Joel Chandler Harris was a writer in the late 1800s. He grew up on a plantation in Georgia listening to African-American story-tellers. He collected these folktales and published them under the pseudonym of an African-American story-teller named Uncle Remus. These folktales were entertaining and often filled with great wisdom. Many regard them as racially insensitive. They are chiefly criticized for being too passive when it comes to the subject of slavery in the old South. This is a valid criticism since slavery was a vile sin that should never be excused under any circumstances. Still, it would be sad if these wonderful African-American folktales disappeared from our culture.

One of the best known of these tales was that of Br’er Rabbit and the Tar Baby. In this tale, Br’er Fox thought Br’er Rabbit was feeling too good about himself. So Br’er Fox decided to cut him down to size. Br’er Fox took a lump of tar and some turpentine, put clothing on it and constructed what looked like a tar baby. He placed his creation in the middle of the road. When Br’er Rabbit came along he addressed the “tar baby” amiably, but received no response. This irked Br’er Rabbit. He made two more attempts to get a response out of tar baby. Still no reply.

Br’er Rabbit was furious and he let his temper get out of control. He took a punch at tar baby’s jaw. And, of course, his hand got stuck in the soft tar. This made him even angrier. He punched with his other hand. Of course it got stuck too. Then he kicked the tar baby with both his feet and, of course, they also became hopelessly stuck. He was now totally helpless just as Br’er Fox planned for him to be. Br’er Fox threw Br’er Rabbit and the tar baby into the briar patch where, with much pain, Br’er Rabbit got loose. Hopefully this taught Br’er Rabbit a lesson about controlling his temper. (5)

I

A number of years ago, I used to meet with every candidate for confirmation and ask them two simple questions. The first was, “What is Pentecost?” and the second was, “What is confirmation?” I thought the questions would be simple for anyone who had spent two years preparing for confirmation. Particularly because their teachers spent a great deal of time in presenting Pentecost and in explaining what confirmation

was. Many of the Teens provided the answers that they were taught, but a significant number of them answered the second question by saying, “Well, to me confirmation is....” My immediate response would be, “I am not asking you what you think confirmation is. I am asking you what it is, period.”

I suppose that the “To me it is....” answers reflect the effort of educators to lead children to look into themselves to find a relationship between their lives and the world around them. That is acceptable in the area of psychology. It is not acceptable in considering reality. No math teacher wants to know the child’s opinion on what the square root of four is. No history teacher wants to hear the child’s opinion on who was the general of the confederacy who surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox, and so forth.

Sadly, it seems that when it comes to religion, many people resort to
relativism. They decide that they can determine what is a teaching of the Church, or what they feel is moral or immoral. You see this reflected in today’s Gospel. In this the third of five weeks on the *Sixth Chapter of John*, people who have heard Jesus say that He is the bread that has come down from heaven do not want to listen to his
teaching. Now this is after they had witnessed his multiplying the loaves and fish. This is after they heard about his walking on the water. This is after they had learned about the great signs Jesus worked in healing people. He had a wonderful teaching for them. He was offering them the gift of His Body and Blood.

But they did not want to hear it. They had decided for themselves who this Jesus was. “To me, the Jesus is just one of us. He can’t be giving us a new teaching,” they said using the *Ad Hominem* argument, the attack on the person instead of considering the statement that person made. And so, they refused to hear Jesus explain that their prophets had predicted that they would be taught by God. They would not consider that Jesus’ wonders were signs that He had come from the Father. They were not open to hear that those who believed in Him would have eternal life. They scoffed at His declaration that He is the Bread of Life. They did not want to hear that those who eat this bread will live forever. Not those who partake of a symbol but only those who partake of the Eucharist. They had decided for themselves what they would believe. As a result, they rejected Jesus, His Teaching, and His Gift of eternal life.

It reminds me of those who say that unless you profess Jesus as Lord and Savior you cannot go to heaven. So Abraham who is mentioned in Scripture as living after death shouldn’t be there. It is not man who determines who is in heaven it is God.

Many people are held captive to what Pope Emeritus Benedict XVI called the Dictatorship of Relativism. They decide for themselves what the truths of our faith are or what they should or should not do to live the Christian life. They may not say those words, but we witness this in people who treat communion as a sacramental instead of as a sacrament. A sacramental is a devotional object or practice to remind us of some aspect of our faith. Signing ourselves with holy water is a sacramental. It reminds us of our baptism. Receiving ashes at the beginning of Lent is a sacramental. This practice reminds us of our dependence on God. Sacramentals are useful, but are totally optional. The Eucharist is not a sacramental. It is a sacrament. It is the real presence of Jesus Christ uniting His Body and Blood to us and presenting us with Him to the Father. Communion is the Bread of Life that we need to eat to have eternal
life. Yet, some people will treat communion as a sacramental, an option that may or may not be received. So they say, “To me communion is something I do when I go to Church, but it is not necessary for me to receive communion; so I do not attend Mass every Sunday.” People simply relegate the teaching of Jesus Christ as inferior to their own perception of the truths of the faith. They are bound by the dictatorship of relativism.

This also takes place in the Church’s teachings on morality. Some people will say, “To me there is nothing wrong with two people who love each other having marital relations outside of marriage even though they are married to other people.” They refuse to accept the Church’s teaching on fidelity in marriage because it does not fit their own perception of morality.

The “to me this teaching means.....,” or “to me this or that is moral or immoral,” are the same faulty ways of understanding and living the faith that are reflected in today’s Gospel. Simply put, it is not up to us to decide what faith and morality is or is not. It is our obligation to learn what the Church teaches and to follow these
dictates. In doing this we are protecting ourselves from the relativism that renders all teaching superfluous, even that teaching which emanates from Christ Himself.

It takes great leap of faith to believe in the Eucharist. It takes courage to be Catholic. We pray today for faith.

Ii

I ’ve got a pop quiz for you today: how many steps does it take to walk around the world? Since we aren’t Jesus and can’t walk on water, we are excluding oceans and major bodies of water. Well, there is a website that measures such achievements as walking around the world. According to their calculation, it takes the average person around 20 million steps to make that walk. Can your Fitbit register 20 million steps? Or would it melt down after about 10 million?

Among the handful of people who have proof that they have completed this walk is Steven Newman, the first person known to walk solo around the world. It took him four years.

The first woman was named Rosie Swale-Pope, who at age 57 jogged around the world to raise money for various charities. She wore out 50 pairs of running shoes by the time she completed her run.

George Meegan “holds the record for the longest unbroken walk.” He traveled 19,019 miles in 2,425 days. (1) My legs are getting tired just thinking about these accomplishments.

There is a travel company in the United Kingdom called WorldWalks. They specialize in setting up walking and hiking tours all over the world. They hire experienced world travelers and hikers to serve as guides. However, there are a few walks that even their guides won’t lead. On their blog, there is a list of the five toughest walks in the world. These hikes are so challenging that you can’t even hire a guide for most of them. But you had better not walk them alone, because there is such a high risk of injury on these walks.

One of these walks is called The Snowman’s Pass in Bhutan, which is a tiny nation near the Himalayan Mountains. The Snowman’s Pass takes at least 20 days to complete, and even the most experienced hikers say that only about 50% of people complete it.

The other most challenging walk in the world is in Kalalau Valley in Kauai, Hawaii. This trail winds through jungles and under waterfalls and through steep, narrow passageways that are so dangerous that no guide will accompany you on this trip. If you choose to tackle the Kalalau Valley trail, you will have to walk it alone. (2)

I hate to disagree with world travelers and endurance athletes, but I think the hardest walk any person will ever take is the walk mentioned in our Bible passage this morning: walking in the way of love, in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

The Apostle Paul wrote this letter to the believers in Ephesus to teach them in practical terms how to be the Church. But how do you describe something that is brand-new, that has never existed before? The early church was made up of rich and poor persons, Jews and Gentiles, slaves and free folks, men and women. They were confronting centuries of prejudice and cultural differences. People who were completely divided by ethnicity, race, class, culture and gender were coming together to create a brand-new, never-before-seen movement.

And imagine how these new believers felt when they understood Paul’s background. Before Paul became a Jesus-follower, he was a member of the prominent Jewish sect called the Pharisees. The name Pharisee means “the separated one.” Pharisees separated themselves from the people around them by their religious devotion. And Paul’s commitment to the Pharisees drove him to persecute those who followed Jesus, even to the point of participating in the murder of a believer named Stephen.

So when Paul speaks about the life-changing, radical love of Jesus, people sit up and listen. And Paul is making the point in this passage that their commitment to Jesus doesn’t set them apart from others. In fact, he says, Jesus-followers will be known by how well they live in community with other people. (3)

If you were in Paul’s shoes, how would you get this diverse group to envision a whole new way of life? Paul did it pretty simply: by pointing them to Jesus Christ. He wrote, “Follow God’s example, therefore, as dearly loved children and walk in the way of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.” Basically, he pointed to three kinds of ways that we show the love of Christ.

**First of all, walking in the way of love requires an active love.** In Jesus’ life, love was a verb, not a noun. It was an action, not an emotion.

Almost 100 years ago, there was a Scottish pastor by the name of George Morrison who preached a sermon on the subject of “unconscious ministries.” He said that other people watch what we do more than what we say. Our attitudes and actions have a tremendous influence on those around us, even if we don’t realize it. By remaining faithful in hard times, by choosing our attitude, by humbling ourselves in a culture that glorifies self-promotion, by choosing to walk in the way of love, we are exercising an “unconscious ministry” that causes others to experience the presence of God. **(**4) To accomplish this may require us to undergo a radical transformation.

It’s like the transformation a certain coach sought to make in his football team.

The Gilman Greyhounds are a high school football team in Baltimore, Maryland. Back in the early 2000s, they had a coach named Joe Ehrmann. Under Ehrmann’s leadership, the Gilman Greyhounds went undefeated for a number of seasons and were the top-ranked football team in Baltimore.

But Joe Ehrmann’s main purpose wasn’t leading a winning football team. Joe Ehrmann saw his main purpose as teaching his players a new definition of masculinity. According to a profile of Ehrmann in *Parade Magazine*, he believed that true masculinity is based on “loving relationships and living for a cause greater than yourself.”

Ehrmann taught his players the ethic of servant-leadership, putting others’ needs before their own. He created a rule that if any of his players saw a student sitting alone in the cafeteria, then that player was required to join the student and eat with him.

Seniors on the Gilman football team were required to present an essay at the end of the year with the theme, “How I Want to Be Remembered When I Die.” (5)

Imagine the impact Joe Ehrmann’s example had on these young men’s lives. Imagine the impact these young men will have on society as they live out this ethic of servant- leadership in their families, their work, and their communities in the future. This is the kind of active love that Paul taught, and Christ embodied. Such people have a radical influence on society.

Quentin Hogg was a British educator in the late 1800s in London, England. He felt such compassion for the poor street kids in London that Hogg disguised himself as a shoeshine man and worked alongside them so he could understand their needs. He realized that many of these children were in desperate need of an education, so he began teaching them to read by using Bible texts. Hogg founded a training school for the poorest children in London to provide education, job skills and religious training.

Quentin Hogg once wrote to a former student, “We hear much talk about creeds, professions of faith and the like; but I want you to remember that when God started to write a creed for us, He did it, not in words that might change their meaning, but He set before us a life, as though to teach us that whereas theology was a science which could be argued about, religion was a life and could only be lived.” (6)

When God started to write a creed for us, He didn’t do it in words. He did it through the life of Jesus Christ. How did Christ live? He went out into the community, into fields and marketplaces and synagogues and homes to meet people where they were. By some estimates, Jesus walked over 3,000 miles during his three years of ministry. He wasn’t waiting for people to come to him, he went to them. He was always going out to preach and teach and heal and spend time with people. He put his faith into action and walked in the way of love. And that’s exactly what we are called to do today—to demonstrate an active love. But there is more.

**Walking in the way of love also requires a consistent love.** In the Bible, this is referred to as “steadfast.” It refers to love that is reliable and unchanging. The Christian life would be so much easier if God would let us define “love” any way we wanted to. We want to define “love” in terms that are conditional, emotional or circumstantial.

Conditional love says, “I will love you if . . .” or “I will love you when . . .” Conditional love says, “You’re not lovable yet. You’ve got to earn my love. Once you meet my standards, then you get my love.”

Emotional love says, “I will love you until my feelings change. Until I no longer get that spark when I see you. Until you make me angry or disappointment me.”

Circumstantial love says, “I will love you until our circumstances change. Forget about those old wedding vows of ‘for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part.’” Conditional love says, “I will love you until that love requires any sacrifice on my part. And then I’m out the door.” But God’s love,

as demonstrated through Jesus Christ is steadfast, unconditional, everlasting love. People will experience the presence and love of God when they see us walk in the way of love consistently.

There’s an old story of four religious scholars who were debating about their favorite translation of the Bible. One of them liked the King James Version. One of them liked the Good News Version. One of them liked a translation by a prominent German theologian. The last scholar spoke up and said, “I personally prefer my mother’s translation.”

The other scholars were amused by this statement until the man said, “She translated each page of the Bible into life. It is the most convincing translation I ever saw.” (7)

Walking in the way of love requires an active love. Walking in the way of love requires a consistent love. **And finally, walking in the way of love requires a sacrificial
love.** Verse 5: 2 reads, “. . . walk in the way of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.” A fragrant offering referred to grain, animals or incense that was burned on an altar to honor God. No one consulted a bull or a dove before killing it on an altar. The sacrifice did not get a vote in the matter.

Jesus could have had a vote in how his story would end. He knew that he would die for the sake of people who hated him, who rejected him, who abandoned him. He chose to be a sacrifice for us to show us just how much God loves us. And sacrificial love has been breaking open hearts and changing lives and bringing people to God for over 2,000 years now.

There is a mission organization in Grass Valley, California, called Christian Encounter Ranch. It is a residential counseling program for young people who come from backgrounds of “substance abuse, abandonment, neglect, and many forms of abuse and trauma.” Through outdoor activities, Bible studies, counseling and caring relationships, many young people find healing from their traumas and a new life full of hope and purpose.

Almost 40 years ago the board and staff of Christian Encounter Ranch came up with a unique way to raise funds for their ministry. They sponsor an annual 24-hour bicycle ride on the last weekend of July. It consists of twenty-four hours of bike riding through challenging nature trails in the hottest part of the summer months in California. It’s no surprise that this unique fundraiser is named the Agony Ride. Every year, the Agony Ride raises thousands of dollars for ministries at the Ranch. (8)

Mikenna Kossow is a former resident at the Ranch. Now she participates in the annual Agony Ride. She says, “I struggled with feeling loved, seen, and important when I came to Christian Encounter Ranch as a student. During my first Agony Ride experience, I was amazed that complete strangers who didn’t know me or the other students would put themselves through complete, well, agony, in order to make sure we could experience the healing we needed and could feel the love of Christ from [being in] community. I ride to show current students that they are not alone, that someone cares about their healing, and that they are deeply loved.”

The Executive Director at Christian Encounter Ministries, Nate Boyd, says, “Many of our residents have wrestled their whole lives with a haunting question: does anyone actually care about me? The Agony Ride answers this with physical, indisputable evidence. It stirs up hope that life may be worth living after all, and it provides the means to pursue that hope.” (9) How about you? Could you ride the Agony Ride?

In our passage for today, Paul invites us to walk the Agony Walk—the walk Christ made to the cross in our behalf. You can invite people to church, you can study your Bible, you can participate in community ministries, you can do all kinds of things to tell people that you are a follower of Jesus. But if you walk in the way of love, you won’t have to tell them. They will know by your active love, by your steadfast love, by your sacrificial love.

You may not realize it, but you are surrounded every day by people who are silently asking the question, “Does anyone actually care about me?” And if you choose to walk in the way of love, then your words, your actions and your attitudes will serve as physical, indisputable evidence that there is a God whose love for them is unconditional, consistent and sacrificial. This is the kind of love that’s been changing lives for over 2,000 years. You can offer hope and healing to a world that is broken and struggling. And it all starts with your commitment to walk in the way of love.

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4. “The Power of the Midnight Song!” by Maynard H. Belt, Baptist Mid-Missions @Laugh & Lift - http://www.laughandlift.com/ MONDAY FODDER, http://family-safe-mail.com/.

5. “He Turns Boys into Men,” by Jeffrey Marx, *Parade*, August 29, 2004, pp. 1-4. 6. Fosdick, Harry Emerson. *The Meaning of Service*. Unknown. Kindle Edition. 7. Biblical Illustrator.
8. https://agonyride.org/.

9. “More than a fundraiser: Annual Agony Ride changes lives” by Jennifer Palmer, The

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agony-ride-changes-lives/.

ChristianGlobe Networks, Inc., Dynamic Preaching Third Quarter Sermons, by King Duncan

III

Have you ever noticed that it is very difficult to escape your reputation? Once people have an image of you in their minds, it is very difficult to change their perception.

Back in the 1940s, a highly popular advertising jingle for Chiquita Bananas ended with the line: "Bananas like the climate of the very, very tropical equator, so you should never put bananas in the refrigerator. No. No. No. No." We're told that the only reason the word REFRIGERATOR was mentioned in the jingle was that it rhymed with EQUATOR. The company wanted shoppers to be reminded that the bananas came all the way from Central America. The truth was ” and is-that bananas can be put into the refrigerator, yes, yes, yes, yes, and indeed last longer if they are cold. However, that didn't matter in the forties when refrigerators were tiny and the majority of women went grocery shopping almost daily. What mattered then was that people loved the Chiquita jingle, sang it everywhere, and bought lots of bananas. (The jingle became so popular, recordings of it appeared in jukeboxes. And the U.S. government borrowed the tune for a song about conserving water during World War II.) However, what had seemed to be the perfect ad campaign began costing the company sales in the fifties when the suburbs boomed, refrigerators doubled in size, and shopping became a once-a-week event. Shoppers would buy a dozen apples or a dozen oranges but only three bananas because they "knew" that bananas should never go in the fridge. The company tried in vain for years to counter the jingle's message but finally gave up. (1) Once people had a certain image in their mind they did not give it up very easily.

One of America's best loved comedians, Jack Benny, very carefully cultivated the image of being a tight-wad. That image was so carefully cultivated that everyone assumed it was real. Benny did nothing to discourage it, because it gave him a ready device for comedy.

One day he was having lunch with Edgar Bergen of "Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy" fame at the Brown Derby. Benny demanded the check. The waiter feigned surprise and said, "Mr. Benny, I'm surprised to hear you ask for the check."

"So am I," Benny said, "That's the last time I'll ever eat with a ventriloquist." (2)

Once people think they have you figured out, it is difficult to change their perception. Jesus ran into this. He lived in a small town, in a small country. People knew his mother and father. They may have even known him in his role as a carpenter. Perhaps he had built a piece of furniture for them or replaced a handle on one of their favorite tools. After all, he did not begin his ministry until he was thirty. For most of his adult life he labored in a carpenter shop. Can you imagine how people responded when suddenly he proclaimed himself to be the one prophesied by the prophets? We read in today's lesson that his fellow countrymen began to grumble about Jesus because he said that he was the bread that came down from heaven. They said, "Is this not Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose mother and father we know?" We can appreciate their disbelief for we have done the same thing to people. We put them in a box. We assign them to a category. We know where they came from, we know who their parents are, we know where they went to school, we can tell by their accent or by their appearance about their background and we make certain assumptions. And because we make those assumptions, we treat them in a certain way. Maybe, if we are a teacher, we subtly overlook them in class. If we are a police officer, perhaps we are a little more aggressive when we pull them over to the curb. If we are the president of the company, perhaps it slants the way we regard them when it comes time for a promotion.

Oh, none of this is intentional of course. We may not even be conscious of it. It simply saves our brains the time and energy of sorting out people individually. So, we sort them out by category. "I know who you are. You are Mary and Joseph's son. You're from Nazareth. That's farming country, isn't it? People are a little slow there. Well, maybe we can find a job for you that's not too taxing mentally." Do you think such things do not happen? Then you are naive. That is the way the human brain operates.

**Be careful when you judge another person's potential.**Anytime you write anyone off without giving them a fair shot, you may be mistaken.

Robert Schuller once asked one of his colleagues, "What's one of the most vivid memories you have of going to school as a child?" Here's what his colleague told him:

"In the third grade, we were asked to stand up in front of the class and say what we wanted to be when we grew up. Now, I went to a fairly strict school, and every time you were asked to stand before the class, it was a pretty serious matter. I remember very distinctly one girl who stood up and said, I'm going to be a movie star.' As I remember, there wasn't anything special about this girl. She wasn't very pretty. Her grades were average, some of them were even below average. She didn't come from a wealthy family. In fact, the only thing I really remember about her was the class laughing at her. The whole class laughed at her. And I remember she just stood there smiling, as if she knew something the rest of us didn't. I don't remember ever seeing that girl again in school. Now I see her all the time. She's one of the biggest stars in Hollywood. Every time I sit in the movie theater and watch her up there on the silver screen, I think, She was always so proud of who she was. She had a dream she always held onto.' Back then," he concluded "they laughed at her. Now they pay to see her. I'm glad I didn't laugh." (3)

They laughed at Jesus. "Bread from heaven? We know where you came from. You're Mary and Joseph's son." Be careful when you judge anyone else's potential.

**Be especially careful when you place people in a box because they belong to a particular group.** Long-hairs ” short-hairs ” gray-hairs ” minorities ” ethnics ” yuppies ” Xers. There are so many factors that determine a person's success in life. Intelligence ” talent ” determination ” desire. External characteristics are a tiny portion of the equation.

People put Elizabeth Blackwell in a box. The box was labeled "woman." Elizabeth had a dream, back when dreams for women were very circumscribed. Society thought that dreams were fine things, except when held by women. But Elizabeth Blackwell had too much gumption to care what society thought. So she set out to realize her dream of becoming a doctor. She applied to eight medical schools and was rejected outright. But one school, Geneva Medical School in New York, finally accepted her. Elizabeth didn't know that the professors had admitted her because they thought it would be great fun to watch a woman struggle and fail at learning. After consulting the other students, they agreed to admit her as a joke. But only Elizabeth was laughing when she graduated at the head of the class. She traveled to Europe and studied at the finest medical schools there, but on her return to the States she couldn't get into medical practice anywhere.

So Elizabeth set up her own clinic in a slum neighborhood of New York. In spite of frequent harassment, she kept the clinic going, caring for the poor, the immigrant, the people at the bottom of society. When the Civil War broke out, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell began training nurses for the battlefield. She trained scores of women nurses and sent them to the front lines to nurse the wounded, and even to save lives. By the end of the war, women nurses were an institution in American society. No one gave them a second thought. Dr. Blackwell's legions of women nurses had gained the social acceptance that she had worked so hard to earn. And in 1868, she was able to open a medical school for women. She spent her last years in London, training women nurses and women doctors. Thanks to her efforts, barriers of prejudice came down and women became accepted members in the field of medicine. (4) That is a story that can be told over and over again. We do people a great disservice and we limit what they might offer to society when we prejudge them by their gender or their color or their accent or any other surface characteristic. What counts is a person's heart. And here is where Jesus can help us all. **With Christ's help we can all be more than we ever dream.**

It makes no difference where we come from or how we look or talk or who our parents are. We are all children of God. We all have more potential than we can ever exhaust. And there is One who can help us so orient our lives that we can overcome every obstacle. Christ is bread for the world. When we feed on him we find we are able to accomplish more than we ever dreamed possible.

Tracey Bailey stood before the judge with his head held high, his jaw set defiantly against the sentence the judge was about to pronounce. The words of his high school wrestling coach echoed in his mind: "Don't you ever hang your head. Don't admit defeat." And Tracey wouldn't hang his head, not before his ashamed and heart-broken parents, not before his shocked community, not before this judge, and certainly not before God. No one would see his pain.

The citizens of Goshen, Indiana had been stunned to learn that Tracey Bailey ” captain of the wrestling team, member of the student council, good student, from the church-going Bailey family ” had been one of the teens involved in the devastating vandalism attack on the local high school. He had fallen in with an unruly group who used alcohol to fuel their frequent petty vandalisms and thefts. But one night, the boys, in a drunken frenzy, had broken into the high school and torn apart whole classrooms. Now the judge wanted to hold them up as an example to others with similar mayhem in their blood. Tracy was sentenced to a five-year term in the juvenile offenders facility. Originally conceived as a lesser form of penitentiary, this facility now held hardened criminals, even murderers and rapists. It would not be a slap on the wrist.

In prison, Tracey was determined not to bend an inch. He would be tough. He would never admit defeat, no matter how much he was hurting. But during a stint in solitary confinement, Tracey happened to catch sight of himself in a mirror, and the sight shocked him. He didn't just look hardened. Deadened was more like it. And he knew that the deadness would keep reaching down past his countenance into his very soul. All his toughness melted away, and tears began to flow as he prayed to God and admitted his defeat. There was no one else to turn to, and he couldn't rely on his own reserves anymore. Tracey doesn't know how long he prayed, but he does know that God heard him. One of his guards approached him and offered him prayer. Someone else gave him a Gideon Bible. And soon he joined the prison Bible study.

When he was released early from the center, Tracey worked for a few months to pay off his debts and make restitution to the school he vandalized. Then he entered college, studying for an education degree in science and math. He decided that he would pay back society by becoming a good role model for other confused young people. He would become a teacher. I guess you could say he reached his goal. In April 1993, Tracey Bailey attended a special ceremony at the White House where the President awarded him the National Teacher of the Year honors. (5)

What is your dream? Don't tell me the strikes you have against you. "I'm too short. I'm too tall. I'm female. I'm Hispanic. I didn't go to a very good school. My parents didn't have the money to give me all the advantages." Don't tell me about the obstacles you have to overcome. Our God is able to overcome any obstacles. Don't tell me where you came from. All that matters is where you are going ” and Who is going with you. If the man from the tiny town of Nazareth is with you ” the man who spent most of his adult life in a carpenter's shop ” the man who was laughed at because they knew his father and mother ” the man who now reigns with the Father in glory ” if that man is going with you then hold on for a great adventure. But on the way, make certain that you do not make the same mistake that others make ” of judging people on the basis of outward characteristics that have nothing to do with what's in their heart.

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2. Jack Benny, SUNDAY NIGHTS AT SEVEN, (New York: Warner Company, 1990).

3. Robert Schuller, POWER THOUGHTS, (New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 1993), p. 190.

4. Henry Steele Commager, CRUSADERS FOR FREEDOM (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1962), 20-27, p. 165-168.

5. "Lesson of a Lifetime" by Tracey Bailey, GUIDEPOSTS, April 1997, p. 14-17.

IV
A man came to work one day with a bad limp. One of his coworkers noticed and asked him what had happened.
The man answered, “Oh, nothing. It’s just an old hockey injury that acts up every once in a while.”
The coworker was surprised at his answer. “I never knew you played hockey,” he said.
The man explained, “Oh, I didn’t play hockey; I hurt it last year during the Stanley Cup playoffs. When I lost five hundred dollars on the final game, I put my foot through the TV set!” (1)
When we’re angry we do some pretty dumb things, don’t we?
You may have heard about the man who spent 31/2 hours enduring the long lines, surly clerks and insane regulations at the Department of Motor Vehicles. On his way home he remembered he needed to stop at a toy store to pick up a gift for his son. He brought his selection, a baseball bat, to the cash register. “Cash or charge?” the clerk asked.

“Cash,” the man snapped. Then apologizing for his rudeness, he explained, “I’ve spent the afternoon at the motor-vehicle bureau.”

“Shall I gift wrap the bat?” the clerk asked sweetly. “Or are you going directly back there?” (2)
We’ve all been there, haven’t we? I don’t mean to the motor vehicle bureau. But we’ve all been in situations when things were so aggravating that we haven’t known what we could do with our fury.

Paul addressed this very emotion in our lesson for the day from the Epistle of Ephesians when he wrote: “And do not grieve the Holy Spirit of God, with whom you were sealed for the day of redemption. Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander, along with every form of malice. Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you. Follow God’s example, therefore, as dearly loved children and walk in the way of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.”

What a supremely important word for the divided, angry world in which you and I live. Red states and blue, white people and black, rich people and poor--we
seem to be drifting farther apart. And here’s something that you and I can agree on: Bitterness, rage and anger are dangerous emotions.

Does the name Rudy Tomjanovich ring a bell with you? Tomjanovich was an NBA basketball player who was seriously injured and could easily have been killed by a punch thrown in a game by a fellow basketball player named Kermit Washington.

In a book titled simply The Punch John Feinstein tells the story of that tragic incident. On December 9, 1977, during an NBA game between the Los Angeles Lakers and the Houston Rockets, a scuffle broke out between several players at mid-court. Washington, who played for the Lakers, saw Tomjanovich running toward the altercation. Not knowing that he intended to break up the fight--

Tomjanovich had a reputation around the league as a peacemaker--Washington hit Tomjanovich with a vicious roundhouse punch. The blow, which took Tomjanovich by surprise, fractured his face and left Tomjanovich unconscious in a pool of blood in the middle of the arena. The punch nearly killed him, and resulted in severe medical problems that ultimately ended his playing career. Tomjanovich’s life was certainly shaped by that moment in a variety of ways, but “even more so, probably, this incident has shaped Kermit Washington’s life. He will forever and perhaps primarily,” says John Feinstein, “be known as the man who threw that punch.”

Though Washington had a good reputation off the court, he could not escape the notoriety that flowed from that act of anger and violence. He and his wife instantly became ostracized from many in their social circle. They had a two-year-old daughter, and Washington’s wife was eight months pregnant with the couple’s first son at the time of the punch. His wife recalls that she and the children were treated like pariahs after the incident. Her obstetrician refused her service because she was Washington’s wife, and her friends asked her what kind of person Washington was that he could commit such an act. Kermit Washington went on to have a solid NBA career, but he will always be remembered for that momentary lapse of judgment when he nearly ended a fellow basketball player’s life. (3)

Bitterness, rage and anger are dangerous emotions. Unfortunately, such
displays of destructive emotions are becoming almost routine in our
society.
Two shoppers in a supermarket got in a fistfight over who should be first in a newly opened checkout lane. An airline flight returned to a major American city after a passenger was accused of throwing a can of beer at a flight attendant and biting a pilot. One father in an eastern state beat another father to death in an argument over rough play at their sons’ hockey practice. A high school baseball coach in the South turned himself in to face charges that he broke an umpire’s jaw after a disputed call. All these events were reported by USA Today over the span of just a few months.

“Bad tempers are on display everywhere,” wrote reporter Karen S. Peterson. And who can doubt that it is true? The media is constantly reporting incidents of road rage, airplane rage, biker rage, surfer rage, grocery store rage, and rage at youth sporting events. This has led scientists to say the United States is in the middle

of an anger epidemic. This epidemic rattles both those who study social trends and parents who fear the country is at a cultural precipice. (4)
And now we have added a new and even more deadly form of violence--men and even boys with automatic weapons who take out their rage by killing scores of innocent people in churches, theaters, sports arenas. Where will it all end? Human beings are practically the only species on earth emotionally capable of killing their own kind. If any evidence were needed of man’s fallen nature, it is here. When “bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander” get hold of us, we are not only less than the angels, we are less than animals. Who among us has

not seen a normally intelligent, responsible human being act like an absolute idiot when out of control with rage? What is happening to us? Is there any hope that the carnage will end soon?
Even in our personal lives we see the damage caused by bitterness, rage

and anger. Joel Chandler Harris was a writer in the late 1800s. He grew up on a plantation in Georgia listening to African-American story-tellers. He collected these folktales and published them under the pseudonym of an African-American story-teller named Uncle Remus. These folktales were entertaining and often filled with great wisdom. Many regard them as racially insensitive. They are chiefly criticized for being too passive when it comes to the subject of slavery in the old South. This is a valid criticism since slavery was a vile sin that should never be excused under any circumstances. Still, it would be sad if these wonderful African-American folktales disappeared from our culture.

One of the best known of these tales was that of Br’er Rabbit and the Tar Baby. In this tale, Br’er Fox thought Br’er Rabbit was feeling too good about himself. So Br’er Fox decided to cut him down to size. Br’er Fox took a lump of tar and some turpentine, put clothing on it and constructed what looked like a tar baby. He placed his creation in the middle of the road. When Br’er Rabbit came along he addressed the “tar baby” amiably, but received no response. This irked Br’er Rabbit. He made two more attempts to get a response out of tar baby. Still no reply.

Br’er Rabbit was furious and he let his temper get out of control. He took a punch at tar baby’s jaw. And, of course, his hand got stuck in the soft tar. This made him even angrier. He punched with his other hand. Of course it got stuck too. Then he kicked the tar baby with both his feet and, of course, they also became hopelessly stuck. He was now totally helpless just as Br’er Fox planned for him to be. Br’er Fox threw Br’er Rabbit and the tar baby into the briar patch where, with much pain, Br’er Rabbit got loose. Hopefully this taught Br’er Rabbit a lesson about controlling his temper. (5)
Bitterness, rage and anger are dangerous emotions. A group of medical students years ago were tested for hostility by Dr. Redford Williams, professor of psychiatry and psychology at Duke University. Twenty-five years later, those with low hostility scores had about one-fourth the risk of experiencing heart disease than those with high hostility. When looking at death from all causes, only 2 percent in the low hostility group died in the years following those tests versus 13 percent in the high hostility group. (6) Bitterness, rage and anger are dangerous to those who have offended us, but they do at least as much damage to us as well.
One of the saddest outcomes of our inability to control our rage is the
damage it can do to those closest to us.
An article titled “Saving the Family,” in Newsweek magazine describes the American home as the most dangerous place to be outside of war and riots. Why does the article say this? Listen to these alarming statistics:
Thirty percent of all American couples experience some form of domestic

violence; two million couples use lethal weapons on each other each year; 20% of all police officers who are killed in the line of duty are killed in answering calls regarding family fights; it is estimated that 6 to 15 million women are battered in the U.S. each year--probably the highest unreported crime in the country. (7) Even in a much less violent level, relationships are damaged when we let our emotions get out of control.
Author and business speaker Ken Blanchard gives us a humorous example of
the effect of anger in his own life. He says that when his son Scott was a senior
in high school, he used to cause problems by parking his truck in the driveway of their home. Ken always told Scott to park the truck out on the street. Nobody could get in or out of their driveway because Scott’s truck was big enough to go to war.
One day, Ken came home to find Scott had not only blocked the driveway with his truck but had left and taken the keys to the truck with him. Ken was furious. Three hours later, Scott showed up and Ken was waiting for him. He stormed out of the house tight toward Scott and let Scott have it. He didn’t leave Scott in doubt about what he had done wrong and how he felt about it.
As Ken was walking back to the house, Scott raced after him and followed him into the kitchen. Scott said, “Dad, you forgot the last part of the reprimand, you know, the part about ‘You’re a good kid, I love you and this is so unlike you.’
In spite of himself, Ken cracked up laughing and they hugged each other. Ken Blanchard writes, his “Scott never left his truck in the driveway again and I got better at reaffirming at the end of a reprimand.” Then Ken adds, “Tell the other person how much they mean to you. Let them know by your words and actions that they are cherished. Praise them for what they do well.” (8)
Most of us are not Dr. Ken Blanchard. We are not as graceful in defusing a situation in which we have lashed out at a family member as he is. And we continually hurt those closest to us. The question is, is there any hope for us-- those of us who have difficulty with our anger?
St. Paul writes, “Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you. Follow God’s example, therefore, as dearly loved children and walk in the way of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.”
“Follow God’s example.” That is the only answer to “bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander.” Remembering how God accepts and forgives us when we do wrong is the surest way to let go of our anger when the actions of others disturb us. There is a man hanging on a cross, God’s own Son, who is testimony to the way God deals with those who disappoint Him. We need to follow God’s example and with His help let go of our anger and determine to deal with all people with His example of love before us.
A news reporter named Aaron Aupperlee once told a story about an angry man named Chris Simpson. After the loss of his first child, Simpson had a lot of bitterness, hatred and anger built up inside. To demonstrate his anger Chris, a 38-year-old garbage man and former Marine, joined the white nationalist

movement and had the words “PURE HATE” tattooed across his knuckles. But then Chris and his family watched a Christian movie titled

“Courageous,” and Chris began attending church. One month later he was baptized as a follower of Jesus Christ. “Any kind of burdens I carried before, I let them go,” Simpson said. “There’s no need to carry things that happen in the past. I forgave all those who wronged me and asked forgiveness from those that I
have wronged.”
Somehow by the grace of God Chris Simpson was able to leave his bitterness,
rage and anger behind. One sign of the change that occurred in his life is that
he’s going through the Freedom Ink Tattoo removal program. They are helping him take the word HATE off of his hands as God has taken it out of his heart. (9) You and I are not white supremacists, but sometimes we let bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander enter our lives. We know such emotions are dangerous to our well-being and to the well-being of those around us. We need
to pray for the ability to follow God’s example. Show kindness rather than anger, love rather than hate, forgiveness rather than bitterness. “Walk in the way of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.”

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