

High School – A Weak Witness

Proverbs 29:25

The fear of man lays a snare, but whoever trusts in the Lord is safe.

During high school I attempted to witness for Christ, but I failed miserably. I was afraid of what people would think. At one point in high school a group of my friends were talking about some other young people in our church who were attending a prayer meeting before school. They had mentioned some things about them and were kind of critical of Christianity. Attempting to be bold I spoke up and said, “Hey I’m a Christian too.” My friends turned to me and said, “What? No way. You’re not a Christian. You do the same things we do, and you say the same things we say. You curse and swear just like we do.”

I know for a fact that I didn't curse and swear and I know I didn't do all the bad things that they did. But as I hung around them they identified me with themselves. They didn't see any difference between my life and their lives. That was an eye-opener.

I often prayed about that and told the Lord He was going to have to grant me boldness because I didn't have it. I knew how to witness. I knew the Bible pretty well and had memorized whole chapters. I could explain what Christ did for us when he died on the cross, but I couldn't do what other people did. I was a spiritual coward.

My brother David was in my same grade in high school. He is so different from me. He is a talker. I am not. He loved to meet new people. I did not. He had no fear of carrying his Bible to school and to speak out as a witness for Christ. Me, I was terrified to carry a Bible to school. A Bible doesn't belong in school. It's not like I would read the Bible at school. It was hard enough just to read all my homework assignments.

The only time I remember carrying my Bible to school was on the occasion in salesmanship class we were to give a sales pitch for some product as a speech. I couldn't come up with a good product to pitch but I thought maybe I could attempt to sell the Bible. The day came for my speech and I stood up before the class and put on my salesman act and huckstered the Bible. I praised it as the best selling book in history. I showed the beautiful leather cover, its flexibility. I talked about the content and the number of stories. In fact, I claimed to the class that the Bible contained every story imaginable. Then I asked the class to suggest a story they thought might not be in the Bible. They did, but for every story they came up with I could show them a Bible story with that theme. The teacher, a former Baptist minister, loved the speech and gave me an A+ on it.

Yet, to carry the Bible was difficult for me. On several occasions I attempted to imitate my brother by carrying my Bible to school but I always hid it under other books on my way to school or shoved it in my locker lest someone should see it. I was a very private Christian.