

## HOW FOOLISH WE CAN BE!

By David Robinson

*God sends us mercy new every morning* and we still live condemning ourselves and running away from his presence.

*God gives us sunshine* and we complain about the heat, *he sends us a cool breeze* and we complain that's it's too cold, *he sends us rain* and we complain it's too wet, *he sends dry spells* and we complain that it's too dry; strange family?

*God sends us provision for every need* and we complain we don't have enough' he gives us strength and we pop pills, *he paid for our health* and we use an inadequate man made health service.

*The Lord purchased peace that passes all understanding* and we settle for the peace the world gives.

*The Lord bought us joy unspeakable and full of glory*, we settle for happiness which fades as quickly as it arrives.

*The Lord purchased us forgiveness* and we still live in condemnation.

*The Lord gave us prosperity* and we live depending on government hand-outs.

*God gave us abundant life* and we settle for mediocre living.

*The Lord gave us Calvary love* and we settle for lust.

*The Lord purchased our salvation with his own blood* and we seek to buy it with good works, *he came to save* and we seek another way, *he gave us life more abundant* and we still wallow in the mess we created.

*God sent his Holy Spirit* and we treat him as a third class citizen of heaven

## DARKNESS VERSUS LIGHT ~ Katie Kee

Jesus is the light of the world and no darkness can stand before him. A hope and a bright future are promised to the child of God in spite of the darkness that tries to suppress us. We do not have to yield to, submit to, or allow the terror of darkness to cover/surround us in fear thus opening the door wide to the enemy of our soul, and giving him access to try and steal your peace, your joy and your hope.

Darkness for me had a twofold purpose as a child growing up in the hills of Blackfoot, Idaho. My cousins and I played in the fields a lot and our favorite hiding place were the potato/fruit cellars. The cellar was “Off Limits!” because Grandma had a fit when we opened her canned fruit and ate up the goodies, but eventually we’d sneak back; it was our special place. Grandma stored different “Goodies” in the cellar that kids just love d to eat, and being typically kids—we found—we ate—we were grounded. Our various punishments kept us away for a while, but eventually we were back in our old stomping ground and Grandma’s fruit was beckoning us “Come!” hummmm I wonder! Did Grandma can extra?

Our cellar was one of the biggest on the property and it was the cooler places to be in the hot summer months. We had our stash hidden there: candles, silverware, water, washrags, funny books, snacks, games and items to trade when friends came to play. We had lots of fun and “necessary” items, it was a special place to meet, but the downside—I hated the spiders and got teased a lot over them. My other fear—snakes—both of which you find in a dark, dank cellar. One time I did see a snake. That about did me in and I avoided the cellar for a few days, but who wants to be an outcast because of a little fear and miss out on all the fun—so I toughed it out—never saw the snake again, but my eyes were always looking and my feet were ready to run.

Sometimes we’d tell ghost stories and see who would be the scaredy-cat and the first to run. I would sit in the darkness listening to the story until I couldn’t take it anymore and then I would race up the stairs and throw open the door. Light would flood into the cellar... All of a sudden I could see everything clearly and my fear left. I had always been afraid of the dark, so playing in the dark cellar often pushed me to my limits, but nobody was going to call this “Tom boy” a sissy! I was as tough as any of the boys! And if anybody teased me about being the first out the door, a black eye or a bloody nose made them think twice about saying anything the next time. But there were times when the little girl wanted to run; get out of the darkness into the light and feel safe! It was hard being “One of the boys!” all the time.

Just as light poured into the cellar, God’s hope pours into your world. Jesus is the light for every need His children could ever experience. For the sick, he is the ray of healing. For the bereaved, he gives the

promise of reunion. For the dying, he is the flame of resurrection. For the confused, he is the light and truth of Scripture. My little girl still reaches out for the comfort of His hand when entering into a dark place—He is always there. May we take the time to see our Saviour as our Sustainer in all things and learn to trust him for all our needs and our desires. May we see the positive side of the picture instead of the negative side and choose to be a shining light into someone else's darkness. He calls us forth to be the light of the world.

Would I run into the dark cellar now as a grown up and find the same fascination I did as eight-year-old? No! I would not!

Would I walk into the darkness to be a light to another little boy or girl stuck in the cellar? Yes I would!

For what time I am afraid I will call on the Lord and He will walk with me. He will hold my hand going into the dark cellar with all the spookiness and scary spiders and wiggly reptiles and we, my Lord and I, will take that little hand and we will walk out together into the marvelous light and freedom. For just such as this our Lord Jesus died that we might have life and have it more abundantly. Amen!