

CONSTANT GOD - Whatever the thought, the deed, the possibility - there is God, constant, always there, knowing our thought and awaiting our request for His insight. 07/03/2017

Your Mystery

. . . my story starts here

She is lying there on her death-bed, unable to move, barely able to speak, surrounded by her closest relatives.

He approaches through the small crowd and takes a knee by the head of her bed.

She thinks to herself that she knows him but can't recall his name. A nephew maybe? Her brother's boy? She knows she knows him. She just can't put her tongue on it.

He bends toward her head and she tenses for a moment, then relaxes, as he starts to speak.

"I need you to do something for me. Do you trust me?"

She did, even though she could not place him. And she nodded. She didn't know who he was, but she trusted him. Why?

He continued, . . . "This is important. I want you to say something for me. You understand?"

Again, she nodded. Could the others hear him? "What can I possibly do for him? Well, he told me - - he wants me to say something. What is it? Who is he?" She thinks to herself, No matter, what little breath she has, she will say it, whatever it is!

"Do you think that I am stupid?" As she struggled to turn her head to the side indicating she did not consider him stupid, he continued; "I need you to say JESUS." He said it slowly and clearly, like a speech teacher, with plenty of breath. And it lingered there in the room, above her and those gathered there. But they did not appear to know it. They had no sense of him, whoever he was. He had threaded his way through them and they did not appear to know he was there.

"I want you to say that name as long as you are awake. When you fall asleep and wake for the morning, start again, saying that name. Do not let it out of your mouth. JESUS, . JESUS, . JESUS, . " he said.

“JESUS” she said.

Then gasping for air she caught her breath, “Praise You Lord!
And again, "JESUS, Praise You."

Again, he coaxed her, JESUS, JESUS. . ."

And she starts again; “JESUS,
and again, “JESUS, JESUS, Praise You Lord.”

She continues . . .

This is where my story ends, and your mystery begins.

How will it end?

John 1:1-4 ^(NIV) 1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. 2 He was with God in the beginning. 3 Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. 4 In him was life, and that life was the light of men.

Jesus Embroidered
SS QBStores
