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Subject: Push Ups

Posted by [Aircraftkiller](#) on Fri, 03 Dec 2004 04:08:03 GMT

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Yes, you know my religious beliefs. But that doesn't mean I can't post insightful stories that also pertain to what I believe.

Quote:There was a certain Professor of Religion named Dr. Christianson, a studious man who taught at a small college in the Western United States. Dr. Christianson taught the required survey course in Christianity at the particular institution. Every student was required to take this course his or her freshman year regardless of his or her major.

Although Dr. Christianson tried hard to communicate the essence of the gospel in his class, he found that most of his students looked upon the course as nothing but required drudgery. Despite his best efforts, most students refused to take Christianity seriously. This year, Dr. Christianson had a special student named Steve.

Steve was only a freshman, but was studying with the intent of going onto seminary for the ministry. Steve was popular, he was well liked, and he was an imposing physical specimen. He was now the starting center on the school football team, and was the best student in the professor's class.

One day, Dr. Christian son asked Steve to stay after class so he could talk with him. "How

"Can you do 300 in sets of 10? I have a class project in mind and I need you to do about 300 push-ups in sets of ten for this to work. I need you to do this on Friday. Let me explain what I have

Friday came and Steve got to class early and sat in the front of the room. When class started, the professor pulled out a big box of donuts. No, these weren't the normal kinds of donuts, they were the fancy BIG kind, with cream centers and frosting swirls. Everyone was pretty excited it was Friday, the last class of the day, and they were going to get an early start on the weekend with a party in Dr. Christianson's class.

Dr. Christianson went to the first girl in the first row and asked, "Cynthia, do you want to have

Cynthia said yes. Dr. Christianson then turned to Steve and asked, "Steve, would you do ten desk.

Dr. Christianson put a donut on Cynthia's desk. Dr. Christianson then went to Joe, the next got a donut. And so it went, down the first aisle, Steve did ten push-ups for every person before they go their donut.

Walking down the second aisle, Dr. Christianson came to Scott. Scott was on the basketball team and in as good condition as Steve. He was very popular and never lacking for female

Then Scott said, "Well, I don't want one then."

Dr. Christianson shrugged and then turned to Steve and asked, "Steve, would you do ten started to do ten pushups.

Dr. Christianson said, "Look, this is my classroom, my class, my a donut on Scott's desk.

Now by this time, Steve had begun to slow down a little. He just stayed on the floor between sets because it took too much effort to be getting up and down. You could start to see a little perspiration coming out around his brow.

Dr. Christianson started down the third row. Now the students were beginning to get a little angry.

Dr. Christianson asked Steve, "Steve, would you do ten more push-ups so Jenny can have a

By now, a growing sense of uneasiness filled the room. The students were beginning to say forth a lot of extra effort to get these push-ups done for each donut. There began to be a small pool of sweat on the floor beneath his face, his arms and brow were beginning to get red because of the physical effort involved.

Dr. Christianson asked Robert, who was the most vocal unbeliever in the class, to watch Steve do each push-up because he couldn't bear to watch all of Steve's work for all of those uneaten donuts. He sent Robert over to where Steve was so Robert could count the set and watch Steve closely.

Dr. Christianson started down the fourth row. During his class, however, some students from other classes had wandered in and sat down on the steps along the radiators that ran down the sides of the room. When the professor realized this, he did a quick count and saw that now there were 34 students in the room. He started to worry if Steve would be able to make it.

Dr. Christianson went on to the next person and the next and the next. Near the end of that row, Steve was really having a rough time. He was taking a lot more time to complete each set.

A few moments later, Jason, a recent transfer student, came to the room and was about to come didn't know what was going on. Steve picked up his head and said, "No, let him come."

Professor Christianson said, "You realize that if Jason comes in you will have to do ten

Dr. Christianson said, "Okay, Steve, I'll let you get Jason's out of the way right now,

very slowly and with great effort. Jason, bewildered, was handed a donut and sat down.

Dr. Christianson finished the fourth row, and then started on those visitors seated by the heaters. Steve's arms were now shaking with each push-up in a struggle to lift himself against the force of gravity. By this time, sweat was profusely dropping off of his face, there was no sound except his heavy breathing; there was not a dry eye in the room.

The very last two students in the room were two young women, both cheerleaders, and very popular. Dr. Christianson went to Linda, the second to the last, and asked, "Linda, do you

Professor Christianson quietly asked, "Steve, would you do ten push-ups so that Linda can

Grunting from effort, Steve did ten very slow push-ups for Linda. Then Dr. Christianson turned to

Dr. Christianson with tears of his own, said, "No, Steve has to do it alone. I have given him this task and he is in charge of seeing that everyone has an opportunity for a donut whether they want it or not. When I decided to have a party this last day of class, I looked in my grade book. Steve, here is the only student with a perfect grade. Everyone else has failed a test, skipped class, or offered me inferior work. Steve told me that in football practice, when a player messes up, he must do push-ups. I told Steve that none of you could come to my party unless he paid the price by doing your push-ups. He and I made a deal for your sakes. Steve, would you do ten

As Steve very slowly finished his last pushup, with the understanding that he had accomplished all that was required of him, having done 350 push-ups, his arms buckled beneath him and he fell to the floor.

Dr. Christianson turned to the room and said, "And so it was, that our Savior, Jesus Christ, on the cross, pleaded to the Father, 'Into Thy hands I commend my Spirit.' With the understanding that He had done everything that was required of Him, He yield up His life. And like some of those in this room, many of us leave the gift on the desk, uneaten."

Two students helped Steve up off the floor and to a seat, physically exhausted, but wearing a thin smile.

understand and fully comprehend all the riches of grace and mercy that have been given to you by God through the sacrifice of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

"He spared not only His only begotten Son, but gave Him up for us all now and forever. Whether or not we choose to accept His gift to us, the price has been paid. Wouldn't you be foolish and

If you think it's too long to read, don't be a fucking retard and reply here saying so. Simply go do something more fitting to your lack of intellect.

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