

## ***The Burden of My Salvation***

Those of you who know me understand that I am devoted to listening to expository preaching of Gods Word. This to me is the only method that the Holy Spirit will use to nurture our growth in wisdom and discernment of the Holy Scriptures and its unchanging Doctrines.

I bought an Ipod Classic and immediately began loading it with podcasts from my favorite teaching pastors. Men like John MacArthur, John Barnett, Alistair Bigg, Adrian Rogers, R.C.Sproul and John Piper. I am who I am because of the HOLY SPIRIT first and foremost. However, He brought me to each of these men to learn from.

Recently I have been going through a series called "Doctrines of Grace" by MacArthur. The series is 10 hours long. The following is an introduction from the website...

***At some time in your Christian life, you may have struggled with questions like, When a sinner is saved, who chooses whom—does God choose the sinner, or the sinner choose God? Did Christ die for the sins of everyone, or just the people He saves?***

***The vast majority of those kinds of thorny, persistent, mind-boggling questions are directly related to the sovereignty of God, election, predestination, perseverance, and the question of "free will."***

When I was done two emotions took over me. The first was sheer Joy that the God of the universe choose me before I was born; to become His Child and assure me that I would ultimately come home to be forever with HIM in Heaven.

Then a depth of sadness I have not felt before overtook me as I realized that just about everyone I loved or cared for; family and friends would not be with me in heaven. Why, because to my Jewish family the Gospel is a stumbling block and to my non-Jewish friends the Gospel is foolishness. 1 Corinthians 1:23

I could really do nothing about it but pray. I know... we are called to pray. But phrases kept running through my mind: the few and the many, the narrow road and the wide road, choose life or choose death, heaven or hell, and finally "ONLY the REMNANT".

The word remnant means the few. Too many of the people I care about have already chosen by not choosing; a road to a different place. A place that if given the opportunity to spend but a few minutes in while alive would change their lives here forever.

For almost 25 years now I have been desperately trying to share my faith in Christ with everyone that the Lord has opened the door for me to do so. During the course of sharing I have experienced within me the exhilaration of the battle, the joy of seeing light in the eyes of a person when a seed planted takes root deep within their heart, the peace of knowing I am not alone when I speak for HIM, the frustration of pure ignorance that confronts me and the bitter anger that overcomes me at those who MOCK GOD.

People's consciences have been seared and calloused. They do not realize how much they now have in common with a frog in a pot on a stove... an ostrich with its head buried in the sand... or a deer that runs out into the road and is mesmerized by oncoming headlamps of an approaching vehicle until its too late.

These examples in actuality tell the tale of the condition of mankind during this time we live in that the Lord called the End times. They are deaf to His Voice, and Blind to the sight of HIM as He walked out of the pages of Scripture onto the Earth and among people He created.

He is there on the pages of the HIS-STORY of mankind that is still being written and will be there when the book of the story of mankind is closed forever.

Even so, God chooses to work in the lives of those HE has ELECTED and CHOSEN. Yet at this time I cannot see evidence of HIM working in the lives of those I care about...at least as far as I can tell.

People I love and people in general no longer think of God in terms of proving His existence, instead He has become a topic to be dealt with by the Media, by Opinions of so called secular scholars of various man made religions that each offer a different God.

Trying to reach people and loved ones for Christ is fast becoming the most discouraging thing in life for me. This is really hard to admit, but it now brings me far more pain than joy. The difficulty is finding people, friends or family that are interested in God and His Word.

Few if any seem to understand the Bible or have any Biblical knowledge at all. Most are apathetic towards Gods Word. They just don't seem to care. Their entire pre-occupation is with themselves and the circumstances of life that they are enmeshed in, and the preservation of the things of this life.

They have no thought of an afterlife and no interest discussing or pondering it...let alone searching for TRUTH. Now for the first time in years I can not only hear the hoof beats of the four horseman of the Apocalypse, but if you listen carefully you can hear the Angel Gabriel practice his trumpet blast that will summon all believers home.

Both sounds, if you have ears to hear can be heard in the background of what today represents the noise of civilization. God never leaves HIMSELF without a witness...but He never shouts...He always whispers.

Seeing another pre-written page of the future come to pass almost daily should be exhilarating, yet its become bitter / sweet to me. Messages from Pastors everywhere have turned their focus on what is coming and the ultimate destination of all who will persevere to the end. That place is Heaven where we will walk by sight and see Christ face to face and **we will finally be like HIM.**

This world we live in seems lush and beautiful. The reality is really quite different. This world is a desert filled with burning sands and howling winds. Sands that if left to the course of the winds would bury all civilizations beneath its ever-moving waves.

No matter how disappointed I am, no matter how hard it is now to find joy in witnessing; I know the reason I live another day is only to do HIS will. His will is that I share the Gospel with everyone He brings to me. So I will continue to be an Oasis in this desert world I live in. I will continue to hold out a cup of His cool water to those who begin to realize how thirsty they really are for the water of eternal life.

The loudest sound in the desert is the wind. I know that the wind carries His voice. Just as John the Baptist was chosen to be a voice in the wilderness, so too have you and I been called to be HIS voice within the wilderness that surrounds each of us.

So I will get back onto my camel and continue to draw people to HIM and let HIM do the work that I cannot.

And yes, I will pray for those I love for as long as I have breath in my lungs...that as long as they have breath in their lungs, someday in the future they too will call on the name of Jesus and be SAVED.

Saved from what you say? Saved from yourself first. Then secondly and more importantly...saved from the eternal, forever WRATH of Almighty GOD.... Who IS HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

There are NO unbelievers in Hell...only here on Earth!

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