

refreshed, drinking from the waters. As we stood together and sang, countless rainbows ascended into the heavens.

What a sight, what a feeling! I rejoiced in His protection and was graced by His love. Could I ever let go again?

He said, "Yes, you may try, but I will never let go. For you cannot see truth. When there is water, you see fire, When there is calmness, you feel turbulence. Trust me, I would never harm you.

You are the love of my life, the center of my being. Now, let's go on, we have more adventures ahead."

I didn't argue, I grabbed His strong arms, nothing seemed to matter, nothing seemed the same. I was now not afraid, I could now understand a little more of what He meant.

We turned again and began to walk, it was downhill this time. Some day, you will probably see us when you walk your path. I hope He will be the one leading, and I, holding His Hand.

THE SILENT WITNESS

David Lin

The voice in James' head wouldn't go away... "And you call your self a Christian? At work, you haven't said a thing about the Gospell you big chicken! Afraid to be rejected for your Christian stand? What a disgraceful ambassador of Christ!"

James slammed the car door shut and headed toward the office entrance. The voice grew louder... "You've heard the others using the Lord's name in vain, blaspheming and cursing God. And you keep silent! They drink, tell dirty stories, goof off behind the boss'

back. And you say nothing. You're suppose to be salt of the earth. Sorry, but you've lost your flavor!"

He entered the office and tried to smile good morning to those he passed "Oh, come on! Don't just say good morning! Give them a tract and share the Gospel. You just wasted great opportunities to witness."

Time card punched in, another day of work began. "But admittedly your life sets you apart, No goofing off, No back-talking the boss, No gossip, Your work is great, always

better than expected. Plus, You're real nice to those around you, and you pray for them.

"But good deeds never bring souls to Christ! Sure, you tell them you're a Christian. But that's not enough! You've got to tell them they need to be Christians, too!"

Lunch time came, yet the voice gave him no break. "Stand up in front of the lunch room, James. Better yet, stand on a table and throw the Bible at them. Come on! All their souls depend on your willingness to communicate the Message."

But he finished his lunch alone and went back to work. "You keep spoiling opportunities! James, you big failure!"

All through the day, the voice tormented him, just as it did every day. Condemning waves swept mercilessly at his feelings of adequacy and worth. If he wasn't a Billy Graham, the voice taunted, then he was a nobody in God's kingdom. His natural quietness was sinful and a reproach to God, who would judge him for every soul he failed to bring to salvation. Everything short of losing his own salvation was threatened, and at times, even that seemed at stake.

Then near day's end, one of the guys stopped by his desk.

"What's up, Bob?"

"Uh, look, James, I know you're a Christian and all. And I can tell you're really different

from the rest of us. It's just, well, I've known a lot of Christians and they were always getting on my case about religion and morality and all that about Jesus Christ. And they really turn me off. I thought all Christians were pushy, and I kind of expected you to be too. But you haven't said anything other than you were a Christian. And, well, the way you relate to people and the way you work proves it. Anyway, I just want you to know I appreciate your quietness."

As James listened, joyous warmth spread through him, leaving him speechless. "Uh, Bob," he finally offered, "thanks for telling me what you just did."

Bob lingered a moment. "Look, let's do lunch tomorrow. I've got some questions about Christianity and, well, maybe you can help."

"Sure."

The final minutes of the day found James smiling. The voice in his head condemned no more, but affirmed, "James, I created you exactly as I wanted... a bit quiet, a bit shy, a bit soft spoken. Sure, I made some others aggressive and out-spoken for me, and they have important places in my plan. But so do you. Wherever you go, live for me and just mention you are mine. I will do the rest, as you saw. Take heart, James, you are my silent witness." 

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