

Cathy Kennedy

CATHY KENNEDY was a good girl. She lived in Dingwall, where her father was a minister. When she was just three a lot of children became ill at the same time. Cathy also fell sick. After a while she got better, but she was never really well again.

When I say that Cathy was a good girl, what do I mean? Not, of course, that she never did anything wrong. But there was in her, just as there was in a little boy in Israel in Bible times, "some good thing toward the Lord God". And it was God Himself who put that "good thing" in her, because like everyone else — including you and me — she was, as David put it, "born in sin".

Do you remember how Jesus told Nicodemus that he must be born again? If he was not born again he would not have gone to heaven when he died. Well, Cathy was born again, and it was only God who could have done that for her.

How did people know that Cathy was born again? It was because she was different from children who are not born again. Especially because of the things she liked. For instance, she was often asking her mother to pray with her. And she wanted the Sabbath Day to be kept holy; she was very surprised to find one Sabbath that one of her toys had not been put away the night before.

But the thing that showed more than anything else what God had done for her was how she loved the Bible. Even when she was just two and a half she knew a lot about what the Bible teaches, and while she was sick she learned a lot more.

One day Cathy's back was sore and she asked her mother to rub it. Her mother answered, "I don't like doing it; the bones are so bare".

"But, mother, God could put flesh on my bones; and more than that, He can wash me in His own blood."

"Quite true, dear Cathy, but do you think He will wash away the sins of everyone?"

"O no, only those who come to Him."

"And how can you come to Him, Cathy?"

She was quiet for a minute, and then she said, "I think He will bring me Himself".

Then, about a year after she first became sick, she died; and her soul went straight to heaven. Now she never does anything wrong; she never even thinks anything wrong. God has made her perfect.

Later a friend wrote to her father: "Dear child, she is one of those ransomed ones whose song of praise, I believe, will sound high."

K. D. Macleod