

STARS FOR SYLVIA

by

Dorothy C. Haskin

Copyright © 1953

CHAPTER SIX

WHY SAY "SAVED"?

AFTER CLASSES, Sylvia crossed the school grounds to the steps of the auditorium where she usually met Nancy. She looked around for her anxiously, wondering if Nancy was cross again. Apparently she was, for she was nowhere around.

Sylvia leaned against the building and thought of the fun she and Nancy had had together. Their special secrets, their high hopes of the future, the things she had said to Nancy that she wouldn't say to any other girl. It was too bad Nancy was touchy; but, remembering the joy on Claudia's face after she had accepted the Lord as Saviour.

Sylvia said to herself, "If I have to give up Nancy's friendship, then I have to! But, really, Nancy shouldn't be so touchy!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Sylvia caught sight of a black skirt. She glanced around and, seeing Sarah, asked, "Have you seen Nancy?"

"Yes. She's in my last class." Sarah stopped, a curious expression on her full-moon face. "I don't think she likes your talking religion so much. Sylvia, why are you so religious?"

"We all should be," Sylvia answered with conviction. "After all, we've all sinned and need the Lord."

"Why, we're all too young to have sinned!"

"No, we aren't. I've sinned."

"You've what?" Sarah's black eyes popped. "What did you do?"

"I don't mean I killed anyone. But we all do things we shouldn't."

"Oh, if you mean things like that, why sometimes I'm mean to Mama. So what?" Sarah shrugged her plump shoulders. "I don't like to do the dishes and if I'm disagreeable, Mama doesn't make me do them. But that's not a sin."

“What about ‘**Honor thy father and thy mother**’? That’s one of the Ten Commandments.”

“You can’t keep it all the time.” Sarah shrugged her shoulders again, tossed her long, thick black hair, and walked away.

“If only I could talk to her about the Lord!” Sylvia thought wistfully.

“Oh, Sylvia, I found you. I’m so glad.” Claudia’s voice broke into her thought.

“Oh, hi, Claudia.”

“Mind if I walk with you as far as my house?”

“No. I was waiting for Nancy but she seems to have gone on without me.”

Claudia threw her arm around Sylvia’s shoulder and they walked off the school grounds together. “There’s so much I want to know. How can a girl be sure she’s a Christian? And why do you speak of a Christian as being ‘saved’?”

“Because that’s what the Bible says about a Christian. It says in Romans 5:9, ‘**We shall be saved from wrath through him.**’” Sylvia was pleased to have an opportunity of explaining more fully to Claudia how wonderful it was to be a Christian.

“But how can we be sure we’re saved before we die and find out if we’re going to Heaven or not?”

“Why, er—” Sylvia hesitated; then she remembered the verse under the heading, “Those who seek assurance of salvation,” and she repeated: “‘**Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.**’ That’s John 5:24.”

Claudia let her arm drop from Sylvia’s shoulder and her face was serious as she acknowledged, “You’ll have to explain it to me.”

“All right. We’ll begin with the first word. “**Verily, verily**”, that means ‘*in truth*.’ Jesus used to say that when He was telling His disciples something especially important. “

“Goon.”

“Then He says, ‘**He that heareth my word.**’ Now, His Word is the Bible and you hear it, don’t you?”

“I’m beginning to. I’m trying to learn those three verses you told me. And last night, I dug up my mother’s Bible and when I went to bed, I started reading it.”

“Then that’s hearing the Word. Next He says, ‘**Believe on him that sent me.**’ You believe that God sent Christ, don’t you?”

Claudia walked a few steps thinking, before she replied. “It’s all sort of new to me, and I can’t say that I understand how God sent Christ; but I do believe that He did. Yes, I more than believe. I know He did. Why, no one else is as wonderful as Jesus. Look at all the churches that have been built in His name and all the people who worship Him. And besides—” her face glowed—“I feel different since I believe. Before that I was always discontented and grumbling, and now I’m happy inside.”

“Then you believe, and the verse says that he who believes ‘**hath everlasting life and is passed from death unto life.**’ What tense are ‘**hath**’ and ‘**is**’?”

“Why, present, of course, but what’s grammar got to do with my being saved?”

“Only this—that the verse says the minute you believe you have eternal life. Yesterday, when you knelt and told the Lord you believed in Him, God gave you eternal life right then and there. You don’t have to wait until you get to Heaven. You have it now.”

“**Hath everlasting life,**” Claudia repeated. “It sounds grand. And I believe it. I know something big has happened to me. Thanks for explaining to me.” Claudia stopped in front of her house.

“I’d ask you to come in, but I’ve got to clean the house. I want Dad to see that I’ve changed, so he’ll believe too.”

Sylvia nodded, knowing that Claudia must feel sad because her dad didn’t believe. With a heavy heart, she wondered how difficult he would make it for Claudia to live her Christian life.

“You don’t mind if I ask you questions, do you? You know such a lot.”

“Not half what I want to know. It wasn’t until I started telling you about Jesus that I realized how much there is to know about Him and how little I know. But when I don’t know, we’ll have to ask Miss Harper.”

“Okay. Well, I’ve got to step on it.” Claudia smiled and, taking the key out of her purse, she let herself into the house.

Sylvia walked toward her own home, thinking over the verse she had explained to Claudia. It seemed to have more meaning since she had explained it to someone else, and she thought, “I believe I’m getting the greatest blessing out of what I’m trying to tell others.”

After that, each noon Sylvia and Claudia sat on the steps of the gym and talked about the Lord. Claudia copied the entire list of verses Miss Harper had given. Sylvia thanked the Lord for Claudia’s friendship, because she most certainly didn’t have Nancy’s any more. When they met, Nancy acted cold and distant, and most of the time she went around with Marguerite.

Another person who occupied Sylvia's thoughts and prayers that week was La Von. She was so anxious for her to come to the youth rally. She felt that if La Von went out with Marguerite and Fern she would become even more interested in good times and be harder to reach for the Lord.

As long as there was a chance that she might come with her, Sylvia prayed that the Lord would arrange it. But whenever she said anything to La Von about going, she always answered, "I'll let you know Friday."

Friday, after supper, Sylvia knew that it was now or never. Either La Von was getting ready for her date, or she could go to the meeting with Claudia and Sylvia. She dialed La Von's number and when La Von answered, Sylvia asked, "How did things work out?"

"Oh, I might as well go with you," La Von replied in a flat, disappointed tone of voice.

"Claudia and I will come by for you," Sylvia offered, but as she put the receiver back in its cradle she knew that La Von didn't want to go.

~ end of chapter 6 ~

<http://www.baptistbiblebelievers.com/>
