

# Entering In

*"Let us therefore be diligent to enter that rest..." Hebrews 4:11 NKJV*



# Entering In

John Howard

## Contents

1. A Curious Text
2. The Invitation
3. The Study Group
4. Digging Deeper
5. Nailed It
6. The Missing Text
7. First Day Texts
8. Any Day
9. The Warning
10. The Duel
11. The Change
12. Entering In

Copyright © 2022 by  
John Howard  
All rights reserved

Unless otherwise noted, all Bible texts are from the New King James Version (NKJV), copyright © 1979, 1980, 1982 by Nelson, Inc., Publishers.

## Chapter One – A Curious Text

“I don’t understand it.” Stacie had read the text over and over, looking at it from every angle, but still could make no sense out of it. It wasn’t that the text made no sense. In fact, the problem was that the text was so clear, and yet it seemed to collide violently with her current understanding of things, conflicting with what she had been taught all her life. All her life, she had gone to Sunday school. She had been raised up as a Christian and went to a beautiful church with a very wise pastor.

“Just ask him,” Becca had appealed.

“Okay, but I don’t see why I should have to ask. Really. Can’t I figure it out for myself?” I mean, wasn’t the Bible written for common people? If something made sense, did it really have to be interpreted by a pastor or church leader? Still, she couldn’t understand how her pastor, along with all the great Bible leaders of the world, could be wrong, while she, a mere student, could be right. Because of this, she hesitated to trust her instinct, so she resolved to wait one more day to speak with her pastor.

The next morning was perfect. Almost too perfect. It was one of those days when the world seemed so perfect that it made Stacie nervous in anticipation, waiting for some wicked wind to sweep over her life. She almost wished for it so she could stop wondering what was coming, but she decided to simply relax and enjoy the moment. It was nice. The feel of sunlight on her face. The cool late summer breeze. The scent of an approaching autumn. Stacie smiled as she entered the church.

After the service, the pastor was busy speaking with the various members of his congregation. Mrs. Van Buren was the last, but always being very long-winded, she lingered with the pastor for what felt like forever before she

finally drifted away. Finally, Stacie had an opening. As she approached the pastor, she smiled rather nervously. Uncertain how to bring up the subject, she began with small talk, asking about his wife and his week, but after a moment, she tried to break across that line that separated small talk from issues of a broader and more personal nature. Seeing the distressed look on her face, the pastor helped ease the chasm.

“Is something on your mind, Stacie? Anything troubling you that I can help with?”

“Well, there is one thing you might be able to help me with.” Stacie looked at him a bit sheepishly. “I’m sure it’s nothing, really.” Though she knew it was more than nothing. It had been gnawing at her for the past several days, ever since she had come across the text. “Honestly, I don’t know why I didn’t see this before. I must have read past this verse a thousand times, but something just struck me as odd when I was reading through the Bible one morning last week. I wanted to see if you could help me understand it better.”

“Sure. What verse? I’ll see if I can help you out.” Pastor Tim looked at her sympathetically.

“It’s not exactly a verse... Or rather... I mean, it’s not only one verse. Well...” She stumbled through her words, trying to figure out how to address the question. “I mean... it’s the Sabbath.”

“Okay, what about the Sabbath?”

“Well, last week, as I was reading through the Ten Commandments, I found that it said, ‘the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord’” (Ex. 20:10).

“Okay.”

“And then, out of curiosity, I went back to the beginning of the Bible, and it said that God created the earth in six days and ‘He rested on the seventh day from all

His work which He had done. Then God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it” (Gen. 2:2, 3).

“That’s right,” Pastor Tim confirmed.

“So... Isn’t the seventh day of the week Saturday?” Stacie stopped and looked up at the pastor. She noticed his eyes squint just a little as he appeared to be searching for a way to address the issue. “I mean, if the Sabbath is on Saturday, why does everyone go to church on Sunday?”

The pastor was unprepared for such a serious question. It appeared that he had expected Stacie to ask a question related to boys or dancing or parties or smoking or other teenage things that he was often confronted with. Still, he composed himself and began.

“That’s a very astute question, young lady. And it’s true. The Sabbath was on Saturday in the Old Testament. Under the Jewish dispensation, God’s people were commanded to worship on the seventh day of the week, but when Jesus died on the cross, a great many things changed. Among those things was the change of the Sabbath. You see, when Jesus died on the cross and then rose from the grave, the Sabbath day was changed to Sunday in honor of the resurrection under the New Covenant. That’s why all the churches worship on Sunday today.”

“That makes sense.” It sounded good, at least, and was enough to satisfy Stacie’s curiosity for the meantime. She smiled and thanked Pastor Tim.

“That’s what I’m here for. If you ever need anything, just let me know.” His sincerity touched her. For the moment, Stacie knew that he meant it. She felt she could really talk to Pastor Tim about anything, and this confidence in him seemed to solidify the answer he had given her in regard to the Sabbath. It seemed to calm her curiosity...for a little while.

## Chapter Two – The Invitation

The Ohio State Campus was calm over the summer. It was almost a ghost town compared to what it would look like in another month. Stacie enjoyed the momentary calm. She enjoyed taking classes over the summer for this very reason. Leaving her 19th Century Poetry class, she made her way across the oval, enjoying the warmth of the sun on her back, when she heard a familiar voice calling. Turning her head, she found Becca rushing up behind her.

“So, did you get your little problem resolved?”

Stacie shrugged. “Yeah, I guess it was nothing.”

“So, what did he say?”

“He said the Sabbath was changed to Sunday in honor of the resurrection under the New Covenant.”

Becca’s eyebrows crumpled. Hesitating momentarily, she awaited a further explanation, but when none came, she finally inquired, “What exactly does that mean?”

“I guess when Jesus rose from the grave, He changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday.”

“Really. Where does it say that?”

Stacie stopped and stood with a blank look plastered on her face before casually shooting back. “You know, I don’t know. He didn’t show me.”

“He didn’t show you?”

Becca’s tone of surprise didn’t seem to faze Stacie. She simply returned casually, “No, he just told me that’s what happened.”

“And you just believed him?”

“Becca. Really? He’s a pastor. He knows about these kind of things.”

“I just never thought I’d hear that from you.”

Stacie stopped and looked at her. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You always say that you won’t believe anything blindly. Just last fall, Ashley Johansson accused you of believing in God without any proof, and you made a big deal out of it, writing out a ‘Top 10 Proofs that God Exists’ list to show her the next day.”

“And?” Stacie was a bit unnerved by her insinuation.

“And nothing. I’m just a little surprised you’re going to accept this Sabbath thing sitting down, that’s all.”

“I’m not accepting this sitting down, Becca. He’s a pastor. He should know, right? I mean, what more proof do I need?”

Becca could tell Stacie was becoming visibly defensive, so she just shrugged, but her words had their effect. Stacie knew Becca was right. She had never taken anything else so blindly, just by someone’s word. Even among her well-learned professors, whom she often looked up to, she refused to believe everything they taught simply because they said so. And she absolutely despised it when people told her they believed something because it ‘sounded right,’ and here she had said that exact thing...basically.

As the two went their separate ways, Becca’s words lingered in her mind to haunt her. They gnawed at her through the remainder of the evening and into the next day, and she periodically found herself having little arguments with Becca in her mind, in spite of her friend’s absence, until she finally determined to do something about it. If she was to get any rest, she could not simply take the pastor’s words as fact. She would have to see for herself in the Bible where the Sabbath had been changed, even if it meant neglecting her school work for a season.

Resolving to find an answer to the Sabbath dilemma, Stacie knelt down in her apartment and said a simple prayer. “Lord Jesus, I need to know the truth on this subject

# HOPE TRACTS

\$3.99

ISBN 978-1-946602-41-1

50399>



9 781946 602411

[www.hopetracts.com](http://www.hopetracts.com)