

Panic Lesson 8



CHRISTIAN LIFE

Anything to photocopy? No

Here are the parts of this lesson:

- ◆ **Portrait Contest** *everyone sketches a portrait of another student, then all guess who it is and who drew it; need paper and pencils*
- ◆ **Parable of the Plants** *a reading*

MIXER

PORTRAIT CONTEST

This idea is a lot of fun, and works well as a mixer if the students don't know each other very well. Give each person a couple sheets of art paper and some charcoal or felt-tip pens for drawing. Then have the kids pair off and draw each other's portraits from the shoulders up. Give them anywhere from 15 to 30 minutes to work. Have them write the subject's name on back of each one.

After the portraits are finished, number them and hang them on the wall. Hand out sheets of paper and pens and have the youths move around the room trying to guess which portrait belongs to whom. A prize can be awarded either to the one who drew the portrait with the most correct guesses or to the one who guesses the most names right. You could also have them vote on the best portrait, the funniest portrait, and so on. *Kim Swenson*

READING

PARABLE OF THE PLANTS

This short story is loaded with discussion possibilities. Like most parables, it is most effective when you allow it to make its own point, rather than merely using it to buttress a point you're trying to make. Get students talking with open-ended discussion questions like these:

- **Complete this sentence: "The moral of the story is...."**
- **Which plant in this story do you most identify with?**
- **What kind of person might each plant represent? What attitudes or outlooks on life do you recognize?**
- **Which plants are more "Christian?"**
- **Can you think of any Scripture which might have application to this story?**

Stephen Bly



PARABLE OF THE PLANTS

One day a boy named Stu happened to be skipping by an orchard near his home and discovered six small plants all in a nice, neat row. He stopped and looked at each one very carefully. How droopy they each looked.

Being a curious and determined little boy, Stu marched up to the first plant and said, "Little plant, what's wrong with you?"

What's wrong with me? Why, nothing! This is the way I'm supposed to look. Surely you can see I'm the same as the others?"

"Well, yes..."

"Right! That's our nature. We have a limp growing habit."

Stu frowned a bit in thought and then walked over to the second plant. "Little plant, what's wrong with you?"

"Let me tell you what's wrong! First of all, this is crummy soil. I need an acid pH soil and this is alkaline. I need a place where I can stick my roots down deep and there's hardpan here. And who can get any sunlight while that big oak tree hogs it? Whoever planted me didn't know what they were doing."

"Hmmm..." said Stu and strolled over to the third plant. "Little plant, what's wrong with you?"

He pointed his longest, droopiest leaf to the others. "It's their fault. I was here first. I was the first to come up. There was plenty of room for me to grow, plenty of room for just one plant. Then they came. I told them by rights the water belonged to me and they disagreed. Sure enough, the water table soon dropped, the summer heat hit us, and it was too late. Now look at us. If they'd only get up and leave my property I know I could make it."

The boy politely thanked him and approached the fourth plant. "Little plant, what's wrong with you?"

But, the plant said nothing.

"Little plant, what's wrong with you? Little plant, what's..." Stu stood quite still. Now he realized the plant was dead. He shook his head and walked over to the next plant. "Please little plant, tell me what's wrong with you."

"Well, it looks tough now, but I know I can do it. If I just get a little water from over there and stretch out a bit in the sunlight and grow at an angle here, I'll have it licked. I can make it all on my own. I don't know about the rest of them, but I'm going to do all it takes to survive. I'll struggle, cut corners, squeeze – no doubt about it, I'll make it!"

"Good for you!" cried Stu. He hummed a snatch of a cheery little tune and then leaned down close to the last little plant. "Now, little plant, what's wrong with you?"



"Water! I need some water. But, there's no way to get it. Young man, would you be so kind as to fetch me some water and pour it around these parched roots? Then I'll firm up and be healthy and strong."

So, the little boy watered the sixth plant and it grew and grew and grew.