



**"FOR YOU SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE..."**

## **FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS**

BY: Travis Lewis

What is our purpose? Why are we here? Are our lives a mere contest of survival of the fittest, as is the rest of God's creation? Is the grand goal of our lives to "grab all we can get, for we only go through once"? Is our life only a wave created by the winds of time, rolling over the sea for a little while, only to vanish into oblivion as it rolls onto shore? Is life a mere obstacle course, meant to be trudged through and endured, with no other purpose than to finish?

Or, could it be that we are a part of something infinitely larger, higher, and far more noble? Are our lives an integral part of a grand scheme designed by a Supreme Architect? Can it be that our individual lives might be a cornerstone of strength in that scheme -- or a keystone in an archway that adorns its beauty? If so, what is that part, and how do we make ourselves

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## **THE GRAVENESS OF GRAVITY**

BY: Travis Lewis

From time immemorial, mankind has both contended with and taken advantage of the natural force we call gravity. We have yet to fully escape its ever-present force. Most wise calculations of force, stability, and movement must take this physical constant into account. Gravity's force is mostly predictable, yet uncompromising. We fashion vehicles that overcome its effects, allowing us to move more easily and swiftly from place to place. From the science of medicine to weapons of warfare, we devise and alloy materials that will withstand the forces necessary to overcome or harness her opposing forces.

In some circumstances, we seek to overcome her ever-constant pull. In other aspects, our lives verily depend on her existence. However, if we physically and fully succumb to her every attribute, we may lie at rest for a little while, but soon, we will surely die. To

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## **THE READING OF THE WILL**

**(PART 6)**

By: Travis Lewis

*PREFACE:* The objective of this series is to alert every reader to a certain future judgment. [For copies of previous parts of *THE READING OF THE WILL*, you may contact the editor at the address shown on page 2.] For every individual in whatever household or hemisphere, this day of accounting awaits in the not-so-distant future. Written in allegory, the intent of this series is to encourage us to audit our true relationship with God, as well as to review paradigms and habits that will be brought into either graciously commending or terribly costly judgment. Most will readily recognize the Executor as typifying our Lord, Jesus the Christ. We should find the other characters easily identifiable. At times, a mirror may suffice for immediate association. If so, then this effort has been successful! Please follow it closely and soberly, for the scenes described in these contents are not tailored for chuckles. (This series is being spread over multiple, but consecutive, issues.) This part continues....

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**While memory too well preserves a poisonous weed, it suffers the Rose of Sharon to wither.** Charles Spurgeon



## THE READING OF THE WILL

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Countless numbers file before the Executor, and then pass as judgment is pronounced. A Mr. Woodbee nervously approaches the judgment bar and pauses, displaying an obviously panic-stricken body language. The Executor opens the hearing....

**EXECUTOR:** What would be your claim to the rewards of this new home we have prepared?

**MR. WOODBEE:** I..I..(stuttering and then continuing in quivering voice) I never imagined this to be as it is. I thought I had listened to the right people, sir. Their sincerity with your work was so readily acceptable and credible. I tried to emulate their habits and follow their teaching. I went where they went in the fields, and being close to them gave me assurance that I was close to you. I exerted so much in trying to be just like them. They accepted me as being of legitimate adoption, and I reckoned that their validation was sufficient for your approval. I did what they did, thinking I would surely receive a reward like theirs. And now, some of them are actually being turned away, while many others are being censored for hypocrisy in what I accepted as fidelity in its purest form. I see that some whom I considered unfavorable were really legitimate, and they are receiving grand status in the new land. It seems that the workers who appeared less visible and vocal are often the ones with the greatest reward, while, many of those who commanded great applause in our former fields are being consigned much less esteem in the sight of this court. I understand, more fully than ever, the necessity of personal passage through the gate that was shepherded by you alone, and how humbled I am that a dear friend, whom you sent my way early in life, directed me to your gate! How fondly I remember the closeness to you on that day! I only regret that my choice to depart from that friend's influence in favor of warmer feeling attractions have brought me to the point of being too late to correct my course.

**EXECUTOR:** Your present sincerity and humility are commended, my brother. So is your honesty. The surprise you express with what you are seeing is not uncommon. Just prior to my personal departure from the fields, I left written warnings that many of those who were deemed great in the land would be relegated to much less esteem upon reaching this hall of judgment. At great costs, those warnings were preserved and passed through many generations of workers. To their -- and to your -- sad surprise, those cautions were often taken as being intended for "someone else". Our

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## WHO,WHAT, WHEN, WHERE??

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## THE GRAVENESS OF GRAVITY

*(Continued from page 1)*

sustain ourselves, and especially in order to grow, we must resist the force of gravity – that necessary, static force that continually draws us toward a common central point. Wholly unresisted, gravity not only denies our wants, but also prevents our needs and necessities from being filled. When resisted with only the level of energy that maintains bare sustenance, we scarcely exist for a limited time, then surrender to an early demise. Wholly succumbing to gravity's force for extended periods jeopardizes our present well being, and finally our very existence.

An analogy of these same principles applies equally in the secular realm. The business that sits back and expects its future needs to be met, and even gloats over its wise choices of the past, is destined for a sad and not so distant termination of its solvency. Neither its size nor its ingenious feats of the past, alone, afford immunity to the effects of a sedentary attitude. To remain static ensures its eventual demise. Though certain principles must remain as perimeters beyond which business choices must not stray, success and longevity depend on its ability to quickly recognize changes in consumer expectations and to readily perceive and adapt new ways of meeting those needs. Any business, whether of "Mom and Pop" nature, or of the colossal Microsoft magnitude, is either continually growing – resisting the temptation to remain static -- or withering away.

Our vocations may entail wholly manual or mental labor, or a mixture of both. To ensure continued demand for whatever we have for hire, whether it is physical strength, a will for menial tasks, or rare skills and disciplines, we must resist the urge to do nothing, and search for means

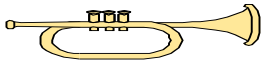
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## EPITAPH

Here lies Ann Mann,  
Who lived an old maid,  
But died an old Mann .. Dec. 8, 1767

*Found in a London, England cemetery*

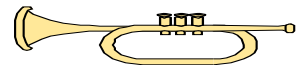
**Beware the fury of a patient man!** *John Dryden, 1681*



# HEADLINE

(Found in a California newspaper of several years ago)

## TWO CONVICTS EVADE NOOSE .. JURY HANGS



### FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS

available for use? How do we ascertain our usefulness, and what is the end result for having done so?

*“What is man that thou are mindful of him -- and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet...” Psalms 8:4*

To what end then is man intended? If mankind was the crowning act of God’s creation, then what purpose are we intended to serve? Is our most noble goal to serve and satisfy our individual needs and appetites? Or, does the charge by our Creator expand beyond that of satisfying our fleshly desires? Could it be that, just ahead in many of our lives, lays a field of service not yet detailed to any man?

Can it be that you occupy a unique position -- having been brought thus far by God to perform a specific task at a specific time?

Whether your beneficiary be one specific person, or a great nation of heathens, you, child of God, occupy a unique place in history and in the work of the Lord. You were saved to bring glory to God. You were endowed with specific gifts and qualities that set you apart. Though your name may never be recorded in the archives of man, you were designed to succeed for the Lord. Should you stumble and be wounded, and cannot be the doorkeeper at the Lord’s house, then offer yourself as the doormat. Should your task even cost your very life, the price would be no less than millions have paid who have gone before -- but what a way to go!

As we make our choices in life, may each of us do so with the resolve of Esther: *“If I perish, I perish.”*

For indeed it is a truth of this life -- you are here this day, and at this point, **“FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS.”**

Ω

**BOREN’S LAW: WHEN IN DOUBT, MUMBLE.**

**\*\*\*\*\*MONEY IS A LOUSY WAY OF KEEPING SCORE IN LIFE.\*\*\*\*\***

### THE READING OF THE WILL

*(Continued from page 2)*

intent for all, upon passage through the gate, was to maintain a personal line of communication with us. The line was to be used regularly, not just for secret ambitions or dire emergencies. This line of communication was the sole guarantee of constant grasp on the plumb line of truth. The most cheerless testimony of your life, as with many others, was the choice to emulate peers rather than learn my ways and emulate me. Your neglect, in petitioning me for wisdom in judgment, defaulted you to emulating much that I could have revealed as being false, though saturated with sincerity. And besides, my mission for you in the fields was unique to you alone. How more grand could have been your glory in this new land, had you focused on being what I would have you alone be. Instead, your desires were turned aside to be what others expected of you. You assumed that the concurrence of peers with your choices would bring the same approval from me. That was a sad – and costly -- mistake! Your adoption is certainly legitimate, but the result of allurements by your peers is your being saved, yet so as by fire. Receive your reward now!

*Soon following Mr. Woodbee, notice is taken of a Mr. Wirkman, at his turn, approaching the bar of judgment with hands folded and with audible sobs of joy. On reaching the bar, he falls to a kneeling position, as his weeping briefly turns to shouts of glee ....*

**EXECUTOR** *(with a noticeably pleased countenance):* I see that you are happy to reach home.

**MR. WIRKMAN** *(with tears still showing):* Oh, yes! My Lord, it surely is wonderful to be home at last. But more wonderful, Master, is the magnificence of being in your actual presence! To behold the full majesty of both the Master of my life and Lord of my eternity is even more than I could imagine by the faculties with which I was endowed. From the time I lifted my petition for you to become literal Lord of my life and future, and you accepted me at the gate, I have looked forward to this moment. Oh, where could I have gone with all my trials and frustrations, had it not been for your promise that you could handle them all in time, and that you would grant me grace to bear and be strengthened in them. And where would I be now, had it not been for the efforts of your people who directed me to your gate! Even now, I shudder to think of my destiny, had I listened to those who

*(Continued on page 7)*



**\*\*FINSTER’S LAW: A closed mouth gathers no feet.!!**

**THE GRAVENESS OF GRAVITY**

*(Continued from page 2)*

to render ourselves more productive. Choosing otherwise insures that our offerings are progressively in less demand, and eventually in no demand at all.

In the spiritual realm, a like force, rendering the same effect, is ever-present. Scriptural records indicate that few deeds, if any, glorify God more than one of his own seeing a need, and readily moving out of his zone of rest to meet the challenge.

That which sustains and is ever-present must never be ignored; nor should we become stagnant and satisfied with status quo. The commission of God’s people is not to simply sustain a certain level of godliness, but to mature and communicate its beauty to the ungodly and sin weary world. This requires the aggressive resistance to the temptation of sitting comfortably and doing nothing – and, in the end, acknowledge to God that we wasted the talents and opportunities that he gave us. Our mission is to be active, not passive. It is one mainly of an aggressive and proactive nature. Few, if any, battles are won from the foxhole, which, at best, affords only temporary security. Just as in business and personal realms, we may find temporary ease with dormancy in our work for the Lord. Like our brothers of old, we easily make the mistake of considering ourselves as satisfactorily successful, even in the Lord’s work. We easily view our spiritual lives as *rich, and increased with goods, having need of nothing*. But one day, like our ancient brethren, we may receive sad notice from Heaven itself, informing us that we are actually *wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked*. Though such notice will be too profound to ignore, we may have waited too late to respond. Admittedly, periods of rest, and opportunities to recreate, may at times be needful; but only in preparation for future endeavors.

Those who still yearn to breathe free are not lent hope by missions conducted wholly within conquered territory. With immediate family members or close friends having been converted, we often begin to operate as in ‘conquered territory’. This state requires less energy, less movement, and it allows more rest. At the same time, it affords us the hollow comfort of feeling still engaged. Neither are we expected to expend energy in pretense of freeing the enslaved that have repeatedly rejected the offer of genuine hope and liberation.

Righteousness is not made real by simply not feeling guilty, nor is sin defined by simply feeling condemned.

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**THE WOODEN BOWL**

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The frail old man had gone to live with his son, daughter-in law, and four year old grandson. His hands were trembly, his eyesight was blurred, and his steps faltered. The family all ate together, but the old man’s shaky hands and failing sight made eating difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor, when he grasped the glass, milk spilled onto the tablecloth. Being irritated for several days with spilled milk, noisy eating, and food on the floor, the couple sat a small table in the corner, and there Grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner. Since he had broken several dishes already, his food was served in a wooden bowl. As the couple would glance at the old gentleman as he ate, they would regularly detect a tear in his eyes as he ate alone. Still the only words they had for him were sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled his drink. The four year old watched in silence.

One evening, just before supper, the father noticed his son trying to assemble some wood scraps as he played on the floor. “What are you making?”, the father sincerely asked. With equal seriousness, the boy responded as he smiled and continued his work, “Oh, I’m making a little bowl for you and Mama to eat from when I grow up.”

The separate table and wooden bowl were then put away!

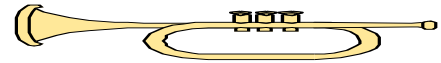
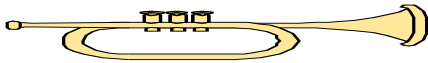
*Contributed by Brenda Kelly, Lexington, TN;  
Author Unknown*

**I’VE LEARNED.....**

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...that it is going to take a lot longer than I thought for me to become what I want to be;  
...that I still have a lot to learn.  
...that people will forget what I did, but they won’t forget how I made them feel.

**C**REDENTIALS ON THE WALL DO NOT MAKE US DECENT HUMAN BEINGS!



## WHY PRAY?

*This article is condensed and edited from Charles Spurgeon's Daily Devotions*

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*Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens." - Lamentations 3:41*

The act of prayer teaches us our unworthiness, which is a very salutary lesson for such proud beings as we are. If God gave us favors without constraining us to pray for them we would never know how poor we are, but a true prayer is an inventory of wants, a catalog of necessities, a revelation of our hidden poverty. While it is an application to divine wealth, it is a confession of human emptiness.

The most healthy state of a Christian is to be always empty in self and constantly depending upon the Lord for supplies; to be always poor in self and rich in Jesus; weak personally, but mighty through God to do great exploits; and hence the use of prayer, because, while it adores God, it lays the creature where it should be, in the very dust. Prayer is in itself, apart from the answer which it brings, a great benefit to the Christian. As the runner gains strength for the race by daily exercise, so for the race of life we acquire energy by the hallowed labor of prayer.

Prayer plumes the wings of God's young eaglets, that they may learn to mount above the clouds. Prayer girds the loins of God's warriors, and sends them forth to combat with their sinews braced and their muscles firm. An earnest pleader comes out of his closet, even as the sun arises from the chambers of the east, rejoicing like a strong man to run his race. Prayer is that uplifted hand of Moses which routs the Amalekites more than the sword of Joshua; it is the arrow shot from the chamber of the prophet foreboding defeat to the Syrians. Prayer girds human weakness with divine strength, turns human folly into heavenly wisdom, and gives to troubled mortals the peace of God.

We know not what prayer cannot do! We thank thee, great God, for the mercy-seat, a choice proof of your marvelous love and kindness.

Help us to use it aright throughout this day . Ω

## TIME FOR VACATION!

BY: TRAVIS LEWIS

*The following article is inserted in this issue as a reminder of our responsibilities toward Christian stewardship, even during these seasons of rest and recreation.*

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According to a May survey by Myvesta (formerly the non-profit Debt Counselors of America), 55 percent of us plan to take a vacation this summer and nearly three-quarters of us (73.6 percent) plan to put the damage on our credit cards. And why not?

Credit cards are a great way to travel. Safer than cash and more convenient than traveler's checks, they are accepted just about everywhere, so "we'll fly now and pay later". But try as we might, many will take months, even years to pay for that summer safari. At an average interest rate of approximately eighteen percent, that long awaited getaway can materialize into a financial ball and chain.

In the Federal Reserve's Survey of Consumer Finances, they ask such questions as, "Do you think it's okay to use debt to finance vacations?". Basically, the answer is "Yes, that's fine." And it may be. But for many of us, it may reflect not just a willingness to accept more debt, but also a willingness to become more financially stressed – and more tempted to forego our obligations, actually our privileges, toward the work of the Lord.

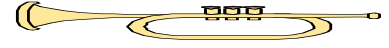
According to Mike Kidwell, vice president and co-founder of *Myvesta.org.*, many of us vacation above our means. "We found that the average summer vacation will cost \$2,274, about 8 percent of the average annual income of \$27,219. How much of a bite is this going to take out of the average yearly income? Basically, you've got to work a month, or 22 working days, just to have a week's worth of fun."

Particularly as Americans, most of us feel we have a "right" to a vacation. We have obviously become a society seeking instant gratification, and we think of vacations as an entitlement. So we go to great lengths to exercise that "right". But with every right comes a responsibility – a stewardship. At issue with this one is how we pay for it. Before the common use of credit cards, most of us saved for a trip and paid with cash or traveler's checks on the

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**“Our actions are not mysteries; they are but a culmination of all preceding events in our lives and the effect of God’s laws upon them.”**

*Quote from English paper by Donald Travis Cozart, December, 2000*



There may be only one thing more painful than learning from experience, and that is not learning from experience. \*\*\*\*\* Archibald McLeish

**THE OLD MAN**

I first saw him in the church building on Wednesday. He was in his mid-70's, with thinning silver hair and a neat brown suit. Many times in the past, I had invited him to come. Several other Christian friends had talked to him about the Lord and had tried to share the good news with him.

He was a well-respected, honest man with so many characteristics a Christian should have, but he had never put on Christ, nor even claimed to be a Christian.

"Have you ever been to a church service in your life?", I had asked a few years ago. We had just finished a pleasant day of visiting and talking. He hesitated, then, with a bitter smile he told me of his childhood experience some fifty years ago.

He was one of many children in a large impoverished family. His parents had struggled to provide food, with little left for housing and clothing. When he was about ten, some neighbors invited him to worship with them. The Sunday School class had been really exciting! He had never heard such songs and stories before, nor had he heard anyone read from the Bible. After class was over, the teacher took him aside and said, "Son, now we want to look our best when we come into God's house. So, would you please not come again dressed as you are now?" He had not noticed his appearance. He looked down and his overalls were unpatched and ragged. Then as he looked at his dirty, bare feet, he answered softly, "No, ma'am, I won't — ever." "And I never did," he said, and our conversation abruptly ended.

Other factors may have hardened him, but this experience obviously formed a significant part of his bitterness. What if the Sunday School teacher had put her arms around that dirty, ragged little boy and said, "Son, I am so glad you are here, and I hope you will come every chance you get to hear more about Jesus." I pray that I might be ever open to the tenderness of a child's heart, and that I might never fail to see beyond the appearance and behavior of a child and the eternal possibilities within.

Yes, I saw him in the church house for the first time on Wednesday. As I looked at that immaculately dressed old gentleman lying in his coffin, I thought of the little boy long ago. And I could almost hear him say, "No Ma'am, I won't — ever." *Contributed by Connie Perrigo; Author Unknown*

**WHY A GAP?**

*This first portion of this article was contributed by Denise Roberts, Old Hickory, Tennessee. The original author is unknown. It is added to and specially adapted by the editor for use in REVEILLE.*

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Spending a few days together, the grandson and grandfather were discussing the modern age, and just things in general. Even the grandfather admitted he was confused about some things going on.

"Ya' know, son, lots of those things, I have trouble relating to. I just didn't grow up with it."

"Like what, Pa"?, the grandson asked.

"Well, your grandmother and I got married first, and then lived together. Every family had a daddy and mama, and we actually believed that a lady needed a husband to bear a child. Every boy over fourteen had a rifle, and he never thought of carrying it to school. But that was before tape decks and CD's, or guys wearing earrings. We listened to Flatt and Scruggs, Red Skelton, and Presidents' speeches on our radios, and, ya' know, I don't remember any kid blowing his head off while he listened to Jack Benny. 'Aids' were helpers in the Principal's office, 'chips' were pieces of wood found around the wood pile, and 'hardware' was stuff found in a store with nails and wheelbarrows. And 'software' wasn't even a word. I came up understanding that 'grass' was mowed, 'coke' was a cold drink, 'pot' was something mama cooked in, and 'rock music' was the songs granny rocked us to sleep by."

"And just think, I'm only fifty-six.", he sighed.

"Yea, Pa, I understand how a gap forms between your age group and mine. And I sorta' regret that I may not experience some of those things that did a good job for you. You may have actually been part of 'the greatest generation'. But, ya' know, Pa, there's still some of us who still know that life's most precious moments are those that don't cost money — and that some things are still right, and some are still wrong. And some of us are learning that the laws of God that gave you the good life can do the same for us. We're compelled to do more in less time and to make quicker choices that don't always work out right. But we're learning to do the best we can at the time, and to lean on God to guide — and to trust Jesus to forgive when we don't listen or hear him very well. "

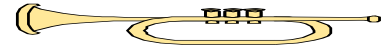
"And if we have enough Grandpas like you who understand our pressures and problems, then we'll be a great generation too."

As a tear wells and trickles down his face, Grandpa gently hugs the grandson and whispers, "I reckon times like this are what close the gap. And that's why, to one another, we'll both always be 'GRAND' !" Ω



**\*\*\*HEROES\*\*\***

**A REAL HERO IS ONE WHO DOES WHAT HAS TO BE DONE, WHEN IT HAS TO BE DONE, REGARDLESS OF CONSEQUENCES.**



**IF ONE HAS INTEGRITY, NOTHING ELSE MATTERS. IF ONE DOES NOT HAVE INTEGRITY, NOTHING ELSE MATTERS.** *Senator Alan Simpson*

**THE READING OF THE WILL**

*(Continued from page 3)*

advised me to just enter your fields at any point I wished and begin believing I was adopted. So many times I have communed with your Advocate in the fields and felt your very presence. You were there when I brought my problems to you, just as when I came in simple gratitude. Though I sometimes neglected to come as regularly as I had promised, I knew I could always find you when I came recognizing you as Master and myself as lone steward of my life. And only you and I know of our conversations at times when no one else could help. Where could I have gone but to you, and who could have helped, had they even cared! And how could you have been so faithful to me, when I had so little to return?

**EXECUTOR:** It's a thing called "love", my child – genuine love.

**MR. WIRKMAN:** Lord, after all your faithfulness, how could I have often doubted you during those times when I was heavy laden with the vision of so much work to do in your fields, and with so few workers? And at times, I become so discouraged when other workers would deride me and actually question our relationship, yet they sailed merrily along, seemingly trouble free. I knew that, with my trust in you, my faith was well founded, but still I often wallowed in self-pity. How often I would ask, "Why am I left alone?". And how flustered I would become with the preoccupation among workers with petty, childlike play for power within the ranks. Now, with all that past, I wonder why I was so foolish to become discouraged!

**EXECUTOR:** Your tendency toward self-pity was a trait you inherited from your original abode. So were any thoughts of being left alone. Great brethren of ancient generations, who trod the same fields as yourself,  
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**TIME FOR VACATION!**

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road. Near the beginning of my working career, I had a wonderful boss that annually set aside one hundred dollars for a vacation in the Smokey Mountains for his family of four. It served him well. If he ran out of money, he simply came home and looked forward to the next summer's time in the Smokies. Today, with the credit card as our magic carpet, we can easily spend more than we should, and more than we will wish we had.

*Myvesta* found that half of us (56.7 percent) plan to pay off our vacation credit card balances as soon as the bill arrives, a third of us (35 percent) within 12 months. For many people, that's wishful thinking," Kidwell says. "Too often, people pay just the minimum payment, not realizing how much the interest will add to the total cost of a vacation."

How out of control can it get? According to *Myvesta*, at an average interest rate of 17.99 percent, if we pay just the minimum payment for our \$2,274 vacation, it would take us thirty-four years to pay it off and cost an additional \$5,974 in interest, almost three times the cost of the vacation itself! That is not wise stewardship. However, if we pay \$208 a month, you'd close out that bill in a year at an additional cost of \$227 in interest.

So why not plan what we can truly afford? A "vacation" is to relax -- to reorient our thoughts and rearrange our

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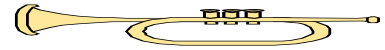
**THE GRAVENESS OF GRAVITY**

*(Continued from page 4)*

Righteousness requires work born out of a pure heart, cleansed by the grace of God. Work requires resisting ever-present forces that tempt us to remain static – maybe even comfortable. Our best interests are served when we resist those silent forces that constantly supply us reason to just 'sit back and let it happen'; then too late, learn the real graveness of gravity. Ω



**POWER NOURISHES THE HUMAN TENDENCY TO WORSHIP THE IDOL OF SELF.**



## THE READING OF THE WILL

(Continued from page 7)

suffered the same hindering influence. The truth was that, not only was I on constant alert to your circumstances, but I had many others in nearby fields suffering from the same, unnecessary afflictions. You were never really alone, and neither were they!

**MR. WIRKMAN:** My Lord, how can I ever thank you enough?

**EXECUTOR:** How can you thank me enough, you ask? Well, eternity is a long, long time, my child – eternity is a long time. The gate swings wide for your entrance. You're home, finally home! Ω

\*\*\*\*\**To be continued next issue. In future issues, we will meet others to whom we may find striking familiarity.*

## TIME FOR VACATION!

(Continued from page 7)

priorities. Good stewardship applied toward a "vacation" allows us to return home as an enthused Christian steward, a more loving parent, a more cheerful spouse, and a more productive employee – and free from the ball and chain shackle of debt! Ω

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*With this tenth edition of REVEILLE, I wish you a wonderful summer season. My prayer is that as the long summer days shed more light upon the Earth, light will be added to the pathway of our lives that we can progressively see God more as He really is — and as He would have us be. To that end, REVEILLE is dedicated.*

*With this issue goes not a wish for a summer free of trials, for that denies us an opportunity to mature. But may we pray for strength to overcome the temptations that will surely appear, forgiveness for our failures, and grace when we are the victor.*

*Genuine thanks go to all who have contributed in any fashion to this effort, and we continue to welcome your constructive comments. Our aim is to provide wholesome thoughts, consistent with God's Word; to lend a measure of hope for the suffering heart, and a ray of light for the life darkened by the clouds of trouble. If we fail, forgive me.*

*When we succeed, to God be all the honor! *Travis**

## MEMO FROM MANAGEMENT

BY: TRAVIS LEWIS

*The conclusion of this issue is somewhat of an allegory of some paraphrased memos from one who is always in charge. He has no boards with whom he has to consult for advice, and no stockholders to whom he must answer. Regardless of how awry or hectic the business of life appears to be going, the door of his office is always open, and he waits for us to come in and discuss the most private of troubles, or to restore order to a life in shambles. He has both the time and heart to listen, and he really does care!*

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Do you feel as if you are always running, and never getting anywhere? I know – sometimes it seems that life is just one big headache, and that everybody is out there just to get you. I notice that your frustrations at times come to a boil, and you often feel you have been hung out to dry. Sometimes you privately wonder if it's because of your relation to me, and you begin to feel pity for yourself. The harder you try to save for the rainy day, the larger become the holes in your pocket. You carefully build your cisterns, then they fail to hold water; and clouds that promise the needed rain seem to pass you by.

Why don't you drop by, and let's talk – just you and me, alone and heart to heart? You may not receive what you seem to want right now, but you'll be content when you leave. I want you to always lean on me, and to trust me in all that is beyond your ability to control. On my promises, I always deliver! And, if you are mine, I have promised that I will never leave or forsake you. If you don't know me, my door is open, and I'll be waiting. Those promises are signed in blood – my own blood!

Wishing to be truly yours,

Your elder brother, Jesus, the Christ