

### **Be a Berean!**

*The Bereans...received the message with great eagerness and examined the Scriptures every day* (Acts 17:11). "Be a Berean" will regularly cover topics that arise during Lockport Alliance Bible classes. Contact Franklyn Pfeil—[pfeilmail@yahoo.com](mailto:pfeilmail@yahoo.com)—with questions or comments.

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### **"just between Jesus and me"**

We live on a rural road where the speed limit is 55. Does anyone drive 55?

Cars whiz by like it's an audition for NASCAR. My road is the Daytona of the North. On summer weekends, I hang the Stars and Stripes from the telephone pole in our yard. I was thinking of getting a checkered flag instead.

I don't even want Frankie and Eddy crossing the road to get the newspaper or the mail. They're 14 and 15 now, so you might call me over-protective. If you did, you'd be right. And I won't be changing anytime soon.

Frankie, Eddy, and I often run through the streets of Lockport together. When we do, I am constantly on them to watch the cars, to use their eyes and ears to protect themselves from traffic. Once, when nothing was coming, I made an intentional experiment. We were running fast. The boys were on either side of me. I started across an intersection, ran a couple more steps and then abruptly stopped.

Frankie and Eddy reacted, stopping as fast as they could. But their momentum carried them well into the intersection. I'd engineered the teachable moment.

"Don't ever cross just because you figure the other guy must have checked the traffic! You look for traffic yourself. If the other guy didn't check, but then sees something--it may be too late for you to react when he does. That puts you in the middle of the road, in danger, because you relied on someone other than yourself to be your eyes. You are responsible to keep yourself alive!"

On a Friday in late June, in the mid-afternoon, I pulled out of the LAC parking lot, on Davison heading toward Lincoln. As I went through the green light at Akron, I saw two boys on a bicycle ahead of me, one pedaling furiously and the other standing on the rear axle foot pegs. I got a kick out of the scene as I remembered the sense of release--the liberty--of those first days of summer vacations long ago, and those...

...slammed brakes squealing.

I missed them by inches, maybe millimeters.

If he even looked at all, the boy pedaling the bike must have had his view obstructed by his friend on the pegs. He'd cut abruptly in front of me. Had I not been reminiscing about boyhood, looking directly at them, I would never have reacted in time.

Not that I'm recommending this, but I swore under my breath and offered thanks to God simultaneously. Luckily, no one was close behind me. I collected my wits as the boys headed down the other side of the street. God had engineered the teachable moment, and I was going to deliver the lecture.

I pulled left into the driveway of the professional offices there, cutting them off. I jumped out of my car, grabbed the handle bar and yanked the bike to a stop.

The boys looked terrified of me as well as shaken by their close call. "I'm sorry," the boy who had been pedaling stammered, "I didn't see you."

"You have to see me! You are responsible for keeping yourself alive."

The incident spooked, shook, and scared me. As I replayed it in my head, another--deeper--teachable moment presented itself. So that night, as soon as I got home, I called Frankie and Eddy together. I told them how the boys on the bike got the same lecture--using the exact same phrase--that I'd given them when we were running.

Then I got around to the real lesson: "You are responsible for your spiritual life in the same way. A personal relationship with Jesus is just that--personal. That means that you don't have a relationship with Jesus because your Dad does, or your Mom does, or your brother does. You are born again and forever with God only if you personally--individually-- come to Jesus Christ. It's just between you and Jesus."

Frankie piped up: "So that means we're responsible to keep ourselves alive--forever."  
Followed by Eddy: "It's just between Jesus and me."

They're growing up. And they get it.

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It is our fervent hope that you will 'be a Berean' by attending one of these Bible-based classes this week! —

Behold--Sundays at 9:45

Having a Mary Spirit--Sundays at 9:45

Psalms for Guys--Sundays at 9:45