**Riddle Me This – By Thailer Jimerson**

I love riddles. The concept first landed for me after watching Batman Forever (1995) where Jim Carrey donned the domino mask of the Caped Crusader’s villain, The Riddler. Like many other kids that year, my mom died my hair orange and let me accost neighborhood folks for candy while I sprinted around in green spandex, doing my best Jim Carrey impersonation.

 My kids love riddles, too. They’ve been really into them since we finished the fifth chapter, “Riddles in the Dark”, from Tolkien’s classic *The Hobbit*. In this part of the narrative, Bilbo is separated from his gang of dwarves. He must enter a duel of wits with the amphibian creature Gollum in order to escape the roots of the mountain. One of the first riddles goes like this,

*Thirty white horses on a red hill,*

*First they champ,*

*Then they stamp,*

*Then they stand still.*

It took my kids nothing but a split, brain-scratching second, then out bellowed the answer: “Teeth!” From then on, they were hooked.

The Bible wets its toes in the riddle genre from time to time, too. One only has to think about the narrative section of the book of Judges which covers Samson’s story – Judges 14.10-18 – to read of a prime example.

There are simple riddles like,

*What is stronger than God,*

*More evil than the devil,*

*Rich men want it,*

*Poor men have it,*

*And if you eat it you die?*

“Nothing.” That riddle could be answered with the first line alone.

But here’s a more difficult one. Let’s see if you can help me figure it out (since I really do not know the answer).

**Who Am I?**

Adam, God made out of dust, but thought it best to make me first.
So I was made sometime before man, to answer God’s most holy plan.

A living being I became, and Adam gave to me my name.
I, from his presence, then withdrew, and more of Adam I never knew.

I did my Maker’s Law obey, nor never went from it astray.
Thousands of miles I go in fear, but seldom on earth do I appear.

For purpose wise which God did see, he put a living soul in me.
A soul from me He did claim, and took from me the soul again.

So when from me the soul had fled, I was the same as when first made.
And without hands, feet, or soul, I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night, to fallen man I give great light.
Thousands of people, young and old, will, by my death, great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive, the Scriptures I cannot believe.
Although my name therein is found, they are, to me, an empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me, real happiness I never see.
To heaven I shall never go, nor to hell far below.

Now when, these lines, you slowly read, go search your Bible with all your speed.
For that my name is written there, I do, honestly, to you, declare…

Who am I?

**Schedule of Messages:**

February 10th – When the Lights Are Off, Matthew 5.13-16

February 17th – Who Can Forgive Sins? Mark 2.1-12

February 24th – Why Does He Eat With Sinners? Mark 2.13-22

March 3rd - Why Does He Break the Sabbath? Mark 2.23 – 3.6

**Memory Verse:**

 9  You shall break them with a rod of iron

 and dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel.”

 10  Now therefore, O kings, be wise;

 be warned, O rulers of the earth.

 (**Psalm 2.9-10**)