



## GO

BECKY COMBEE

When I first began teaching the Bible approximately thirty-seven years ago, one phrase from the Scripture rang constantly in my heart. "Go ye therefore, and teach." This word propelled me forward, confirming God's commission in my life. Although it came to me in a still, small voice, it seemed as powerful as an old-fashioned cannon. It was that strong. Those first few months of listening to this word became the foundation of my work for God.

Over time, this wonderful word "teach" was joined by the word "go". This word "go" transported us to Africa, Russian, Peru, and other parts of the world. We love to go and teach God's people in the name of the Lord, especially Bible school students. This is actually the easiest part of our work.

**Every member of the family of God has influence in THEIR world.**

The harder commission for me personally is to go and visit a neighbor. I remember well how much I struggled with baking a pie for my neighbor. Oh, it wasn't hard to bake a pie. It was simply hard to "go" and take it to her. I am an introvert, raised in a very sheltered religious environment, so making conversation with a neighbor seemed strenuous. I envy those of you who move in public with ease. If I need to "mix and mingle," it doesn't take me long to talk myself out of it.

Well, I baked the pie, walked next door, and sat down on my neighbor's sofa. Sitting there, I recognized the children in the picture on her piano.

## I AM HIS

SUZANNE D. WILLIAMS

*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. (Jn 14:12)*

**I am Mary.** A sinner seeking forgiveness, willing to risk everything to lay my pain at Jesus' feet.

Confrontation. I don't care that the Pharisee or his guests are watching. It's his house, and I'm in it, unwanted, unasked. This burden is too great and here sits a Man who can lift it. Commodity. This perfume I hold is worth great price, but for this act, it is his. Why do I need it anymore? Caresses. That I, a woman cast aside by society, kneel here, weeping, drying my tears with my hair, is all I know to do. But it comes from my heart in belief that He is able and He will.

I am Mary, overlooked by others, yet Jesus took me in and forgave me. In the face of opposition, negative talk, gossip, He brought me life. (Lk 7:37-50)

**I am Lazarus.** Dead ahead of my time, leaving my sisters behind, dear Mary and Martha who loved me. Wrapped in grave clothes, I'm laid aside, and thoughts of me are now memories, rapidly fading.

"Poor Lazarus," outsiders say. "It was a shame he had to go." "Poor Lazarus. If Jesus had been here, maybe he wouldn't have died." "Poor Lazarus, Surely, He could have saved him."

I am Lazarus, given up by others, yet through Jesus' tears, I've been resurrected. In the face of opposition, negative talk, gossip, He gave me life. (Jn 11:1-44)

**I am Jairus.** A ruler of the synagogue, A father,

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After some conversation, I learned they were her grandchildren. Years ago, I was their babysitter. They lived on my street in another city. Yet there I was that day in their grandmother's living room, sharing the joy of her grandchildren – children I knew. I learned a valuable lesson about obedience.

Now, I know that when God said, "Go," He was speaking to every member of the body of Christ. His commission was not confined to missionaries, teachers, pastors or those dedicated to sharing the gospel message with the world. He was also talking to us, the church, about our neighbors, friends, acquaintances, and business associates.

Every member of the family of God has influence in THEIR world. We are recognized in our favorite grocery store, in the beauty or barber shop, and at the gas station. In these places and many more, our voices can declare the saving power of our great God.

We stand for God, simply acting like "real" Christians, expressing love and concern. A word spoken at the appropriate time becomes a doormat of welcome to the troubled, depressed, confused, and sick when their days are difficult. On that day, they will remember our kind words and our friendly faces and turn to us for help.

We are ordinary people, living our life for God, and we refuse to be "ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."<sup>1</sup> Therefore, we say, "Oh, Father, 'Grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness [we] may speak they word.'<sup>2</sup> That's what we want, Father. We want to boldly speak your words of life. We choose to represent you!"

God will give us boldness. He makes us fishers of men. Yet, fearfully, some ask, "What if they don't listen? What if they don't hear and respond? What if they turn their back on us and on God's glorious message?"

If that is your question, here is a word of encouragement. "What if they DO listen? What if they DO hear and respond?" Yet my main concern is not will they hear God's message, but, "Will I boldly tell God's story?" Well, I know I can! I can tell them what God has done for me, and I know if I speak of His great love and salvation, He will touch their heart. He will invite them to come to Him, and I am a messenger of this truth!

<sup>1</sup>Ro 1:16 <sup>2</sup>Ac 4:29



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pleading for my daughter's life. Willing to risk my reputation on her behalf, if only the Master will come, pray for her.

Desperation. Here is someone who has performed miracles. I know He can do this. Dedication. Those around me say she's dead, beg me to not bother Jesus anymore. Denial. But Jesus says, "Don't be afraid. Only believe," so I will deny death the right to exist.

I am Jairus, receiving my living child with open arms. In the face of opposition, negative talk, gossip, Jesus poured out life. (Mk 5:22-23,35-42)

*Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Mt 25:37-40)*

**I am a child of God.** A human in a world full of people like Mary, Lazarus, and Jairus. People wanting to live and love in health and peace.

Consecrated. Set aside by Jesus' own instruction to do a greater work than He did. To raise from the dead, to share forgiveness, to the downtrodden, the neglected, the abused. Committed. I will stand boldly for what I believe in, minus the religiosity that says I shouldn't, ignoring the world's standards that shift and alter every day. Chosen. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mk 16:15) Everyone, leaving none out, no matter how poor, how rich, how misled, how hateful, how confused.

**I am a Christian.** A son or daughter of the Almighty, extending His love to any who contact my life. In the face of opposition, negative talk, gossip, Jesus, through my actions, offers life.