

REVENUE

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

EVEN AT OUR BEST, WE ARE ONLY BEGGARS WHO FOUND THE BREAD.

THE 'McSERVICE'

BY: TRAVIS W. LEWIS

The following is actually a true story of a simple encounter by the editor several months ago. Since the lesson intended is not to place ridicule on any individual or organization, the names are fictitious.

I first saw Nicki ordering lunch at a popular fast food restaurant. He at once appeared to be a jolly, young boy--maybe eight years old, with curly black hair that immediately caught the attention of everyone around him. Nicki was also very plump. Actually, he was really obese. Nicki's face was pudgy to the point that his eyes appeared to be in a continual squint, and his neck appeared to consist only of a roll that cushioned his head on his shoulders. The course of the young guy's barely detectable beltline ran from a point hardly above his hips from behind, sharply downward and under his belly that hang over and hid whatever belt he may have worn.

"What d'ye want for lunch, Nicki?", his mother asked. "A Big McBurger with cheese, a ragl'r cheeseburger, biggie fries and a big Coke.", Nicki replied as his hands fidgeted with the pockets of his baggy pants. Then, jerking at his mother's elbow, he added, "And, hey Mom, can I have two apple pies again? We still get two for only eighty-nine cents." By this time, needless to say, Nicki really had my attention. "Nicki, this is the third time this week you have ordered the same things. Do you stay hungry all the time?", was mother's only reply as she placed the order and paid for their meals. She took their self-serve drinking cups from the waitress and handed the large one to Nicki. Obviously energized, he turned and made a b-line toward the drink fountains as waiting customers quickly parted to make way. By this time, my grin that had begun as Nicki was ordering had become a silent chuckle. After chugging down a great part of his first cup of Coke, Nicki

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WHEN THE ROLE CHANGES

By: Travis W. Lewis

(Reprinted by request)

FOREWORD: *The following story hopefully reveals that as our circumstances change in life, so may our roles. Regardless of however slight or marked may be our change of position, the purpose of God is being worked, and it behooves each of us to identify those new roles through diligent prayer and faithful study. As new roles are identified, our responsibility as children of God is to readily accept, adjust, prepare, and pursue the opportunities that our new roles offer. This beautiful story of love, dedication, and loyalty leaves no wonder why it became holy writ. It reveals how that though dreadful tragedies may profoundly change our lives, we must adjust and be willing to be used of God in our new roles. May this effort afford the insight and courage to be watchful for these windows of opportunity; then to eagerly pursue the new roles unfolded before us. (Please reference the entire four chapters of the book of Ruth.)*

Economic times had become unbearably hard in the region where this young, religious couple resided. Fearing that conditions would become intolerable, and with much apprehension, they made a difficult choice. They would sell their property and move away -- to an area, though strange, where the 'grass was much greener'. When things improved in their hometown, they would return. With their sons who still resided at home, along with a meager array of household goods, they made the difficult journey that must have taken several days. Their arrival brought hopes that this new location would bring better times for their tightly knit family.

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!!SOME FOLKS LIVE AND LEARN...OTHERS ONLY LIVE!!



REVEILLE



→ I WONDER—WHY THE SERMON THAT PRICKS MY CONSCIENCE USUALLY HAS SOME GOOD POINTS!!

HE'LL BE ALRIGHT

BY: TRAVIS LEWIS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following short story was previously published in REVEILLE in the July, 2000 issue. We have been asked to print it again for the benefit of our many new readers.

Being self-employed in a very successful business, Paul Baylor had reached the point of needing to capitalize a very steep growth curve. A sizable loan had been arranged, and the future took on a new brightness. Almost two years passed as his business grew beyond his well-thought-out business plan. The energetic Paul and his wife, Cassie, had more reasons than ever to be excited and optimistic. A very large contract had materialized that, if plans matured, would provide more than sufficient funds for full repayment of his still sizable outstanding debt.

It was mid-summer. With a full charge, Paul departed home on this particular morning with the usual, distinct spring in his step. Not a thought would have been entertained that his storybook status was about to end forever.

As Paul grasped the ignition on his four-wheel drive pickup truck, which the loan had financed, a knifing pain shot through the left side of his head. Immediately, his vision fogged. His consciousness was swiftly fading as he attempted to sound an alarm on his horn and realized his right side was in total paralysis. Inside the house, Cassie sensed that something just wasn't right. Saying their morning goodbyes, hearing the door shut as Paul left the house, then seconds later hearing the truck door slam, followed by his truck cranking and pulling out of the driveway – that sequence had become part of her subconscious. "Something must be

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TOO BUSY THIS "TOO BUSY" BUSINESS IS THE DEVIL'S LIE AND DECEPTION!

Charles Stanley

WHO,WHAT, WHEN, WHERE??

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THE 'TATER' FAMILY JUST WHICH ONE ARE YOU?

This member of the TATER family never seems motivated to participate, but is just content to watch while others do the work. He is called **SPECK TATER**.

Another never does anything to help, but is gifted at finding fault with the way others do the work. We call him **COMMENT TATER**.

One of the sisters always looks to cause problems by expecting others to agree with her, and vilifies those who disagree with her opinion. Her name is **AJJIE TATER**.

Then there's another sister who always says she will help, but somehow just never gets around to actually taking the time. We call her **HEZZIE TATER**.

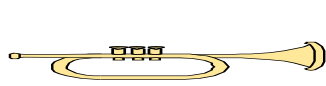
Still another sister puts up a front, pretending to be someone that she actually is not. This one's name is **EMMA TATER**.

Now this TATER family, so far, would not seem to make very good friends or neighbors. But there is one that actually does love others and does what she says she will do. She is always ready and lends a helping hand, strictly for the joy of having done it. Her name is **SWEET TATER!**

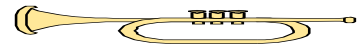
Contributed by Ralph Maxwell; Parsons, Tennessee

REST ASSURED — IF WE LAY AROUND WITH DOGS, WE'LL GET UP WITH FLEAS!!

SOMETIMES I WONDER: IF FLYING IS SO SAFE, WHY DO THEY CALL THE AIRPORT "THE TERMINAL"? *Contributed by Donald T. Cozart*



REVEILLE



Smell the cheese often so you'll know if it's getting old

HE'LL BE ALRIGHT

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wrong – the door slammed, but the truck didn't crank.”, she thought. “Must be the battery”. As she opened the outside door from their den and glanced toward the truck, a mental alarm went off. Paul was not outside the truck seeing what was wrong -- and there, inside the cab, as her pace quickened toward him, she could see only an arm draped over the steering wheel. Something told her now that something was very wrong! Cassie reached the passenger door and peered inside; it was Paul, half-slumped sideways onto the seat. No sooner had she yelled his name with no response than she had opened the truck door and reached to turn his head so she could see his face. He was expressionless. His head and collar were wet with sweat. Cassie had contained her composure enough to tell that he was breathing ever so slightly. “What do I do? Who do I call? 911, that's what I'll do. There's his cell phone. 9-1-1. This is Cassie Baylor at 2115 Greenbriar....” During the following few minutes, which seemed like hours, she yelled for help to no avail. Nearest neighbors lived almost a quarter-mile away. Paul had

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WHOM SHALL WE SEEK? ©

BY: TRAVIS W. LEWIS



I sometimes wonder of my response, if, during my private invocation;
Should the Spirit inform me, “Jesus will be by tomorrow, and, with you, do visitation.”?

Would I reply, “Lord, now let me take some time and make a plan;
Should we first stop by the home of the disabled preacher man?
Or, just where will we go, Lord; what circles should we seek —
Our cathedrals of commerce, or the ‘projects’, or the weak?
Religious people, secular people, broken people alike,
Or maybe those who plead for help, and society has replied, ‘Go take a hike.’?
Should we really pay attention to those we brand as ‘thugs’?
And how will we mention the kingdom, to those perverted children doing drugs?
Now Lord, some will think it strange, their ‘Christianity’ may suffer distortion,
If we suggest Christ’s love to that frightened little girl – the one who just had an abortion.
Shall we schedule the entrepreneur, whose business is eminent to fail,
And into the heart of his fondest hopes, has just been driven the final nail?
I know we’ll stop by the nursing home, and reassure all the old,
Then swing by the hospital -- now, Lord, we don’t need to get too bold;
For they’ll expect us to stop in the hall, and maybe give a parable to the maids,
But, don’t you think we need to just skip by the room of the guy dying with AIDS?



THE 'McSERVICE'

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quickly reloaded and parked himself for his meal.

As I sat and waited to meet a friend, Nicki's lunch arrived. Nicki wasted no time in his attack, and when he was finished, hardly a crumb had escaped his relentless chomp. Soon they had finished their meal and prepared to leave. As Nicki departed, his countenance plainly reflected that all his appetites were satisfied – for now.

For me, it had been a simple experience. But as Nicki left, I drew a striking comparison to what I have often observed in efforts of would-be worshippers -- myself sometimes included. Nicki came with a void, yearning to be filled. Nicki never entertained the thought that his choice of food that tasted so good and temporarily satisfied his desires was loaded with stuff that would one day prove to have been harmful to the body which he thought he was nourishing. His attention had seldom, if ever, been focused on nutrition or healthy growth or maturity. As a result, his choices brought little, if any, lasting strength. They offered no hope for a truly more healthy or hopeful future. Quite the opposite. Instead, his choices would someday likely bring major regret – and probably too late. Nicki enjoyed 'good feelings' as he was feeding himself. The thought never occurred to Nicki that he was actually weakening the ability of his body to function on a level that life would someday demand.

In the choices of Nicki and his mother, we may find a lesson that is practical on the spiritual plane of our own lives. Nicki's mother was largely responsible for supervising and providing for his nourishment. Her choice was whether to simply satisfy Nicki's appetite, or to provide him with genuine food for his maturity. Her decision was a foolish one -- to satisfy the appetite of the son that she professed to love, but to deny him the actual nourishment for which she was responsible. I suppose this to be the balance beam upon which every serious pastor and teacher constantly tread, "How can I make my points palatable enough to be accepted, yet genuine enough to provide growth for the Lord's servants?". Such a constant struggle is not easy. From personal observation, and maybe for various reasons, I fear that many succumb to the same easy choices made by Nicki's mother.

Each of us would be wise to seriously consider our own spiritual choices. An accurate assessment will

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HE'LL BE ALRIGHT

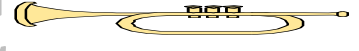
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wanted this 'country home' so he could have elbow-room. "Who else should I call? Where are the boys?", she asked herself as she repeatedly failed to gain a response from her husband of twenty-four years. Their oldest son, Bradley, now twenty-one and preparing for his senior year in college, along with his younger brother, Stuart, who had just finished high school, had left just fifteen minutes before. Both were entertaining thoughts of becoming part of their dad's flourishing business following college. For the greater part of their summers since their early teens, they were getting a taste of the literal ground floor of the business. Cassie knew it would still be several minutes before she could make contact with them. She managed to wrestle Paul's legs toward the door and to straighten his twisted form so he at least could breathe deeper. The ambulance arrived. Paramedics methodically examined Paul and tentatively diagnosed his problem as an aneurysm. From a few feet away, Cassie gazed at this most unbelievable scene. Only ten minutes before, this beautiful setting had cast a handsome, enthused forty-six-year-old wearing starched khakis, successfully chasing the American dream. Now suddenly, his high school sweetheart and eventual bride was weeping, as his formerly vibrant body lay lifeless on a stretcher, fighting for his life, and being hauled away. The khakis, only moments before slick and dressy, were now wrinkled and drenched with perspiration. As Cassie stood on the edge of the well-manicured grass with which Paul had labored so meticulously only yesterday afternoon, the weight of her whole collapsing world seemed to settle deep within. The clamor of the ambulance entrance and departure had gained the attention of neighbors who were now arriving. Though being offered all that was at her friends' disposal, Cassie knew her family's need was far beyond their ability to deliver. "He'll be alright", she silently reassured herself as she loaded into a neighbor's van and proceeded toward the hospital four miles away. Since both were high school seniors, Paul had always been there. But, "He'll be alright.", Cassie again thought. The trip to the hospital was filled with silence, as almost eerily, over and over, those same words continued to flash across her mind, "He'll be alright."

As the hospital came into view, she began trying to pray, "Lord, help us, and please do it now! Lord, by the time we get to him, please let him regain conscious-

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**** REND YOUR HEARTS, AND NOT YOUR GARMENTS. ** JOEL 2"13**



THE 'McSERVICE'

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require nothing less than brutal honesty. Are we actually made stronger by our present choices of spiritual intake - our choice and progress of our own Christian education, and our manner of worship and praise; or, are we seeking only to satisfy a temporary need to experience a religious buzz and to "feel" fulfilled, if only for a little while? Leaving our Christian services, do we take home encouragement and thoughts that truly help us make wiser choices in our lives? Or, do we just feel good for a short while, then arrive home no more enlightened or prepared to respond to life in a Christ-like manner than we were when we left for "worship" services? Do we leave our services actually cleansed of the 'stinking thinking' produced by greed, jealousy, or vengeance that thrived in our hearts when we arrived; or does the benediction return us to the same dark pit of worry, hate, and revenge? Are our worries erased by what we hear in Bible study, or in the songs and sermon? Or, do we return to wallowing in the same slough of despondency soon after arriving home? When we have our protracted meetings or 'revivals' - after we sing and preach and pray in festive fellowship for days and nights on end - by the time a few days expire following the meetings, can anyone tell that the meetings even took place? Did the revival that we described as being 'really good' actually revive us? Did our efforts bring anyone outside or inside the church into a closer fellowship with Jesus Christ? If so, for how long? Did our efforts produce a more intense "hunger and thirst" for the knowledge and likeness of Christ in our lives? Or, are there no really lasting, visible results? For not one of us experiences a genuine closeness with the Holy Spirit of Heaven without a positive, lasting impact on our lives.

Are we actually seeking genuine growth and usefulness in the Kingdom of God? With an increase in knowledge and closeness with Jesus Christ comes an increase in usefulness for His Cause. And as we grow, we will more often find ourselves seeking the lasting strength afforded by drawing nearer to God through regular, genuine, prayerful study of His Word. Only then will our spiritual diet assume a higher priority and provide the strength and growth expected of the Father. The service that provides only cheap, temporary highs, for which we may have formerly drooled, will take on the same value that we placed on the choices made by Nicki and his mother. And, we can begin to leave our services strengthened and motivated for the work, instead of simply heading home for a long nap before time for another 'McService'. Ω



Incomplete thoughts, casual implications, total oversights all bear on the mind of the hearer. Know this, not all falsehoods originate from our adversaries; indeed the apostle Paul's warning to the elders of Ephesus was that some of the very brethren in his presence would become guilty of perverse teaching. Roger Galloway, PASTOR'S CORNER, Aug. 25,

HE'LL BE ALRIGHT

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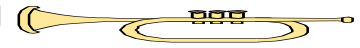
ness". But somehow, praying felt so awkward! Again came the same response, "He'll be alright.". By this time, the recurring thought was bringing a weird sort of uneasiness to Cassie's mind. As her brisk steps took her through the emergency room doors, she again whispered, "Lord, help us."; with only that same returning thought, "He'll be alright.".

Inquiring at the information desk, Cassie was told that specialists were still working with Paul, and that she could hope to hear something very soon. As she turned to take a seat, she sighted a door marked, CHAPEL. Somehow, that word lured her, and as Cassie strolled into the small room, she felt totally swallowed by loneliness. Never before had she experienced such emotional weight, yet total emptiness! As she knelt on the small, padded knee-rest, there came that gnawing thought again, "He'll be alright.". Struggling unsuccessfully to really pray, her thoughts wandered back to when she was a junior in high school. It was in April of that year when she came to claim a hope in Jesus. "Yes, that was a wonderful time!", she whispered to herself. A few months later, she had met Paul, the most handsome, kind young man she had ever met. Shortly thereafter, she had invited him to church. She remembered how he had agreed to go, but with little enthusiasm. A few weeks later, he had agreed to attend "revival meeting" with her. By this time, Cassie's thoughts of growing in the Lord's work had been displaced by her intrigue with Paul. She remembered how Paul had begun to show some discomfort with this "church stuff", as he had begun to call it. "Why am I thinking about this silly kid stuff, with Paul in there fighting for his life?", Cassie thought as her mind returned to miserable reality. No sooner had the thought appeared than, inaudibly, but no less pro-

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REVEILLE



WHEN THE ROLE CHANGES

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The optimistic view toward their new, more stable life would soon be drastically changed. No more than a few years would pass before the father would die. Soon thereafter, both sons would marry local girls. But tragedy appears to beget tragedy. In seemingly rapid succession, both sons would die. The one who previously filled the role of optimistic wife and mother suddenly awoke as a widow and mother-in-law to her two sons' young, childless wives, who also found themselves widows. All three were suddenly thrust into total dependency upon a society harboring little concern with their neighbors' needs. The dawn of widowhood and the loss of her two sons had come almost in a moment. Again, a difficult choice had to be made; except this time, she would have to make the call alone. News of improved times at home persuaded her decision. She would return to her homeland and hopefully claim the support of her closest kin whom she had left behind. She had departed in the role of hopeful, young-at-heart wife and mother. She was returning in the role of penniless and childless widow. As preparations were made for return, Naomi pled with her two youthful daughters-in-law to remain with their blood kin and to begin anew. Though mutual losses had drawn them extremely close together, with hesitance, one of the daughters-in-law heeded the advice and departed in tearful anguish. The remaining young widow, Ruth, would have none of it. The relationship to Naomi had come to attract her boundless love and loyalty. Even with the most earnest pleading of her mother-in-law, Ruth was persistent in her intent, (paraphrased) "Talk to me no more about parting; for wherever you go, I will go; and wherever you rest your head, there will mine rest also; your people to whom you return will become my people, and the God whom you worship will be the one I worship also." Her profound decision would provide a lesson for posterity that God's perfect will often requires that we break from the comfort zone of present ranks.

As her role had changed during these tragedies, Naomi had apparently begun to suffer from mental depression; nevertheless, the greatest blessing of her life was at her fingertips, which was Ruth. Ruth's goal was to stay with and bless Naomi. The pair would return to Bethlehem at the beginning of barley harvest. New roles often require new trains of thought. Ruth's role had changed from be-

ing follower of her mother-in-law to one of being responsible for their literal survival. Though Ruth found herself as an empty-handed peasant, she examined and employed the resources she possessed, while saturating all she did with prayer. Being hungry, yet loyal and apparently entrepreneurial, Ruth received permission to go into the barley fields and glean only for the grain left behind by the reapers. Her choice to ask for only a chance to make her own way, without being a liability to others, gained the attention of the wealthy landlord, Boaz, who 'happened' to be a relative of Naomi. Ruth identified her strengths and resources and sought to employ them in her new role.

The opportunities afforded in her new breadwinner role were to advance Ruth even further. In time, Ruth would become the wife of Boaz and bear to him a son named Obed. This son would be the grandfather of future King David, thus making Ruth a direct ancestor of the Messiah, Jesus, the Christ.

The story of Naomi and Ruth is not just one of a girl who got lucky. Ruth could not have been aware of such a grand purpose in her life as her roles changed. Neither may we, until we are able to look back on the whole picture from the perspective of eternity. Difficult choices lie ahead for each of us, and, in many cases, our roles will change. Moral shortcuts, recklessness, and change only for the sake of change are strongly discouraged, both by scripture and examples in history. But, will we cower into our comfort zone? Will we saturate our decision process with sincere prayer? Will we attune our choice with the still, small voice that prompts us to step out on the promises of God? Will we leave our Moab behind, and say, "*Lord, if you will take me as I am, and stand with me in my new role, I am ready to step into the gap.*"? If we step forth in faith, then we can stand before God and say, "*I'm glad I did.*", instead of, "*I wish I had...*". The choice is ours -- ours alone! **Ω**

WORRY AND FAITH CANNOT KEEP HOUSE TOGETHER; FOR WHEN ONE ENTERS, THE OTHER DEPARTS.

I'VE NEVER KNOWN A MAN WHO DIED OF HARD WORK, BUT MANY WHO DIE OF WORRY.

Dr. Charles Mayo



HAD HE WALKED AWAY ©

By: Travis W. Lewis

On this stroll in evening quietness,
Admiring the heavens past light of day,
Thinking of the worth
Of the work I've done,
And how fine and fair
Has been all the pay;

I would find it easy, in silence, to boast,
"I have made it all on my own.";
To forget how God,
Has oft heard my plea,
And sent help from so many,
Who are long since gone.

Then I thought, "It could be my children,
Astray tonight, sick, hungry or cold;
If just a few small things,
Had been ever so different,
Then it would not be this easy,
For me to gloat and feel bold."

If today had been just a little bit different;
Oh, I know – no one can tell,
But had the rock of circumstance
Been a bit more slippery,
It could have been me,
Who slipped and fell.

Oft when I tottered on cliffs of despond,
Blind, confused, and without hope;
At my poor choices,
God could have scoffed,
Or ever so slightly,
He could have tilted the slope;

Had I never known of His Word or Spirit,
Or of the hope I know they can give,
Then it could have been me
Who surrendered to life,
Who stands by the roadside,
Seeing no reason to live.

When I was oft hurt, baffled, or anxious,
Had God not been so patient and kind;
Had He said, as oft do I,
"You asked for it.",
And not guided my feet,
When my eyes were so blind;

Then I could have been that hopeless wretch,
Not seeing this night in its grand array,
Had God done me,
As oft I have done others –
Had He just turned –
-- And walked away.

HE'LL BE ALRIGHT

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found, "He'll be alright.", once more haunted her mind. Her thoughts returned to the weeklong revival meeting; how, near the end of the Thursday night service, the pastor had made his way to Paul, gently asking, "Paul, how is it with you and the Lord Jesus?". She remembered her initial embarrassment turning to anger toward the aging pastor, and the sharpness of her retort as Paul stood speechless. Though Cassie could not recall her pointed reply, she could recollect her depressing thought, "I reckon this will be the end with me and Paul.", and how she detected a tear on the pastor's cheek as he turned and walked away. It was the next morning, she remembered, when the pastor had called and asked how he could contact Paul. She had told him in no uncertain terms not to bother Paul; that she would take care of the matter when the time was right.

Mysteriously, Cassie's nostalgia continued to stop on "church stuff"; how the years had flown by, their wedding during Paul's senior year in college, the passion toward his first job, moving into their first very own home, their two sons being born, then the last time Paul had attended church with her. It was fourteen years ago – Easter Sunday. Paul had just started up his own business, and he and Cassie knew they would need all the help they could get for the business to succeed. Easter Sunday church sounded like a good idea. The day had started so beautifully and just as planned! They would attend church. Then, out by noon, they would whiz by KFC for lunch and on to the river and the mobile home they had just purchased as a getaway. Paul had promised Bradley and Stuart their first crappie-fishing trip of the year this afternoon. Her reflections of that day's church service settled uncomfortably on these scenes still so vivid in her mind – the pastor's message entitled, "Payday", and Paul's discomfort during the message. Then during the invitation when Stuart, barely four, looked up at his father and asked, "Daddy, you never told us about this 'Jesus'. Do you know him?". As if it was a mural on the wall, Cassie could still see her husband's countenance showing a fearful, helpless uneasiness – one that silently asked of her in his glance, "What can I do?", then how, not being sure what to do at that point, and assuming there would be a better time to discuss his question, she had placed her arm around Paul's waist and whispered, "It'll be alright."

It was all coming together - that haunting voice over the past hour, "He'll be alright.!" These were the words, "He'll be alright!", with which she had sassily replied to

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A BACKWARD POET WRITES INVERSE.

HE'LL BE ALRIGHT

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the pastor on Paul's first visit to church. This had been her reply, "He'll be alright.", used the next day when the pastor called and she had shielded his visit with Paul, planning to take care of it herself. Cassie could not believe that almost thirty beautiful years had passed without getting around to discussing Paul's eternal welfare with him. In all their time of planning, dreaming, working, raising the boys, vacationing – somehow, the time had never seemed right.

Overcome with sobs, she vowed to not put it off – just as soon as Paul was able, she would tell him about the Lord, and, "He'll be alright.", she persuaded herself. "I know the Lord will give me one more chance to witness to him".

Just then, Cassie sensed a hand on her shoulder and heard a voice call her name as her mind returned to the present. "Mother, the doctor is here. He needs to speak with us". It was Bradley's voice. As she stood and turned, there were both he and Stuart, along with a doctor waiting at the door to the small chapel room. As Cassie threw her arms around her two sons, in low, trembling voice she heard Bradley say, "Uh, Mom. Dad's gone. They couldn't save him.". Surely this was a dream! How could the comforts of home, their successful business, the happy family, their exciting dreams for the future – how could all this come to such an abrupt end? All these questions flashed across Cassie's mind. The voice of the doctor, explaining how the massive bleeding on Paul's brain had allowed only several minutes of life, seemed so distant as she faced the most crushing thought of all – "Where is Paul's soul? The chance I knew would come won't happen! The time I had to talk with him has run out. All my remaining days, what can I do to make it up?", Cassie wailed in bitterness. As her cries of regret finally subsided, from the deepest recesses of her being came the profound answer, "You said you would take care of it, Cassie. You told the pastor; and Paul took your word, that he would be 'alright'. Remember, Cassie...remember?".

Author's Epilogue: The names and specific incidents in this story are wholly fictitious. The lesson, however, is very real and may picture a similar situation that exists, or that may be taking shape, in your life, or in the life of a friend. Hopefully, this short story reminds us that our every opportunity to do good could be our last; that we or our friends do not have to be ill or old for life to be changed instantly, or even snatched away. The thread of life is brittle, and regardless of the security and comfort that we seem to acquire, none lasts except that to be found in the Lord Jesus. Ω

**** REMEMBER — YOU NEED NOT WAIT TO REALLY ENJOY LIFE UNTIL ****

EDITOR'S CONCLUSION: Thank you for considering this issue of REVEILLE. Hopefully, it has inspired us to search the recesses of our hearts, and to more clearly understand the Lord's will for our life. Maybe, at times, REVEILLE even replaces a frown with a smile! If so in either case, then my petitions to God have been answered. So as those who farm our soil harvest the bounty of their land, may it remind us that the spiritual fields that sprawl around us all are always white unto harvest. And may we be diligent to work while it is still day. My hope is that your path will be aligned with God's will, and when the storm clouds arise in your life, that you will find shelter in the shadow of His wings.

Again, for your various contributions to REVEILLE, may God richly bless you!

Travis