

## Bane's Story

By: Tim Sinclair

*"Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. <sup>2</sup>In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. <sup>3</sup>And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also." John 14:1-3 NKJV*

My name is Bane. I love to go everywhere with my dad and sometimes I get to go to work with him. I love to go with him in his truck. Sometimes I take a nap in the backseat while my dad works. That is what I was doing when a strange bad man got into the truck and started driving away from my dad. I did not know it at the time, but they had been watching my dad and his truck for over an hour trying to decide when to steal it. After he stole me and my dad's truck we drove and drove and drove. I didn't know what to do so I just laid real quiet in the back seat. After a long time, we pulled into a parking lot. The bad man made me get out of the truck and then he drove off and left me there. I was scared and confused because I didn't know where I was or why he had just left me and where was my dad. The place that the bad man dumped me out at was at a store called Walmart next to a busy freeway. I was scared and did not know what to do. I was able to get away from the busy parking lot and make it under the busy freeway. There was a small store and a Taco Bell with a field out back where I was able to find water to drink, but I couldn't find hardly any food.

Every morning I would wake up and wander "is this the day my daddy will find me?" I didn't wander off from the brushy area that I had found to hunker down in. All the traffic and strange noises were scary.

After I was stolen my mom and dad started trying to find me immediately. They prayed for Jesus to watch over me and protect me every morning and during the day and at night before going to bed and sometimes even during the night. My dad would even ask people to pray for me on Facebook. I waited and waited and waited – for 19 days I waited for my daddy to come and get me. This is like what we are doing right now – we are waiting for our Heavenly Father to come and get us and take us home. Sometimes we get lonely and scared but Jesus is coming back to get us. He has promised if we don't wander off, He will come and take us home.

Meanwhile, after the truck and trailer and I were stolen, my dad put this information out on Facebook. Somehow this nice lady from Fox 4 news saw the story and got in touch with my dad. She began to share the story on the news and on her Facebook page. Almost every day they talked trying to figure out what to do next to try and find me. Five days after I was stolen the Dallas police called and told my dad that he could come pick up his truck. My dad asked about me, but the police did not have me, just the truck. You see, after the bad man who stole me put me out, he sold my truck to a drug dealer and the police caught him and arrested him with my dad's truck. When they questioned him, he didn't know anything about me.

Day after day I was still waiting on my dad to find me. I still didn't wander off. Every day my dad was praying and looking for me. Lots and lots of people were trying to help. People would let my dad know of a place where they thought that they had seen me, and he would go check it out, but I was not there. He got lots of pictures sent to him on Facebook of puppies that looked a lot like me, but it wasn't me. He even got calls about puppies that had been run over and he would go and look to see if it was me, but it wasn't me. That was pretty hard on my dad.

On the 19th day that I had been gone my dad put out a post that I was still missing, prayed for me again and then went to work. That morning he got a call from the Dallas detective that had been working this

case and he said that they had arrested the man that had stolen me and my dad's truck and trailer. He also said that a Fort Worth police officer was going to go and talk to the man that had stolen me and try to find out where I was. After the officer talked with the man that was in jail, he called my dad and told him that I had been put out by the Walmart in Seagoville. After he hung up the phone my dad immediately called the lady at Fox 4 and told her where I had been put out. Right away she posted on Facebook where I had been put out. When my dad got home from work, he got on Facebook to see if there were any new leads on where exactly I might be.

There was a nice lady by the name of Kacey who had contacted my dad through Facebook. She said she was a "tracker". That is someone who helps find lost puppies and gets them back home or to a new home. She told my dad that if anyone saw anything to give her a call. My mom had gotten home from her work and was sitting down relaxing when my dad got a message from the lady at Fox 4. A nice police officer in Seagoville had seen a dog that he thought looked like me but when he whistled at it, it ran off. My mom and dad got some dog food and coats and jumped in the car and took off. On the way my dad called Kacey the Tracker and told her where they were headed, and she said that she would meet them there. When they got there, she set up a feeding station and a game camera and then they sprayed this stuff called liquid smoke to try and make me come to the feeding station so the camera could take my picture. After she set everything up, she went back home. My mom and dad decided to stick around for another hour to see if they could see me. Nothing happened and so about 1AM in the morning they decided to go back home. As they were leaving, my mom was impressed to drive out in the field behind Taco Bell. I was laying down in the tall grass so no one would see me. Then I saw these car lights coming out in the field where I was at. I stayed down because I didn't know what was going on and I was still scared. Then I heard this familiar voice calling my name Bane – Bane, Bane. I got so excited, could it really be my mom? I jumped up and ran towards the car and my mom's voice. Oh Boy it was her! Then I ran around to see if my dad was here too. Yes, Yes, Yes! My dad has come to get me and take me home, oh boy! He opened the door and I jumped up into his lap before he could get out of the car. I was so glad to see him, I was crying and so was my dad. My dad and I got in the back seat and my mom drove home, and my dad petted me all the way home. When we got home after 2am and I realized that we were really and truly home – I got so excited I just started barking and barking on the front porch, just so happy to be home!

Boys and girls just like Bane waited for his daddy to come and get him we are waiting for our Heavenly Father to come and get us. He has promised He will come and take us home if we don't wander off. I want to be ready and waiting for him so I can go home and live with our Heavenly Father forever, don't you?