

I AM A PRINCE – PART I

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We Christians are indeed a strange lot. Most of us are, essentially schizophrenic (split personality). Some few times, times that I think of as my ‘sane’ times, I talk as though I am a child of THE King. I sing a song about royal blood flowing through my veins. I speak of being born a second time (what a mind breaker that is if you REALLY stop and think about it. Flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone. Our hymns actually ‘go there’ more than our preachers do. I suspect that many of our preachers feel it is their job to keep us feeling guilty, otherwise we might want to sin more and cease our ‘religious’ duties of contributing our nickels and noses to the congregation of their choice.

I do not ‘feel’ like a Prince. (What does a Prince feel like?) I do not look like a Prince. (What does a Prince look like?) How would I ever know whether I am a Prince or not! How does an earthly Prince know? His father, the King, tells him so. His family tells him. His mother tells him. So, all those who have authority over him, tell him the same thing and he grows up knowing –he is a Prince. It is this ‘knowing’ that causes him to ‘feel’ like a Prince and, ultimately, look and act like a Prince.

So, what about me? Does my Father say I am a Prince? I believe our Father speaks to us through scripture so let us look.

1 Peter 2:9 But you are a chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people belonging to God.

Ephesians 5:1 Be imitators of God, therefore, as dearly beloved children.

Ephesians 1:5 He predestined us to be adopted as His sons through Jesus Christ.

John 17 The whole chapter is too long for me to copy here but it is grand. In verse 20 Jesus says, “My prayer is not for them (His disciples) alone. I pray also for those who will believe in Me through their message. (that means me and, hopefully, you)

There are many more scriptures which reveal that, through the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, we can be born a second time. This second birth is the emerging of our Spirit with a ‘New Life’ giving power. We become new creatures, sons of the living God. Endued with His very own KIND of life. For lack of a better term we call this eternal life but the word eternal adequately defines the length but not the quality of this kind of life. This is what my Father says about every one of us who are being saved

by His life. We are a royal family. Jesus was the first born of MANY brothers.

So, our primary authority, our Father, says I am His son. He is the King of the entire Universe so that makes me a Prince in His Kingdom. Abba says so!

What about my mother? Does she tell me so? Who is my mother? For this present discussion I am naming the Church as my mother. This Church includes all believers of all times, some Baptist, some Catholics, some Presbyterian, etc. These, to me, represent my mother. Does my mother declare that I am her Prince? No, not really. Mother does not give very clear signals about this. The message I seem to get is that I am a dirty rotten scoundrel, just scraping by through grace. I don't deserve it but it looks like I might just 'make it'. I think my problem has been that for too many voices speak out for mother. These voices agree on some things, violently disagree on others. I am but a child and I get confused. Some voices tell me to follow rituals and traditions. Some say that salvation is by grace alone but pleasing God (Father) requires certain kinds of works. These voices do not even agree on what kind of work is required to please Father. The voices I enjoy most are the ones who know we are born again and purified by God's grace and the intimacy inherent in the truth, 'Christ in me is my hope'. Even these, very often, talk as though we will all, ONE DAY, be Princes. My Father, I believe, says that 'Now I am a Son of God and it does not appear what I shall be but I know that when I see Him I shall be as He is'.

This kind of confusion would not have bothered me so much if I had heard, above, beyond, and through it all that I AM A PRINCE. With a good many years of life behind me I now state, unequivocally, I AM A PRINCE. In many ways I feel like a Prince. No one accuses me of looking like a Prince. A true Prince has much to learn before he can be given the work and authority of a Prince.

[Authors note: I am using the word Prince without regard to gender. In Christ there is no Jew nor Greek, no male or female. All believers should regard themselves as a Prince regardless of the gender given them at the first birth]

In my Father's house are many workers who surround me. There are nursery workers, cleaners, cooks, laborers, accountants, and teachers. When they think Father is watching, they treat me like a Prince. Some of these love the King and believe it is their duty to be harsh with me. Some of these do not really much like the King, though they fear Him, and take delight in

being harsh with me. And there are some who really hate the King and will do everything they can to make me miserable.

But – I AM A PRINCE!! My Father the King says so. My true mothers says so, penetrating through the many voices appointing themselves to speak for her.

I have a great grandson named Issac. At the time of this writing Issac is 17 months old. I spend lots of time with him and I am one of his favorite toys. Issac walks into my house with a jaunty swagger that says ‘I own this place’. While there are certain limits, he pretty much does own it. He makes himself at home. This kid has never fixed a meal, never washed a dish, never swept a rug. He is a lot more trouble than help. What right does he have to enter my house without even knocking – even running to me for love and affection without even asking if it is all right? What right? He was born into it. It is his right by birth and his father’s will (great grand-father’s will also). So it is with me and, hopefully, you. I was born into the family of God. The creator of the Universe is my true Father and the Lord Jesus Christ is my elder brother. What did I do to earn it? Absolutely nothing! Do I deserve it? Ah, that question requires some thought.

God is the giver of this enormous gift. I am the receiver. In the eyes of the receiver, me, there is NO WAY I deserve it. It is the giver that chooses to whom He will give the gift. He chose me (and hopefully you) and so I must ‘deserve’ it. He is, after all, ALL WISE.

I AM A PRINCE. You may not believe it. You may think I am egomaniacal (crazy with ego). Think what you please. I am a Prince. Not just any old Prince of some weak, petty, isolated Kingdom. Read Colossians again. My Father, and through Him My elder brother, is the King of all Kings. The creator, ruler, and sustainer of all things whether natural or spiritual, seen or unseen. He is the Lord of all and I am a Prince in is Kingdom whether I know it or not, whether I believe it or not.

I AM A GREAT PRINCE IN A GREAT KINGDOM.

I am conscientiously trying not to dishonor my Dad!

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