



BE FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS

CLEMENT YEUNG

Dear Ming,

I hope you are feeling better than I do. This nasty flu has been with me for the last few days. I am still in bed this Sunday morning and will not be able to get to church today. Somehow I thought of you. Strange that when a physician gets sick, he thinks of his doctor friends first. How biased my mind must be. (Ha!)

I turned on the television to check the weather report. While switching the channels, I came across a local station where there was a black preacher. He was a tall man of about thirty, well built. He had a strong Caribbean accent. His voice was very clear and forceful. When the camera showed the congregation, there probably were less than ten inmates present. It was a casual setting that looked like an indoor playground. Later I found out that it was part of a penitentiary. The preacher belongs to a Christian prison fellowship. A handful of other helpers were there to play the guitars and keyboard. The preacher was energetic and focused. I was impressed how he clearly presented the essence of the gospel in a friendly yet forceful way. As I watched the "show", I quietly thanked God for the prison ministry and the faithful preacher on the screen.

I must have dozed off for a while because of the medications that I took. When I opened my eyes again, it was not the same preacher any more. Now it was a huge auditorium, packed with countless people. There was a choir of at least a hundred members standing on the platform facing the congregation. The music was outstanding. Soon the preacher came forward to

give the message. This preacher wore a purple gown and looked like the president of a university speaking at the graduation ceremony. He was pleasantly articulate. His speech was polished and convincing. He spoke of the decline of Christian influence on the media over the last twenty years. Statistics were given. The message was clear and informative. It was not a message of more boycotts. At the end, he challenged the Christians to stand up for their faith and for Christ wherever they might be. My heart was encouraged by the program.

Now, let me explain to you why I thought of you. Remember the time when you were living in Brandon, Manitoba. Often I had to drive for almost three hours from Winnipeg to get to the rented church basement where you folks were meeting. Time and again, there were only a handful of people, some older folks and a few visa students. I still remember when I sat down to prepare my sermon, there was a small voice reminding me to be faithful knowing that there would be only 2 small audience. I had no problem with that. I usually learn a lot myself during the preparation. After a meeting of about an hour, I would have to drive for another three hours home.

Last week, when I was in Toronto for meeting, someone asked me if I knew Johnny, a young seminary graduate. I could not figure out why I should know him. This friend of mine then said with a smile, "He had heard you preach before." After much clarification, I then realized that Johnny did his undergraduate study in Brandon and he was one of the visa students attending the

afternoon Chinese worship service. I am sure you can recall Johnny quite well since you had often welcomed the visa students to your home.

A small voice inside teased me, saying, "Aren't you glad that you prepared your Brandon sermons diligently then?" Yes, I am surely glad that I took the Brandon ministry seriously. We never know who might be listening and what God could do through them.

In God's kingdom, there are many kinds of utensils. "There are not only articles of gold and

silver, but also of wood and clay; some are for noble purposes and some for ignoble." (2 Tim. 2: 20)

I thank God for the black preacher who spoke with a strong accent. I thank God for the eloquent professor with a purple gown.

Last but not least, I thank God for you. You were the one who invited me to speak in Brandon.

Keep well and God bless!

Clement.



Freedom Waters

Gloria M. Huang

it was summer then,

the warmth of new memories
creeping into the soul.
do you see, hidden one,
the shining needle of Light
that pierced the dark tapestry
of your reality?

you shook your head,
afraid,
unwilling,
unable,
to encounter and embrace
what was Truth,
a bright, untarnished,
honest gold that
could never crumble or fade
into ashen-gray disappointment
and nauseating disillusionment.
I can still remember how

the excitement took hold of me,
would not release me
until I drank deeply,
to the highest measure
of fullness,
the long, wide, deep, high,
rushing waters,
the freedom waters.

what liberation I felt!
the hungry heart,
the thirsty thought,
the searching soul
in blessed communion
and joyfully breathing in
the life of the Spirit.

