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# INTRODUCTION

**Rubbernecking. We've all done it, haven't we? Curiously and suspiciously having a nosey at something ... keen to find out what's going on. Whether it's on the motorway with an accident on the other side; across a crowded street in town, as a man is arrested for shoplifting; or perhaps as an elderly lady who has fainted is treated by paramedics, there is just something about finding out what all the fuss is about.**

Perhaps that's why you've picked up this book. Christianity and the person of Jesus might be something you know very little about, but you've heard or seen something that makes you want to know more and so here you are ...

This is just one of a series of short books written for people who are perhaps just starting to look at what Christianity is all about. We hope that through this

*MY MATE'S GONE MAD!*

series you'll be able to explore a little more and find out the facts for yourself.

So, your invite is here ... come rubberneck with us as we look at the issue of who Jesus is and find the answer to 'Is He relevant?' ...

# ISN'T CHRISTIANITY JUST WEIRD?

'Daniels, go home and get your kit, you're playing this afternoon!'

Result! Alright, so it wasn't really on merit. My school's 1st XI was short of a few senior lads and they needed some younger kids to fill in. But who cares? A whole afternoon of cricket, and even better, missing double maths and biology.

Our opponents were fifty miles away, just outside Cardiff and so very 'posh' to those of us living in the Wild, Wild West of Llanelli. In Wales, though, being a posh school didn't necessarily make you any good. In fact, far from it in our opinion. We had a rather sophisticated rhyming couplet for the school we were playing on this particular day: **'All the gear but no idea!'**

Indeed, that proved to be the case on this particular occasion and we beat them soundly, the game finishing early. On leaving, I was last to return to the twelve-seater school minibus. The others kindly excused my pedestrian speed, since, as I explained once on board, batting throughout the whole innings does necessitate a good long shower ... I took the one spare seat on the bus, right next to the skipper, Gwyon Jenkins.

It was a long journey home and we hardly knew each other. Our conversation began with promising fluidity. Ten minutes spent talking about the two flying catches taken at mid-off, the quality of our off-spinner and the speed with which we overtook our opponents' meagre total. Keeping the chat undemanding I asked if he played cricket at the weekend (this being a Monday). I was keeping the banter going about **the one thing that really mattered: sport**. He replied by telling me about his cricket match on Saturday. Fantastic. Now we were off and talking about mutual acquaintances that played in his team and a wide ranging discussion ensued about their wicket keeping capacities, off drives and leg side weaknesses.

In due course, however, our discussion began to flag as quickly as our adversaries' middle order batsmen,