

.†. is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



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HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

In the early 1970's, after at last acknowledging to myself that I was an alcoholic, I joined a group of admitted alcoholics who were dedicated to helping others achieve sobriety.

One night, at the close of the Tuesday meeting for newcomers, we got a call from the landlady of transients' hotel in a part of town known as Wino Gulch. Would someone come and talk to a man lying drunk in one of the rooms?

Two of us volunteered to go. When we reached the hotel we were led to a squalid little room where a grizzled oldster lay on the bed in a stupor. What's the use of talking to this man at all? I wondered. But my partner, an old hand at such visits, patiently talked to the semiconscious form on the bed. He explained that he himself had once been considered a hopeless drunk-but that by turning his life and will over to a Higher Power, he had gained both sobriety and serenity. "I'm leaving my card," my partner said. "I'd like you to attend a meeting at this address."

"That was a real waste of time," I grumbled as we departed.

"You never know," my partner said cheerfully. "God's always at work."

At our next meeting, a shaky but sober young man came up to us. "Thank you for coming to Wino Gulch that night," he said. "You saved my life."

We stared in astonishment. "We saw the old man on that bed very clearly," my partner said. "It wasn't you."

"That's right," the young man said, holding out the card we had left. "But I heard every word you said. I was under the bed."

E.S., Encino, California

Guideposts, November, 1984

REFLECTIONS

THE GIFT

By Stan Manley
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The PA system crackled and then the call, "Code five to the ER. Code five to the ER". While in college I was working as an orderly at the University Hospital in Oklahoma City. I was the only orderly on duty for the midnight shift and had become accustomed to expect anything. When a department needed me to assist, the switch board operator would announce my code number, which was five followed by the department that was requesting my assistance.

This particular night my instructions were to head for the ER, as quickly as I could. As I headed for the first floor and rounded the corner I could hear a woman's voice coming from the direction of the ER. She was crying out, and loudly over and over, "Oh Jesus, oh sweet Jesus, oh Jesus, oh sweet Jesus." The tone in her voice told me it was not a prayer of praise but a cry of anguish. When I entered the ER I saw why. She was about twelve months pregnant and was ready to deliver at any moment,

Not waiting for instructions from the nurse, I stepped behind the wheelchair and headed for the elevator. She was still crying out to Jesus as the elevator doors closed behind us. I can tell you that the elevator never moved more slowly than it did that night!

Finally, we reached the fourth floor and the delivery room nurses were there waiting for us. They took the wheelchair from me and hurriedly ushered her down the hallway. She was still calling out, "Oh Jesus, oh sweet Jesus." My knees were reacting to the realization that the elevator almost became the delivery room. The head nurse approached me to see if I was okay. She told me to follow her and before I(Continued)

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(Continued) knew it I was dressed in a gown and mask and being led into the delivery room. There was my friend on the delivery table still calling out to Jesus.

The nurse told me that some night I might not make it to the delivery room and I should, at least once, observe a real birth. Silently I called out, "Oh Jesus, oh sweet Jesus." They positioned me so I could observe the entire process, which had already started.

It was without a doubt one of the most incredible experiences I have ever witnessed, not necessarily pleasant, but certainly incredible. To witness the birth of this perfect little human being was amazing. Her son, her only begotten son. As she drew him close I could hear her say, "Oh Jesus, oh sweet Jesus." The same words that she had cried out earlier in anguish were now words of thanksgiving.

Birth, life, what a gift, what an honor to have been given this gift of life, each one of us! And then through this gift too be eligible, even for the gift of salvation. What a treasure we have received, and what a treasure we have to return by living and giving our lives too Jesus. To be born is certainly a miracle; but to be reborn or born again is a miracle that exceeds any form of creation, be it in heaven or on earth, in times past or in time to come.

The Bible tells us that even the angels in heaven rejoice when that perfect little human being, someday will hopefully be born again. Born into the kingdom of God to be a child of the King forever and forever. I have witnessed both and I have experienced both; and with you and all the angels in heaven, I say with thanksgiving, "Oh Jesus, oh sweet Jesus."

Stan

**HAPPY
THANKSGIVING**

**MISSION STATEMENT:
TO ENCOURAGE THE FAITHFUL
TO SAVE THE LOST**



**FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD
THAT HE GAVE HIS ONE AND ONLY
SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVES
IN HIM SHALL NOT PERISH BUT HAVE
ETERNAL LIFE. JOHN 3:16**



IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, DO IT TODAY.

REJECTION OF THE TRUTH

Then said the Jews unto him, now we know that thou hast a devil... Then took they up stones to cast at him. (John 8:52, 59)

As I left the office where I had just been rejected for a summer job with the railroad, my mind was filled with disappointment, confusion, and a feeling of failure. Although it happened many years ago, I can still remember it as if it were just a few days ago. Like most college students I had to work during the summer to earn money for college expenses. Finding a job had been especially difficult that year. Finally a friend helped me find a job with the railroad. During the physical examination, the doctor detected a minor flaw in my vision. He admitted that it would not interfere with my job performance, but he still refused to approve my application.

I was devastated! Why had God allowed this to happen? I could never earn enough money at the grocery store to go back to college. What was wrong with me? Would I have to drop out of school? Didn't the doctor understand how much I needed this job? I was really blue. The pain of rejection lasted for days. God did provide a way for me to go back to college, but during those early days of struggle I wasn't sure He would. Only a full surrender to Him brought relief from the rejection I had experienced.

Jesus experienced far worse rejection. Those he tried so hard to help rejected Him. Over and over they refused to listen to the truth He wanted to share with them. The pain must have been intense as He heard them reject their only hope of salvation. How grateful we should be that He endured the rejection in order to provide our redemption! Don't reject His truth today! When you do, you reject Him as well.

T. Daniel Casey

Come Ye Apart, October, 1987