

# *Would God Be Ashamed of You?*

Joe Slater

Usually when we read of being ashamed in the Bible, it's a man or woman who is humiliated, dishonored, embarrassed, etc. Israel's priests were ashamed of their negligence in 2 Chronicles 30:15. Jeremiah's people ought to have been ashamed of their wickedness, but really didn't care (Jeremiah 6:15). However, a few times in the New Testament it is the Lord who is ashamed. When Jesus returns to judge the world, He will be ashamed of timid disciples who were ashamed of Him (Mark 8:38). Of course that doesn't make the Lord guilty of any wrongdoing; He will simply be embarrassed to be associated with cowards; Thus He will not confess them as being His own.

Hebrews 11:16 states concerning the great men and women of faith in the chapter, that "*God is not ashamed to be called their God.*" Why? Simply put, they trusted and obeyed. That's walking by faith. They believed God's promises, "*were assured of them, embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth*" (11:13). Though they weren't flawless, their trusting obedience gave the Lord no cause to be embarrassed.

Could the same be said for us? Like the worthies of old, let us be willing to suffer the world's reproach. Like Paul, let us not be ashamed of the gospel (Romans 1:16). Let our only shame be for our sins! And let us rejoice because Jesus took our sins upon Himself. "*For the joy that was set before Him, (He) endured the cross, despising the shame*" (Hebrews 12:2).

Loving parents are proud of faithful children. May we always trust and obey our Heavenly Father so that He has no reason to be ashamed of us!

# **A Sermon Never To Be Forgotten**

Through the years I have heard many wonderful sermons, most of which I have forgotten. But one sermon I saw has remained in my heart until this day. It happened on a Sunday morning when I was on my way to one of the two small congregations in Munich, Germany, on a cold, rainy day in November.

When I got out of bed I looked through the window which was covered with ice ferns. New deep snow had fallen during the night, covering the streets of the city. I tried to decide whether I should go to worship or stay at home and read my Bible. I knew the congregation would miss me, for I was the only song leader they had. On the other hand, I would have to walk a half a block to catch the bus to the building. I finally decided to go, but only because I was to lead the singing.

While I was riding the bus I noticed two people trying hard to make their path through the snow. I recognized the people and knew where they were going. They were brother and sister Trollman, a faithful couple who attended every service. Brother Trollman was a man in his 80's who had lost his eyesight. His only guidance was his 75-year old wife, who was lame in one foot. They lived in a little two-room apartment and received a little support from the government. Because they could not afford to ride the bus to the services, which were about three miles away, they walked to the meeting every Lord's Day. Here I was, sitting in a warm bus, unwilling to go to worship, forced by my duty as a song leader; and there, outside in the cold weather, were two old people driven by their love for the Lord. I was not able to do anything but blush. I was ashamed of myself and the weak faith and love I had proven for my Lord. I felt like an evil-doer in court being judged by his own conscience. This old couple, without their knowledge and without one word, taught me a greater lesson than could ever have been said in words.

--Author unknown (An American Soldier) via *Bulletin Gold*

# ***FIRST THINGS FIRST!***

I read a story about a man teaching a time management seminar. In order to get his point across, he brought out a large, gallon-size mason jar and a bunch of fist-sized rocks. One by one, he placed the rocks into the jar. After he was done, he asked the group if the jar was full. They all exclaimed that it was, indeed, full.

The man then pulled out a bucket of gravel and began to pour it into the jar. While he poured, he shook the jar so the gravel would settle between the large stones. Then he asked the group if the jar was full. Most had caught on and said no.

Then he pulled out a bucket of sand and began to pour it into the jar, filling the small cracks between the gravel. He asked the group again if it was full. One student sarcastically shouted, "probably not!"

"Good," the teacher replied. Then he pulled out a pitcher of water and began to fill the holes left by the sand. After he had finished, he asked the class, "What is the point of this illustration?"

One student spoke up: "The point is that no matter how full your schedule is, if you try really hard you can always fit in more stuff." The teacher replied, "No, the point is that if you don't put the big rocks in first, you will never fit them in."

We live such busy lives, it is important to make sure we fit the "big rocks" of life in first. If you don't make time for big things like family and friends, then there will never be enough time for them. But even more important is that we make time for God. If we wait until after all the work, daily tasks, and chores are done, we will find that there is never time for Him.

So take a look at your life. Are you making time for the big rocks? Most importantly, are you making time for The Rock?

--Luke Bower (Abilene, TX) via *Old Paths*