

Grandma
introduced me to
my friend

Jesus

GRANDMA INTRODUCED ME TO MY FRIEND JESUS © 2020
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Softcover ISBN 13: 978-1-7346743-2-3

Printed in the United States of America
Second Printing: 2020

24 23 22 21 20 5 4 3 2 1

Cover and interior design by James Monroe Design, LLC.

Lucky Luke, LLC.
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Eagan, Minnesota 55123

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Quantity discounts available!

A Note to the Reader

God chose me to write this book specially for you. It all began when I prayed for some way to get one hundred thousand books into kids' hands. At the time, I was thinking about Lucky Luke's Hunting Adventures, my award-winning book series.

Well, God heard my prayer and answered it. I will never forget that day. It was the first time I had a personal interaction with God.

Of all the places this could have happened, it ended up being in my bathroom. As I stood brushing my teeth, staring in the mirror, a vision started downloading into my mind. It was crystal clear as it played like a dream, but I was very awake. My brushing slowed as I focused in on the vision, trying to understand what was happening.

In the vision, my life passed by like a movie. Several things from my middle school years rolled through my mind. I realized these were memories I didn't want to recall. They were moments in time when I had made choices I'm not proud of today. They weren't terrible things—they were just typical, everyday school moments. But in each case, I could have chosen to treat my classmates better. For a moment, I thought God was scolding me for how I had acted.

Then the movie in my mind took an interesting turn. I was transported to my favorite place on earth: my grandparents' cabin in the woods. I could see the old red logs, I could smell the fire burning in the fireplace, and I could picture my grandmother's warm smile as she saw me coming through the front door.

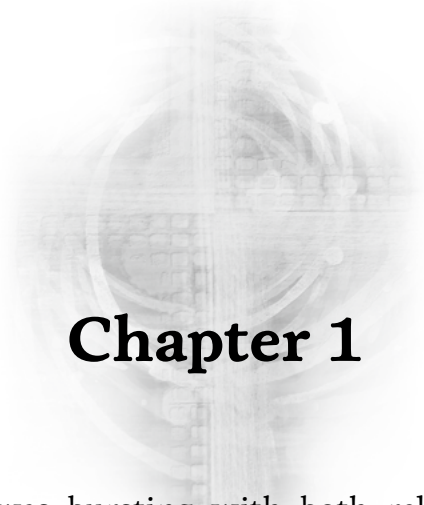
As the vision ended, I just stood there with my toothbrush hanging from my mouth.

God then spoke to me as if He were inside my head: "You have been praying for one hundred thousand books, but it won't be with Lucky Luke's Hunting Adventures."

That's when I dropped my toothbrush in the sink and ran downstairs to tell my wife what had happened.

She simply smiled and said, “Sounds like you better get writing.”

The more I thought about the vision and God’s words, the more I believe He wanted me to show you how important His Son, Jesus, is to your life. This book is a story about one boy, one amazing grandmother, and one very important summer. I hope you enjoy it.



Chapter 1

Kevin was bursting with both relief and excitement as he raced off the bus and up his driveway. He was relieved seventh grade was over. Next year, he and his friends would be eighth graders—the kings of middle school.

A car pulled into the driveway, and Kevin's sister, Linda, hopped out. A friend's mom had given Linda and the friend a ride home from high school. There was no doubt—the look on Linda's face showed how relieved she was to put ninth grade behind

her. Her class had been the youngest in the school. It would be way more fun next year.

But more importantly, Kevin and Linda were excited because the last day of school meant they'd be heading to their grandparents' cabin. For most of the year, Grandma and Bapoe lived twenty minutes away from Kevin and Linda. But now that they were retired, Grandma and Bapoe spent most of the summer at their cabin up north.

The whole family loved being at the cabin. Each year, summer vacation started with an extended week up there. Kevin could already picture the endless trees, the green grass, and that magical lake sitting at the bottom of the hill.

Little did Kevin know, this would be the most important summer of his life.

After a lightning-fast trip inside the house to drop off their backpacks, Kevin and Linda hopped into their dad's big silver SUV. It was loaded to the top with stuff for their cabin adventure. Mom and Dad would stay for the weekend, then head back home, giving Kevin and Linda the week alone with Grandma and Bapoe. Mom and Dad would return the following weekend to enjoy the cabin one more time before they all came home.

As usual, Dad was in the driver's seat. Mom planned to sing along with the radio or read her book most of the way up. Kevin and Linda were in the back seat. It would be a five-hour drive north, but looking forward to nine days of fun would hopefully make time pass quickly.

It didn't take long, however, for trouble to start. For some reason, Kevin kept

touching Linda with his stinky socks. The madder she got, the funnier he thought it was.

“Stop it!” she snapped. Finally, she let out a plea for help: “Dad!”

Dad reached his boiling point. He spun around in his seat and pointed a finger right at Kevin. How he managed not to drive off the road was an amazing feat.

“Knock it off, Kevin!” he said, his voice raising. “If you don’t, then I’m gonna pull this car over, and we’re gonna have a serious talk.”

Kevin got the message loud and clear. His heart sank once he realized how upset he had made his dad. But sometimes he just couldn’t stop himself from picking on Linda—especially when he was bored.

Kevin wasn't your ordinary kid, although he was like a million other kids. Maybe even like you. Kevin's big smile and firecracker personality caused him to stand out in a crowd. Getting good grades was never a priority for him. But throwing touchdowns and crushing home runs—that, he loved. At five foot ten, he was an average-size kid, but he was fast and had a great arm. Being a jock made him very popular at school.

For the most part, Kevin was a good kid. But the way he treated others at school—and now in the back seat—had gotten him into trouble on more than one occasion. He was usually just looking for a laugh. Unfortunately, it was typically at the expense of someone else. Teachers, principals, and now Dad saw it as being disrespectful.

With a frown, Kevin grabbed his pillow and curled up against the door. Maybe it would be safer to just sleep the whole way to the cabin. He closed his eyes.

Seemingly moments later, the sound of rocks crunching beneath the tires woke him up. They were on a dirt road, and that could mean they were close to the cabin.

“Are we there?” Kevin asked, popping up.

“Almost,” Mom said. “You managed to sleep most of the way, you lucky duck.”

They turned off the dirt road and passed through a big green gate propped open with a log. They bounced down the long dirt driveway. Giant trees with bright-green leaves arched overhead, almost creating a tunnel. The front yard was filled with a warm yellow glow from the yard light