

## THE CONCLUSION TO THE COMMANDMENTS

### LESSON 12

#### The Conclusion to the Commandments

The conclusion the commandments is "I, THE LORD, YOUR GOD, AM A JEALOUS GOD, VISITING THE INIQUITY OF THE FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION OF THEM THAT HATE ME, AND SHOWING MERCY UNTO THOUSANDS OF THEM THAT LOVE ME AND KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."

Before this discussion can begin, definitions for several terms need to be determined. Determine the best meaning for the underlined word in the sentences below.

His iniquity was so severe that he thought his parents would no longer love him.

- A. **sin**            B. accident            C. illness

Mom and Dad showed mercy on me when I accidentally destroyed the back door. They said I only had to help clean up the mess.

- A. **leniency**    B. hostility            C. poor judgment

The principal was merciful in his treatment of the student caught cheating on the final exam.

- A. extremely severe    **B. compassionate**    C. unfair

For many generations people thought the world was flat.

- A. reasons
- B. the amount of time it takes for the earth to make a complete trip around the sun.
- C. the average time it takes for children to be ready to replace their parents (about twenty-five years)**

A loving environment is the best kind of environment in which to raise children.

- A. atmosphere by which one is surrounded**
- B. level of intellectual communication
- C. awareness of fine food, music, and literature

"The righteous man leads a blameless life." (Proverbs 20:7a)

- A. uncivilized
- B. godly**
- C. immature

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9)

- A. filthiness**
- B. civil rights
- C. lack of civil rights

The popular secular view of the day is a "me first" attitude which is just the opposite of the Christian way of viewing things.

- A. ancient Hindu cult
- B. worldly**
- C. second by second

What is God's law? The Ten Commandments  
 How will God deal with evil? Condemn it

How should people react to God's law?

- A. no reaction
- B. happiness
- C. fear**

How should Christians react to God's law?

- A. no reaction
- B. happiness**
- C. fear

Why should we be glad for God's law? (more than one answer)

- A. it makes us feel good
- B. we know what God expects from His children**
- C. it guides our behavior**

**D. it points us to Jesus**

Is it God's fault if we choose to break a commandment? \_\_\_\_\_ *no*

Whose fault is it? \_\_\_\_\_ *ours*

Who is to get all the glory and thanks when, by the power of the Holy Spirit, we do good?

God

What is the difference between the motivation for doing good in a believer and a non-believer? (Why would a non-believer help an old lady across a busy street? Why would a believer do the same?)

believe - does good because God wants him to. This take character

non-believer - for the purpose of feeling good about himself. This takes no character

What does "victim of our environment" mean? \_\_\_\_\_ we have no control over our action's

because of the circumstances surrounding us.

Many secular psychologists say our behavior is a product of our environment, and we cannot be responsible for our actions. Look up Romans 1:20 to see if this excuse for our behavior will stand before God. Put Romans 1:20 into your own words.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

If we have no excuse for our bad behavior, then how can we be right before God? Look up 1 John 1:9. What does it say?

If we confess our sins, Jesus forgives us and purifies us

If we keep the commandments, how will we treat our neighbor?

with care and compassion

Read the following scenarios and tell which commandment is being kept or broken.

The empty lot across the street had always been an eyesore as far as Ed was concerned. Garbage had a way of accumulating there, and the brush always seemed overgrown. He had thought he would look forward to someone buying the lot and building a house there.

Ed had always had more ability in daydreaming than in doing. At retirement he had little

to show for they years he had worked. His "the grass is greener on the other side of the fence" attitude had kept him from sticking to one job for very long. He and his wife had only their small house and a very small pension.

As the lot across the street had been cleared and the signs of a new house going in became apparent, Ed watched with quiet curiosity. He remembered the house plans he had drawn for the dream house he was going to build for Marge when "their ship came in." But that ship proved to exist only in his dreams.

As the days went by and the building began to take shape, Ed was amazed at the size and beauty of the structure. But slowly, as the house continued to take shape, his amazement turned to a critical attitude toward what was going on. "I don't see why they have to build such a fancy place on this street. A house like that belongs up in the development off of Hill Street. We're just simple people down here. We don't have need of such fanciness. I'll bet they'll put in a pool and everything. The people who own it will be snobs for sure."

Marge noticed that Ed no longer paid any attention to what was happening across the street. When the family finally moved into their new house, Marge went over to meet them, but Ed would have nothing to do with them. In fact, he had taken to using the back door instead of the front as if to avoid all possibility of seeing that house.

Marge was concerned about her husband's strange behavior. However, one evening she realized what was bothering Ed. He had made an excuse to go up onto the attic to, "clean it up a little." After a couple of hours had gone by and Ed had not returned, Marge decided she had better check on him. She entered the dimly lit attic and noticed Ed slumped over a small table. Her heart jumped and she hurried over to him. She was about to shake him when she heard his deep breathing and knew he was asleep. Again her hand went out to shake him to wake him, but then she saw the papers spread across the old, dusty table. There they were, the old blueprints for their dream home. She kissed her sleeping husband and quietly left the attic determined to help him know that she was perfectly happy with their house and their life.

Ed: Commandment #9: Covet neighbor's possessions

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"Go on. Just put it in your pocket. No one is watching. What are you waiting for?" Edna wouldn't let up in her effort to get Rose to take the blue scarf. "Come on." Don't you want it for your new dress? You know it's perfect. Hurry up before the sales lady comes back."

Rose prayed that the sales lady would return. Then Edna would have to give it up. but the sales lady did not come back and Rose had to do something.

"Let's get out of here," she whispered.

"What do you mean? Are you scared?" Edna would put it in those terms.

"Come on. Let's go," said Rose as she began to back down the aisle.

"What a baby. When are you going to get with it? I can't believe you." Rose tried not to listen as Edna kept it up. Rose knew all of their friends would hear that she had choked and couldn't even take one little scarf. But Rose grew stronger in her conviction as they walked out of the store and down the sidewalk. Edna had kept up her chatter.

"Edna, get off my case. It's not right to take things that don't belong to you. Anyway, I'm the one who would have to live with the consequences if we got caught. So leave me alone about it."

Rose: Commandment #7: Stealing

Larry spread the money out all over his bed. He carefully placed all of the same denominations together: one's in one pile, five's in another, then ten's, and then his three twenties. His one fifty dollar bill was a pile by itself. Then he separated and sorted all of the coins in a similar fashion.

After he had finished sorting the money, he began to count it. He counted it two times to make sure the total was correct. He always did that when he counted his money, and he counted his money often.

Larry's thoughts drifted to schemes to get more money. He thought of the pleasure he had when he got money for doing his paper route. He tried to count the months and days until his birthday when his grandparents always sent him money. "Maybe they'll send me fifty dollars this year," he thought. "After all, I'll be turning thirteen -- a real teenager."

He could hear his little sister coming down the hall. He held his breath hoping she would go past his room without looking in. But he was out of luck this time. "What cha doin'?" she queried.

"Nothing," he answered.

"Are you playin' with your money again?"

"I'm not playing. I'm counting it."

"That's all you ever do. Count your money over and over."

Larry did not answer, and his sister was tired of the conversation so she left his room. "Sisters," thought Larry. "They just don't understand how important money is."

Larry: Commandment #1: No other God's before me

"Did you see what she had on? She must have gotten it at the second-hand store," said Joan.

"Maybe the third-hand store," laughed Liz. Joan joined her in the laughter.

"And did you see those shoes? She must have gotten those from her mom. They must be twenty years old. I just don't see how anyone could be seen in public dressed that way," Joan continued.

"It's distracting to be in class with her," said Liz. "They should put a rule in the student handbook against wearing yucky, old clothes. That way we could all keep our minds on our lessons and not be spending our time being distracted," continued Liz.

"What about you, Gloria? You're being very quiet," said Joan.

Gloria was uncertain about how to say what she had been thinking. She felt put on the spot, and she knew the color was coming to her cheeks. But she also knew what she thought; and she was not one to back down, even if it meant going against the rest of the group.

"I think it doesn't matter what she wears. Maybe her family is going through some tough times, and that's all they can afford. Maybe she feels bad about what she has to wear, but she knows it's all they have. We don't know enough about her to be able to tell, but I think we

should try to be friendly to her and quit talking about her."

"Well, we asked for your opinion, didn't we," laughed Liz. "Maybe someday we'll learn to let you be quiet."

Gloria: Commandment #8: *Bearing False Witness*

Gregg opened the letter and out fell a twenty dollar bill. He immediately knew what he would spend most of it on. "Thanks Grandma and Grandpa," he thought.

"Who's that from?" asked his mom.

"Birthday card and money from Grandpa and Grandma," answered Gregg. His thoughts were racing ahead to the new CD his favorite group had just put out. Maybe next weekend he could get his folks to take him to the music store.

The next morning as Gregg was getting ready for school, his attention was diverted to the television. His favorite group was on one of the morning shows. They were doing an interview.

Gregg was bothered by the profanity he heard them use, especially taking the name of the Lord in vain. After the interview, they did a song from their new release. The tune was catchy and Gregg knew he'd be singing along with it in no time. But there it was again-- the Lord's name being taken in vain. Gregg knew if he would sing along with the song, he too would be taking the Lord's name in vain. Gregg's thoughts were interrupted by his mother. "You'll be late for school, dear."

"Okay, mom."

On Saturday Gregg's parents took the family shopping at the mall. Gregg went into the record store and found the new CD. He still wanted it, but he could not generate much enthusiasm for getting it.

Later he met his parents at the front entrance of the mall.

"Got your new CD?" asked his dad.

"Na. I got a new tee shirt with a motorcycle decal on the front. Hey, I see Ron over there. I'll meet you at the car in a couple of minutes." Off he ran.

His mom and dad looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

Gregg: Commandment #2: *Lord's name in vain*

Sunday had come too soon for Jennifer. She simply could not understand how she could have said such a stupid thing in Sunday School last Sunday. She thought of her teacher and the other kids and how they had laughed. She couldn't go back and face them.

"Maybe my teacher won't be there today," she thought. "But some of the other kids are bound to be there." She groaned as she rolled over in bed. "Maybe I could just go to church. Mom and Dad will never go for that. Besides, somebody from Sunday School will be there anyway."

"How did I ever get into this mess? My big mouth. When will I learn? I just can't go back yet. Maybe next week after some time has passed," she thought as she started to practice pretending to be sick. "God won't mind if I just miss this one Sunday."

Jennifer: Commandment #3: Remember the Sabbath

Dan's bike tire was flat-- again. This was the third day in a row that his bike had a flat tire. And he knew who had done it.

Ever since Dan had moved to the small country town and started school there, Willis had had it in for him. Willis had bent over backwards to make his life miserable.

It had started in a small way. Words mostly. Then he did his best to get Dan in trouble in class. Now he was doing pranks.

Dan had had enough. He had tried to make the best of the situation. He tried to make friends with Willis. He tried to have a sense of humor. Nothing had worked. Now with his disabled bike and the rain coming down and a stack of books and a mile walk home, he lost control. He gave in to all of his anger. "You win, Willis! I hate you. With my whole heart, I hate you!"

Dan: Commandment #5: Don't Kill

Timbia and Perkland had existed side by side for generations. Each country was poor and had similar problems. The governments had gotten along without being close allies.

But overnight the situation changed. Oil was discovered in landlocked Perkland. The people's hopes soared at the prospect of having money and national pride. They basked in the knowledge that the world would now know where they were, and they would have a role to play in global politics.

However, there was a major problem. They could not get coastal Timbia to agree to a treaty to allow their oil to pass through Timbia and be shipped from a port in Timbia. Timbia wanted too large a part of the profits as far as Perkland was concerned.

There seemed to be only one way to settle the matter. Soon Perkland had amassed their troops along the Timbian border and were threatening to invade. Timbia quickly readied its troops to defend the country. War was inevitable.

Perkland and Timbia: Commandment #10: Coveting

The camp out had been going very well. The boys had hiked up to the lake early yesterday morning. Once camp was set up, they had spent the rest of the day fishing and swimming and just being lazy.

Over and over the words, "Isn't it great that school is over?" had been uttered. George certainly agreed with that.

The outing had been planned for two months. The five friends had made arrangements down to the very last detail. The camp out had to be during the first week of summer vacation because some of the boys had summer jobs they had to start in a day or two.

During the second and last full day of the trip, a more quiet calm had come over the boys.

They did all of the things they had done the day before, but a more mellow tone surrounded the activities.

By evening it was clear that all of the boys were sinking into a nostalgic mood. George knew that they were all thinking what he was thinking, but no one wanted to be the first to put it into words.

Finally Terry broke the uneasy silence they had slipped into as they ate and watched the sun set. "Wasn't the graduation party at Donna's great?"

The others eagerly agreed, and the chatter began about graduation. "Ole Twinkle Toes Taylor here," John pointed a thumb at George, "About knocked down the whole stage when he tripped up the stairs." Everyone laughed anew at the remembrance. George laughed, too.

The conversation then turned to things they had done together in the past. Memories from elementary school and junior high school and memories of senior high adventures flowed from their minds to their conversation. The unstated truth was that all of those times were coming to an end. In fact, this was the last time they would all be together like this again. Separate plans would take their lives in separate directions.

The stars were bright in the sky. The old talk and the reality of the situation were too much for Artie. "Hey, enough of this downer talk. Look what I brought along." Artie dug through his gear and produced some magazines. "Get your flashlights fellas and feast your eyes."

George knew what kind of magazines they were without a flashlight. Artie had a one track mind-- girls, girls, girls. George liked girls for sure, but he didn't like to look at the smutty pictures. He knew it was wrong, and he didn't like the kinds of feelings looking at the pictures produced in him.

"Come on George," urged Artie. "You're missing the good stuff."

"I'm tired and I'm going to turn in," replied George. "And keep the noise down so I can sleep," he added.

"George needs his beauty sleep," one of the voices mocked. The others laughed. George didn't mind the teasing. He knew that was their way of saying everything was okay.

George: Commandment #6: *Don't commit Adultery*

"Who do they think they are, anyway?"

"Yeah. We have rights too, you know!"

The school was buzzing with talk like this. The issue was the new rule requiring students to wear uniforms rather than regular street clothes. Loretta didn't like the new rule any better than her friends did.

The rule was to take effect in two weeks; and as the time drew closer, students were beginning to make up their minds as to what they were going to do. "I'm not going to obey it even if they expel me," boasted one of Loretta's friends.

"We're going to the next school board meeting to protest this. We're going to make so much noise they won't be able to do any of their regular business. They are not going to get away with this," another of Loretta's friends interjected.

"Are you going with us, Loretta?"

"I don't know yet. I've got to run."



The evening of the school board meeting came, and Loretta still didn't know what to do. She hated the new rule as much as anyone else, but she knew what her friends were doing was wrong. She also knew if she didn't show up at the meeting, she would have some explaining to do to her friends. She watched the clock and watched it some more-- 7:00; 7:30; 8:00; 8:30; 9:00. She got ready for bed. She had no idea what she would say tomorrow, but tomorrow would be the time to deal with that.

Loretta: Commandment #4: Honor your father and your mother