

Confession, a New Lease on Life

“Quit dragging your fishing pole,” I barked, and swatted my seven year old little brother across his cotton top. “What are you moping about anyhow?”

Obviously something was eating little Heath. He usually gabbed the whole way to the fishing hole. When he finally looked up from between those slumped shoulders his lips were curled like he’d ate our tube of crickets. I thought he was going to spew.

“You promise you won’t tell momma?” he gasped, fighting back tears.

What kind of question was that??? I immediately took it upon myself to explain how big brothers should always be trusted, and how he should be ashamed to ask such a thing. “Kin folk are thicker than Mississippi gumbo,” I pointed out.

His little eyes were searching me, and he was about to go for it, until I pushed a little too far, “Have I ever tolt on you before?”

With that, he threw the poles down and gritted his little silver front teeth at me. “I ain’t telling you nothing,” he huffed.

“Now wait a minute,” I argued, “What I meant was... I ain’t told on you lately.”

Lickety split he was spouting off a list of things I’d blabbed, and I admit, for a little squirt, he had a pretty detailed memory. I was relegated to pouting and pretending to have my feelings hurt. He remained tight lipped for at least another block before he finally blurted out, “I got five dollars out of momma’s purse and spent it playing Pac Man!”

My eyes got real big. His started watering. Five dollars was big money for us back then.

“Don’t tell momma,” he pleaded, “Promise you won’t tell...”

I was tempted to whirl around and pretend I was heading back to snitch, but he looked so sad, I couldn’t bring myself to do it. Instead, I talked it over with him like a good big brother. Once I’d made him feel real bad, I just left it at that.

We fished the whole day and had a great time. Little Heath seemed so relieved he’d gotten the weight of that sin off of his chest. It was like he had a new lease on life. We talked and cut up all day. Before we’d made it home that afternoon I reckon little Heath had told me most all his secrets. We were still laughing when the screen door slammed behind me and I yelled, “Momma, Heath stole five dollars out of your purse!”

Heath’s jaw flung open. I thought I saw smoke coming out of his ears. As usual he began looking around for something to throw. I was filling momma in on the details when I felt the sting of an empty tube of crickets against my skull. I was still rubbing the knot as I watched him get one of the worst whippings he’d had since the day he spray-painted our pet rabbit. It took almost a week before I could get him to trust me again.

But anyway- At first I thought I might use this illustration to explain how we need to use wisdom in deciding who to confide in. Yet, as I began to meditate on the subject, I began to realize, someone who airs his dirty laundry in the newspaper each week might not be the best one to speak on the subject. However, I would like to say a little with regards to confession.

If you tired of moping around, dragging a heavy burden of sin, the first confession you should make is to confess Jesus as your Lord and Savior. (*That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. Romans 10:9* KJV). For apart from Jesus’ redemptive work on the cross, there is no forgiveness of sins. Jesus paid your debt in full, but you must reach out to receive it, along with His Lordship. When you do, He’ll cast your sins as far as the east is from the West. He’ll hurl them into the Sea of Forgetfulness! His blood will wash them completely away. Then you can stand righteous before God, as a completely new creature in Him!

“Well,” you might say, “What if I sin again after that?” I’m glad you asked. Jesus is also the High Priest of our confession and our advocate. (*Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Hebrews 7:25* KJV)

If you sin... I mean when you sin, rush back to Jesus and confess it. Call on the mercy He promised to believers in **1 John 1:9**, (*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.* KJV) I’m telling you it’s a pretty good deal. It truly gives you a new lease on life.

Whoever else you confess to is your business. A risky business I might add.

-Guy Sheffield 9-20-06