"

*"I know them from church. Here, let me help you* straighten your handlebars."

As they worked on the bike, Dominic told Austin the situation and how sometimes he wished his parents weren't Christians.

Austin looked at Dominic with an expression so pained that it startled him.

#### "What's wrong, Austin?" Dominic asked.

*"I want to show you something that I don't usu*ally let any of my friends see. My house is the blue one over there. Let's go and take care of your arm."

As they neared the house Dominic noticed the yard was overgrown and littered. The front door was wide open and a pile of clothes lay just inside. Dominic couldn't believe his eyes as they entered the living room. The house was a mess, a child was crying somewhere, and the stale smell of cigarette smoke was everywhere. A haggard looking woman shuffled into the room, mumbled something, and left.

"That's my mom," said Austin as he led Dominic to the bathroom where they washed and bandaged his arm. Then they made their way down the hall to Austin's room. Picking up his Bible from the nightstand, he looked Dominic straight in the eye. "I brought you here, even though it hurts me. I wanted you to see just how much you really have. You met my mother, but I hope you don't meet my dad. We kids try to be in bed when he gets home. He drinks a lot. You know, I've been going to Sunday school at your church for about a year now. Five months ago I prayed and the Lord saved me. Your parents prayed with me and they have been right there to encourage me all along the way. I've always wondered why you never were praying with them. Now I guess I see why . . . but I don't understand."

### *Dominic was sitting quietly now, with his* head down.

"But Dominic, I do understand why they keep Sunday holy as the Lord's Day. When the Lord came into my heart I felt there was hope after all. Sunday will always be a special day to me. It was on that day that Jesus rose from the grave after dying on the Cross for my sin, and for yours too, Dominic. I want to honor Him by giving that day especially to Him. I think your parents feel the same way . . . and I'd give anything if my home was like yours. At least you know your parents care for you."



**SUNDAY** SUGGESTIONS

Sunday is a day that

Lesson 139 Activity