

Thought for the Day 17th July - John Reed

Read Hebrews 2:14-18

When I was in my early teens, I was sent to boarding school in England, the school I had been at in Kenya not offering secondary education. In my second year there, we got a new English teacher. He wasn't a very good teacher. But he was a very good rugby player. In fact, not long before he joined us, he had broken his leg while playing for England in a test match, and he was still on crutches. Rumour had it that the school had employed him to (a) to a favour for a friend give him an income while he recuperated (remember, rugby was still amateur in those days), and (b) to coach the school's rugby team. Teaching, it seemed, was a far less significant concern.

Anyway, the next year, his leg now healed, he returned to playing, and soon made his return to the England team. And the day he played that first test back, I think the whole school was gathered around the old black-and-white TVs we had in the boarding houses, watching the game. Because he was one of us. He was out there representing not only England, but Christ's Hospital (that's the name of the school). As I watched him run down the wing and nearly score, it was in my mind's eye almost *me* out there running down the sideline, ball in hand.

In the old days, our warrior heroes went into battle to represent us. These days, it's our sporting heroes.

Jesus came to earth and took on human form *so that he could be one of us and represent us*. When he went to the cross and died, that was my death. When he rose again, that gave me a new lease on life. When he returned to the Father in heaven, that was in a very real sense me who now took a seat in the heavenly realm (Ephesians 2:6).