



Jesus Calls His Disciples

Luke 5:1-11

Tap, tap, tap, came the sound at the door of the gardener's riverside cottage. "I wonder if that is Gus, coming for training," Theophilus, said as he crossed the room and opened the door. "Hello, hello. Welcome," he greeted.

Rufus the Royal Messenger Dragon greeted Theophilus with three loud barks.

"So good to see you, good Rufus," Theophilus said with a smile. "My guess is you have another message for me? Well, speak on, royal messenger."

Rufus nodded and barked again.

"Young Gus, the Gallant is leaving? Where is he going?" Theophilus asked.

"Bark! Bark! Bark!" Rufus answered.

Theophilus looked surprised. "He's going home! He's going home? Why?"

Rufus barked a confused reply with a shrug.

"You don't know? No, right, how could you? Thank you for the warning. I shall look for him," Theophilus said as Rufus flew off towards the river.

Just then a Gus galloped down the lane and reigned in his horse right in front of Theophilus. Behind him, lashed to his saddle, was a packed travel bag. "Theophilus, you'll never guess what I have to tell you," Gus greeted as he slid from his horse. His foot caught in the stirrup and he flipped into a patch of green grass right in front of Theophilus. He quickly jumped up to face his teacher.

Theophilus looked at the young man for a long moment and then replied flatly, "You are quitting your training and going back to your happy little village."

"I'm quitting my training and going back to my happy little village," Gus stopped short then thought hard. "Wait a minute...how did you know?" He asked.

"A little dragon told me," The Gardener answered. "So, what makes you think you want to go home?"

Gus looked down at the ground. "Oh teacher, I'm just not good enough to be a knight."

"Is that so?" Theophilus asked, running his hand through his long, white beard.

"Yes. You see, I don't know the Bible by heart, I sometimes do wrong in God's eyes, and believe it or not, I'm not very good with this sword!" Gus explained as he tried to swing his sword. It fell to the ground with a great clatter.

"Not good with a sword? What a surprise!" The Gardener rolled his eyes. "So, let me get this straight, you don't think you're good enough to serve the King?"

Gus nodded. "That's it exactly! He's a perfect God and He deserves a perfect servant..." His voice trailed off sheepishly.

Theophilus leaned against the doorway and let out a hearty laugh.

Gus peered up surprised and confused. "Are you laughing at me?"

"Oh no, dear Gus, I'm not laughing at you..." Theophilus said. "It's just that no one, not me, not even Sir Praisealot, not even the first disciples were perfect! God doesn't call those who are perfect! God calls whoever He chooses."

"Yes...er... well that's another thing. I have never actually heard a voice from heaven calling 'Gus! Gus! I am calling you!' So I must not be good enough!"

"Oh, that." Theophilus sneered. "Not too many of us hear His actual voice. There are plenty of other ways to hear Jesus calling you to follow Him."

"There are?" Gus asked.

"Why yes. That's why we have the Bible—so we'll know God's Words and hear His call to us," Theophilus explained. "Why don't I show you." Theophilus took the Bible and turned to Luke 5. "Here we are. In this story, Jesus got into the tiny boat of a simple fisherman named Simon Peter. Jesus asked him to put out into the lake where he could teach the people. After Jesus finished, He told Simon Peter and his friends to put down their nets for a catch of fish."

"What did Simon Peter say?" Gus asked.

"Well, they had been fishing all night without a bite! But Simon Peter said to Jesus, 'Because You say so, I will let down the nets.'"

"Did they catch a boatload of fish?" Gus wondered.

"They caught two boat loads!" Theophilus answered. "They caught so many fish, both boats began to sink."

"Praise God, what a miracle!" Gus exclaimed. "So did they follow Jesus so He could catch more fish?"

"No, of course not." Theophilus replied. "Jesus said to them, 'Don't be afraid; from now on you will catch men.' So, they pulled their boats up on shore, left everything and followed Him."

Gus was shocked. "Oh...they left everything?"

"Yes, that's the truth. They left everything and followed Him."

"Did Simon Peter leave his boat?"

"Yes. He left everything."

"Did he leave his nets?"

"Yes. He left everything."

"Yes, but what about the nets filled with fish? Did Simon Peter leave all that, too?"

"Yes. He left everything. You'd be surprised at what people will leave to follow Jesus." Theophilus shook Gus' hand and turned to go. "Well, good luck Gus, it's been nice knowing you. Have fun in your village."

"Wait!" Gus called after him. "You never told me about being called. I mean, just in case I want to stay here and serve the King."

Theophilus turned to look back at the young man. "Ahhh, yes. It's quite simple. Jesus called to Peter and said 'Follow Me.' So, Simon Peter followed Him. Some of us have followed Jesus ever since we read those words He said to Peter."

A grin spread across Gus' face. "Oh, I get it. When Jesus said, 'Follow Me,' He was saying it Simon Peter, and to everyone – including me!"

"Exactly! Now that you know King Jesus has called you to follow Him, what will you do?" Theophilus questioned.

Gus stood as tall as he could. "I'll say, 'Tally-ho! I'll follow Him because serving the King is the noblest thing!"

"Very good, my son. Come, let's go serve Him together," Theophilus said.

Gus went over to his horse, removed his travel bag, and placed it on the ground. Then he trotted to catch up with Theophilus.

"Don't you need your travel bag full of your things?" Theophilus asked.

"I'm leaving them behind like the fishermen did," Gus answered.

Theophilus smiled and added, "Wise choice, my boy, wise choice, indeed."