



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

▲ WORTH OF A GOOD HOUND

BY: Travis Lewis

PREFACE: The following is not a short story for Sports Afield magazine; nor is its intent to excite the prowess of a field sports enthusiast. Though possibly more detailed than necessary, this story allegorizes the mistakes of simpliminded, brutish hound dogs. Hopefully, this effort teaches real life lessons about costly errors made and encountered in each of our lives. The latter portion explains the allegory, and hopefully clarifies the intent.

A cool, crisp, late-November night is falling. Twilight is swiftly giving way to darkness. For three days and nights, the warm, southerly wind that has furnished moisture for rain, and eventually a dusting of snow, has stubbornly given way to much colder air from the North. Slowly, the north wind has quieted, and the freshness of the first real breath of winter settles over the frostbitten countryside. As the dim form of a large oak tree fades into darkness, underneath are four hearts pulsing with mounting excitement. These hearts belong to hounds -- English Walker hounds -- “coonhounds”. They have been bred over several decades for their ultra-sensitive ability to detect, by way of smell, the trail of the raccoon. Not only is their mission to detect, but also to follow the trail of a raccoon (‘coon) with a high degree of speed until their pursuit brings them close enough to the prey that its only logical escape is to climb a tree. Somehow they know this will be the night when their master will emerge in full garb from his

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▲ THE CUTTING EDGE OF EXCELLENCE

BY: Travis Lewis

Author's preface: In I Corinthians, Chapter 13, Paul the Apostle left us a beautiful, immortal description of the “more excellent way”: “Charity”, as used by Paul in this rendition, is elsewhere translated, love – agapē. Its use in these passages surpasses its normal use, which we consider as common almsgiving. Here it pictures a true love toward our fellow man, which grows from our genuine love for God. It is the greatest of all gifts, without which the most glorified talents and skills are of no account to us, and of no esteem in the sight of God.

This is a personal paraphrasing of the Apostle's inspired view of the most excellent engine that could ever power our spiritual lives. Though the full richness of its meaning may never be mined by mortal man, the degree to which we internalize its principles will surely determine our maturity, or possibly our actual existence, as a true Christian. In whatever segment of society we operate, practice of these guidelines creates better, happier servants, who render ever-increasing fruits for our Lord. Hopefully, this attempt will serve that end for you.

Travis

Vs 1: Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become

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◆ **WHEN LITTLE MEN CAST LONG SHADOWS, DARKNESS CANNOT BE VERY FAR AWAY.** ◆ *Indian Proverb*

THE READING OF THE WILL

(PART 3)

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 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, the “Executor”, one who will preside

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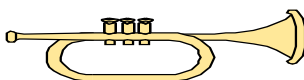


REVEILLE



Adversity has made many a man great, who, otherwise may have only been rich.

Abraham Lincoln



One who brags about how smart he is, would not if he were.? *Farmers Almanac*

WHO,WHAT, WHEN, WHERE??

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home only a few feet away. Then with a sound that would fail to excite only the most senile Walker, the tailgate drops on the four-wheel drive pickup, sending the message to the canines that this is really the night they can hunt together. Loading of his four prized hounds is quickly completed, and George Leathers is off to distant woods where he is joined by one of his young friends, Jodie Butters, along with his pack of three hounds. From a vantage point along a ridge where the hounds can be heard for miles, colloquial greetings are exchanged at roadside as the excited packs are unloaded. Following the instinct by which they are driven to excitement, and with notable eagerness, all hounds, except one, almost immediately disappear into the woods.

The hesitant hound, owned by Jodie, is called "RoadRunner". Down the road in one direction, then to the other, RoadRunner trots. Seemingly as excited as the others, he is obviously trying to look good and please, without exerting effort in pursuit of the objective. Now, RoadRunner is a beautiful hound. He has a wide, blocky head, muscular hips, and a solid black blanket across his back. Being a novice, Jodie has been deceived into investing a great amount in RoadRunner on his appearance alone.

Another beautiful hound, belonging to the elder houndmaster, is named "GoYonder". GoYonder is an energetic young hound, hardly two years old. Out of good stock, he is as attractive as RoadRunner. He carries his tail high, has beautiful, long ears, and possesses the hierarchical marks of an English Walker hound – the black-blanketed back and orange-red head. Being a pro, George knows that GoYonder will require lots of time and discipline. The young hound's efforts have to be focused, and he must understand that the mission is not to just run and expend energy, but to detect the trail of the true objective; and not to be sidetracked until the trail reaches the end – in this case a tree with a 'coon in it. If untutored, GoYonder will spend all his working life running in the wild and enjoying himself, convinced he's doing the will of his master. With his patient trainer, however, GoYonder will slowly mature, but not without lots of wasted energy and hurtful mistakes.

No sooner have the hounds exited the truck than GoYonder is gone. Only several seconds follow the hounds' disappearance; then comes the long, ringing, bawl of GoYonder, attracting the attention of dog and man alike. Sensing that GoYonder has crossed the scented trail of a prey, some running mates quickly join the chase.

Joined by his peers, GoYonder's excitement kindles. His initial reports, each separated by several seconds, change to shorter, stimulated, and more frequent bawls as the chase heats. One of the hounds joining the excitement led by GoYonder is a five-year-old female (middle-aged for a dog) named "MarchingOrder Mollie". Now, MarchingOrder Mollie does not perform very well in detecting, or following, a trail. Mollie is drawn altogether by the excitement of the chase – just by what

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THAT OLD WHEEL

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. (Matt. 5:38-39, KJV) ...for it is written, Vengeance is mine I will repay saith the Lord. (Rom. 12:19)

**That old wheel is gonna' roll around once more,
And when it does, it will even up the score;
Don't be weak; as they sow, they shall reap;
Turn the other cheek, and don't give in;
For that old wheel will roll around again.**

**When friends are gone, and the ones you thought
would stay;**

**Do you wrong, and you're left alone to pay;
The price is high, but somehow you'll survive;
Don't give in, for that old wheel will roll around
again.**

**There'll be times hard to control,
And you find you hurt to the core of your soul.
There'll be those who'll be glad to see you down;
But don't give in; for that old wheel will roll
around again.**

**That old wheel is gonna' roll around once more,
And when it does, it will even up the score;
Don't be weak; as they sow, they shall reap;
Turn the other cheek, and don't give in;
For that old wheel will roll around again.**

(The above verses are lyrics from *THAT OLD WHEEL*, by Johnny Cash.)

MATHEMATICALLY SPEAKING...

"I am not much of a mathematician," said Carelessness, "but I can add to your troubles, subtract from your earnings, multiply your pains, take interest from your work, and discount your progress. Also, I can divide your thoughts and be a potent factor in your failures. With only a fraction of your time, I can lessen your probability of success. I am a factor to be reckoned with. To add to your happiness, **cancel me from your habits!!!**

Fame is a vapor; popularity is an accident; riches take wings and fly away; those who cheer you today may curse you tomorrow; only character endures. *Horace Greeley*

REVEILLE

One's character can easily be judged by how he treats those who can do nothing for him — or to him. ◀

Malcolm Forbes

CHARACTER: Choice, not opinion.

WORTH OF A GOOD HOUND

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'feels good', or by what affords excitement. All the while expecting the approval of her master, MarchingOrder Mollie is also often decoyed by trails of other prey, and, in the end, actually contributes to her master's embarrassment. Chiming her long, high-pitched bawls in serious pretense of a high-stakes pursuit, MarchingOrder Mollie is at her best when closely following the chase leader.

Another hound joining this loud chase is "MillionDollar Polly". MillionDollar Polly is an eighteen-month old pup of MarchingOrder Mollie. Having spent her entire life with her mother, Polly has assumed lockstep with the habits of Mollie — never detecting her mother's well disguised lack of wisdom and worth. Like her mother, Polly scores well on the show bench; but in the field and on her own, MillionDollar Polly is as near worthless as her mother.

A more seasoned hound drawn to GoYonder is a seven-year-old male called "TimberTalkin' Tom". TimberTalkin' Tom is not impressively aggressive, though with age, he has been usually dependable. Tom has trekked countless miles during his younger years behind the likes of GoYonder, only to find a disappointing reward, or deep trouble, at the end. But he learned well. With the clamor initiated by GoYonder, however, TimberTalkin' Tom chooses to check out the excitement. He finds the trail interesting to the point of sounding a few of his coarse, bawling reports before soon detecting the trail is not what offers the true reward of raccoon taste. So he goes his way, patient that the sweet scent he seeks will soon appear.

Meanwhile, back at the truck, Jodie is overjoyed at the sound of the chase. He is the owner of both MarchingOrder Mollie and MillionDollar Polly, and they are leading the race — right behind GoYonder! Jodie's older friend, George Leathers, however, is not so excited — for several reasons. Though he is the owner of GoYonder, something is just not right about this chase. What troubles the veteran most is that his very best hound, "DeepRiver Rock", and his promising younger hound, "SendumUp Joe", have not once been attracted to the race. DeepRiver Rock is among the wisest of Walkers. He loves the scent of a 'coon as well as any hound, and his passion is exclusive. No other trail attracts his attention, and he can invariably determine the difference. The sound of his presence is proof positive that the trail is true. Tonight, as of yet however, DeepRiver Rock has not been heard. Also, the older hound, TimberTalkin' Tom, briefly joined the ongoing race, and then dropped off. Additionally, instead of the trail leading toward the huge oak dens on the rims of the swampy bottomland as usual, the three noisy hounds are barging toward barren, rocky mountains — not the habitat of raccoons. Those bleak, cavernous heights harbor the homes of critters that instantly assume vicious, even life-threatening, dispositions toward any intruder, be he man or dog. A mistake regarding the prey at the end of that mountainous trail surely spells disaster for even the most gritty hound.

Just as the elder hunter is about to express his worry, from a direction opposite the ongoing chase

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THE READING OF THE WILL

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over this gathering that surpasses all others in eternity past. The Executor has opened his court by informing those present that this is final judgment. At this hearing, all persons of all ages will be judged. Imposters who have labored on the farm will be separated from those who have been legally adopted at the lone point of entry, which he has attended from eternity past. The farm of their former labors has been liquidated, and a new, very large and exquisite homeplace has been prepared by the Father for those having entered at the gate. Imposters will be cast out forever. As imposters, they will be considered as thieves and robbers. Before the Executor lies a book within which, he explains, is recorded both the acts and intents of each attendant. As each one approaches the bar, he will be judged according to that which is written therein, and of the judgment made here, there will be no appeal....Countless throngs have already passed before the bar; some have been passed to enjoy the grand reward of legitimate children, while others have been turned away, separated forever to the farm from which they came and which is now engulfed in flames.

This part begins as a Mr. Deconicus approaches the bar.

When inquired of the reason for his hope, Mr. Deconicus begins by rehearsing their meeting in his youth, then by recounting his years of work in the fields of the Master -- taking care of the needs for housing and comfort, along with various other assistance, of those in more noticeable positions of supervision, along with many other somewhat trivial field chores.

Mr. Deconicus: With all you had done for me, Sir, I was touched with knowing I had unique opportunities to serve in this kingdom. I also remembered that if I did all this well, the promise in the Policy Manual was that I "would purchase a good degree". I made sure the equipment was always ready for the work at hand, and that the workers' returns were as wisely distributed as my own. At times though, I became almost overwhelmed by frustration with the pretense exerted in your kingdom work. I could have done much more, and in a much more graceful manner. With almost thankless returns, however, I seldom neglected that which had been committed to my charge.

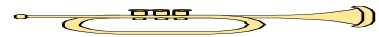
The eyes of Executor lock onto the face of Mr. Deconicus, as if to be contemplating a response that would be well understood.

Executor: Mr. Deconicus, you were indeed faithful to the charge given. The record reflects how you approached this gate as a young man. I well remember the scene. You had realized your pitiful condition and hopeless future on the farm from which you came. Though only a lad, your full intent was to come the way you had heard one must gain entry — through the gate I alone attended. Accounts are well recorded how, with age, you were chosen to accept more responsibilities in our fields. However, were you not aware that as you became almost obsessed with providing the physical needs of the supervisors and others, you were often negligent in communicating with us on the hill from which we were overlooking? Your responsibility was to me and the Father, and we yearned to help in many of those matters you found so frustrating. 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, infidelity, and willful ignorance among the people would actually sever the

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***THE BEST INDEX TO A PERSON'S CHARACTER IS: (A) HOW HE TREATS PEOPLE WHO CAN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD, AND (B) HOW HE TREATS

PEOPLE WHO CAN'T FIGHT BACK.*** *Abigail Vam Buren*



CHRIST HAS MOST ALWAYS IDENTIFIED HIMSELF WITH THE LEAST, THE LAST, AND THE LOST... ARE WE THEN REALLY HIS AMBASSADOR??? TL

GOOD LIGHTHOUSES BLOW NO HORNS; THEY ONLY SHINE!!

WORTH OF A GOOD HOUND

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comes the sound for which he has been listening. It is DeepRiver Rock, and he is down near Clear Creek. The repetitive long, coarse bawls of DeepRiver Rock are unmistakable signals that some 'coon is in deep trouble, unless he is close to a secure den. SendumUp Joe quickly joins with his own high-pitched alarms. Then, within seconds, TimberTalkin' Tom converges, and the three are swiftly moving on the trail. With this trio, there can be no doubt that the reward of a 'coon in a tree is imminent.

The keen ear of George Leathers quickly detects another point of concern. The sounds of the other chase have changed. The pitch and rhythm of the barks indicate that the prey is in sight. What is interesting, however, is that GoYonder can no longer be heard. His running mates, MarchingOrder Mollie and MillionDollar Polly, are still plunging headlong into the mountains, though at times their excited bellows can barely be heard. Suddenly, their racing tone ceases. Excited yelps of pursuit transform into blood-curdling howls of horrid terror. The prized Walkers' yaps of pain are mixed with snarling, high-pitched growls of rarely seen, but most dreaded, lynxes. There is no doubt now – Mollie and her pup, Polly, have plunged into a whole den of the most vicious mammals in North America. Their home is so remote and well located that accessibility by man on foot is impossible. The foolish hounds' mere survival is doubtful. For in defense of their home and young, lynxes are merciless. Within several seconds, the fight is over, and the mountains are again quiet!

The attention of both George and Jodie turns back to the bottomland and the race of DeepRiver Rock, SendumUp Joe, and TimberTalkin' Tom. The noise of their combined excitement is sheer music to the ear of any hunter, especially the master, George Leathers. Then, almost abruptly, their excited barks become silent. Young Jodie expresses his thoughts that this chase has ended in vain just as the first, but George knows better. Though three-quarters of a mile away, George knows what has happened, and that, in a matter of seconds, the 'coon will be nailed. In their haste, his hounds have run past the tree or sinkhole into which the prey has sought protection; it is only a matter of time until DeepRiver Rock, or one of his running mates, will have doubled back and located the hiding place. Sure enough, within a few seconds, the report comes, initiated by one breath-long, coarser bawl, followed by short, choppy barks sounded in rapid succession and interrupted only to intake another breath. The initial "locate" actually comes from the younger Sendum Up Joe, and he is immediately joined by both DeepRiver Rock and TimberTalkin' Tom. All three sound equally pleased and excited, though their glee is not to be compared with what their master, George, is now feeling. Several reasons tell the houndmaster that his months of patience and training have matured SendumUp Joe. Joe had not been drawn to the false, possibly destructive, trail that attracted GoYonder and the others. Joe has chosen rather to stay in the company of his wiser and older kennelmate, DeepRiver Rock. When the trail had abruptly ended, Joe had obviously known to double back and seek out where he had been decoyed. Then, when he had found it, he had matured in confidence enough to announce his find, without awaiting the sanction of his older companion.

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THE CUTTING EDGE OF EXCELLENCE

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as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Though I possess the ability to arrange and utter words that are admired and praised by each person of every dialect; though I mature my eloquence to the point that I attract their closest attention and deepest affection; though I master inflection and all the other arts of human speech to the point that my every utterance is sweet to the human ear, tugging at their heartstrings, and stirring their warmest emotions; though I master all this, nevertheless being void of the true, loving spirit exemplified by our Lord Jesus, then I have achieved no more than does an instrument of music – one that likewise attracts the attention of men, temporarily stirs their emotions with its sweet sound, but quickly fades, and affords no lasting benefit.

Vs. 2: And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

Though I may possess gifts, which enable me to detect trends and foresee their long-term effects; though I acquire and develop wisdom that empowers me to unravel the more complex questions and scenarios of human life; though I have unwavering confidence in infinite arsenals of power I possess; and though I may have an unwavering faith in God Himself, I can realistically expect to accomplish no lasting good without the love that imitates that of our Lord.

V. 3: And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Though I may portray heights of benevolence unimaginable to man; though I assign all my possessions to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick and educate the ignorant; then in the end, to prove my intentions, as a public spectacle, I surrender my body to be burned – all this being done expecting something in return except joy that springs from Christ-like love in action, all has been for naught. Regardless of my resultant feelings, the Lord knows my most secret intent. He will reward in proportion to His true knowledge of my deepest motives -- not according to either my, or others', assessment of what I have done.

V. 4-5: Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doeth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

True Christian charity renders us patient when natural tendencies urge us to cast out our destitute brother; Christ-like love applies the gentle balm of kindness while others swing the sword of revenge. This brand of love is patient. It strives, even with disappointment following disappointment, again and again, to discover and help grow the good in our poor brothers and sisters.

This is not the love of the world, but of God Himself. This love is directed outward toward others and not inward toward its bearer. Instead of envying the plots of others, or intoxicating itself with their accolades, this charity strives not to lift up itself, but to strengthen and

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SEVERAL YEARS AGO, WHILE FEEDING MY DAUGHTER CEREAL, I TOOK NOTICE THAT SHE SPAT IT OUT — JUST AS I OFTEN RESPOND TO THAT WHICH WOULD NOURISH . I OBSERVED THAT SHE WAS LITERALLY MY "SPITTING IMAGE". *Author's observation*



WORTH OF A GOOD HOUND

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From their vantage point on the ridge, George and Jodie turn George's truck and follow an old logging road to within a couple hundred yards of their treed hounds. George is anxious to reach the tree site, though not only to share the chase victory with his excited Walkers. Being a master of his sport, and though he is attached to DeepRiver Rock, George knows that Rock assumes a jealous, and sometimes vicious, attitude at a tree site, especially when he is not the first to locate. He fears that Joe will be intimidated and forced away from the tree by Rock if he doesn't arrive soon. On approach to the site, sure enough, DeepRiver Rock and Timber-Talkin Tom are reared on back legs, front paws stretched high on the tree, sounding their almost deafening, choppy yelps in rapid succession. Standing thirty feet away is SendumUp Joe, obviously as excited as the others, but having been intimidated and chased from the center of action by his hunting mate whom he had chosen to follow and imitate—and, in this instance, actually outshine. The scolding by the hurting houndmaster, along with being pulled from the tree site, dampens the excitement and injures the pride of the seasoned DeepRiver Rock, though George knows it must be so. Turning to the younger SendumUp Joe, in the unique tone of a seasoned trainer, George assures both Joe and TimberTalkin Tom that he is truly pleased. Loading of the three hounds is soon completed, and a search for the other three, GoYonder, Molly, and Polly finds only the exhausted GoYonder waiting back at the site of his release. A search the following day reveals that those who GoYonder led in the chase to the mountains have perished.

This has been intended as an analogy of what often happens in the work of the Lord. The attractive **Roadrunner** typifies one who desires to be identified with the Lord's work, but has no genuine desire or love for God's cause. Though he has the appearance of being genuine, not much experience is needed to detect his actual worthlessness to the mission. He loves the King's cupboard more than he loves the King. Though claimed by the Master, **GoYonder** typifies one who has a genuine desire to do something significant, but is still immature. Not prone to seek or heed the older and wiser, he has yet to learn that he still has a lot to learn. With his contagious enthusiasm, he leads many of his admirers into quagmires from which they will seldom, if ever, struggle free; though by the mercy of the Lord, he will escape "yet so as by fire".

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**WHAT WE GIVE IS JUDGED BY
WHAT WE KEEP. GEORGE MUELLER**

**WE LOVE TO GIVE UNTIL IT HURTS — BUT, OH
HOW SENSITIVE WE ARE TO PAIN?!**

The story is told of the stingy old Quaker who had died. At the funeral service, those who had gathered were standing silently by, waiting, as was the custom, for anyone who might wish to do so, to make some tribute to the departed. At last, one old man spoke up and said, "Well, I can say this about Brother William. He wasn't always as mean as he was sometimes."

THE CUTTING EDGE OF EXCELLENCE

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exalt the brother or sister. Its habits and mannerisms are neither disorderly, ill, or proud. Within my very nature, I seek no inordinate means to enrich myself with the wealth of the world, nor to intoxicate myself with her glory. Promoting the real prosperity of others is my strength, for I know that only as my acquaintances are prospered by my works, will I grow to heights of righteousness intended by the Savior. I feed my mind on heavenly things -- the good, pure, and positive. I am ever on guard to detect and resist that which would contaminate my mind and steer my emotions away from the principles exemplified by the Savior. I am ever wary of devilish tendencies to impoverish another so that I may enrich myself. When fires of genuine love burn within the human breast, the flames of hate and malice do not easily kindle, or burn very long. I do not entertain jealousy or succumb to revenge. I am not soon, or long, angry. I take not pleasure in doing injury or hurt to another, nor do I rejoice in the faults or failings of my fellow creatures.

V. 6-7: Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

I delight to see all do well and approve themselves as men of honor and integrity. I delight in seeing truth and justice prevail among men, their innocence proven, or their repentance made evident.

Though I do not hesitate to discuss the faults of a brother with him in private, I delight not in publishing his failures, until duty strictly demands it. I pass by and persevere through injuries and provocation, without entertaining revenge. With fortitude of mind, I hold firm through shocks and slanders, knowing that revenge is reserved with my eternal advocate.

I am prone to believe well of others, especially when there is no plain proof to the contrary. I fence against prejudice, and stretch my faith in the good within another before giving way to plain evidence, yet, even then, I hope well for

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**F RUSTRATION: TRYING TO
FIND MY GLASSES —
WITHOUT MY GLASSES. ☀**

NEXT ISSUE ARTICLES

- ▶ **LAND OF BEULAH**
- ▶ **READING OF THE WILL (CONTINUED)**
- ▶ **THE KING OR HIS CUPBOARD**
- ▶ **THE FIRST CAROL**



WORTH OF A GOOD HOUND

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MarchingOrder Molly typifies one who likely belongs not to the master, but simply enjoys doing something that offers excitement and possesses righteous overtones. She assumes that if it appears religious, and especially if the leader is enthusiastic and confident, then she should join with all her might. She has neither learned nor been taught about being discriminative concerning whom she follows. The product of her energetic pursuits will not please the Master, and will finally end in her demise. What's worse—those who are prone to follow her confident lead, though unsuspecting, may meet the same miserable destiny. Especially susceptible to her deception will be her close kin, the likes of MillionDollar Polly.

MillionDollar Polly reminds us of one who chooses her mentor out of emotions or personal relations alone. The comradeship is easily established and maintained. Climbing the same ladder to a common goal with close kin and friends 'feels' good and offers a sense of security. Too late, and sadly, both may finally discover their ladder leaning against the wrong wall.

TimberTalkin' Tom reflects one whom age has ripened and matured — one who has learned well from his mistakes. Poor judgments during his younger years have brought him, along with his master, much pain and grief. He is one who, with each blunder, recognizes his wrong and vows to not repeat. Years have taught him that glitter does not always guarantee gold. Having learned from past mistakes, he still retains a genuine focus on the Lord's work. Not easily deceived by "look-alikes" or "sound-alikes", he has no desire to join futile acts or efforts of others, regardless of his relationship with those involved. Though possibly not the most innovative or ingenious, and though sometimes too reserved and laid back, his nose for the true and just now serves the Lord's cause well. He is undaunted by the selfish appetites of his more gifted friends who are accustomed and addicted to the limelight. Should all his peers accept wrong for right, he is governed by laws written in stone, unyielding to vain, costly whims of even closest friends.

SendumUp Joe may be pictorial of a young Christian eager to work for the Lord, but conscientious in his choice of a mentor. His sound faculties steer him away from efforts and habits that offer excitement alone. Even in his youth, he readily detects the plainer fallacies and chooses to be patient, continuing to search for sound judgment and to follow only proven leadership. He is a "team player", though not depending on his mentor alone. He understands accountability for his own actions and accepts responsibility for correcting the course when sight of the objective has been overrun and temporarily lost. With heart still tender, he is easily

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PRIDE'S REMEDY

The late A. W. Tozer was once presented to a congregation with a grand introduction. On taking the stage, he remarked immediately, "Let us pray... Dear God, forgive him for what he said — and forgive me for enjoying it so much." James L. Snyder

*****GOOD "HUMOR"*****

The best sort of humor is that which causes us to laugh for a few seconds, then to think sincerely for much longer. ☺

THE READING OF THE WILL

(Continued from page 3)

lines of communication with us, as well as with them. At such times, you needed those lines open all the more. Looking further, I see that your impatience with politics and actual deceit among those you were appointed to specially assist was really troubling to you. You should have shed those understandable frustrations and left those matters for us to handle. All those instances in their lives are well recorded, however, and will be taken into rightful account in due time. Such failure on your part costs you much time of joy.

Executor pauses as he observes Mr. Deconicus, with closed eyes, sigh in regretful remembrance.

Executor: Though, as with all others, you have come short of what this could have meant to you, we have not forgotten that which is held within your breast is a true hope born at the gate I attended through the ages. And those tasks you performed and considered thankless have not gone unnoticed at all. Everything that was done in our name has been remembered, and all you did that was good, true, and just is recorded in this book. It is the only record of present significance. Pass through the gate on the right. That 'good degree' about which you always wondered -- you are about to realize. The celebration is just beginning!

Countless numbers follow, until we pause to listen to the hearing of a Mr. Titemun.

Executor: Tell me of your claim to this heritage, Mr. Titemun.

Mr. Titemun: My Lord, you must remember our encounter and my passage at the gate over fifty years ago. I was a but a young man, penniless, but I came to understand my awful fate.

Executor: Yes, I remember, and, though much time has passed, your adoption is well documented.

Mr. Titemun: The acquaintance we made at the gate has been my hope through these years of toil. I know you remember that the farm portion in which I labored was not fitted to produce equal harvest to that of others. But I labored faithfully so I would not have to borrow or beg from my brothers who prospered more. I was frugal with my harvests so I could provide for myself when time had outstripped my ability to produce. I feel that I succeeded in that I never had to beg, nor was I tempted to steal, and I had a nice sum to leave to my children.

Executor: Mr. Titemun, your frugality was commendable, and your desire to provide for yourself and your family was certainly in line with the Policy Manual. We commanded that, to the extent of ability and opportunity, all were required to work. What a shame that those charged with teaching were hesitant, or failed themselves, to understand that anything less than the firstfruits of one's labor returned to your sector of labor was long ago declared robbery!

Noticing a countenance of confusion with Mr. Titemun, Executor hesitates.

Mr. Titemun: But all I understood, and all I was ever taught, my Lord, was basically to earn my own way, provide for myself and family, pay my just debts, systematical-

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WORTH OF A GOOD HOUND

(Continued from page 6)

intimidated by the viciousness exhibited by his mentor when outshone. Though tempted to leave and go his own way, his love for the objective is too strong. He is content to forfeit the greater, though unearned, glory to his elder. He is one of great promise — and patience. The anguish of suffering his tutor's wrath will teach him to detect and avoid the same temptation when, with age, he finds himself as mentor.

DeepRiver Rock reflects the "seasoned sage" in the Lord's work. When the best is summoned, he is usually one who gets the call. He too is not easily decoyed by passions or popularity when truth is at stake. Dependable and trustworthy while others are confused, he understands the nature of the objective, and the joy of overcoming obstacles and achieving the goal. His persistence and focus are patterns for any young aspirant in the Master's service. He knows, and yearns for, the approval of his lone Master, from whom experience has wrought such an intimate relationship. With all his talents and experience, however, like many others before him, he may become addicted to being the 'lead dog'. Being accustomed to that honor, he finds great difficulty in relinquishing the position, even occasionally, to one whom he has come to consider of lower position on his imaginary 'totem pole' of servants. His appetite for dominance may be the most difficult obstacle over which he must climb toward Christian maturity. Harboring that problem, he forfeits the ultimate joy of a mentor who sees his understudy reach goals thought unachievable and heights yet undreamt. Yet, even with this costly inclination, he is neither for sale or trade, for the Master appreciates the "WORTH OF A GOOD 'HOUND'". Ω

C ONVICTION IS THAT GREAT QUALITY IN OURSELVES THAT, IN OTHERS, WE CALL — BULLHEADED-

THE CUTTING EDGE OF EXCELLENCE

(Continued from page 5)

him. When I glow within the heart and flow forth from the mouth of man or woman, how evident is that rare commodity called HAPPINESS!

V. 8-10: Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

I can be neither measured nor contained. Generation following generation of men and women will be born, die, and soon be forgotten. As long as permitted within the heart of man, I will never succumb to the tyrants of jealousy, hatred, envy, and greed. Within those striving souls, I will remain.

The attempts of man at perfect prophecies and predictions of things to come will fail. Interpretations of God's will and ways may prove fallible. The miraculous gifts to speak languages without learning them, and to understand mysteries of the supernatural — all these gifts will cease. Though they vanish, I will remain, for I am more valuable, I am more durable. Times will come when these gifts will hold no value, but, by the grace of God, I will remain within the core of truly happy men and women until time is no more.

The loftiest knowledge and abilities of mankind are narrow and temporary. Even knowledge acquired by inspired men of old was limited. Real charity will remain until that coveted state of perfection (completeness) shall come. Gifts of knowledge and prophecy are adapted for the state of imperfection, but the day approaches when our incompleteness shall end, and full maturity shall reign. No need for signs, for when the end is once attained, the means will be obsolete. Then shall we know God, not by transient glimpses, but as com-

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▶ THE 'FINAL' ANSWER ◀

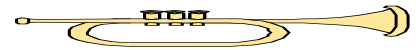
But what shall be your cry when you shall say, "O God! O God! why hast thou forsaken me?", and the answer shall come back, "Because ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Charles Spurgeon, "Morning and Evening Devotions"

JUST SAY IT!!

"Wife, I love you so much, sometimes it's all I can do to keep from just flat-out telling you!"

This is attributed to some New England farmer. The attitude, however, I fear may prevail in too many of our lives with those we truly love. TL



THE CUTTING EDGE OF EXCELLENCE *(Continued from page 7)*

pletely as our enlightened minds will allow.

V. 11: When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

Our present state is the state of a child, our future that of a man. Here we are plagued with narrow views and indistinct notions, but, with maturity, I put them away, esteeming as nothing. Such shall be that state of perfection!

V. 12-13: For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Even in our clearest views here, we see righteousness as at a great distance. But then, when the light of Heaven wipes away all clouds and obscurity, we shall know Him as completely as He knows us now. As grand as are the graces of faith and hope, true love is the end of which they are but means. Faith ends as its object comes into view; hope ends in fruition; but when Heaven at last appears, our charity (love) will have matured to completeness. When God can be seen as He really is, in full view and splendor — then, and then only, will REAL charity be at its greatest height. **WHAT A TIME!! Ω**

THE ROOT CAUSE OF ALMOST ALL PEOPLE PROBLEMS IS OUR INABILITY, OR UNWILLINGNESS, TO LISTEN. *Stephen R. Covey*

THE READING OF THE WILL *(Continued from page 6)*

ly put some aside for the “rainy day”, and, if there was anything left, to give some of that to the expense of the farm. That always sounded reasonable to me.

Executor: That which was to be plowed back into the farm was not a gift. Guidelines were issued that were easy to calculate and should have been a joy to meet or even exceed. Opportunity well-seized spawns even greater opportunity. Those promises are strewn throughout the Manual. Were you never taught the gravity the Policy Manual placed on faithfully and gleefully returning the first portion of your harvests to us as landlords? Though sincere all the while, you often harvested less because that with which you were blessed was hoarded for self — under the guise of thrift. By taking less thought of your tomorrow — the “rainy day” -- countless good could have been done by either taking time to go yourself, or helping to send others, onto the evil domain from which an open ear could hear daily cries for help. That which you left the children only served as a friction catalyst between them. Used wisely, those funds, for someone, would have meant the difference between this day being turned back to fields of undying fire, or being passed into the paradise which you are about to join. As a result of your willful ignorance on this grave increment of life in our service, you have forfeited much genuine joy in our fields, as well as rewards in the home you are about to inherit. Nevertheless, your adoption is certainly legitimate, and your home is secure. Pass to my right. Your haven of rest is waiting. ***** *To be continued next issue...*

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

*******BE PATIENTLY AGGRESSIVE** (Edsel B. Ford II)*****

Δ EDITOR'S THANKS: This issue concludes our first year with REVEILLE. Thanks for your compliments and encouragement. I still desire your constructive criticism, and suggestions for improvement are always welcomed. Most of all, I covet your diligence in prayer. For all the other assistance in supplying material, proofreading, arrangement, as well as financial contributions — until I can do better, please accept heartfelt thanks. Rest assured, God is a perfect paymaster. Six issues have required lots of labor; however, I can truthfully say, this has been one of the most rewarding opportunities with which I have been blessed of the Lord.

Please feel welcome to supply names of additional individuals, groups, or mission efforts, along with required copy quantities, that you feel might profit in receiving this publication. If additional copies are needed for present recipients, or if current quantities need to be reduced or eliminated, please feel free to notify us. Means of communications are listed on Page 2 of this edition. As from the beginning, no charges are made for REVEILLE. Our intent is for that practice to remain unchanged.

So to each of you — from tropical Trinidad and Jamaica to the coasts of East Africa, from the snowy slopes of Alaska to the hills and fields of mid-America — thanks for allowing us to share some of our deepest convictions. To God the Almighty, may we never omit gratitude for freedom to do so. We look forward to doors of opportunity that will allow us to do much more, for our very utmost is only reasonable service to such a gracious Lord.

Travis