

FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY

(Column Number 2209)

"SOME STUFF I DON'T KNOW"

Most of you know by now that I was a member of the infamous "Class of '59" up on the "Hill"; and, as such, that qualifies me to write voluminous volumes of essays, papers, and words of wisdom on "stuff I don't know".

For instance; I don't know (or as we say around here: "Oun't know") why they keep changing the time from daylight savings to daylight standard; lose an hour, gain an hour; spring forward and fall back; and now, they're even "springing forward" before Spring even "springs forward" from whatever snow bank it has been hiding behind.

Frankly, "Oun't know" why they don't just leave well enough alone - unless it isn't well enough to be left alone! And then, they decide to compound the problem by changing the date. What is my poor computer to do? It learned how to change automatically on the first Sunday of April and the last Sunday of October; and now I've got to learn how to change it myself. And the same goes for the clock on the wall and microwave and cell phone and oven and digital radio - and, heavens to Betsy, let's not forget the car!

Oh yes, got to change the clock in the car; and oun't know why they have so many different versions of changing the clocks in cars. Do you push those two little button together; or twist that thingy over there to change the clock? Oun't know!

You see, that's stuff oun't know.

But, in rumbling and rambling through some old boxes of stuff and things; I found a news release that a "bone box" had been discovered in Jerusalem which contained the actual bones of Jesus Christ. Well now, that's news that is in "my wheelhouse"; and I know some stuff about that.

In ancient days, the Jews (and many other cultures) placed the bodies of their dead loved ones in caves or tombs, or any natural opening they could find for about a year, and then they removed the bones and placed them in an "ossuary" ("bone box") for burial. There is nothing kinky about this; that is just the way it

was done; it saved space and allowed the whole family of large numbers of people to use a common burial place.

For the record, that's the way the body of Jesus Christ would have been treated had it stayed in Joseph's tomb long enough.

But Jesus' Body didn't stay dead long enough to begin corrupting. That's a fact; God's Word (the Authority Writing of that day) says so.

So, no ossuary was needed; because there weren't any bones to bury; much less label with a first name.

Then too, you need to know that "Jesus" was a rather common name in those days (no offense, please. Don't hang me for heresy just yet - just hear me out). It's the same word that is translated "Joshua" in the Old Testament. It is pronounced "Yeshua" by Jewish Christians even today.

I was told that the names that were found on the ossuaries in question had rather common first (only) names on them; much the same as finding an old grave today with a simple inscription: "Bill, son of John" or "Sue, daughter of Ann"; which wouldn't make any sense at all. That's something I know for a fact.

And, by the way; the "bone box" in question was found way back in 1980 and was dismissed by both Christian and non-Christian archeologists alike as not being any thing unusual. I know that; I have known that for years; and now you know it for a fact.

And here's something I want to know: where did this DNA come from they talk about? I mean, DNA compared to what?

Another thing I know: these nuts had a book to sell and a movie to promote; and so they arranged their press conference and got some pitiful pulpit playboy to say it was true; and - bingo - well bless my soul - now it is "common knowledge" that Jesus was buried beside his wife and child and stayed buried beside his wife and child until the Lord allowed it to become known.

Allowed what to become known? That The Bible was a hoax, and Christ was a charlatan, and all Believers are ignorant and unlearned for believing it?

And all the while, men and women were out there dying in the martyr's killing fields for refusing to recant their belief in - in what - in something they knew to be a hoax!

Gimme a break, guys! The turnip truck may have gone through here yesterday; but I surely didn't fall off it! That much I know!

How about you? Do you know for sure that you are a believer in the risen Lord and Savior, Jesus the Christ? I mean; for sure, do you know; or would you have to say: "Oun't know"?

Better be sure! Time is running out! Oun't know when Jesus is coming back but I do know He's coming back!

Tom Mooty serves as long-time Pastor to the West End Baptist Church of his long-time hometown of Newport, Tennessee; and writes this long-time column for the Wednesday and Weekend Editions of The Newport Plain Talk. You can contact Mooty with your comments at tommooty15@gmail.com, or P.O. Box 851, Newport, TN 37822.