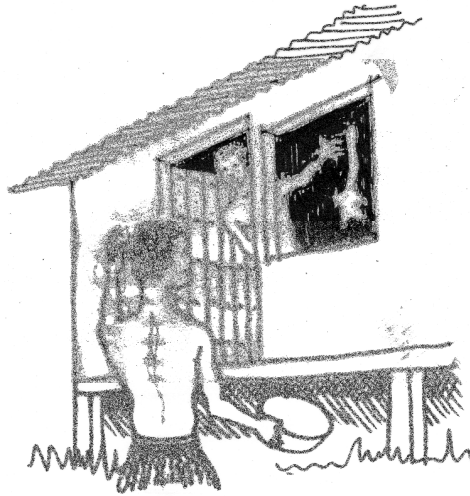


Bilivucu



Bilivucu had become a very keen Christian and he wanted everyone else in his village to become Christians.

“You really should follow the Christian way, my friend,” he would say to people. “My life has changed such a lot since I believed in Jehovah God. Won’t you become a Christian, too?”

There was one man in the village who grew tired of Bilivucu constantly talking to him about being a Christian. One day, he got so angry that he grabbed the nearest thing he could find. It happened to be a cooking pot. He smashed it over Bilivucu’s head, sending him home with a very bad headache.

Bilivucu sat in his house wondering what he should do.

“I try to tell this man good news, and all he does is hit me over the head with a cooking pot,” he said to himself. “It wouldn’t be so bad if he hit me with a club. At least that’s a man’s thing. But to hit me with a cooking pot! That’s a woman’s thing. You shouldn’t hit a man with a woman’s thing.”

“I feel like hitting him with my old war club hanging there on the wall,” was his first thought. But then he remembered, “No, I’m a Christian now. I won’t hit back.”

He had hung the war club on the wall when he became a Christian to remind himself of what his life had been before that. On the floor beneath the club was his Bible. He took that instead.

As Bilivucu thought on the words from the Bible his anger left him and his heart was filled with joy.