

“SHEDDING THE DRAGON”
Series: The Voyage of the Dawn Treader
Questions for the Sermon in The Path

Describe Eustace Scruggs from Voyage of the Dawn Treader. Have you ever known a “Eustace”? What was most irritating about them? Did they even realize this about themselves? What parts of Eustace do you see in yourself? Whose buttons do you (or did you) push just to get under other people’s skin?

How was Eustace treated by the others on the Dawn Treader? How are we, as Christians, to treat the Eustaces we know?

Why do some people believe they have never really sinned? Read Romans 3:23. What does this passage say? Also read 1 John 1:8-10. What does this say about people and sin? What is the promise of 1 John 1:9?

How does God speak to us through tragedy or difficult times? What happens in our life when we talk to God more often? What dragon characteristics have you seen in yourself?

Read Eustace’s story from the book, The Voyage of the Dawn Treader. (Read quote on back). Have you ever tried to change your life by yourself and failed? What did you do? What was that like? Why didn’t it work? Why couldn’t Eustace shed the dragon by himself?

Ask those who are willing to share their testimony of how Christ changed them – whether it was a sudden conversion experience or it was a gradual change. How did Jesus do what you couldn’t? What did you do in the times when you slipped back into your “dragon” ways?

Read Ephesians 4:20-24. What does this say about *shedding the dragon*?

In the book, Eustace tells the story of what happened when this huge lion asks Dragon- Eustace to follow him to a bubbling well with marble steps going down into it. Here is Eustace's account of what happened:

"The water was as clear as anything and I thought if I could get in there and bathe it would ease the pain in my leg. but the lion told me I must undress first. Mind you, I don't know if he said any words out loud or not.

I was just going to say that I couldn't undress because I hadn't any clothes on when I suddenly thought that dragons are snaky sort of things and snakes can cast their skins. Oh, of course, thought I, that's what the lion means. So I started scratching myself and my scales began coming off all over the place. And then I scratched a little deeper and , instead of just scales coming off here and there, my whole skin started peeling off beautifully, like it does after an illness, or as if I was a banana. In a minute or two I just stepped out of it. I could see it lying there beside me, looking rather nasty. It was a most lovely feeling. So I started to go down into the well for my bathe.

But just as I was going to put my feet into the water I looked down and saw that they were all hard and rough and wrinkled and scaly just as they had been before. Oh, that's all right, said I, it only means I had another smaller suit on underneath the first one, and I'll have to get out of it too. So I scratched and tore again and this underskin peeled off beautifully and out I stepped and left it lying beside the other one and went down to the well for my bathe.

Well, exactly the same thing happened again. And I thought to myself, oh dear, how ever many skins have I got to take off? For I was longing to bathe my leg. So I scratched away for the third time and got off a third skin, just like the two others, and stepped out of it. But as soon as I looked at myself in the water I knew it had been no good.

Then the lion said - but I don't know if it spoke - 'You will have to let me undress you.' I was afraid of his claws, I can tell you, but I was pretty nearly desperate now. So I just lay flat down on my back to let him do it.

The very first tear he made was do deep that I thought it had gone right into my heart. And when he began pulling the skin off, it hurt worse than anything I've ever felt. The only thing that made me able to bear it was just the pleasure of feeling the stuff peel off. You know - if you've ever picked the scab of a sore place. It hurts (terribly) but it is such fun to see it coming away.

Well, he peeled the beastly stuff right off - just as I thought I'd done it myself the other three times, only they hadn't hurt - and there it was lying on the grass: only ever so much thicker, and darker, and more knobbly-looking than the others had been. And there was I, as smooth and soft as a peeled switch and smaller than I had been. Then he caught hold of me - I didn't like that much for I was very tender underneath now that I'd no skin on - and threw me into the water. It smarted like anything but only for a moment. After that it became perfectly delicious and as soon as I started swimming and splashing I found that all the pain had gone from my arm. And then I saw why. I'd turned into a boy again. You'd think me simply phony if I told you how I felt about my own arms. I know they've no muscle and are pretty moldy compared with Caspian's, but I was so glad to see them.

After a bit the lion took me out and dressed me - (with his paws?) - Well, I don't exactly remember that bit. But he did somehow or other: in new clothes - the same I've got on now, as a matter of fact. And then suddenly I was back here." (pp.88-91)