

Daily View

“But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called ‘today’” Hebrews 3:13

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Do you believe it?

I'm sure we've all experienced this: you're sitting around the table with some family members and they are telling stories about you to each other. The stories all took place when you were too young to remember them.

There are four such stories that I heard often when the family got together. For example, my aunt Ruby loved to talk about how I grabbed a box of Cheerios and when she reached down to get it from me, I started running away. The problem was the Cheerio box was open and upside down so I was leaving a trail of Cheerios throughout the house. She loved to tell that story but all I was thinking was, "I made a big mess."

Two other stories happened when I was four years old. Both took place on my grandparents' property in rural Patterson. According to my grandma, I got into a nest of hornets and got stung all over my face. The other was that I crawled through a fence into the neighbor's corral that a huge bull called home. The bull saw me ran toward me. My uncle Ernie saw it, jumped over the fence, grabbed me and pulled me to safety.

Ernie already was my favorite uncle because he was a star high school quarterback at Patterson high school. I even heard some boys talking once who said, "Man, if Ernie Myers was still our QB, we could win it all this year." I wanted to say, "Yeah, that's my uncle..." When I heard that he saved from being gored by a raging bull, he sealed his spot as my favorite.

The last story is one my mom told several times. We were standing at a corner waiting for the light to change. I fixed my eyes on a lady standing next to us and I blurted out, "why are you wearing a mask?" My mother was mortified, of course, embarrassed to tears. She went on to say that the lady was gracious, laughed about it and told mom it was OK.

I'm assuming that you have heard similar stories about your young pre-cognitive life. You have no way to fact check the

stories yet the stories circulate, and are retold often to different people. Some facts are included, some left out but the story is essentially the same.

Do you believe them? Maybe they made those stories up. But does that make any sense? Why would they do that? Why would they lie? I believe all these things happened because the people who told them are credible. In fact it would be much more difficult to disbelieve since all of these stories came from people of proven character. They are trustworthy.

Though I didn't see any of these things, I believe they saw what they said they saw and they told others about it because they found the stories interesting, humorous, intriguing or amazing. For example, they probably told the story about me being saving from the bull to register their admiration for my uncle Ernie who never told the story himself.

I trust that these accounts are true. What do you call that? Faith? That's it. Remember Jesus' words to Thomas after Thomas denied the words of his fellow disciples and said, "*I will not believe!!*" He didn't trust them. So Jesus gave him the proof he demanded, but then said,

"Put your finger here, and see my hands; and put out your hand, and place it in my side. Do not disbelieve, but believe." Thomas answered him, "My Lord and my God!" Jesus said to him, "Have you believed because you have seen me? Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed." *John 20:27-29*

I believe the disciples saw what they saw and described what they saw just as surely as I believe my relatives saw what they saw and described it. The disciples are credible witnesses. They even put their credibility on the line. They said after being threatened, "we cannot help but speak of the things we have seen and heard" (Acts 4:20).

That's faith. And think about it: we all have put our faith in someone or something, right?