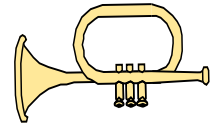


# REVEILLE



“For you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free...”

## “He’ll Be Alright”

By: **Travis Lewis**

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 was 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 wrong – the door slammed, but the truck didn't crank.”, she thought.

(Continued on page 3)

## MINISTERIAL EDUCATION

*This article is an edited and condensed version of a report presented to the Southwestern District Missionary Baptist Association by John David Lewis, October, 1997*

“Pardon me, could you give me the time”. Without thought, we glance at our wristwatch, provide the requested information, and move on. Without thought, we seldom stop to consider the technology in that tiny clock. The computer power that some of us carry on our wrists is greater than existed in the entire world before 1961. We think little of beaming a computerized birthday card around the world in a few seconds — seldom considering that simple task requires more technology than existed much less than a half-century ago. Countless novelties such as these remind us that “times change”. Life's common tools become more sophisticated as a result of education. Our workmates, neighbors, and family members, are becoming more educated. Our church folks are no different. In so being, levels of communication have to change as well; at least, if we expect to be as successful in communicating the Word of the Lord as we are secular information.

This article does not disregard the necessity of Holy Spirit leadership in successfully dispensing the Word Of God. The objective is to discourage acceptance of the concept that “if God wants me to preach, all I have to do is open my mouth, and He'll fill it.”

The story is told in Quaker services of long ago that as the minister preached, an elder would stand in the back of the

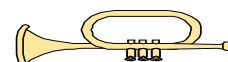
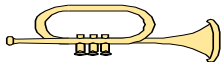
(Continued on page 2)

>>>>> ONLY THE SHALLOW BROOK BABBLES..!! <<<<<<

## THE READING OF THE WILL

(PART 2)

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 as an allegory, the intent is to encourage each of 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. Plans are to spread this series over multiple, but consecutive, issues. I acknowledge my acute inability to fathom either the majesty or chronology of final judgment. Even so, in allegory, I offer this effort.

**Scene (continued from Part 1):** A massive court filled with countless throngs of people; a snow-white judgment bar is positioned before the court, and in the chair behind the bar sits the judge, one who will preside over this gathering that surpasses all others in eternity past. The Executor has opened this scene with this introduction (from Part 1).

**Executor:** Know all present that we have gathered today to open and reveal to all parties the will of my father, who is wealthy indeed. In these fields of your past labor, the final harvest has ended, and work has permanently ceased. The farm and all appurtenances have been liquidated. Another very large home place has been prepared for those found to be true family -- those having been legally adopted. From this new home, you will not be moved, separated, nor displaced. The peace and security it offers, you have, at best, experienced as through a dark glass during your closest communion with us in these former fields. To this haven, you are about to be ferried.

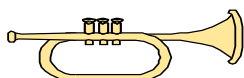
Seeing countless attempts to circumvent the prescribed process of adoption through my office as his only son, he has chosen to once and for all identify those who have been legally accepted into the family and to reward them according to their efforts on this

(Continued on page 3)

# REVEILLE



**Do what you can, being what you are;  
Shine like a glow worm, if you can't be a star.  
Work like a pulley, if you can't be a crane;  
Be a wheel greaser, if you can't drive the train.**



Before giving him a piece of your mind, make sure you can do with what's left.

## WHO,WHAT, WHEN, WHERE??

REVEILLE is being published by Travis W. Lewis, 1580 Oak Grove Road, Lexington, TN, 38351, with the assistance of brothers and sisters who share our mission. Presently, REVEILLE is published bimonthly. Subscriptions may be attained and articles arranged for publication at our home office located at the above address. Communications may also be received by phone at 901-968-2114; fax 901-968-2902; or email [twlewis302@cs.com](mailto:twlewis302@cs.com)

### \*\*\*\*\*MINISTERIAL EDUCATION\*\*\*\*\*

(Cont. from page 1)

house with stick in hand. Whenever he saw anyone in the congregation dozing, he would march forward —with stick in hand — and whack the preacher. Their belief was that dozing by the members was due to the minister shirking his duty in preparing a sermon that demanded the attention of the hearers. Although the Quakers had a valid point, this article is not encouraging such a practice, nor does it place blame on each minister in whose congregation someone dozes. Our objective is to reiterate the need for education in the ministry, when to educate, where to educate, and, most of all, why we should educate, especially our ministers. In this article, "Christian Education" means "the ability to understand and communicate the principles that please God". Solomon advised, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Ecclesiastes 12:1 Education, Christian education more specifically, is most successful when begun in early childhood. Solomon knew young minds were more moldable and open to new information. At whatever stage in life our Christian education begins, however, it need end only with mental incapacitation, or death. A good minister is a nourisher, a strengthener, a spiritual physician skilled in communicating to each member of his audience the laws of God. As diversity in our audiences grows, so should the communication skills of the minister. No other profession exceeds in need of ability to communicate. No weightier message exists than that which would nourish God's people, and convict those who are not. To dispense such a message is the primary duty of the Christian minister. Any knowledge of the expectations of God becomes a useful tool, and the earlier acquainted with - the better. Whether in the most formative years, or as a seasoned minister, our acquaintance with God's will through his Word should ever be expanding. Sources of ministerial education are limitless. "My son,hear the instruction of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother." Proverbs 1:8 Parents and elders in the church can be ideal initial instructors. Though not the all-sufficient supplier of a minister's tool chest, a formal education is certainly becoming a more needful tool. In some circles, even today, the word "college", especially "Bible college" or "seminary", immediately strikes fear and trembling. What a shame that many otherwise serious servants discourage higher, formal education for those who explain God's Word! True, some teaching in these institutions may be impure. But so is our children's eighth grade biology. Keep the best and throw out the rest. Paul is thought to have been fluent in as many as five languages. His education was not just coincidental to his calling to launch the Gospel ship toward the Gentile world. Education will not end for the wise, especially the minister, on the day we walk out the schoolhouse door for the last time.

(Continued on page 6)

### NOW.....AND THEN

**To live above with saints we love, O that will be the glory; To live below with saints we know.....Now - why is that a different story?????!!!!**

### 'OH YE OF LITTLE FAITH'

**Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? The words of Jesus, our Lord, as recorded by Matthew Matt. 6:26-30 KJV**

\*\*\*\*\*

**When we see the lilies  
Spinning in distress,  
Taking thought to manufacture  
Their own loveliness,  
When we see the birds  
All building barns for store,  
'Twill then be time to worry-- but not before!!**

### REMEMBERING & FORGETTING.....

Forget each kindness that you do as soon as you have done it.  
Forget the praise that falls to you the moment you have won it.  
Forget the slander that you hear before you can repeat it.  
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer, whenever you may meet it.  
Remember every promise made and keep it to the letter.  
Remember those who lend you aid, and be a grateful debtor.  
Remember all the happiness that comes your way in living.  
Forget each worry and distress, be hopeful and forgiving.  
Remember good, remember truth, remember heaven is above you.  
And you will find, through age and youth, that some will truly love you.

**FOR EVERY BENEFIT RECEIVED, A RESPONSIBILITY IS LEVIED!!**

We probably wouldn't worry so much about what other people thought of us  
.....if we knew

**REVEILLE**

Half-heartedness consists of "working for the Lord" in such a way as not to offend the devil.

**"He'll Be Alright"** *Continued from page 1)*

"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 wanted this 'country home' so he could have elbowroom. "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

*(Continued on page 5)*

**\*\*You know you are an old-timer if your definition of the word "babysitter" is simply.... "Mama". \*\***

**THE READING OF THE WILL** *(Continued from page 1)*

good land we left in your charge. All aliens to this commonwealth will be permanently separated. Today has no precedent in history. Before me, you all stand - having lived in all ages and for various spans of time. I saw each of you born, laden with the nature of your earthly parents. That nature violates and ignores the immutable laws of my father. The master of the farm on which you were born, though liberated for a season, had already been irrevocably sentenced. His ruthless goal was to retain you in bondage throughout your life and for you to share his dreadful lot. Each of your ancestors, having violated our covenant, were born aliens to our family and destined for a few days filled with the sweat of his brow and consumed with trouble. Without one wholly innocent of violation of my Father's laws to pay your ransom with his very lifeblood, your life of hard labor was to be terminated by a sentence of eternal punishment alongside the master of your birthplace. Throughout all the land, a search for an advocate was futile. Justice must be served, so the only one found with such innocence to pay the price was myself - the only begotten of my father. Most of you have heard this before. Now, *you shall understand judgment.* Regardless of race or creed, each of you has harbored desires to be counted as members of this family. Each has exerted various manners and degrees of effort to attain such. Every effort, thought, and motive of each person of all ages is recorded with infinite accuracy within the book before you. As you see, this book is sizable, and we may call it our *Policy Manual*. Of this volume, I am co-author. We have specially charged some of you to study, rightly divide, and dispense the provisions of this manual to the others. When sought for help, we have offered explanation of our every intent. Though often short-circuited and ignored, we have offered direct lines of communication both to and from our throne located on this high hill from which this record was written. Having understood your mission, all of our true children have been charged to dispense it to all and deny it to none. By the contents of this volume, each will be equally judged, and to the verdict of this court, there will be neither appeal nor recourse. With excited expectation, all those present move toward the bar and fasten their attention upon the executor. He begins by asking that, as each person's name is called, they advance to the front of the room; then, standing before the executor, each is to state the reason for his hope of being a beneficiary of this vast estate. Following the statement, each name, he explains, would be researched from the will and his inheritance revealed. Again, the countless throngs are reminded that these proceedings will forever settle any claims to this estate -- appointing awards to true sons and daughters and purging all impostors. With that, the court is open. Countless numbers have passed and been judged. This solemn scene continues as a "Mr. Lightmind" marches before the bar in somewhat of a prance:

**Executor:** What claim do you have in this family?

**Mr. Lightmind:** Hello sir! I've waited so long to meet the one I've heard so much about. I feel as if I've known you a long time. I began wearing your name a long time ago. I took a while to be convinced that my entry into your fields was legitimate -- and easy. After a while, it seemed as if I fit in so well with those who have had more definite experiences upon entry. But at last, such things didn't haunt me anymore. I began really having a good time being identified with this family. I mean -- there were so many things to do that really made me feel at home. I found it really neat being identified with you and being called upon because I was so well liked by my fellow workers. I've always felt your rules were so simple, I never really sensed a need to put much time into studying the Policy Manual. I came to understand that if something I was doing allowed me to feel religious, then it suited you; if it caused me to feel bad, it was a sin. Like so many others, I seemed to fare at least as well without the study. I just sort of listened

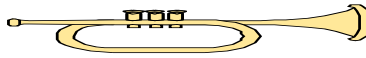
*(Continued on page 4)*

**\*\*SUCCESS: TRUE BLESSING, OR DESTRUCTIVE INTOXICATION!! IT'S OUR CHOICE!\*\***



◆\*NOT EVEN A MULE  
MAKES HEADWAY WHEN  
HE'S KICKING! ◆

# REVEILLE



Until we accept responsibility for  
our future, our future is left to  
chance, and CHANCE IS A CRU-  
EL SEDUCTRESS.

Zig Ziglar

## NEXT EDITION EXCERPTS

(Following are excerpts from next edition articles in REVEILLE.)

**PURSUING EXCELLENCE:** ...though I arrange and speak words that are admired and praised by men, sounding sweet to their ear and tugging at their heartstrings, stirring their emotions and attracting their affections.....and exclude the loving spirit exemplified by the Lord Jesus, no lasting good has been done. ....Christ-like love applies the gentle balm of kindness while others swing the sword of revenge. ....Though I betroth all my wealth to feed the hungry, heal the sick, educate the ignorant, and, to prove my intentions, I surrender my body.... to be burned — all this expecting something in return except joy that springs from Christ-like love in action, my efforts have gone for naught....

**THE READING OF THE WILL (PART 3):... Mr. Deconicus:** I could have done much more in a much more graceful manner... *Executor:* In your neglect, you starved yourself of much nourishment, thus sacrificing much potential for doing even more good. Instead of coming directly to us for guidance, you often allowed the will of others to direct your choices. At times, your frustration with apathy and infidelity among the people would actually sever the lines of communication with us, as well as with them.

**THE WORTH OF A GOOD HOUND: (An analogy)** A cool, crisp, early-November night is falling....the tailgate drops on his four-wheel drive pickup, sending the message to his hounds that this is really the night -- the night they can hunt, together....we will call this hound "Roadrunner"....beautiful hound.....novice hunter could really be deceived into investing a great amount in Roadrunner, on his appearance alone.....Another good-looking hound, we will call "GoYonder"....an energetic young hound, hardly a year old....his drive is remarkable....require lots of time and discipline. His energy has to be focused, and he must understand the mission....not be sidetracked until he reaches the trail's end....

\*\*\*\*\*STUDY OF SCRIPTURE BY "HIT AND MISS" IS TO GUARANTEE A MISS MORE THAN A HIT.\*\*\*\*\*

## THE READING OF THE WILL (Continued from page 3)

to the Manual being taught on weekends, and, the way it was presented caused me to feel so proud that I belonged to you. Why, in all these years, I hardly heard anything other than what proved over and over that I must be of tremendous pleasure to you. I found that if my interests and topics of conversation focused on the light and shallow, and that which would spawn a laugh or to entertain, then folks liked me much better. I found myself not being ridiculed like some of my neighbors who seemingly gathered some things from the Policy Manual that regularly had them in controversy. So, you see, I was just the normal good 'ole boy that liked to have fun and to entertain, and that everybody liked to be around. So that's my story -- much different from Ms. Goshup, right?

*Executor:* You have made some choices that are very common, Mr. Lightmind. But to have entered these good fields and to have been exposed to so much teaching from the manual, while discounting the summary of its contents is without excuse. While your focus was on the light things, you omitted those *weightier matters*, which could have changed your destiny about to be assigned. The Manual plainly states that even "*The thought of foolishness is sin.*" If only a fraction of the time you spent on these "fun" things in life -- these choices that allowed you to "feel" religious -- if only a small part of that enormous amount of time would have been spent meditating and seeking to know me, then this day could have been of the sort to which you could have justifiably looked forward. Your certainty in interpreting your 'feelings' are your own responsibility, though I could have helped had your faith in me been well-founded enough to ask. The manner in which others thought of you is of no significance to me, either then or now. The matter of greatest present magnitude has nothing to do with the applause you drew from your neighbors. The pivoting question now is, "Did you really know me?", and I find not your name. Depart through the dark gate to the left.

*Proceeding immediately before the bar is a Mr. Joyforth. With countenance displaying a peculiar mix of both humility and joy, he begins...*

*Mr. Joyforth:* Long years have passed, my lord, since we met at the gate. Many times we have communed, but nothing compares to this happy reunion. Prior to that day, I was one who drew much praise during my employment on the adjoining farm. With the talent for music with which I was naturally endowed, life was rewarding in some ways. The farm boss saw to it that I was well paid, and the farmhands held me in very high esteem. Somehow though, something was missing. I began to understand that that for which I was being rewarded was altogether temporary. You know the story, sir -- how I was invited to attend one of those meetings in your fields?

*Executor (an unusual brightness appears on his countenance):* It is all well documented. This may interest you, though at the time you were unaware, that the meeting you attended was the last opportunity you were to have either to come, hear, or consider lawful entry into our fields.

*Mr. Joyforth (with tears of joy appearing as he continued recounting):* Oh yes, I knew you would remember! The songs of praise to you on that occasion touched me like none other before! Then, just as I was about to be totally enthralled with the music alone, your servant began to remind us that all song, talent, and attempts at praising you were as contemptible as the pleasure of my present abode without gaining lawful admittance at the gate attended by you alone. At that point, I would have done anything -- yes, anything -- to approach you at the gate and beg entry. My appearance at the gate was awkward at first, especially when I observed my former farm boss observing my advance with his patented and scornful expressions. Without your help during those final few moments of my approach, I would have succumbed to his warnings and returned to my former fields. Whether orally or silently, I fail to remember, I simply requested, "Lord, I have nothing to offer; take me as I am." I realize you know the story, my lord, but I've always enjoyed recounting that experience, especially when we're alone.

*Executor (with ever-brightening expression):* Your lawful adoption, in every detail, is well documented. Following your adoption -- your being "born again" -- into our family, you immediately set out to learn and adore the provisions set forth in the Policy Manual. You have well used the tools with which you were endowed. Though the nature of your talents have provided you special temptations to embezzle praise owed to my father, you have been very wary of these lures, and I commend you. Your place in the new land will reflect your strength in such trials. You took that with which you were endowed and gained much for the mission of our land. Many were the hearts of our people that were lifted as your enthusiasm in song reflected your love for me. Whether in times of mourning or glee, at work during the heat of the day or at times of praise on the day of rest, you were discerning of the need at hand and constantly asking us for guidance in your choices. You learned well the importance of our truth, even in song, as opposed to the cheap appeal to unstable emotions alone. As you learned more of how persuasive in mood and morale could be the

(Continued on page 5)

To sit up and take notice is worth little — if we keep on sitting!!!!

## REVEILLE



\*\*\*\*HAVING A GOOD AIM IS NOT SO UNCOMMON; THE DIFFICULTY IS KNOWING WHEN TO PULL THE TRIGGER .\*\*\*\*

### “He’ll Be Alright” (Continued from page 3)

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. 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 consciousness”. But somehow, praying felt so awkward! Again, across her mind flashed the thought, “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.” On 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 Cassie 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 and 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 reflected. A few months later, she was introduced to Paul, the most handsome, kind young man she had ever met. Shortly thereafter, she had invited him

(Continued on page 6)

### THE READING OF THE WILL (Continued from page 4)

execution of your tasks, your contact with us became more frequent, and your study of the Manual became more intense. While many of your peers siphoned social and material enrichment from similar opportunities, I find such in your record to be negligible. You have brought glory to our kingdom, and your place in the new homeland is far beyond that which you have yet imagined. The gate on the right is swung wide for your entry.

*Countless others pass and are judged, then one who has long claimed the king’s name, a Mr. Songman, hears his name called and steps forward with a confident smile.*

**Mr. Songman:** Mr. Executor, you should easily find my name. Like Mr. Joyforth, a while gone, I sang -- even directed and did some special singing -- as we paused in the fields for praise. You may find my name near the top. I felt so good directing songs on our breaks from our labor. Now I know you are aware that, unlike Mr. Joyforth, I never developed the interest in many details of the Policy Manual. Singing was just sort of a ‘natural’ with me, and, from the compliments I received from other workers, I just knew I was pleasing you. I know you recorded the hours I spent, knowing I was doing something for which I would be rewarded....

*As Mr. Songman pauses, the administrator finishes his search, looks up in consternation & replies ..*

**Executor:** I find not your name. I find many true children with various levels of musical talent producing great fruits by perfecting and teaching the art of singing true praise to my father’s name. However, the record reflects that you entered our field just because it appeared desirable to the eye. It allowed you notoriety that your childish appetite vainly craved. Also, however you imitated or aspired to the ways of Mr. Joyforth has no bearing on this judgment. Such dependence contributed to the distress you are about to reap. There is no record of your having been adopted, or of you ever having seriously approached the strait gate described in the Manual as the sole point of entry. Pass through to my left, beyond which you will reap the reward for your pretense. I have attended the gate from eternity past, and I never met you.

*As he is swiftly ushered away, his pleas go unheeded as the Executor reminds those remaining that any appeals at this point go unheard.*

\*\*\*\*\*

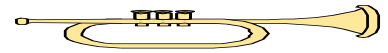
*In future issues, we will meet , Ms. Younger, Mr. Oldman, Ms. Brawlero, Mr. Deconicus, Mr. Titemun, Mr. Notsubig, Ms. Divoree, Mr. McMinster and his sons, as well as others to whom we may find striking familiarity.*



**\*OUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND HAS NO WALLS AROUND IT, AND NO SENTINEL AT THE GATE. WE ARE CONSUMED BY DESIRES TO BUY THINGS WE DON’T NEED, WITH MONEY WE DON’T HAVE, MOSTLY TO IMPRESS PEOPLE WE DON’T PARTICULARLY LIKE”. Patrick Morley - “The Man In The Mirror”**

### WANTED...MEN!

There is a story to the effect that a certain society in South Africa once wrote to David Livingstone: “Have you found a good road to where you are? If so, we want to know how to send other men to join you”. Livingstone replied: “If you have men who will come ONLY if they know there is a good road, I DON’T WANT THEM. I want men who will come if there is NO road at all.” What a crying need there is for such men in the work of Christ today! — *Truth for Youth*



## MINISTERIAL EDUCATION *(Continued from page 2)*

Indeed, our education should have just begun! Regardless of age, and despite our way of viewing ourselves or others, one is never fully educated.

In 1950, only about thirty-five percent of folks twenty-five years old, or older, had graduated from high school, and a mere five percent had a college education. Today, eighty-five percent of those twenty-five years old and older have graduated from high school, and twenty-five percent have college degrees! The opportunity and ability to understand the true doctrines of Jesus Christ are primarily given that we might communicate them to others. To a growing part of congregations, the truth of a message is debilitated by the use of poor grammar, or lack of other communication skills. Does God not expect us to be able to relate to those to whom we preach? These skills can be perfected by various forms of "education". Simply put, God will not do that for us which we can do for ourselves. "Wait for a message from God.", was not the advice from Paul, but to "be instant in season, out of season", or (paraphrased), "be ready, and with God's help, prepare yourself — have spiritual nourishment ready for dispensing at any time." This involves studying, praying, meditating, then doing all three over and over again—continually educating and preparing. When these are faithfully executed, the hearers will come and find reason to heed.

It's not a disgrace to find ourselves uneducated. It is a disgrace to remain totally so! Only earnest prayer (asking for God's guidance), and continual learning in study (education) and meditation guarantees that the hungry will be fed, the lonely will find joy, the hurting will find comfort, and the lost will be found. IS THIS NOT OUR REAL MISSION?

## "He'll Be Alright" *(Continued from page 5)*

to church. Cassie 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, her 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 again, inaudibly, but no less profound, "He'll be alright.", haunted her mind again. 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, that this would be the end with her and Paul, and how the pastor's tears revealed his hurt and disappointment as he turned and walked away. It was the next morning, she recalled, when the pastor had called and kindly asked how he could contact Paul. She had told him in no uncertain terms to not 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 that afternoon. Her reflections of that day's church service settled uncomfortably on scenes still 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, "Dad, you never told us about this 'Jesus'. Do you know him?". As if a mural, she could still see Paul's countenance showing a fearful, helpless uneasiness — one that silently asked of her in his glance, "What can I do?"; then how, at that point herself not being sure, and assuming there would be a better time to discuss his question, she had placed her arm around Paul and whispered, "You'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 the pastor on Paul's first visit to church revival. 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 twenty-five 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 familiar voice call her name as her mind returned to the present. "Mom, the doctor is here, and would like to talk 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 a soft, trembling voice, Bradley said, "Mom, Dad's gone. They couldn't save him.". "Surely this is a dream!" "How can the comforts of home, our successful business, our happy family, the exciting dreams for our future — how can all this come to such an abrupt end"? In rapid succession, 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 discuss this with him has run out. All my remaining days, what can I do to make it up?", Cassie wailed in bitterness. As her resentful cries finally subsided, from the deepest recess of her being came the profound answer, "You said you would take care of it, Cassie. You told the pastor; and Paul trusted you, that he would be 'alright'. Remember, Cassie...remember?"

*Author's Epilogue: The names and specific incidents in this story are strictly fictitious. The lesson, however, is very real and may picture a similar situation that exists, or may be taking shape, in your own life. 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 may seem to acquire, none lasts except that to be found in the Lord Jesus.\*\*\*\*\**

**EDITOR'S THANKS:** Many thanks for your attention to Edition 5 of REVEILLE. Our sincere hope is that it has planted some worthwhile seeds in your heart that will grow and produce fruit for the Lord. To enlighten and intensify the efforts of God's people, and to recommend Jesus to all -- this is, and will remain, our lone goal. *Travis*