

# Just Carry Your Bible

## Deuteronomy 17:18-19

*He (the king) is to write for himself on a scroll a copy of this law, taken from that of the Levitical priests. It is to be with him, and he is to read it all the days of his life so that he may learn to revere the LORD his God and follow carefully all the words of this law and these decrees*

The process began. I decided one day that I was going to carry my Bible. I got ready for work. I packed my lunchbox I thought if I put it in my lunchbox no one would see it. I put my large Bible into my lunchbox and I walked out to the car, put the lunchbox on my seat next to me. As I sat there I lost my courage. I put it back in the house. I was miserable all that night, because I knew it was such a little thing to carry my Bible to work. Every day I would go through the same routine, but each night I tried I got cold feet. I would pick up the lunchbox, take the Bible out and put it back in the house.

In Luke 9:26 Jesus said

*"If you are ashamed of me and my words before this sinful and adulterous generation I will be ashamed of you before my Father in heaven and before the holy angels."*

That verse kept going through my head and bothered me. It bothered me that Christ might deny me before the Father in heaven.

Each day through that week I attempted to carry my Bible. I was under deep conviction. I needed to do this to break my pattern of fear. The process went on through five or six days. I would try to carry my Bible. I would put it into my lunchbox, get in the car and actually drive to work. Then I would sit in the parking lot praying God would give me courage. Then I'd fail. I would leave the Bible in the car and walk into work. All those nights I would feel guilty that I couldn't carry my Bible.

For most people that would not be big thing, but for me it was a huge thing. I was called to be a preacher, a missionary, and an evangelist, but I couldn't do it. I was too shy. I was afraid of people. I've never been a talker. It was always difficult for me to have conversations with strangers. I wouldn't know what to say if somebody asked me a question about the Bible.

One afternoon I was getting ready for work and I was determined. I was adamant. I'm going to carry my Bible. This time instead of carrying my big Bible I took a little New Testament, one of those little Gideon New Testaments. I put it

into my lunchbox. All through my half hour drive to work I was praying and telling the Lord I was going to be bold. I was going to be strong. I was going to carry my Bible to work. I was even going to read it during my breaks and lunch time. I got to the factory and I sat in the parking lot. I prayed and I prayed. I asked the Lord for courage. Then boldly I put that Bible in my lunchbox and closed it up. I closed the door on the car, locked and marched toward the guard shack. I got within 30 feet of the guard shack, I got fearful again, turned around and went back to the car. I threw my Bible in and walked to work. I said, "Lord I just can't do this."