



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

WHEN THE ROLE CHANGES

By: Travis Lewis

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, though dreadful tragedies may profoundly change our lives, we must adjust and be willing to be used of God in our new roles. May*

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HAVING SOWN...

WHAT ARE WE HARVESTING?

By: Travis Lewis

It is before first light of day on a cool, mid-spring Monday morning in the Missouri bootheel. The fog that has been prominent for a few hours will soon lift as the sun rises above the horizon of this beautiful, black, Mississippi River bottomland. In a flannel shirt, faded jumper and overalls, sixty-seven year old Henry Burleson emerges from the back door of his home, located in a beautiful grove near the edge of his sprawling thirty- six hundred acre farm.

On seventy acres near the southeast corner of this estate, his grandfather settled almost a century ago. As adjacent land became available for purchase, and as more labor and equipment became affordable, both he and his son continually expanded the farming operation. For over sixty years now, planting season has excited Henry. From his own father, Henry learned that harvest begins with the will to prepare the soil. "Fall gatherin' starts with spring plowin'", Henry was reminded every spring. His son, Mack, will soon appear from just around the curve in U. S. Highway 412 and join his father as spring corn planting begins. Henry switches on the lights to the two year old equipment shed in which he invested several thousand dollars to house their most expensive pieces of equipment. Following routine maintenance checks, he cranks his huge, eight-wheeled New Holland tractor, then dismounts the cab to allow time for the monstrous workhorse engine to reach its operating temperature. As he gives the machine a visual 'once over', he muses that his grandfather wouldn't have paid the price of that tractor for all of Pemiscot County, even if he had had the money. He also reminisces how worried he was two years ago when he decided to make the purchase. Even with his conservative projections, he had been anxious about whether it was a good investment. Now, with just an average harvest this year, he plans on paying it off. Amid the deafening roar of the warming engine, and with grease gun in hand, he double-checks each fitting,

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THE READING OF THE WILL

(PART 6)

By: Travis Lewis

PREFACE: The objective of this series is to alert every reader to a certain future judgment. *[For copies of previous parts of THE READING OF THE WILL, you may contact the editor at the address shown on page 2.]* For every individual in whatever household or hemisphere, this day of accounting awaits in the not-so-distant future. Written in allegory, the intent this series 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. (This series is being spread over multiple, but consecutive, issues.) This part contin-

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>>> SOME MOLEHILLS SHOULD JUST REMAIN MOLEHILLS. <<<



IT'S ALL WE CAN EXPECT ..

*Following are paraphrased parcels from OVER THE TOP, pg. 302, by Zig Ziglar, which I recommend for your reading.
The Editor*

When we seriously commit to being the best God will allow us to be, we will have contentment, happiness, and peace of mind that will enable us to approach life in a more effective manner. When we reach the point of knowing who we are and whose we are, we will have nothing to prove. This gives us the freedom to give life our best shot and to be at peace with God, with ourselves, and with the results. We will know that we are doing the best we can with what we have and that we are following the moral, ethical absolutes we have invoked. We will be comfortable with the knowledge that we are doing all that we, God, or any man can possibly ask of us.

MINISTER'S PRAYER

If you, as a minister, have time for only a short prayer just before the message, you might consider something like this.....

“May the members of this congregation be as free with their money this morning as they are with their advice; and may their minds be as open as their mouths.”

Δ CONSCIENCE Δ

AS A PERSON OR ORGANIZATION LOSES GRIP ON HER CONSCIENCE OF TRUE RIGHT AND WRONG, SO IS SHE STRIPPED OF CHARACTER, FOR A PURE AND ACTIVE CONSCIENCE IS BOTH THE LIFEBREATH OF CHARACTER AND THE CLEARINGHOUSE FOR GODLINESS. The Editor

WHO,WHAT, WHEN, WHERE??

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WHEN THE ROLE CHANGES

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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 took several hours. Their arrival brought hopes that this new location would bring better times for their tightly knit family.

The optimistic view toward their new and 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

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NOT PAID WHAT I'M WORTH??
JUST THINK ABOUT IT.....IF OUR EMPLOYER PAYS US WHAT WE ARE WORTH TO HIS COMPANY.....HE DOESN'T NEED US!?!?!?!?

<<THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE.....AREN'T THINGS>>

TURE..... WELL, IT JUST ISN'T WHAT IT

THE READING OF THE WILL

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ues....

Leading the forward filing line next is a Mr. Oldman. As he shuffles before the bar, his stooped shoulders and hoary hair tell a tale of countless summer suns and winter winds; nevertheless, the noticeable gleam alone in his eye announces that hope is still alive in his heart. He halts before the bar, raises his head, and as he beholds the Executor, a long forgotten smile forms across his wrinkled face. The Executor begins..

EXECUTOR: Many times, we have spoken before.

MR. OLDMAN: Yes, many times; and I say in shame, my Lord, I should have called on you much more often. You must remember that I was almost in middle age before I understood the dead-end toward which my life was headed. The wife you sent my way.. ... *(His head lowers as his voice begins to quiver; pausing and raising a trembling hand to wipe away tears, he continues in a sob with his head still lowered....)* ..you know -- she passed this way almost eight years ago...*(gaining composure)*; for almost ten years after we were wed, she regularly pled with me to come to the gate you attended and plea for adoption as your child. I was right beside her in your fields. I attended as your children would meet and praise you; yet I constantly looked as a skeptic on those who claimed true kinship, but turned to the ways of the adjoining farm as soon as praise was finished. But she never gave up on me, and I reckon you never did either. At last, a special envoy came, and I think you must have sent him just for me. Somehow, his remarks were persuasive in a way I had never witnessed. I was able to lay aside all the hypocrisy of my peers, which had hindered, and to focus on the sentence that I knew waited if this very day found me illegitimate. I was compelled by his obvious knowledge and close acquaintance with you that I alone was responsible for pursuing my own birthright into your kingdom and these fields of labor. That was a wonderful morning! Just how it happened, I never understood. I just know a seed of hope was planted that day, somewhere deep within, that all the pains of life have never erased. Of what I have done for

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WHEN THE ROLE CHANGES

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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 her mother-in-law's most earnest pleading, 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 us to break from the comfort zone of our present role in life.

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 being 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 only for 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. Her new breadwinner role afforded her opportunities to advance 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 mak-

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THINGS AREN'T LIKE THEY USED TO BE. BUT THEN, THEY PROBABLY NEVER WERE!?!?!?



LYNCH'S LAW: WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH (SEE BOTTOM OF PAGE..)

HAVING SOWN...

(Continued from page 1)

first on the tractor itself, then he moves on to the thirty-two row planter in the next stall, giving each fitting another light shot of lubrication.

No more than a few minutes pass before Henry hears the slam of a truck door, and Mack appears from amid the foggy dawn. "Ju' lay out all night? Gittin' kinda' late", Henry gigs in a subdued smile. Shivering from the humid, early morning breeze, Mack responds with only a grin, knowing that is typical of his father's usual, warm greetings. "One of these days, I'll miss that.", he thinks to himself, as warm emotions remind him of the close attachment to his wise, aging father. Mack knows that beneath his father's rough exterior lay two long-range goals. They are his prevailing passions, and they never change. One is an undaunted desire for next harvest to be the best ever; the other is his innermost yearning to pass the required work ethic and ability to farm this good land on to Mack -- and for Mack to do the same for his two young sons. Only during the past few years has Mack begun to understand his father's passions.

Their fourteen-hundred acre cotton crop has already been planted, and in a few days, young cotton stalks will rear from beneath the carefully prepared, fertile soil. After a short discussion about their plans for the days ahead, Mack mounts the humming tractor and maneuvers its back toward the front of the large planter. After making the necessary towing and hydraulic connections between tractor and equipment, Henry cranks a two-ton truck in an adjacent stall and pulls it alongside the road in front of the shed. On Saturday, he visited his trusty seed supplier and loaded the truck with the best grade certified seed available. Whatever seeds he plants, Henry settles for nothing less than the most pure and prolific variety on the market. He spends lots of time making that choice, for he knows that only with the best seed can he reap the harvest he expects.

Followed by his father, Mack manipulates the huge equipment toward the two-hundred acre field almost a half-mile away, then dismounts to stock the hoppers and tanks with seed and fertilizer. One of the two hired helpers arrives shortly and informs Henry that his partner failed to show up at their meeting time. "I reckon we'll git by without 'im. I can still drive trucks and tote seed myself.", Henry proclaims with a confidence that brings a silent grin from Mack. The loss of help has never changed his father's goals before, and Mack knows that today will be no differ-

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SUFFICIENT FOR TODAY

By: Travis Lewis

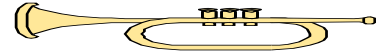
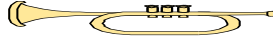
Hello, my friend!
 Again, I'm your company today;
You may use me, or abuse me,
 You are the potter, I am the clay;
He who precedes me,
 Is forever now history;
He who succeeds me,
 Is still only mystery;
With me, you surely shape,
 Him who will succeed me;
But you will love him only,
 When you accept who did precede me;
For my predecessor, you cannot change,
 However intensely you may try;
But by me, you shape my successor,
 Owing to which laws you apply.
He who came before me,
 You oft so freely blame on others;
Their laziness, their ignorance,
 Or just a cliquish group of brothers;
When I am only a product,
 Of the one who precedes me;
And how you use me this instant,
 In reality, decides who succeeds me.
You may think it just as well,
 To proceed and break the rules;
You may consider me only,
 As a worn out set of tools;
But I will surely make he that follows,
 To be either your friend or foe;
Whether stormy gales or still waters,
 I resolve how his tide will flow.
You must by now know he,
 Who lies still as die that's cast,
He is my predecessor,
 He is your Past.
You see, I serve in my capacity,
 As a seldom seen suture,
'Twixt your immutable Past,
 And my successor – your Future.
Me – I hold over you power,
 To make either King or Peasant,
So brush me not away lightly,
 For I – I am your Present. Ω

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.....EXPECT MOST FOLKS TO LEAVE.....

**“I DO A LOTS OF OBSERV-
ING... BY JUST WATCH-
ING!!!??!!”** *Yogi Berra*

REVEILLE



HAVING SOWN...

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ent. They will simply work a little longer and harder, -- and maybe a little smarter. Another's failure will not alter their goals.

Increasing light on the horizon reveals a bank of red-dish clouds. A fertilizer tanker truck arrives and pulls alongside the equipment that Mack has trained in the direction of the planned rows. Soil tests have dictated both the content and potency of the fertilizer that soon fills the plastic tanks mounted on the tractor's front. With hoppers and tanks fully loaded, Mack mounts the roaring machine and gently pushes a lever on the cab's console. A huge column of black smoke belches from the exhaust as the giant planter is hydraulically lowered, and he pulls away.

"Mr. Burluson, ya' reckon we 'ort to start plantn' with 'em clouds lookin' lak 'at? Ya' know what 'tay say, 'red in 'na mornin', sailors take warnin' ", suggests the farm helper. Laying his arm across the shoulders of the young man, Henry replies, "Son, if ya' wait on spring plantin' 'till all the clouds are gone, and the temperature is just right, and all ye' help shows up, ya' not gonna' harvest nothing but Johnson grass in October. Now, you remember that".

With hands tucked into the bib of his overalls, Henry strolls into the edge of the freshly planted strip of soil left by the equipment whose noise is fading into the distance. As he gazes down the seemingly endless rows, his imagination carries him forward to late September. He envisions tall, luscious stalks growing only a few inches apart, each with two or three long, thick ears of corn turning golden brown and nearing time for harvest. Faith wrought by experience allows him total contentment. He has done his best, both in preparation and in sowing. He has prepared fertile soil, in which he is sowing good seed. In a few weeks, he will apply additional chemicals to insure that the young plants receive all the available nourishment from the fertile soil, and to prevent insects from satisfying their appetites on the young plants in which he has invested such a price. He has employed his full wisdom and energies in preparing and sowing. He is content that, barring that which is beyond his control, which is the weather, his harvest will be a grand reward for his efforts.

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THE READING OF THE WILL

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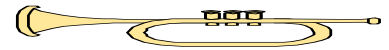
you, I confess my shame for both quantity and quality. I told a few about you, though I should have told many more. My daily acts were not so shameful, though I sure wish I had mentioned you more by name. I worked hard at raising and educating our children. I knew education was so important, but I am not sure I taught them to keep the main thing the main thing. Years seemed to fly by, and I gave way to the business of life, failing to recollect, even for myself, what the 'main thing' really was.

EXECUTOR: You know, my brother, when the sea of your life was calm, so many times we yearned for you to just pause and talk things over with us. So often we waited, only to watch in disappointment as you chose to turn aside and invest your time in that which, at best, afforded only temporary satisfaction. That was sad -- so sad! How much more we would have used and blessed you, if you had, from time to time, only devoted more time to meditating on and heeding the Policy Manual. The cost of just having that Manual available for your generation has been so terribly high! How often, because you neglected to internalize its lessons, did you almost drown in fear for what life was bringing your way! Oh, how often you could have relied on its promises, instead of navigating your course by emotions alone. My intent at your adoption was to become actual Lord of your life -- and for you to share our acquaintance with those you met along the way. Nevertheless, all the calls you made on behalf of the troubled, every deed you rendered to the poor, each kind word to the weary, and each simple, unacknowledged smile to the downhearted -- all are accounted for in the archives open before me, and you will be rewarded accordingly. Your destiny was sealed, however, on your day of adoption. Nothing could sever that father-child relationship. Though you have forfeited many rewards that could have been yours, you are about to enter your new home -- your eternal abode. Peace reigns here forever, and the heart-aches, disappointments, temptations and losses of life are all left outside the gate. Pass to my right, and receive a new body, which will not be subject to the onslaught of age as the one to which you are accustomed. Welcome home!

Countless numbers follow Mr. Oldman, until we pause to take note of a Ms. Younger approaching the judgment bar.

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HARRISON'S POSTULATE: FOR EVERY ACTION.....THERE IS AN EQUAL AND OPPOSITE CRITICISM!!!??!!



THE READING OF THE WILL

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EXECUTOR: Would you state your claim to this estate?

MISS YOUNGER: Sir, I reckon I'm not so different from many of my peers. I heard some things about your goodness a couple of times. A few years ago, some folks who claimed your name did invite me to your fields for a visit. I didn't have much encouragement from within my own home, and, you know, after those folks in your fields seemed to be over the excitement of the week when they invited me to come with them, I never heard from them again. During my visits to your fields, I was really made to wonder, and I wanted to know more, about what I heard. It seemed to offer something for which I yearned so much. But they didn't seem to have any interest in me after that week was over. Ah, I know I didn't act like they thought I ought to act. I didn't dress the way they did, and, you know, sir, my parents weren't of the same class that lots of your folks seemed to think themselves to be in. I reckoned that they were more comfortable without me. After all, I had done some things that everybody considered bad; even though I happened to know some of them had been guilty of the same things. Of course, they and their parents had managed to keep those things secret. I finally decided that if this thing of passing through your gate wouldn't mean any more than that, it must not really mean anything; and I finally decided that if this day actually did come, I would be as well off as they would be. That is my plea.

EXECUTOR: (Pausing, with a distinctly disappointed and pained countenance) Miss Younger, your plea is not strange to this bar of judgment. Yet, it may invariably be the most disappointing of all the alibis I hear. What you could not observe, Miss Younger, was that some of those, who invited you to come, have received, or may be about to receive, the same judgment as yourself. Yet, you must consider that you did have an opportunity, and you must answer for yourself alone. So must they, who deceived you into squandering the few opportunities you received, answer for themselves. They were deceiving themselves as well. Many of them, likewise, never entered the gate kept by me alone. Others, who actually had passed through and experienced adoption, had their consciences seared by pride and greed. In their hearts, their love for me had been displaced by their love of mammon. Nevertheless, their tragic mistakes cannot dilute the judgment about to be pronounced. For foolishness and slothfulness, each is bound to answer for his own, and some will surely have your blood required at their hands. You will be escorted through the gate to my left. I never knew you....Ω

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HAVING SOWN...

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With so much having been sown in "the name of the Lord Jesus" for the harvest of souls, what sort of yield are we realizing? Exactly, what size harvest are we expecting? Are we content with a token yield, barely recognizable in size? Or do we continually envision a larger harvest than we have ever experienced? If so, do we have a realistic hope in that vision? Are our harvests such as please the Lord, or even ourselves? If not, then why not? We may find answers in the Burleson parable.

Nearing the proverbial "threescore and ten" in age, Henry Burleson would much rather have remained in the comfort zone of his home's warm den rather than make himself ready and face the chilling, damp, pre-dawn wind. Do we not often say, "We sure need to do that, but...", and find some reason to put it off until circumstances afford us more comfort? Mr. Burleson was a veteran goal-oriented person. The goal of a grand harvest was embedded in his being. Neither cold winds, cloudy skies, nor discouraging words of his "friends" could change or diffuse that dream. Nor should they alter our vision of reaching needy souls. Thoughts of temporary discomforts must not cool passions enflamed toward accomplishing the mission left to our trust. "*The sluggard ploweth not for reason of the cold; therefore shall he lack in time of harvest.*", Solomon recorded.

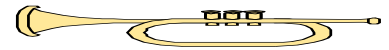
Rather than consuming all the resources from former crops to satisfy his own comfort, Mr. Burleson routinely denied his whims and plowed funds into future harvests. This same principle rings true in the Lord's service. Preparation for future success consists of using rewards of past achievements and lessons from past failures as we shape our plans. Can we discipline ourselves to dedicate our first fruits to future harvests? Our highest priority -- our first fruits -- will reflect where the treasure of our heart really lies, for "*..where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*".

The wise Burlesons were particular in their choice of seed, as well as their choice in fertilization. Are we attentive to the seed we plant in the minds of our acquaintances? Are we equally concerned with what we provide for maturity after their spiritual birth? As the Burlesons lent attention to the details of matching fertilizer and soil, are we attentive to performing the same tests in corresponding our lessons to the needs of the hearers? Such analyses are not so easily made, for they require an under-

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****NO WINTER LASTS FOEVER;
NO SPRING SKIPS ITS TURN.***

HAL BORLAND



HAVING SOWN...

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standing that we cannot make a wise choice alone. Left to our own intellect in preparation, the message may tickle the ear of the hearer, but will leave no nourishment for real growth. That analysis must originate with the Lord, to whom the line of communication is so easily short-circuited by our pride, or slothfulness. With its origin in the Holy Spirit, however, we can rest assured that the message will match the needs of receiving souls and will not "return void".

As is the law of the farm harvest, so is the yield of lost souls. If the crop is not a multiple of what we think we have planted, then is something not missing? Maybe not with the timing we expect, but we are promised a harvest! Never in the history of the church have more resources been at our disposal to lend support to her yield. Every increment of our harvest is dependent upon either what the Holy Spirit does, or upon what we do. His work, we cannot perform. Our work, he will not perform. Whenever deficiencies exist, they must be laid at our feet and not at his.

Or maybe we portray a slothful neighbor of Mr. Bureson, hanging out with the guys and jockeying for social position with cronies during the planting season and all the while ridiculing the "Mr. Buresons" – failing, or finding excuse not, to plant the Good News in hearts that are weary; or, are we in continuous pursuit of a good harvest in our own fields by meditating on and internalizing the ways of Jesus? Are we going about strengthening the weak and encouraging the discouraged, while planting hope in the breasts of those within whom hope has long been gone?

Must we plead guilty of talking the talk of Christ's cause and boasting of fine works we are performing, while in reality, only foulness is flourishing? Then, as we watch bumper crops being garnered by those who have exerted wisdom in preparing and planting, do we grope for excuses and blame others -- and come up empty handed?

So, have we prepared? Have we sown? If so, how well

HAVING SOWN... *(conclusion)*

and how much? And what have we sown? The harvest, graded and measured by Almighty God, is the proving ground. He knows! Do we? Ω

The names depicted above are purely fictitious. Though any likeness or resemblance to actual individuals is purely coincidental and illustrative, countless lessons may be drawn from the scenarios in this simple story. My prayer is that each of us will use the many details as models to engender hope and encouragement as we plant for the Lord — and that our future plans are influ-

THE VANISHING AMERICAN
ONE WHO PAYS CASH FOR
EVERYTHING HE BUYS!!!!

WHEN THE ROLE CHANGES

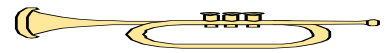
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ing Ruth a direct ancestor of the Messiah, Jesus, the Christ.

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

enced by both successes and failures of our past harvests. . The Author



THE READING OF THE WILL *(Cont. from page 6)*

***** To be continued next issue. In future issues, we will meet Mr. Woodbee, Mr. McMinster and his sons, ...and others to whom we may find striking familiarity.

ALIVE...AND WELL!

By: Travis Lewis

I did not make a trip to the tomb on the first day of the week following Jesus' crucifixion; nor did I arrive at the empty sepulcher to find only grave clothes left behind. I was not in a private meeting place shortly thereafter with bewildered friends when a mysterious knock came at the door — and there, in full form, stood one I had personally witnessed hanging limp and dying in disgrace on a cross. I did not witness the crown of thorns on his head, nor a spear thrust into his side. I did not orally hear his promise that if I would be faithful to tell and show others of his cause and ways, he would empower me above the comprehensive level of the human mind; nor was I there to wonder at his promise that in his stead, he would send me a comforter. Neither was I there to gaze in amazement as he disappeared into the heavens with a promise that, in time unannounced, he would return and carry me to an eternal home of rest which he would prepare.

But, when I crucify pride and realize my helpless condition without my hope in him; when in humbled spirit, as an infant gazes in faith into the eyes of its mother who it somehow knows loves it unconditionally, I find him as present as did my doubting brother twenty centuries ago. When I walk beside the road of confusion, feeling uncertain and alone; when even the wisest of my loved ones understands not my burden; when I ponder my frustrations and at last succumb to the thought of waiting in patience, I can witness that it is he that likewise walks beside me on my road to Emmaus — and that he is alive and well — and that he remembers his promise.Ω

EDITOR'S NOTE

*With this ninth edition of REVEILLE, I wish you a wonderful spring season. My prayer is that God will prosper you and your family in every way and that your faith in His concern with your life grow every day. To that end, REVEILLE is dedicated. So as new life bursts forth from the earth this spring, and as the excitement of summer attracts our attention and energy, let us beware of our whims to neglect God's goodness. He rightfully expects us not to forget the source of our blessings, for to Him, we owe all that is good. *Travis**

MYSTERY VERSES



Day is done,
Gone the sun,
From the Lakes,
From the hills,
From the sky.
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh.
Fading light
Dims the sight;
And a star
Gems the sky,
Gleaming bright.
From afar,
Drawing nigh,
Falls the night.
Thanks and praise,
For our days,
Neath the sun,
Neath the stars.
As we go,
This we know,
All is well,
God is nigh.



Contributed by Cindy Bryson

The verses above are the lyrics to the funeral dirge, TAPS, played at military funerals. For its touching origin, you may go to the website:

http://www.geocities.com/lf_loriflower/1/taps.html