

Margie's Special Day

by Narka K. Ryan and William S. Ryan

"Wake up, Margie. This is the day!" called Daddy.

"This is the day that the Lord has made!" sang Margie, as she rolled over and sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"That's an especially good song for today, isn't it? Today's the day you become a member of the church," smiled Daddy.

"I'm sort of scared to get up in front of the whole congregation," she said, covering up her head with the sheet. And then, as quickly jumping out of bed, "But it's what I want to do!"

"You'd better get moving then. We need to leave for church in forty-five minutes."

Daddy went on downstairs and Margie began to get ready for church. Today the minister would issue the invitation at the end of her sermon, as she did each Sunday. But this time Margie, and the other young people in her church membership class who had made a decision to do so, would come forward to become members of the church.

"Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God, and do you accept him as Lord and Savior?" Margie remembered that these were the words Reverend Baldwin said she would use to ask them to make the "Good Confession." She thought of the Disciples of the early 1800s who said, "No creed but Christ!" That meant her church didn't ask her to agree to any body of beliefs except for one thing—that she accepted Jesus as the Christ. It was exciting to be a part of a church that granted you the freedom to think for yourself and to work out your own beliefs. Margie had learned over these weeks in class that accepting Jesus as Christ was no light decision, however.

Margie sat down on the bed and began to brush her hair.

After the young people from the pastor's class had an opportunity to make their confessions of faith, they would be baptized. Margie had learned that her baptism would be far more than a simple act of obedience. It would be an outward symbol of her becoming a part of the body of Christ. Her baptism

would bring her into union with Christ and with other Christians. She knew that baptism is administered in obedience to Jesus' command. She had come to believe that there was something about the baptismal experience that would bind her in unity to all other Christians—whatever their class, race, or denomination. *That makes baptism pretty important*, she thought. She hoped she'd remember to go through the baptismal service just as Reverend Baldwin had explained it in class.

And then, a final part of the day's experience would be communion as a baptized Christian. There will be many, many times Margie will be at the table of the Lord to partake of the bread and the cup—symbols of the body and the blood—given by Jesus as a remembrance of his sacrifice for us and as a promise of his presence among his people.

Yes, this would be an important day in Margie's life. In baptism, she would make her covenant with Christ; in communion she would renew that covenant week by week.

"This is the day," sang Margie, as she came to the breakfast table. "I will rejoice and be glad in it!"

Let's Think About It

Why would baptism and communion be an important part of Margie's special day?

How would baptism and communion remind Margie of her covenant with Christ?

How do baptism and communion remind us of who God calls us to be as Christian people?