



Spider Worships And Bible



by Rebecca K. Fraker, 2010



Table of Contents

A Fragile Web	3
<i>Job 8:13-15 (New International Version)</i>	3
Come Into My Parlor	4
<i>Proverbs 11:6 (New International Version)</i>	4
Let's Molt!	7
<i>Colossians 3:8,9,10</i>	7
Living Like Royalty	8
<i>Proverbs 30:24-28 (KJV)</i>	8



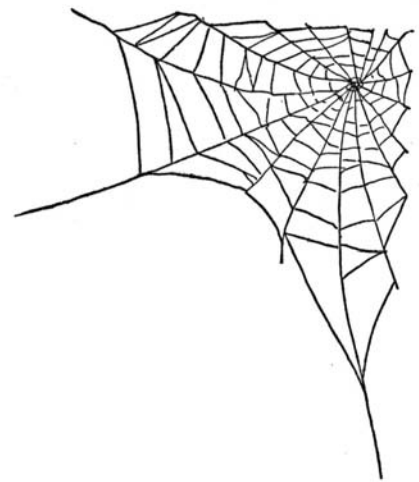


A Fragile Web

Job 8:13-15 (New International Version)

Such is the destiny of all who forget God, so perishes the hope of the godless. What he trusts in is fragile; what he relies on is a spider's web. He leans on his web, but it gives way; he clings to it, but it does not hold.

A strand of spider silk is a very strong substance, stronger than a thread of steel the same size. It is also very flexible, and will stretch quite a bit before it breaks. Nevertheless, many thousands of spider strands would have to be woven together to support the weight of a man.



Many people do not have a relationship with God. They have not prayed and thought out a belief system. They flit like flies from one belief to another, maybe checking out Buddhism, then atheism, then New Age beliefs. They never put their trust in Jesus. They never study the Bible to find out what it teaches about things.

The book of Job tells us that what the godless trusts in is fragile. When trouble comes, these people lean on their beliefs, but they discover there is no comfort or hope in them.

Today, bungee jumping from bridges is popular. But even the most enthusiastic bungee jumper would not go over the side of a bridge holding onto a spider's silky strand. Job tells us that clinging to godless beliefs is like bungee jumping with spider silk: it won't hold!

Make sure you are connected to Jesus with something more than spider silk.



Come Into My Parlor

Proverbs 11:6 (New International Version)

⁶ *The righteousness of the upright delivers them, but the unfaithful are trapped by evil desires.*

In 1829 Mary Howitt wrote a poem called "The Spider and the Fly." It has many lessons in it for Christians. Read the poem and the comments after it.

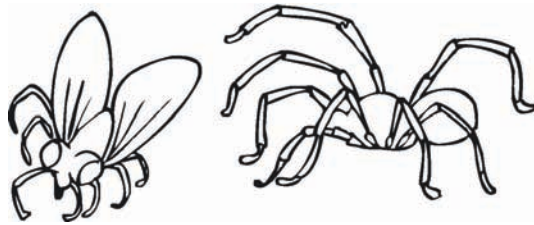
The Spider and the Fly Mary Howitt



Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've many a curious thing to shew when you are there."
Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

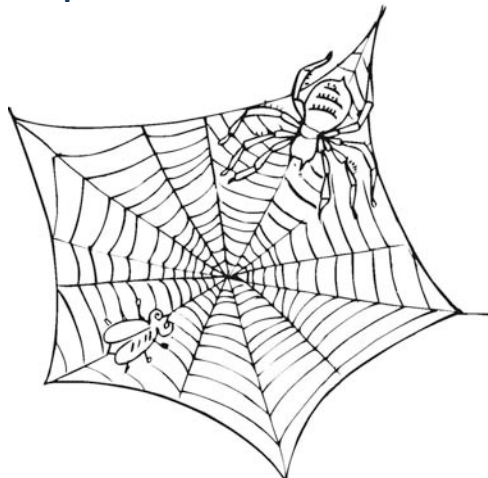
Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, " Dear friend what can I do,
To prove the warm affection I 've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome -- will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind Sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"



"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise,
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I've a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you 're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

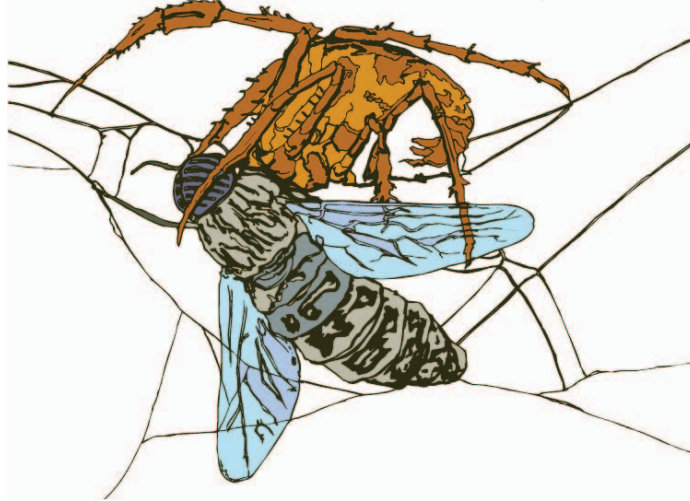
The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple -- there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue --
Thinking only of her crested head -- poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour -- but she ne'er came out again!





And now dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.



Was the fly ignorant of what the spider would do to it? Of course not! She knew very well what would happen. And yet, like Eve, she hung around the spider web. She even came back another time!

Would she have been caught if she had refused to listen to the spider's words? No! She thought she could allow herself to be flattered and admired. But who wants to be admired by the Devil?

What sort of things did the spider offer?

The author of this poem has a lesson in it. What is that lesson?

Look again at the Bible verse in Job. Are there any evil desires in your life that are tempting you into a unsafe place? Are there video games, websites, graphic novels, drink, foods and so on that are luring you in? Have you convinced yourself that one drink won't hurt? Are you hanging with friends who take you places you know are dangerous, and yet you are convinced that YOU will be safe?

If so, perhaps you should read this poem again. Learn from the foolish fly, and stay far away from the spiders and their webs that are all around us.



Let's Molt!

Colossians 3:8,9,10

"But now you must rid yourselves of all such things as these: anger, rage, malice, slander, and filthy language from your lips. Do not lie to each other since you have taken off your old self with its practices, and have put on the new self, which is being renewed in knowledge in the image of its Creator."

Sooner or later, all of us stain our skin. Maybe we get paint on it, or mud, or we slip and get ink on it. Then we try to scrub it off to be clean again. Most of the time that works. But sometimes things just won't come off.

Luckily for us, our Creator made our bodies so that we replace our skin every thirty days. So if you wait a month, you will have new skin with no paint on it.

The arachnids are different from us. They don't have fur or skin. Instead, they have a hard exoskeleton covering them. But that exoskeleton is not overly flexible. After a while, it gets uncomfortably tight. Then the arachnid splits it open, walks out of it, and wears a brand new covering. This process is called molting.



Our Bible verses today tell us that we are covered with ugly things: anger, rage, malice, slander, filthy language. We have a God, though, who is willing to take all that away, and give us newness. Ask Jesus today to help you through the molting process to a wonderful shiny new life in Him.



Living Like Royalty

Proverbs 30:24-28 (KJV)

*"There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks; The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands; The **spider** taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."*

My husband and I have worked very hard for many years in order to have a nice home in which to live. Annoyingly, though, we have to spend a lot of time AWAY from the house in order to make enough money to AFFORD the house.



Every morning we get up and get ready for work. Meanwhile, our cats wander around the house. They meow for their favorite "canned kitty food." While we rush back and forth getting our supplies and keys, they stretch and yawn and jump up on the chairs. As we are leaving, we catch a last glimpse of them heading for the softest cushions and beds.



They will spend all day in a house with just the right temperatures and soft cat (and people!) beds, with fresh water, a clean litter box, and a choice of cat foods. We will go out in rain, snow, bitter cold and suffocating heat. The cats will stay snugly in the house that WE are working so hard for.

We are sharing our "palace" with two rather useless creatures. They don't



work, or clean, or bring anything in to support the household. Most of the time they don't act that grateful, either.

And we are also living in our "palace" with assorted bug critters, too. Right now I can see several spiders on my ceiling out of my reach. I am not sure why they chose my house to live in. I am a lot stronger than a spider, and yet there they are, high up and living comfortably.



Someday we will be living in palaces, too. I wonder if we will have spiders in our heavenly mansions.

