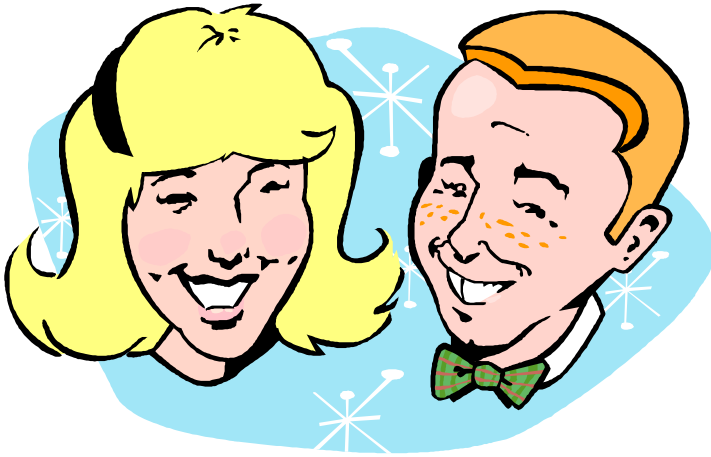


Booklet 8

# Helps for Young People



**10 Things God Can't Do**

**Paul Wasn't a Christian**

Compiled by Hervey Bay Gospel Chapel for its young people

# 10 Things God Can't Do

by Maise Sparks

- 1. God can't get tired.**  
**Have you not known? Have you not heard? The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, neither faints nor is weary.**  
—Isaiah 40:28
- 2. God can't take on a job he can't handle.**  
**Ah, Lord God! Behold, you have made the heavens and the earth by your great power and outstretched arm. There is nothing too hard for you.**  
—Jeremiah 32:17
- 3. God can't be unholy.**  
**And one cried to another and said: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory!"**  
—Isaiah 6:3
- 4. God can't be prejudiced.**  
**In truth I perceive that God shows no partiality. But in every nation whoever fears him and works righteousness is accepted by him.**  
—Acts 10:34-35
- 5. God can't break a promise.**  
**My covenant I will not break, nor alter the word that has gone out of my lips.**  
—Psalm 89:34
- 6. God can't remember sins he's chosen to forget.**  
**I, even I, am he who blots out your transgressions for my own sake; and I will not remember your sins.**  
—Isaiah 43:25
- 7. God can't make a loser.**  
**Now thanks be to God who always leads us in triumph in Christ.**  
—2 Corinthians 2:14

**8. God can't abandon you.**

**Be strong and of good courage, do not fear nor be afraid of them; for the Lord your God, he is the one who goes with you. He will not leave you nor forsake you.**

**—Deuteronomy 31:6**

**9. God can't stop thinking about you.**

**How precious also are your thoughts to me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they would be more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with you.**

**—Psalm 139:17-18**

**10. God can't stop loving you.**

**Yes, I have loved you with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness I have drawn you.**

**—Jeremiah 31:3**

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THE BACK PEW - JEFF LARSON



Finding true happiness and success without God is as futile as a dog chasing his tail.

THE BACK PEW - JEFF LARSON



After Elijah defeats the prophets of Baal, Jezebel threatens his life, and Elijah feels defeated, and afraid for his life. Note that God is not angry with Elijah, and sends an angel to care for him.

# Paul wasn't a Christian. I was. So why was I dating him?

by Crystal Kirgiss

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*The first time I saw Paul—I mean, really saw him—was during my senior year of high school.*

*Actually, I'd seen him plenty of times before. He'd been in all the school plays and musicals, and I'd either watched him perform or been in the shows with him. We'd been in choir together, and we had some mutual friends. But we'd never really noticed each other. Until*

...

One day, as I watched Paul walk into the room, I really saw him, like I'd never seen him before: a great-looking guy, dark hair, broad shoulders, gorgeous smile, tons of talent. My eyes followed him across the room as he headed to his seat. Then he looked my way and noticed me noticing him. It wasn't as sappy as a movie scene, but when he flashed his great smile at me, I knew I had a killer crush on him. As it turned out, Paul was interested in me too.

It wasn't long before we started going out.

From the beginning, I knew certain things about Paul. I knew he wasn't a Christian. I knew he didn't go to church.

I knew he drank and partied on weekends.

I knew the girl he'd dated before me had a reputation for sleeping around.

I was a Christian. I went to church regularly. I didn't drink or party. And I had no intention of sleeping with anyone before marriage.

Paul was everything I wasn't.

My eyes were wide open about what kind of guy Paul was. But they were blinded to what I was getting involved in. And at the time, I didn't have any hard-and-fast rules about dating non-Christians.

Within a few months, I had moved way beyond liking Paul and felt that I really loved him. When we were apart, I thought about him all the time. When we were together, I couldn't think about anything else—not God, not my family, not anything but him.

I'd always felt there was nothing extraordinary or spectacular about me or my life. My family was quiet, normal, plain. My dad had a blah job. We lived in a blah neighbourhood where all the blah houses looked alike. When I looked in the mirror, I thought I saw a blah person. I thought my life was boring.

But now, there was something exciting in my life. This attractive, talented, popular guy cared about me. He didn't think I was in any way ordinary or plain or boring. I got caught up in feeling important, loved, special.

Besides, Paul was a great guy. He was compassionate, caring, funny, kind. He would have been a great Christian, if only ...

If only he didn't drink. If only he didn't think sex outside of marriage was OK. If only he believed in God.

"But I do believe in God," he'd insist. "Just not the same way you do."

Paul came to church with me sometimes, but he was totally uninterested in the whole thing. By then I was so caught up in our

relationship and seeing things in such a distorted way, I missed the obvious: Paul just wasn't interested in Christ. Instead, I'd think, *Man, he must really care about me. He doesn't even like church, but he's willing to try it just to make me happy.*

This type of skewed thinking began to happen more and more.

Once, Paul and a group of our friends were headed to a party I knew my parents would never let me attend. But I desperately wanted to be there with Paul, so I told my parents I was going to a movie with a girlfriend—and then headed to the party. At the party, I thought about how great Paul was because he never teased me about being a non-drinker, and he never once tried to get me to drink. I never thought about the fact that I'd lied to my parents about where I was going.

On the outside, I hadn't really changed. I still went to church, still read my Bible, still did well in school. I still didn't drink or have sex. I still loved God, still loved my parents, still cared deeply about trying to follow the values I believed in.

I thought things were the same.

But deep down inside, things had changed, and it took me awhile to realize it.

That fall, I left home for a Christian college eight hours away.

After only two weeks at school, I found a ride home, jumping at the chance to see Paul, who was then a senior. I didn't even tell my parents I was coming home. When I showed up at the front door, I told my parents that the main reason I was home was to see Paul, not them. I'm sure I hurt their feelings, but at the time, I didn't care.

Two weeks later, I found another ride home. I wanted to go to my high school's Homecoming, but I mainly wanted to see Paul.

I constantly called him from college; I didn't care if my parents freaked out when they got the long-distance bill.

I wrote long letters. I stared at his picture on my nightstand.

I was consumed with Paul, and with what I thought was genuine love.

But the opportunities for rides home soon disappeared, and after a month or so of not being with Paul, I started to see things more realistically.

Several things helped me do that. First, my dorm held a seminar about dating, marriage and the true meaning of Christian love. I decided to check it out with all the girls on my hall. Second, I went out with a Christian guy at college a couple of times. We talked openly about our faith and even prayed together. That never happened with Paul. Third, I talked to some friends about Paul, and they helped me see that he had become the focus of my life. I'd given our relationship more importance than my family and my faith.

Finally, I saw something I'd been missing all along. Paul and I didn't share the most important thing in life—a deep love for Christ. What Paul and I had wasn't at all what God had in mind for a dating relationship.

I knew I had to call Paul and talk to him honestly, telling him the things I'd learned about myself and about my faith. I had to tell him I couldn't put my relationship with Christ on hold any longer; it was time to put God back in the centre of my life. And I had to tell Paul I didn't think I could do those things and still be his girlfriend.

It wasn't an easy call to make. I still really cared about Paul. But I knew my emotions couldn't lead me any longer.

It was time to let God have control again, and time to start making decisions based on what I knew, not on what I felt.

I've heard people say, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." When I left for college and was absent from Paul, my heart grew fonder for the one I really missed and needed: God.

Thankfully, he'd been waiting patiently for my undivided attention all along.

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**WHAT DO MOST PEOPLE DO ON A DATE?**

Dates are for having fun, and people should use them to get to know each other. Even boys have something to say if you listen long enough. - Lynnette, age 8

On the first date, they just tell each other lies, and that usually gets them interested enough to go for a second date. - Martin, age 10

**WHAT WOULD YOU DO ON A FIRST DATE THAT WAS TURNING SOUR?**

I'd run home and play dead. The next day I would call all the newspapers and make sure they wrote about me in all the dead columns. - Craig, age 9