

Jesus Asked, “Who Do You Say I AM?”

An eleven year old can get a mite fidgety out in the woods with a big 12 gauge laid across his knobby knees, especially knowing it's loaded to the gills with double-aught buck. Dad had good reason to bump me up to such a man sized gun though. I'd endured my BB gun years with only occasional window breakage. Shucks, my little brother Heath still had both eyes, and I hadn't shot him at all since I'd moved up to my .410 single-shot! Still, even as I pondered my own immense qualifications, I had to concede it was mostly because we were out of .410 shells. Dad wasn't going to miss the last day of the season to babysit me.

Dad wallowed me out a place in the leaves under an old oak that morning, and encouraged me he'd be back before dark this time. He gave me a gun safety lecture, but I admit, my mind wouldn't slow down enough to catch most of it. It must've been all that black coffee I'd snuck out of his thermos. Anyway, I do remember asking, “Why you got on so much orange today dad?” He replied you could never be too careful with all those rookie hunters out in the woods. I smugly agreed.

He'd no sooner headed off to his stand than I'd whipped that worn walnut stock up to my cheek and threatened every squirrel in the woods. I pitied the poor deer fool enough to walk past me. Looking back, I needn't have.

Sometime later that afternoon, after my caffeine crash, I jerked awake with several questions immediately coming to mind; like how did those deer tracks get there? I also began to question whether dad had said the gun's safety should be poked in or out. It began to worry me to no end. If dad came back and I didn't have the gun on safety he'd whomp me good. The more I thought about it, the more confused I became. If the red on the button was showing, did it mean stop, or fire?

After much reasoning I convinced myself I must've knocked the safety off during my nap. Everyone knows red means stop. So I reached down and clicked it back on. I slid my finger in that trigger housing to give her a little pull just to prove I was right when “BOOM!” The gun jarred clean out of my lap, and the blast nearly felled a big neighboring tree. I quickly gathered it back up, along with my eyeballs, and clicked that little button back the other way. I could've sworn I heard the sound of squirrels chuckling.

But anyway- Like the commercial says, “*Life comes at you fast.*” I've noticed it could leave you pretty quick too! I could've been killed. Maybe that's why I'm compelled to ask, “Who do you say that Jesus is?” I ask because it's a question dealing with *eternal* Life, and another case in which there's only one way to properly operate the safety.

A lot of religions acknowledge Jesus as part of their false teachings. They admit He was a great prophet, or say He was a good man. (They wouldn't want to be so ignorant as to belittle the impact His teachings have had on the world. After all, loosely tying in with the Truth often causes a lie to become somewhat more palatable.) Inevitably, however, upon closer study, you will find almost all cults and false religions refuse to acknowledge Jesus' deity, and deny His position as LORD. Can you walk in a gray area on this matter? Is there one? Would you really want to pull the trigger at this point?

In merely accepting Jesus as a good man many have already discredited themselves, and proven they cannot possess absolute truth. For, (*Jesus saith unto him, **I am** the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John 14:6* KJV.) It came from His own lips. Either these are the ravings of a lunatic, or Jesus is actually who he claims to be. He cannot be a good man and a lunatic! Who is He?

The Bible further says of Jesus, (*For it stands in scripture: “See, I am laying in Zion a stone, a cornerstone chosen and precious; and whoever believes in him will not be put to shame.” To you then who believe, he is precious; but for those who do not believe, “The stone that the builders rejected has become the very head of the corner,” and “A stone that makes them stumble, and a rock that makes them fall. 1 Peter 2:6-8* NRSV)

So I ask again, “Who do you say Jesus is?” Is He your solid rock, or the rock you're stumbling over? I hope you're not sitting there fiddling with that trigger while you're staring down this barrel of indecision. Let me help you. Jesus is who He claimed to be! He is the Messiah. He is the son of God, and He is God! He is our only safety, and unless you confess Him as your Lord and believe in your heart He was raised from the dead you will one day die and spend all eternity in hell. BOOM! There it is. The squirrel's out of the bag. The buckshot stops here. I hope this blast jars you to your senses.

-Guy Sheffield 8-24-06