

730 Words

The Gravity of Hope

by

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Professor Whizbane pushed the door closed and walked to the center of the room. He carried a tattered cardboard box, and as he placed it onto his desk, a pile of books toppled and crashed to the floor. Snickers of laughter fluttered across the jam-packed classroom. The professor surveyed the books littering the floor, shook his head, and wiped his gold wire-framed glasses on the tail of his gleaming white lab coat.

As he returned his glasses to the end of his nose, he scanned the room, and a faint smile curled at the corners of his mouth. His frizzy gray hair stood in contrast to the bright red bow tie peeking out of the top of his coat.

“Some of you hoped it would snow today, and school would be canceled. You did not do your homework. Am I right?”

Another wave of laughter covered the room.

“Today, students, we will talk about hope. Someone tell me, what is hope?”

“Hope is wanting something very badly,” said Joe.

“Hope is doing your best and wishing everything works out,” Sue added.

“Hope is doing something wrong and not getting caught. I hope I get away with it,”

George said.

Professor Whizbane raised his hands.

“Everyone. Up. Stand beside your desk.”

The professor paced, his hands locked behind him, as he waited for his class to rise.

“Now, jump straight up as high as you can. Do this three times.”

The students jumped over and over, laughing as they participated in another of Professor Whizbane’s zany teaching experiments.

“Now, stop. Look around. Anyone still in the air? No? Who can tell me why?”

Joe waved his hand. “Easy, Prof, gravity pulls us back.”

“Good. Gravity is something created by God.”

Professor Whizbane removed several Ping-Pong balls from the cardboard box. He threw the tiny balls into the air and watched as they clattered to the floor.

“We count on gravity, right? Sue plays basketball. That game is no fun if she jumps and floats to the moon.”

The professor retrieved a chocolate candy bar from the box and held it above his head.

“Joe, I will give you this candy if you come and take it.”

Joe ran to the professor, grabbed the candy, and pumped his arm in victory as he returned to his seat.

“Students, pay close attention. Hope is looking forward to something as though it already happened. Joe had faith he could reach the candy and claim it. If he did not believe, he would not have tried.”

Professor Whizbane walked to Joe’s desk, placed his hands on the edges, and moved his

face close to Joe's.

“Now, Joe, tell us. How did you know I would give you the candy?”

Joe scratched his head before answering. “Well, Prof, I trust you. I can depend on you.”

“Exactly.”

The professor jumped up and clapped his hands as he ran back to the front.

“Exactly. Hope depends on the character of the one who made the promise. Joe hoped I would give him the candy. I promised I would, and Joe knew I would not lie. Joe is enjoying the candy now.”

Joe wiped chocolate from his mouth and licked his fingers.

“And it's good candy, Prof.”

Professor Whizbane nodded and pointed to the sky.

“God gave us gravity. Gravity is good. We can depend on gravity working as it should. Now, are there other things God has done or promised us that we can be sure about?”

“What about the sun rising each morning? That's good, and that's something God set in motion,” Tom said.

Sue said, “God says He loves me.”

“God forgives me when I do bad things,” George said.

Joe walked to the trash can to toss his candy wrapper.

“God promised to meet my needs. And I needed a candy bar.”

Sam added, “Jesus is alive. He rose from the dead.”

Professor Whizbane carried the box to George's desk.

“Very good answers, class. George, will you pass these out? I brought candy for everyone.”

A chorus of “thank you” brought a huge smile to the professor’s face.

“Students, we can believe God’s promises will come true just like we believe gravity pulls us down when we jump and the sun will rise tomorrow. We hope in those things because of God’s character. There is no reason to despair. We serve a living God.”