

## SESSION TWO:

# Read a Story Script

### MAX'S BIKE

Sometime during late summer of the year I turned eight, I had grown tired of my standard-issue, plain-Jane bike, and I had begun to plot how I could convince Santa to upgrade my two-wheeler. I had my eye on a fire-engine red Schwinn with a banana seat and monkey handlebars. Late that fall, I started writing letters to Santa, letting him know that a new bike would make me the happiest and most appreciative boy in town. And every time I wrote a new letter, I underlined, with red crayon, the words *Schwinn*, *banana seat*, and *monkey handlebars*, just to make sure Santa got it right.

Well, that morning finally arrived, and much to my delight, I found that all my “reminders” to the North Pole had paid off! There it was, under the tree, glistening and beckoning me to hop on and blast off. It was the coolest thing ever. I have to say, I didn’t just love that bike, I worshiped it.

Over the next few months, I rode that bike everywhere, every day, all day! It went everywhere I did. In fact, I was so obsessed with it that if my parents would have let me, I probably would have slept next to it, just so I could dream about riding it all night.

But then one day, tragedy struck! I was trying to pull off some amazing trick, like popping a big wheelie, and I ran the front tire hard into a curb. The frame was bent beyond repair. I had been counting on that bike to carry me, to deliver me, to entertain me, to fulfill me—for years to come!

I thought that bike was the be-all, end-all to everything, but after the accident, it was nothing and no good to anyone. It let me down. I was heartbroken. I learned a hard lesson from that experience. I learned that everyone worships someone or something. Eight years old or eighty—doesn’t matter. We all worship something.<sup>1</sup>

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1 Adapted from Max Lucado, *Because of Bethlehem/He Chose the Nails: A DVD Study*, session 2, (2016; Nashville, TN: Thomas Nelson), DVD.