

**From the
Horse's
Mouth**

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First-Person Biblical Fiction

Jim Snyder



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Unless otherwise noted, all Scriptures are taken from the *King James Version* of the Bible.

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They are feathers in my cap. Of course without their mother, Donna, I wouldn't have those four and my many grandchildren to bust my buttons over.

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Thanks, guys! I love you one and all.



Introduction

AS YOU READ the stories of these outstanding biblical characters, just imagine you are in the kitchen or on the front porch visiting with an old friend. It's good to be together again and to share memories of the good old days.

The old times begin to be relived in your mind on a pleasant summer evening as you sip your iced tea or other favorite beverage. Some are joyous recollections of days gone by. Still others are of some more trying times. But all remind you of the goodness of the LORD, and of his never ending grace.

It's your friend's turn to tell his tale of days gone by. You've heard the same story before, but only from others and how they saw it. So lean back in your chair, for you are about to hear it for the very first time *From the Horse's Mouth!*



Little Legs vs. Big Hope

I'LL NEVER FORGET the first time Jesus came to my house. It was a rather unusual day. Boy, some people really got upset because he came to have dinner with me. But that's all right. It was still a great day, and a good time to be alive.

I was on my way to collect taxes from those merchants who sat in the gates of the city with their wares. I usually got a good haul from them. They were suckers for authority. I may have been short, but I had the entire Roman government backing me up. In my book, I was a big man, a very big man. Ha! Ha! Ha!

There I was, as I said, on the way to collect some tax money. I noticed a rather large crowd gathering along the roadway. I had to check it out. This is the way it all went down:

From the Horse's Mouth

Humph! I thought. I wonder, what's all the commotion? Must be someone important to draw a crowd like this. Can't be Herod. Nobody likes him anyway. Can't be that John guy who wore the stinky camel hair tunic. Old Herod did him in a long time ago. Seems he lost his head over a woman.

Wow! What a crowd! Must be ten deep. If I could only see over them. Oh! Why must I be so short?

"Say, Alphaeus! What's going on? What's all the commotion about anyway?

"What do you mean, 'hurry'? I'm going as fast as my little legs will carry me. For crying out loud, Alphy, who's coming? Who can it be?

"The Master's coming.' Who do you mean by 'the Master'? Oh, you mean Jesus, the carpenter from Nazareth. He's coming? All right! Why didn't you say so? Yeah, I know he's been the talk of the town for two whole weeks now. Yes, Alphy, I should have known! Give me a break, will ya?

"I am hurrying, Alphy! Just wait for me! Wait for me!" My, oh my! Such short little legs I have. Why couldn't I have been born four and a half cubits with long legs?

The crowd is getting thicker. I'll never make it through to the front. What can I do? I want to see the Master, but I can't get through this crowd, nor can I see over them.

Now, Zack, take a deep breath and slow down. No need to panic. There must be a simple solution to this whole thing. You may be short on legs, but you're not short on brains. So just slow down and think for a moment.

Little Legs vs. Big Hope

Hmm... that's it! I've got it! If I hurry. If I run, I can get ahead of the crowd. There's that tree, the sycamore, in the next block. I'll climb it. It's by the edge of the road. I'll not only be above the crowd, but in front of it as well.

Hurry, little legs. Feet, get movin'! Gotta hurry! Gotta get goin'! There it is. I'm almost there. Oh boy! I forgot how high that first branch is. Perhaps if I jump I can grab hold of it.

"Oomph! Oomph!" One more time. Come on little legs, do your thing. "Oomph! Oomph! Oomph!" I'll never make it. He's getting closer. Oh! My! He's almost here. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?

"Oh, hi, Timotheus. My, that's a handsome donkey you have there. Better tie him to the tree. You wouldn't want to lose a fine animal like that.

"Yes, I'll be here for awhile. I'll keep my eye on him for you. No, no, no problem at all. Mind if I sit on him? Thanks! See you later."

Say, why sit on him? How about if I stand on him instead? Then I could reach that branch with ease. Yeah! That's what I'll do!

"Easy, big fellow. Hold still for old Zack. This is supposed to be painless—for the both of us. Steady, old boy, steady." Now if I can only stand up. "That's it. Easy does it. Almost got it. There!" Now if I can just swing one leg over the branch before my portable ladder moves. I'll have it made. "Phew! That was quite a task."

Wow! What a view. I can see over the heads of everybody. Why didn't I think of this before? Wait a minute. Where did he go? Where's the Master? Why

is everyone looking at me? I didn't do anything wrong. All I did was climb this stupid tree.

“Oh! Hi, Master. What do you mean, ‘come down’? I just got up here. Do you realize what a hassle that was?

“My house? Are you sure? You want to come to my house? Well, I guess it would be okay. You realize of course that I’m a Publican, don’t you? No, a Publican. Not a Republican. That’s right. I’m a tax collector. Not a very popular one either.

“Master, you know this could ruin your reputation? I’m honored, that’s for sure, but your comin’ to my house may not be such a good idea.

“Aw, what’s the big deal? Who cares what people think? You’re the Master. You can do what ever you want to do. Come on! Let’s go to my house! We can have dinner, and talk. I’ve lots of questions for you. Boy, do I have questions!

“Wow! This makes my day!”

The Spirit's Call

The Holy Spirit is calling.
He's calling to you today.
The Holy Spirit is calling.
Please don't turn your dear Savior away.

Can't you hear as He is calling?
He is calling to you today.
Can't you hear as He is calling?
Please don't turn your dear Savior away.

Come, yes come as He is calling.
Come as He is calling today.
Come, yes come as He is calling.
Please don't turn your dear Savior away.

He's calling to you.
Yes, He's calling to you;
Calling to you today.
The Spirit is calling.
Yes, He's calling to you.
Please don't turn your dear Savior away.

—Jim Snyder