

Lamb of God



by Robert Prins

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“Great Bible Study! What did you think?”

“Great,” I replied. Actually, I hadn’t understood. It was about John the Baptist introducing Jesus using the description of a lamb as a zoomorphism. I didn’t know what zoomorphism meant.

“Sandwich?” Jeff shoved a plate and sandwich into my hand. I pulled back the top layer of bread to peer at the contents.

“What’s in it?”

“Lamb. Tastes great,” replied Jeff with his mouth full.

“I don’t eat lamb.”

“You’ve touched it now. I can’t put it back. Why don’t you eat lamb?”

“They’re cute,” I replied. “The thought of a gentle, innocent lamb being killed and eaten is unbearable.”

“I see,” said Jeff, taking another bite. Some chutney stuck to his moustache. I wasn’t sure whether to tell him about it or not.

Jeff continued. “Innocent, gentle and led to the slaughter, describes Jesus. That’s why John the Baptist introduced him as the Lamb of God.”

“Even more reason to avoid lamb,” I protested.

"Not really," Jeff said. "Your lamb died so you could enjoy its meat. You could refuse it, throw it away, and waste the life it gave, or you could eat your sandwich and the lamb's death will give you energy and life. Its goodness will live in you."

I couldn't see where Jeff was going. Was he coercing me to eat lamb against my will, or was there something deeper? Not knowing what to say, I said, "Mm-hmmm."

"Jesus is the same," Jeff continued, chutney glistening on his lip. "He was innocent and gentle. He didn't defend himself when led to the slaughter. He willingly sacrificed himself for our forgiveness and life. Like your sandwich, you could refuse to accept his sacrifice and make it worthless. But if you accept his sacrifice, he will give you everlasting life."

The penny dropped. Jeff licked his lips as he watched my understanding grow. His tongue found the chutney and removed it from his moustache.

"The teacher was trying to say that in tonight's study," I exclaimed. "I wish he explained it as simply as you!"

"Thanks," said Jeff. "I thought he would teach about the Passover Lamb too."

"Yeah?"

"The Israelites had to kill a lamb in Egypt on the Passover night."

"Uh-huh."

"They had to paint its blood over their door frames. The blood protected the people inside the houses from the destroying angel."

I nodded.

"Jesus is not only the Lamb of God, he is also the Passover Lamb. Everyone covered in his blood is saved from death. After the Israelites had eaten the lamb, they had strength to flee from Egypt and be saved."

I was mesmerized. I took a bite of my sandwich and thought about it. "Thanks, Jeff," I said. "I'll never look at lamb the same way again. Jesus, the Lamb of God. My Passover Lamb who died to take away my sins and give me life. I'm glad I came tonight," I said, as I finished my lamb sandwich.

"Me too," said Jeff.



Jeff and I were discussing the Lamb of God after Bible Class. You guessed it, we had lamb sandwiches for supper. But talking about the Lamb of God over lamb sandwiches makes for a very interesting discussion...

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