

dec 10

it's me again. years ago, i used to watch the original television series, "all creatures great and small"? they are now recreating it. it took me awhile to get used to the new actors. it's so hard to replace someone when you are always picturing another. thing about life. we are the originals. there will be no reenactment when we are finished with our roles.

we all need to keep our peace. especially in these times of turmoil. when the waves are roaring and we call out, "Lord, do you not care that we perish"? yes He cares. He will calm the storm in us and be our peace. (gently correcting us also. o ye of little faith, why did you doubt? perhaps adding, I AM here with you.) we only have our peace in Him. this world and all it's twists and turns try only to distract us. why do some people have to reach old age to discover that? of course, with age comes not only some wisdom, but also memories. i have a lot of those.

this is such a beautiful time of the year. our Lord split time in to causing bc and ad. (it doesn't matter what they call it now.) the spirit that fills hearts this time of the year is all consuming. even a hardened criminal may rest in it while others will never receive their peace. hate so fills them, they jealously want to take it from us also.

i was watching fox's relighting of their tree yesterday, and saw all the beautiful poinsettias spread around. i was reminded that i usually get one at christmas, and immediately called my friend and told

her to buy me one the next time she went. the joy that fills our hearts at this time of year, is something we have to let in. poinsettias remind me that it's christmas and how much we all have to be thankful for.

but life and trials persist in all of us. "the genuineness of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perishes, though it is tested by fire, may be found to praise, honor, and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ" 1 pet 1:7 though our faith remain intact, still the eternal questions remain. God, why? why this sickness and why one is healed and another not. why is one taken at an early age while others live to a lengthy age?

there was a special man in africa that our ministry had done much for. we built him a church. bought him land in two different places, and built wells in both. we financed crusades that drew hundred running. so many things: much time, prayers and money invested. he was good about reaching out to the many and the few. and he was bold. unafraid of the witchcraft and evil all around. then after a several week absence, word finally came that he had a massive heart attack at the end of a service and was gone.

what became of all we invested? we ask not if the lands were over run and the wells confiscated. (they were dedicated to the Lord and remain His.) we ask, was there even one soul that came to know our Lord through this effort? i believe there were more than one. whether they continued in the faith without him there to guide them, i do not know. we lovingly place them in God's hands. i pray they did and gave our

brother the honor he was due.

again, we ask God why. even in those times when we feel the enemy has won, we tread on in faith. when does it mean we are fighting the battle against the enemy and when does it mean we are submitting to God's will. just like the question, whose faith is it? is it the one praying or the one receiving?

He has given each a measure of faith. whether we exercise to grow it or not is up to us. and the question, are we submitting to defeat, or to His will? my confession remains this: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor my eyes lofty. neither do i concern myself with great matters, nor with things too profound for me." psa 131:1

we trudge on in faith, knowing that whether we win or lose, we win! and we are confident that nothing can ever separate us from His love. if this trial be for our strengthening or demise we are not shaken. as for me, i can't tell that i've gained much strength since the first few weeks after being out of the hospital. i seem to be having a constant congestion. i thought it would clear itself up, but doesn't seem to be doing so.

they warned me when i left the hospital and couldn't swallow that an accumulation of stuff would build up in my lungs which would eventually tell the tale. that's why they wanted a feeding tube, which i refused. if God heals me, then i will be healed. if He takes me, i will be with Him. whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. what a beautiful consolation and hope.

so we trudge on. though the battle rages around us, we let the peace of God control our actions and reactions. i want that peace for each of you. i fully understand the hustle and bustle life can bring. not sure i did much better than any of you during my work life. i just know that if we make time for Him, He will cause our time to be multiplied. i do not want guilt or condemnation to enter in. i do want "longing" to enter in. a longing for Him and to be in His presence.

can we get so close to home, we don't want to come back. definitely, but is that a bad thing. when the world has really lost it's hold on us, i do not think even loved ones may draw us back. it is then we can truly shout, "oh death, where is thy sting? oh grave, where is thy victory?" is it no wonder the early christians even eagerly entered the lion's den? i do not recommend that, but i do recommend getting as close to Him as we can.

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