

Elijah Rustford Needs More Custard



The Story of the Life of
Elijah B. Smith

BY BERNARD & SHUN SMITH

Illustrated by Angel



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ROBBIN' HOOD ENTERTAINMENT



Dedication

*For Prince Elijah —
and every child God called
to walk again.*

Elijah's home was filled with
love, laughter, and dreams.
He was loved beyond words
and believed in beyond measure.



The Rustfords had seen snow. The Rustfords had seen rain. They learned to count their blessings — and never to complain.



*When the wind got loud, and the
night got long, they knelt right
down together and prayed their
courage strong.*





*Three boys, three hearts, three
crowns of curl — Elijah,
Emmanuel, Ezra. They raced the
wind, they chased the sun. They
were brothers — every one.*



*One quiet evening, calm and
sweet, they hopped into the car
— just going out for pizza, they
didn't have to go far.*

*But a driver came too fast that night.
He did not stop. He did not care. The
world went loud, the world went
bright — and pieces flew through the
air.*

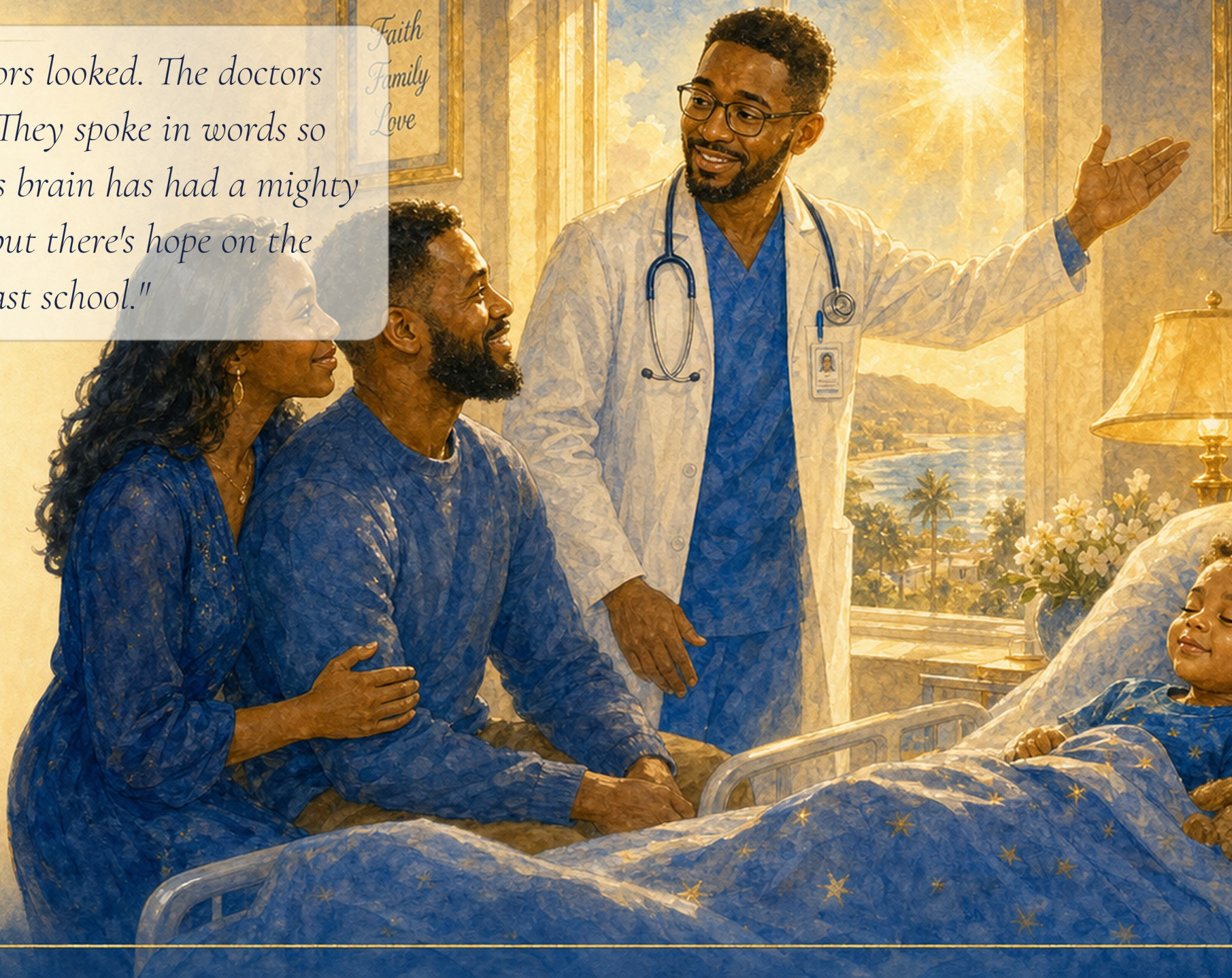


*"We only wanted pizza," Mama said,
her voice was soft and low. The sirens
sang a sorrow song — and where was
Elijah's glow?*

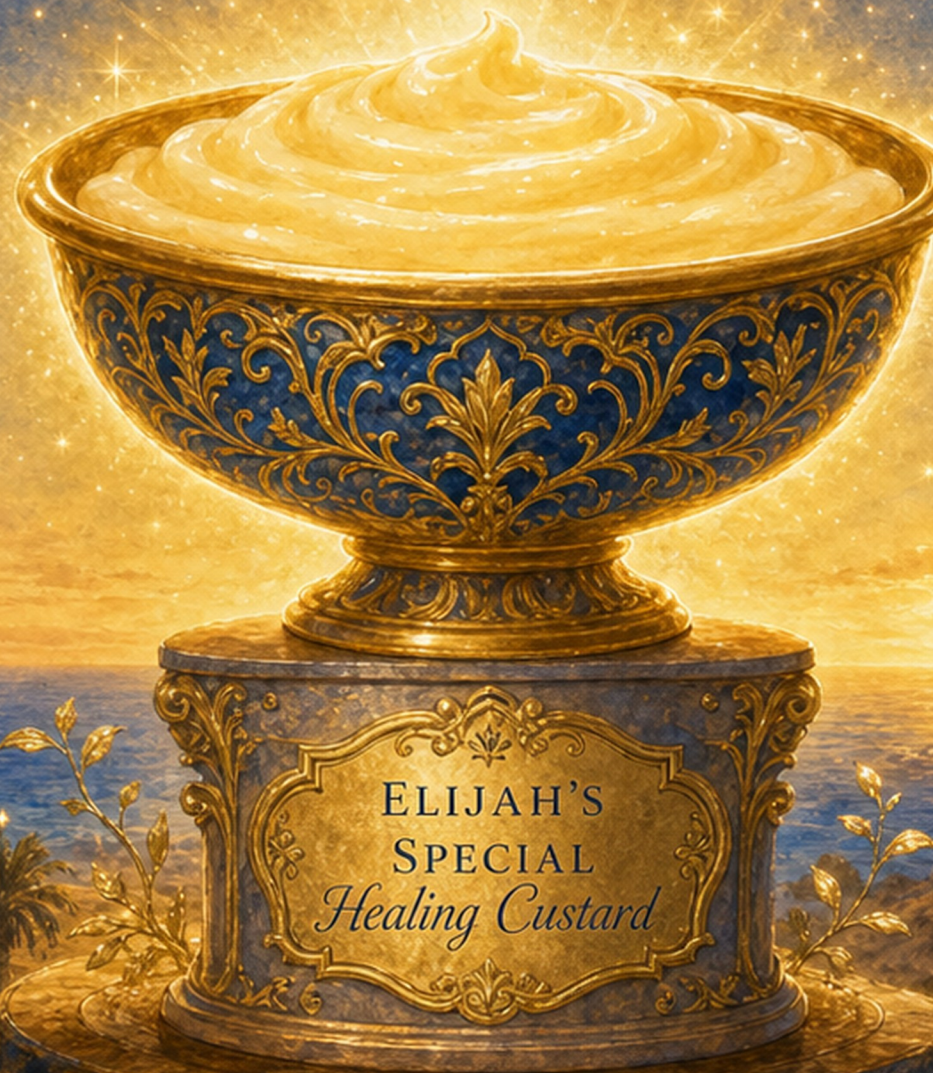


The doctors looked. The doctors learned. They spoke in words so cool: "His brain has had a mighty turn — but there's hope on the West Coast school."

Faith
Family
Love



*"A special custard waits out there,
beyond the desert, past the sea. It
feeds the brain, it mends the mind —
it may help him walk free."*



*"Lord, this load is hard to hold,
but You hold us — we know You
do. We bring our boy, we bring our
fear. We bring it all to You."*

*Prayer
Changes
Things*



*They got a truck with room to roll,
with lifts and bells and chime. But
Michael George took all that hope
— in the middle of the night-time.*



The Rustfords had seen snow. The Rustfords had seen rain. They held on tight to thankful — and never did complain.



*The village rose, the village came.
They brought their bread, they
brought their name. "We'll pay the
road, we'll help the load — a child
is worth a village's flame."*



*From Zion to California they
journeyed mile by mile. God's
hand was on the highway. God's
hand made Mama smile.*



*Elijah's eyes were dim and tired,
his hands were shy and slow. But
the doctor smiled and lifted up the
spoon that made hope glow.*





"Lord, let our Elijah walk again, let the watching world see — that the boy You knit inside my womb was always meant to be free. Amen."

*And when at last they reached
their town, when the long road let
them down — Elijah stood on solid
ground. The boy who was lost was
found.*



The town came out. They
clapped, they cried. The drums
began to sound. "God is good
all the time," they sang —
"and all the time, God is good!"





*So if you're reading, child of God,
wherever you may be — remember
Elijah's custard, remember the long, long
sea. The road may snow. The road may
rain. The road may even break. But every
Rustford prayer gets heard. And every
soul God will not forsake. Be still. Be
brave. Be loved. Be healed. The God of
Elijah is real.*



And the prayer
of faith shall
save the sick,
and the Lord
shall raise
him up.

James 5:15

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