



To Tell the Story

“Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa!”

Oh, the little boy rushes into the room, scrambles over all the stuff in the room reaching for Grandpa, scrambling up onto his lap.

“Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa!”

“Kenan! Slow down, slow down,” his mother enters the room, a smile on her face. “Grandpa isn’t as young as he used to be you know.”

“Grandpa!” Oh, Kenan looks into that wrinkled face – so many smile lines around his eyes. And, yes, many wrinkles simply from age. “Grandpa, tell me a story!”

And Grandpa laughs (he laughs), “Well, Kenan, what shall I tell you?”

“Tell me what it was like *before* – back when you were young.”

“Well...things were *different*...very different.”

Kenan looks up with his big brown eyes, waiting – waiting to hear the story.

And Grandpa continues, “Well, everything was perfect then. Not...not like it is now. Everything was better. The stars shone brighter. And the sun was happier. The plants, you’ve never seen leaves so green; and fruit never tasted so good.

“But the Maker, well, he gathered up dust, and he patted it together into a little mound, and he breathed into it. And then I opened my eyes! And I saw him – I saw his face! I can’t remember what it looks like now, but I’ll see it again someday. He promised.”

And Grandpa Adam told Kenan all the old stories: how it was in the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth, when God spoke the worlds into being.

And yes – Kenan *listened* to Grandpa Adam.

And then Kenan told his children, and his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren. And the stories were passed down, and they were *kept*. And they were *true*.

And then God used Moses to write the stories down. And they were still *true*. And generation after generation – hundreds, thousands of years – remembered these *true* stories that God saw fit to write down in the *exact* words he wanted because our God is a God of truth. And the stories he tells are *real* and *true*.

Until one day a father was working in his workshop, and his little boy walked in:

“Daddy, tell me a story.”

And Joseph set down his hammer and looked at his son and asked, “Well, what story do you want to hear?”

“Tell me how it all began.”

And Joseph looked into the eyes of his adopted son, the eyes of the one who began it all. And Joseph told little boy Jesus how it all began, “Well, in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”

See, our God tells us stories. And these stories are true, they're real – with real people and real emotions. These stories are *real*. And in these podcasts we'll revisit these stories that God has told us.

If you're familiar with these stories, I hope that they bring new light, fresh faces to that as you're reminded that these stories are real and true.

If you've never heard these stories before, I hope they grow an appreciation, and I hope you go back and read the originals in the Bible.

Because God is such a better storyteller than I am.

But I want you to remember:

These stories are true.
And these are just some of them.

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