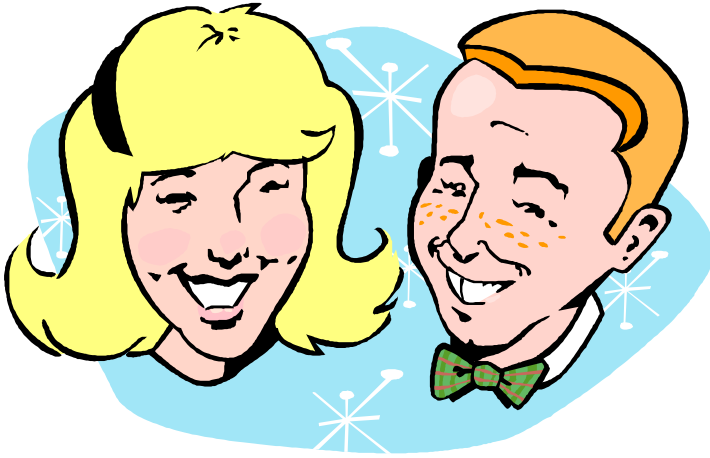


Booklet 19

Helps for Young People



Body and Soul

I Just Wanted to Party

Compiled by Hervey Bay Gospel Chapel for its young people

Body & Soul

for your physical and spiritual health

"For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

— Psalm 139:13-14

1987, two out of every three teenagers got at least 20 minutes of vigorous exercise three days a week. Today, it's just one out of three. If you're not on a sports team, be sure to find some way to get a good workout a few times a week. Ride your bike. Join an aerobics class. Walk the dog. (Just walk him fast!) Whatever. Don't just sit there!

Now that you're back in school, you might wanna sleep late on Saturdays. But don't sleep too late. Sleeping late—when you usually get up early—can actually throw your body's "clock" out of whack.

Barb Whitehead

pro golfer

EARLY START: Barb, a golfer since the age of 8, is a former high school state champ and college All-American. But she struggled on the pro tour for a while before breaking through in 1995 with her first victory, the Hawaiian Ladies Open. And there's a cool story behind that. Read on ...

QUITE A TALENT: One Sunday morning in February of '95, Barb's pastor told the Luke 19 story of the wealthy man who let his slaves invest his money. After the sermon, the pastor gave everyone in the congregation a \$10 bill to invest for three months. Then, they'd put the money they'd earned toward an upcoming missions project. Barb's \$10 went to the application fee for the Hawaiian Open—which she ended up winning, pocketing \$82,500! A big chunk of that prize went toward the missions project.

NO FAVORITES: Barb believes that when it comes to sports, God doesn't care who wins or loses. She says, "I don't like it when athletes say, 'God is on my side, and that's why I'm successful.' I can see why non-Christians get turned off by that. I get turned off by that. It's not true. That's not the God I serve. He doesn't show favouritism to one person or another, whether it's the president or a homeless man."

Sources: LPGA, Sports Spectrum

Don't make these typographical errors. And don't use the fact that it is a foreign typewriter as an excuse.

We pray that our people will jumble themselves.

Child care provided with reservations.

If you need to heave during the Postlude, please do so quietly.

Mark your calendars not to attend the church retreat.

The visiting monster today is Rev. Jack Bains.

We are always happy to have you sue our facility.

The activity will take place on the church barking lot.

I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me, even though he diets, yet shall be live.

Palm Sunday: Our regular service will be gin at 11:00 a.m.

I Just Wanted to Party

How Christ changed my life

by Luke Walther

Silence. That's what I remember about the Saturday morning ride to the courthouse with my dad. Not a word for the half-hour drive that seemed to last forever.

When we got to the courthouse, I soon found myself standing before a judge, listening to charges against me: "Battery and assault. How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

How else could I plead? I *was* guilty, and so was everybody else involved in the fight. As far as I knew, everybody who'd been there had gotten fined and ticketed for assault and battery—and just because a few guys from a rival school got beat up pretty badly and their parents started asking questions. Of course, the questions led back to me and my friends.

Knowing others had gotten caught didn't ease my parents' pain and anger. They didn't care much about who else got in trouble. What mattered most was that their "good Christian son" had messed up in a big way. Unknown to them, this hadn't been my first fight, and it wasn't the first time I'd done stuff against their values. It was just the first time I'd been caught.

When I'd started my freshman year in high school, I was typical teenager who'd been brought up in a Christian home. When I was around 6, my dad explained how I could "ask Jesus into my heart." So I did. And why not? After all, I loved my parents and they were Christians. So why wouldn't I want to be one, too?

Then I got to high school. It wasn't like I suddenly tossed out my beliefs and went crazy. I just started spending time with a group of guys who weren't from my church. The thing was, they were cool, fun guys to be around. They were also a bad influence on faith and my values.

At first, I thought I could just be around them and not do some of the stuff they did. But by late fall of my freshman year, I was drinking and partying with the rest of them. I was also lying to my parents. Well, it wasn't that I exactly lied. I just never told them what I was doing.

I also kept going to church. I don't think it was all about fooling my parents, either. While that may have been part of it, church was a normal part of family life. I even brought some of my drinking buddies to the small group Bible study I attended. And while my parents were clueless about my lifestyle, I was honest about it with the guys in my small group.

Along with studying the Bible together, we'd also talk about our personal lives. During those conversations, I'd sometimes say things like, "I believe in God, but just don't want to give up all the fun I'm having. This is important to me right now. When I get to college, I'm going to clean up my act."

Since I'd always planned to go to a Christian college, I really believed I'd straighten up and change after high school. I just didn't want to change *right now*.

My Christian friends weren't judgmental, which is why I felt free to be open with them. But they did try to convince me that I'd only experience real happiness by living for God. I just shrugged off their comments, believing there was no way I could have any fun "acting" like a Christian.

Then came that fight and court appearance during the spring of my junior year. But even after that experience I wasn't ready to give up my old friends and lifestyle. I was, however, ready to look into colleges I wanted to attend. And that created a big problem. Since I was applying to a Christian college, I asked the leader of my small group to give me a letter of recommendation. He said he'd only do it if I'd go on a two-week summer missions trip.

Blackmail. That's what it was. The last thing I wanted to do was give up two weeks of partying for a boring missions trip. But I really wanted his recommendation, so I finally gave in and went.

During the trip, we did a lot of hard work helping this needy church in Alabama. I was also surrounded by Christians who wanted to be totally committed to God. And they even seemed to have fun!

After a few days, I actually began to feel the Christian life wasn't nearly as boring as I'd come to think it was. Group prayer and worship actually became something I looked forward to. Even shovelling mounds of dirt into wheelbarrows became something I wanted to do. Serving others made me feel good about myself.

By the end of the trip, I'd become excited about living for God. I went home totally changed. And it was a change that had come from God. All I did was go on one trip—and I did so reluctantly. God did the rest.

I knew if I was going to stay true to my changed life, I needed to take a stand as soon as I got home. And I got my chance to do just that—in a very big way.

Shortly after we returned, a lot of Christian students in my hometown held this big evangelistic outreach event. I was asked to get up on a stage and tell my story. I swallowed hard and simply said, "Sure. Why not?"

So one Sunday evening, I found myself standing in front of a few hundred students—including most of my old party friends—telling my story. I talked about the change Jesus Christ had made in my life, and about my desire to put God first.

Most of my old friends walked away from the event shaking their heads and believing I'd been brainwashed or gone crazy. Even though it was hard taking a stand, I know it was the right thing to do.

I'm now a freshman in college, and I'm glad I turned my life around while I was still in high school. Life as a Christian is just so much more enjoyable and fulfilling than a life of partying. And living for Christ isn't boring. I have a lot of fun—but good fun that won't leave me feeling guilty, embarrassed or full of regrets.

4 Ways to Prove God's Not Boring

Maybe you have friends who feel like Luke once did—that Christianity is one big yawner. Or maybe you're the one who feels that faith is about as exciting as a box of Kleenex. Whichever describes your situation, we encourage you to try out these four boredom busters.

- 1. Read Psalm 150. And read it with *feeling*, because that's obviously how it was written. Here's a psalm that's about getting totally psyched about worshiping a God full of power and greatness. Check it out and get excited about worship!**
- 2. Go on a missions trip. Luke's mission trip was back-breaking, life-stretching and life-changing ... but not *boring*. Check with your youth pastor about trips available through your church or denomination.**
- 3. Spend time with a Christian who's not bored. Yeah, we know there are some Christians out there who are about as exciting as a sea slug. And these people just don't seem to get it. But there are a lot who do get it—who are totally pumped about knowing Jesus! These people know what they believe and why they believe it, and this makes them crazy about their faith. Spend some time with this kind of Christian. Listen to them talk about their faith. Have them explain why God is so cool. Chances are, a little bit of the excitement will rub off on you. And if you're already excited about your faith, what are you waiting for? Get out there and let somebody see how much fun "Jesus freaks" really can have!**
- 4. Spend time with Jesus. Here's a guy who told off Satan right to his face (Luke 4:1-13); who brought people back from the dead (Luke 8:40, 50-56; John 11:38-44); who took a jog on the surface of a choppy sea (John 6:16-20). Does this sound like a boring God to you? And that's not all! Read all about**

this anything-but-boring Lord and Saviour in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

Jesus Christ—the God who became man—really is the reason faith is one exciting trip toward eternity. So get to know him better, and hang on for the ride of your life!

—Chris Lutes

HAM AND EGGS - A day's work for a chicken, A lifetime commitment for a pig

AFTER EDEN

