

# “Sex and Dating Bible Story”

by Carol Duerksen

## MATERIALS AND ADVANCE PREPARATION:

- 1 Copies of the story below for each student.
- 2 Bibles for each student
- 3 Purchase enough small bags of potato chips so you have one for each student. Open the bags at the top and pour all of the chips into a bowl. Keep the bags.
- 4 Print cards or slips of paper with “The Truth About Sex” on them, one for each student. Put one card into each chip bag and glue them shut.
- 5 Pens

## SESSION OUTLINE

### FOCUS:

Pass around the bowl of potato chips and ask students to each take only one chip and eat it. Then ask if they would like to have the bowl passed around again. If they say yes, do so, but allow only one chip per person. Do this for several rounds.

*Discuss: Would you like to have more chips? How many more? The whole bowl? Is the statement “Can’t eat just one” true? Is it hard to stop with one chip?*

### CONNECT WITH THE BIBLE STORY:

Ask students to read the story on the handout.

Read the story from the Bible as found in John 8:1-11.

### REFLECT:

Hand out the bags of chips and tell students that the truth about sex will be found inside the bag. Invite them to open the bags and read the cards.

Ask students to write down their thoughts and reflections on what they have just read on the back of the card. Do they believe this to be the truth about sex? If so, why? If not, what do they not buy into? Encourage them to be honest. If they have questions about it, say so. Assure them that no one will see what they write.

## RESPOND:

Ask students to sit with the empty chips bag in their hand and think about the sex and dating issues that are concerns for them. Ask them to prayerfully **imagine** putting those concerns into the bag and sealing it up.

When you feel students have had enough time to do this exercise, tell them that you are going to collect those bags and take them home and pray for each one of them this week. Even though you may not know the specifics, you will be praying with the chips bags every day for them. Let them know that you are open to talking with them and listening to them if they want to share with you at another time.

Collect the bags and close with a prayer.

## FOLLOW-UP:

Pray every day with the chips bags next week, praying for the concerns placed in those bags by the students who were present in your session.

## GOD DREW THE LINE...AND I STEPPED OVER IT

By Leola Floren Gee

In dating, women are supposed to set the limits, and when we don't, whatever happens is our fault. Think that's a new concept? Take it from me—and my dating days were 2,000 years ago in the days of the Roman Empire—nothing much has changed.

The first time someone made moves on me, I wasn't entirely sure what was happening. Later I wondered: how am I supposed to put on the brakes when I don't know how to drive? How much is too much? How far is too far?

It was easier to think clearly when I was alone; when I was with someone to whom I felt attracted, my brain turned to mush. Before I realized it, I had slipped into a pattern of behavior that made me extremely popular with a certain group of men. Sometimes I felt empty after a make-out session, but don't let anyone fool you: it was still fun. I was wanted, and I found that satisfying.

"Don't you know what people are saying about you?" asked my best friend, Lydia.

"I don't care what people say," I told her, and although I did care a little, there's no getting back a good reputation once it's gone.

"What happens if the religious leaders find out?" she warned. "You can't keep secrets in this town!"

"I'm not the only one with secrets," I thought.

Sometimes I wondered. When had my heart begun to grow hard? I had changed, and not in ways I understood. The first time a date's hand had gently caressed my hair, I was thrilled...elated...dizzy with desire. Now it seemed routine—one more step toward the inevitable. I couldn't give up the attention, though. I wouldn't give it up.

One day I heard about a rabbi named Jesus who was expected to appear at the temple. I wanted to hear him, because I had heard he was different from the other rabbis; for one thing, they didn't like him, and I found that appealing. The other religious teachers held up the Scriptures as God's word on judgment—and so did Jesus—but in his version, the Scriptures were alive, and not just rules to be memorized and obeyed.

I had every intention of being in the crowd when Jesus passed, but one of the young men with whom I was acquainted stopped by, and I lost track of time. One thing led to another and...you know.

Suddenly, I heard a rustling at the door, and several angry men burst into my chamber.

"Harlot!" muttered one. I recognized them as religious leaders in the community, and fear washed over me like water from a poisoned well.

Two of them grabbed my arms—I had to beg to be allowed to throw on a robe—and they dragged me down dusty streets, the hot sand stinging my bare feet and the tears streaming down my cheeks. I was no prude, but the public humiliation was nearly more than I could bear.

Where were we going? What had they planned? The temple loomed in the distance. Was this to be my judgment day? Let it come. I was not alone in my sin. There were many who would share in my shame. I could hardly wait to name them.

"Here!" snarled a gruff voice. The hands that half dragged, half carried me cast me to the ground.

"Teacher," said one of the men. "This woman has been caught in adultery. As you can see, we caught her in the very act. Moses ordered us to stone such women; what do You say?"

My fate lay in the hands of a man whose face I could not see. He must be a man of some importance, but what did it matter? The whole city was against me, even those who had pretended to care for me. I was guilty. I knew it, they knew it. No one could be expected to speak on my behalf.

And no one did. I heard the sound of someone scratching in the dirt, and so I turned my head in that direction. A man wrote something with his finger, carefully forming symbols that I could not read, but they must have been powerful symbols, because the crowd's shouts turned to murmurs.

"But Rabbi, what shall we do with her?" said a voice.

"She deserves to be punished," argued another.

The man stood up straight and spoke firmly, "He who is without sin among you, let him be the first to throw a stone at her."

As I awaited the impact of the first rock upon my back, he stooped and wrote some more. I

heard the sound of feet shuffling, and later someone told me that my accusers left, one by one, beginning with the oldest.

At last, I was alone with the man, and for a moment, I wished that the stones had found their mark. I could hardly bring myself to lift my head and meet his gaze.

“Woman, where are they?” he asked. “Did no one condemn you?”

“No one, Lord,” I replied. For I knew this man must be Jesus, the rabbi.

“Neither do I condemn you; go on your way, and do not sin any more.”

I felt my resentment flush away in a torrent of tears. For I realized, when the man told the crowd that he who was without sin could throw the first stone, there was indeed such a man. It was Jesus. And he had chosen to forgive me, rather than to condemn me.

I’ve always relied a lot on feelings—more than I should. But this one thing I know: nothing feels as good as forgiveness.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT SEX

Jesus did not tolerate the sins of the woman caught in adultery, whose story is told in John 8. God’s Word sets limits in all important areas of life, and sex is no exception. In fact, crossing the boundary lines in sexual matters carries a variety consequences, some physical, some emotional, and some spiritual. Jesus would never have told the woman, “That’s OK. What you did is understandable. After all, you didn’t hurt anyone.”

That simply would not be true. Sex that occurs outside of marriage harms all parties involved, regardless of whether or not they feel “good” or “guilty” at the moment. One of the tricky things about sexual sin is that it does often feel good, and sometimes the negative consequences don’t become apparent for some time.

Here’s the little secret nobody tells you after those icky “wonders of womanhood” and “your changing body” videos in health class: consensual sex is fun. It’s exciting. And, it’s highly addictive. Once you’ve experienced it, chances are you’ll want more. If you’ll excuse a pathetic analogy, it’s a little like potato chips: It’s practically impossible to leave the rest of the bag alone once you’ve sampled one.

Any sin that separates us from God is serious, and sexual sin carries with it consequences that last a lifetime. The good news is, God is eager and willing to forgive when we repent, or turn away from our sin. God’s grace covers lying, stealing, murder, envy, greed...and every manner of sexual sin. When you accept God’s grace, though, remember Jesus’ instructions to the woman in John 8: “Sin no more.”

Sex can be great in its intended venue: marriage. In the meantime...stay away from the potato chips.