



Let Jesus have His Life
in your way

Ed Miller

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YOUR WAY**

Ed Miller Testimony

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LET JESUS HAVE HIS LIFE IN YOUR WAY

Good afternoon! I would like to begin with a word of prayer.

Our heavenly Father, we commit this session into Your hands. I desire Lord, that the eyes of our hearts might be focused on the Lord Jesus. You promised to be with us and we claim that promise. We pray in the name of Jesus, amen!

When Eric asked me for a testimony, my heart sunk. By the time I finish, you will know why my heart sunk. Let me give you two reasons. The first is 2 Corinthians 11:17-18 "In self-confident boasting, I am not talking as the Lord would, but as a fool. Since many are boasting in the way the world does, I too will boast." I am nervous, because I do not want to speak in the flesh. Most of Paul's testimony we would not have if he didn't speak in the flesh. I am certain there is a way to testify to give God the glory. 2 Corinthians 10:17-18 ". . . but, let

him who boasts, boast in the Lord for it is not the one who commends himself who is approved, but the one whom the Lord commends.” I earnestly want to boast in the Lord this afternoon. Psalm 66:16 “Come and hear, all you who fear God; I will tell you what He has done for my soul.” In that carefulness, I want to testify. Another reason I am reluctant to testify is because He is intimately acquainted with all our ways. I am about to testify of 59 years, and every moment of that time He has been doing something in my life. I have selected what I believe He wants me to share. The biggest reason my heart sunk was because I was terribly burned by a personal testimony.

The prevailing revelation of the Lord, as I look back, is His patience. He has been so patient with me. I didn’t come from a Christian home. I am going to tell a sad story but I do not want you to feel sorry for me. My mom and dad were divorced when I was three years old. We were very poor; we lived as guests in my uncle’s cabin. Most of the time the plumbing did not work; there were three rooms in the cabin where I lived with my sister, my mother and my

grandmother. We were very much in the country surrounded by woods. I could build a tree house; I could kill a squirrel; I could gig a frog but I was quite backward socially when it came to the world I was living in. It is important, I think, that you know from what the Lord lifted me.

Let me give one illustration of how backward I was and from what the Lord lifted me. I wasn't stubborn before the Lord; I was just stupid. When I was 10 years old, I was invited to join the Little League. I was asked if I had a ball glove. I didn't know exactly what they meant until they described a ball glove to me. I told them I had one. My mother had bought me a sponge ball glove used to hold soap and that was set on a little table next to the bathroom. It was that ball glove I showed up with when I went to try out for the Little League ball team. The foam gloves! I didn't know why everyone was laughing. They put a stick in my hand and they called it a bat. They told me where to stand. Someone threw a ball in my direction and I hit the deck. That was the end of my Little League career. I am not

saying that so that you feel sorry for me, but so you know that I grew up sort of backwards.

I have no time to tell you everything that took place, so I am going to divide it into four seasons. I think, in nature and in grace, God works in seasons. I can't tell you everything in each season, but for 59 years He has been working in my life. I am going to divide the seasons into years. The first season began in 1958 and went to 1965. The second season went from 1965-1975. The third season went from 1975 -2013. The final season began in 2013 and continues to the present day.

I begin with the first season. I was 16 years old; the Lord was about to change my life forever. I met two people in 1958 that changed my life. One was the dear Lord Jesus and the other one is my wife, Lillian.

Let me tell you how I met Lillian. We were both Lutherans, but I was really unchurched. One day our Lutheran youth group had planned to have a big conference joining with all the other Lutheran youth groups. At this time, (although I hadn't shared that with you yet) I

had just become a Christian. The Lutheran group that I was associated with was not truly Christian. One indication of that was that the young people on the bus were trading dirty stories. As I listened, my heart was grieved; I was a new Christian and this environment made me very uncomfortable. The original idea was that all the buses would meet at a special location in Hartford Connecticut, and then we would all change busses so we could meet different young people. Our destination was Boston, Massachusetts where we would have our big rally. As I sat in the bus listening to the conversation, my heart was grieved, and so, I began to sing some of the gospel songs I had recently learned. There was a little girl who sat in the front of the bus. To my surprise, she knew the songs I was singing and she began singing along. We all had bag lunches and when it came to time for lunch, she stood up on the bus and said, "At least we can thank the Lord for our food!" She led the whole bus in prayer. I said to the Lord, "Lord, someday please give me a wife like that." There was no one else like that so I got the floor model. That is how I met Lillian.

She knew many Bible stories and our courtship consisted of long walks when she would tell me the Bible stories. I had never known that Jesus multiplied loaves or walked on the water. When I got saved, I didn't even know there were two testaments in the Bible. I knew nothing spiritual. I was saved for one week and I was asked to pray aloud at a Youth for Christ rally with about a thousand in attendance. I understand why God warns against laying hands too soon on a novice. As I was praying aloud, I thought of something that would solve many problems. I asked the Lord to save Satan! Wouldn't that solve a lot of problems? Later they came to me and told me that was an improper prayer. I didn't know! Anyway, that is how I met Lillian.

I want to tell you how I met the Lord Jesus. I would like to read Deuteronomy 5:9-10. "You shall not worship them or serve them; for I the LORD your God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers on the children, and on the third and the fourth generations of those who hate me, but showing lovingkindness to thousands, to those who love Me and keep My

commandments.” I quote that passage because God, in 1958, visited me. Not to hold my ancestor’s sins against me.

Sometimes we look at that and we say “God visits in judgment” but He visited me in mercy. Wouldn’t you think it would be a wonderful day if the Lord met you in mercy? Two things happened on the day I got saved. One was thrilling; the other, not so good. The Lord used “Youth for Christ”! I don’t know if you are familiar with that ministry. Remember, I grew up backward; I was a nerd and I didn’t really know what was going on. I had no real friends. I did have a personal bully. You can understand why I responded when the captain of the football team took a personal interest in me. I attended a rally in Connecticut where I heard the gospel for the first time. When the invitation was given, I was one that got up and went forward. I cried for four hours. I learned that I was forgiven of all my sins; they told me I had become a member of the family of God; they told me I was born again; they told me the Lord would never leave me. My heart was thrilled.

However, the same day at the same rally, there was a speaker named Larry Doyle. Actually, he didn't give the message as I recall but he gave a testimony. He was associated with "Word of Life"; His testimony was very dramatic. I never had heard a dramatic story like that. He explained that he was associated with a gang; he told of some of the bad things he was involved in, his battle with addiction. He told us his heart had been full of anger and violence. When the meeting was over, I saw many teenagers go up to him and crowed around him. Because I was coming from a dysfunctional home and was friendless, that testimony sounded pretty attractive. So, the very night, the Lord washed me from my sin, I stole Larry Doyle's testimony. One week after that rally, my family—my mother, sister and I moved from one location to another location. It was a new environment, a new school, new people in my life. We moved to a new neighborhood where nobody knew me. So, I became Larry Doyle. I began to be invited to different church groups to give my testimony. I actually enlarged his testimony by exaggeration. My lie got bigger and bigger. I had just met Lillian so she didn't know the truth and

she thought I was a former gang member. I was invited to so many places to give my testimony. This became seven of the most difficult years of my life. Those seven years were filled with legalism. Most Christians who tend to legalistic living do so because they never heard the message of grace. I had not heard the grace message either, but that is not why I was legalistic. I was trying to work off a debt. I attempted to make a deal with the Lord. I told the Lord Jesus that I would be the best servant He ever saved if He would just allow me to keep my secret. For that reason, I got involved with every kind of Christian service. On the weekends I would preach in the open air; I visited nursing homes; I had a jail ministry; I worked with sailors; I was a walking track rack. I wore myself out serving the Lord so I could continue living my lie.

This first season was also marked by formal training. Our brother, in his testimony was sharing the importance of education with his children. I was not a good student; I was under water all the time—below “C” level. I didn’t think I could get accepted into any school. Since

I was Lutheran background, I thought the Lord wanted me to become a Lutheran pastor. I applied to Concordia Collegiate Institute in Bronxville, New York. I didn't think they would accept me with my poor transcript, so I included my testimony in print. I was accepted. At that time, it was a rather liberal school. I heard about the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, Illinois. So after I graduated from junior college, I put my testimony in print again, and applied to be a student at Moody Bible Institute. When I left Moody, for the third time I wrote out my testimony to apply to Columbia Bible College in South Carolina.

For seven years I lived this lie.

I want to mention three individuals that are vitally connected to the next season. One man's name was Bron Carlisle. He was a teacher at Columbia Bible College teaching us how to share the gospel in the open air. Another man was Frank Sells. He was also a teacher at Columbia Bible College. The third person was a student at the college named George James. In this first season that I am describing, I discovered the

Lord as my Savior. Even though I was living a lie, I still had the joy of the Lord. It even appeared that God might be ministering through my life. That was confusing. The lie got so large that I was invited to give my testimony on a radio program called "Unshackled" . Let me tell you about the crisis that took place in 1965.

This starts my second season. I mentioned three names: Bron Carlisle, he was from New Zealand. He had a very strong English accent. I will tell you the story that he told which the Lord used to convict me of my hypocrisy. He gave an illustration that he presented as true about a large pipe organ in some Cathedral in England. One day, according to Bron, a man came and knocked at the cathedral door. A custodian let him in and he told the custodian that he had come to see the famous organ. The valuable organ and a roll down top which was secured and locked tight. The man was very persistent and begged the custodian to unlock the lid and let him look at it. He promised that he would not touch it. After much persuasion the roll top was unlocked and the organ was displayed. The man continued to request of the custodian

permission to sit down on the bench and just admire the organ. He was given permission to sit and finally was given permission to play a tune. The story goes, that the man sat down and for the next hour, filled the Cathedral with beautiful music. "Who are you?", asked the custodian. He said, "My name is Felix Mendelssohn!" The custodian replied, "Felix Mendelssohn! And to think I almost didn't give him the key." Mr. Carlisle said, "Students, you are all musical instruments. Inside of you there is beautiful music. Jesus Christ, and to think I almost didn't give Him the key!" I was so convicted. I never knew that there might be any music in the real me. That message broke my heart and I repented and handed the key of my life over to the Lord Jesus. This event left me very confused and, at the time I thought that the only thing I could do was to leave school and divorce Lillian. She didn't know the true man she married. In my darkness, I thought the noble thing to do was to set her free. At that time the Dean of faculty came to me and told me that quitting school was not an option. "Your confession must be as large as the circle of your sin., he said. You cannot leave school until you

confess to the student body the hypocrite you have been. I thought that it would be easy for me for it was time for our Christmas vacation; I would leave school and just not return.

That brings up the second name I mentioned to you—George James. George James was a student at the Bible College and had really laid hold of my testimony. Several times a week during chapel, he would stand and announce, “If God can do what He did for Ed Miller, He can do the same thing for our family.”

It was a very rough Christmas vacation; my biggest concern was for George James. He was very intellectual and received straight “A’s” in his lessons, but socially, he struggled. I came back from Christmas vacation and I sat as far back of the auditorium as I could find a seat. My name was called and I had to make my way to the front of the auditorium. I was hysterical. I cry when the leaves fall off the tree. I do not know how long I spoke—it felt like forever. When I poured out my heart I asked, “Where is George James?” I was taken to a private room and was told the news that George James was in

Heaven. He had been in an automobile accident during that Christmas vacation. I know better now, but at that time, I thought his death was my fault. Must two die for me?

The third name I mentioned was the name Frank Sells. He is the brother that the Lord sent to pick up the pieces of my life. He explained to me that my life was Christ and neither Ed Miller or Larry Doyle. He challenged me to do nothing but seek Christ for six months. I do not know why he gave me the time limit, but he told me I owed the Lord at least six months. I asked, "How shall I seek Him?" He promised me that the Lord would show me. At the time, I was very active. I was a student pastor. I decided to quit everything. I quit my Christian service; I quit going to church; I quit reading my Bible. I was afraid that the Bible would get in the way of my knowing the Lord. In those years when I was trying to pay off my debt to the Lord, I was very much involved with reading the Bible. I read the Bible, not to know the Lord, but because I had read that godly men got up early and prayed and read the Bible. I rose earlier to impress God. But, for the first time, in my heart I had the

desire to read the Bible. I was terrified to read the Bible because, as I said, I thought it would hinder me from knowing the Lord. I started with the Book of Philippians and I was careful to ask the Lord with every verse, "Lord, do not let this get in the way; show me Jesus! Show me Jesus!" The book came alive. It has been 59 years now. That is a very long six months, isn't it?

As the first seven years were noted by legalism and hypocrisy, this season was marked by a lot of a different kind of busy. Now, as I suggested earlier, I was not a good student. Anyone as see my transcripts and prove that. It took me seven years to get a three-year Bible school education. In almost every case, when you go to Bible school, that is followed up by a seminary education. I asked my mentor, Mr. Sells, which seminary he would recommend for me to attend. He said, "Ed, seminary will kill you. You are finished!" "What am I supposed to do?", I asked. The Lord had blessed me with a small family at this time. Mr. Sells said, "Do not move until your cloud moves?" That advice didn't help at all! What does that mean? "The Lord will show you!" he promised.

At the school they had a placement program into which I placed my name. After a couple of months, I was informed off an opportunity to pastor a small church in northern Massachusetts. I figured that must be my cloud on the move, so my wife, my little son and I went off to Williamstown, Massachusetts. It was a Congregational Church over 100 years old. (It smelled like it!) The church was very liberal but they had a pulpit committee with two born-again women on it. My time there was not very long. I was not a good student in school and I was certainly ill-prepared to be a good pastor. My personal library consisted of a Bible, concordance and a Bible dictionary. I felt like the Lord wanted me to start a library. I began to look around in the town of North Adams near Williamstown for a used bookstore. I did not know the area but I believe the Lord led me to a used bookstore. I inquired of the owner if he had a religious section in his store. He did, but it contained books we had been warned about when I was a student in Bible College. Believe it or not, I started to cry. The owner came over and asked me what was wrong. I poured out my heart and told him that I was a new pastor

without a Christian library. He told me that in the basement of his store he had a bunch of religious books from a pastor who had died. He told me I probably would not want to go to the basement because it was damp and dusty. "Would you like to go see it" he asked. So I went down into the cellar to see the books. He left me alone. I began to pile up books by authors I had heard of at Bible school: Matthew Henry; G. Campbell Morgan; F.B. Meyer etc. I lost track of time going through the books and making piles on the floor. Suddenly, the lights went out. I screamed aloud and the owner came down, surprised to see me still there, since I had been down there for about four hours. He told me he was closing the store at that time, but he invited me back the next day. He told me he wanted to clean out the basement and that, if I gave him \$50.00 I could have all the religious books down there. I was very poor. In 1967 \$ 50.00 was a lot of money. I knew very few people, but I managed to find three different people who lent me enough money to purchase the books. I was driving a Nash Rambler at the time. It is a very small automobile. I filled the entire car with books—trunk, front seat, back seat—books

everywhere. I barely had room to sit and drive. I was excited when I arrived home and shared with my Lillian what the Lord had just given us. I began going through the books, and in the cover of many of the books was the name "Watchtower". I recognized those as Jehovah Witness books. I set those aside to be discarded. There were also many books with the title "bishop" before the author's name. That frightened me too, so I set all those with the word "bishop" in them aside. I began to tie them in bundles and bring them out to the edge of the road for the garbage collector to gather them up. Lillian rebuked me; she reminded me that if those books were not healthy for me to read, why should I expect the trash collector not to be harmed by them? So, we prayed what to do and we decided to have a funeral for the books. I dug a large hole in the back yard on the property we were renting. I threw more than one thousand books in this huge hole. Lillian asked me if I would ever be tempted to dig up the books we were about to bury. We decided, for the next hour and half, we would take the water hose and let it run over the books into the grave. We prayed, and with that funeral service, the Lord

gave me a love for reading and study that has never gone away. As I said earlier, anyone can check my transcripts. I was never a student, but from that day to this present day, I have a passion for study. Many of the books are old reformed and puritan books from the 1700's and 1800's.

It was not possible for me to continue to pastor that Liberal church. I didn't know where to turn, so with Lillian's permission, I drove to South Carolina to ask my mentor, Frank Sells for advice. It was about 1,000 miles to South Carolina, and Mr. Sells only met with me for five minutes. His advice was, "Don't leave God's people to God's enemies!" "What does that mean?" I asked. Again, he assured me that the Lord would make it clear. When I returned to Williamstown, two couples who had found the Lord, asked us to remain and teach them the Bible. We began a small fellowship there when the editor of a local newspaper received the Lord. She announced it in the paper as "a revival" and since Williamstown is a college town, many students began attending our gathering.

The Lord blessed us with a profoundly deaf child; we knew since my wife grew up with deaf brothers that the possibility of having a deaf child was real. We also knew the importance of early training, so we began looking throughout New England for a school for the deaf he could attend. That search led us to Rhode Island where the Lord led us to a school where the principal of the school and several teachers were born again. My life, to this point, was very much like that expressed in Luke 2:51 “And He went down with them and came to Nazareth; and He continued in subjection to them; and His mother treasured all these things in her heart.” Mary is a beautiful picture of the church. The Holy Spirit formed Christ in her; her contribution to the world was to give Christ to the world. This is how Mary pictured the church; the Holy Spirit forms Christ in us and in the fullness of time, we are privileged to give Christ to the world. Jesus, at 12 years old, submitted Himself to his parents and went wherever they took Him.

My experience as a pastor of a Navy Church in Newport Rhode Island was like preaching to a parade. Three things happened at that church

that I need to mention. Number one, President Nixon closed the navy base which provided the bulk of our congregation. The attendance went from around three hundred to about thirty in a single week. Number two, I received a call from a hospital in Boston Massachusetts. I was very puzzled. They asked if I was Ed Miller. They explained that they had a patient there by the name of Larry Doyle who was anxious to speak to me. He had been trying to contact me for many years. It seems that every time he was close, I had relocated. He was in very bad shape and desired to see me before he died. I had never met Larry Doyle. I only know that I had stolen his testimony. I went to Boston and visited him in his hospital room. We embraced and he poured out his heart. One of the things he told me was that the testimony I had taken from him was a lie. He had made it up. It was not true. I had stolen a lie. We spent precious time together. He repented and returned to the Lord and died two days later. Number three, I met a man named Tom Wontrop. This man, Tom Wontrop is a large part of the next season of my life.

Let me return to the reference I made of Jesus submitting to His parents when He was 12 years old. Wherever His parents went, Jesus went along as well. Since the church was pictured by Mary, and I am the church, I believe at that time in my life, Jesus was submitting to me. I was taking Him many places. I took Him to nursing homes; I took Him to jail ministries; I took Him to children's meetings. Everywhere I decided to go, He submitted to me and came along. A change had to be made. In the Bible we read of the first miracle Jesus performed when He turned water into wine at Cana of Galilee. John 2:2-4 "Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the wedding. And when the wine gave out, the mother of Jesus said to Him, "They have no wine." And Jesus said to her, "Woman, what do I have to do with you? My hour has not yet come." I had previously read John 12:26 "Where I am, there shall My servant also be." I had it backwards. I thought He should be where I was; but He desired me to be where He was. He needed to call the shots! I decided that from that moment on, He would be the leader; I would go where He directed me. I immediately resigned from being pastor of the church. The

Lord had not yet opened my eyes to His heart concerning the church. I read Acts 28:30-31 “And he stayed two full years in his own rented quarters and was welcoming all who came to him preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching concerning the Lord Jesus Christ with all openness, unhindered.”

In the first season, I was filled with joy; the second season I was delivered from me—not from a gang but from me. I tasted freedom for the first time. First joy, now liberty!

Now I will share the third season from 1975-2013. I was determined now to be only led by the Lord. Where He was, and what He was doing—that is where I wanted to be. Lillian questioned me about what I was planning to do? I told her that I was uncertain. At this point in my life I just wanted to know the Lord and see Him in the study of the Bible. She asked me if I was planning on teaching. I didn’t know. I only knew that I wanted an intimate union with the Lord Himself. She promised me that she would handle all of the technical side of ministry as providing tapes, if I would be willing to share

what I had discovered of the Lord. I agreed, and for about five years, we had only 3 or 3 people attending my studies. I asked Lillian, “Are you willing to trust the Lord for this?” She surprised me with her answer. She said, “No! You trust the Lord! I will trust you!”

After several years, the Lord began to open new doors. Some of the Saints you know—Stephen Kaung, Dana Congdon, DeVern Fromke and major Ian Thomas. One of the annual conferences I was invited to was called Family Ministries. They worship very much like you do; they break bread and remember the Lord every week. They are one body! It was my first taste of church life. The Lord used that fellowship in several ways. Three of our children married into that fellowship and so we were family in more ways than one.

In season one, the Lord gave me marvelous joy. In season two I tasted the liberty of the Lord. In season three, my horizons were enlarged and I ministered in many places and the Lord showed Himself to be my provider. We

had no needs! He delivered me from the cares of this world and I entered into His rest.

This season where I had discovered His rest also had critical events. In 2000 I had a massive heart attack. The by-pass surgery I needed to save my life could not wait, so they operated on me while I was having my heart attack. This event didn't upset my joy, liberty or rest, but it did change the direction of our lives.

At this time, my wife and I felt like the Lord had called us to be responsible for our elderly relatives. Lillian's grandfather stayed with us for six years and died at the age of 106. We took in my step-dad who was very needy in many ways. He died at the age of 93. We also were taking care of Lillian's father who was living with us. He died at the age of 98. This, as you would imagine, took up a lot of our time. My Lillian has Muscular Dystrophy # 2 and she was beginning to experience the weakening effects of the disease. Earlier in this testimony, I mentioned a man named Tom Wontrop. In Mark 6:7 we read, "And He summoned the twelve and began to send them out in pairs. . . "I think, one of the best

verses that describes our relationship is 1 Samuel 18:1 “. . . the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as himself.” Because of my failing health and my Lillian’s failing health, and because of the added responsibility of caring for our loved ones, I believed that the Lord was leading Tom and I to become co-laborers in the gospel. I had ministered on many occasions with Godly men. For example, I ministered with Dana Congdon for thirty-five years. Dana sought the Lord for the message he would share and I studied for the message the Lord wanted me to present. We sought the Lord independently! Very often, because it is the same Holy Spirit guiding us, the messages dove-tailed into one. It is different with Tom. We study together; we seek the Lord together; we discover the same principles of Life at the same time, and when we teach, we alternate studies on the same series. He will teach lesson one, I will teach lesson two until we conclude the series. I don’t know if you have ever experienced such a precious time in the presence of the Lord who, with you are seeking the face of the Lord. It is very precious. That is the privilege I enjoy with Tom. That was the

large difference is season four. I co-minister with Tom Wontrop. Tom still ministers alone from time to time; I also have my own ministry, but most of the time we minister together. This was a great benediction of the Lord in my life. We have had many privileges to meet in house gatherings in many places. Some people are not able to attend conferences for some reason. We meet with these people, sometimes numbering only six or seven people. We meet for weekends in homes, garages, in the open air, homes, churches or rented rooms. It doesn't matter to us. We are thankful to share a full Christ with hungry hearts.

The Lord brought me joy; the Lord brought me liberty; the Lord brought me rest! I thought, "What can follow rest? It has to be Glory!" As I mentioned previously, my Lillian has Muscular Dystrophy # 2. She is rather unstable; if the Lord brings her to your heart, please pray for her. She has recently fallen several times. We thank the Lord that there were no fractures or breaks. I have congestive heart failure and all

that comes along with the normal setbacks of aging. I am losing everything but weight. I am losing my eyesight, my hearing, my memory and my energy. In the light of declining health, we inquired of the Lord about the decision to move closer to our children. We didn't want to add distance as another burden in the event our health declined more or the Lord called one of us home. We decided before the Lord to move to Delaware. Now, we live within one hour to four of our six children.

One of the surprises for us was, that doors of ministry that had been opened for decades began to close. In the same month we were advised that six of our annual conferences were discontinued. I honestly thought that the Lord was ready to call me to Heaven; I thought that was the reason the opportunities were drying up. But, at the same time, new doors began to open for ministry. I presently teach a weekly Bible study in a rented room in a local Diner. Most of my ministry is with Brother Tom Wontrop. He is a special servant of the Lord for me. He does all of the driving, half the teaching and most of the arranging for the gatherings.

Having Tom with me is also a great safeguard against spiritual pride. Having a Brother ministering at my side, whose heart is continually on the Lord is a great blessing for me.

I was planning to read several verses but I see the time is getting away from me.

Let me just give you the last season and what the Lord has begun to teach me. He took me from joy to liberty; liberty to rest! Let me illustrate this next season by telling you the Bible story I was planning to read. It is in Acts 16. In this chapter we read that God's servants tried to go north, and the Lord closed the door; they tried to go south and the Lord said, "No!" What is He up to? What is God doing? They received a vision and an invitation to come over to Macedonia. What has the Lord planned now? Then, according to the record, they went to a little prayer meeting at the river side where they met Lydia. The Lord opened her heart to receive the message. That was redemptive. That was followed by a demon-possessed girl who followed them around. Finally, she came to the

Lord. Her conversion destroyed the profit of those who had been using her for their benefit. The result was that they began to beat Silas and Paul, blaming them for ruining their business. What is the Lord up to now? The Lord was clearly doing something, but His servants did not know what He was doing. Then the officials placed God's servants in stocks and threw them in the prison. They were not at all discouraged; they were excited. What is the Lord up to in our lives? They began singing the praises of the Lord. You know the story. There was an earthquake. What is the Lord up to now? Then a Jailer came and asked how to be saved. That same night his entire family came to the Lord.

For me, it is a season of excitement. I wake up giddy every morning. I wonder, "What is He up to now?" When Jesus lived on the earth in His incarnate body, He poured out His life and went to the cross for others. It was redemptive! Today Jesus is alive; it is the same Jesus but He has a new body now. It is the Church. It is you and me. We are His body. He now lives in us. I used to think I needed grace and faith to survive. How will I ever get through the problem or that

trial. But now I know differently. 2 Corinthians 4:10 “. . . always carrying about in the body the dying of Jesus, that the life of Jesus also may be manifested in our body.” It is not the dying of self I am carrying about; it is the dying of Jesus! I need grace and faith to allow Him to live the radical life that He wants to live in me. I am dead! He lives in me. If He wants to go to a Nursing home in me, I am willing. If He wants to manifest Himself through my Dementia, that is agreeable too. I ask, “What is He up to? What is He doing? It is His business, it is not my business. It doesn’t matter! This season is tremendous excitement as I wake up to the possibilities of union with Christ.

I will close with two passages from the Gospel of John. Our Lord Jesus told Peter that he was going to die. Peter had a burden for John. He said, “What about this man?” Jesus did not say, “That is none of your business, you follow Me.” That is how some interpret that passage. He said, “It is none of your care! I will take care of John. You follow Me!” I have full assurance now that the Lord will take care of my family if He calls me home. The other verse is also about

old age. We read that they will take you by the hand and lead you where you do not want to go. Do you remember that passage? Have you seen the glory side of it? For 59 years I have been desiring to do the will of the Lord. I have prayed much and hard so I would not miss His will. A day is coming soon when I will never have to worry about that again. Someone is going to take me by the hand, and lead me, maybe where I do not wish to go. But, that will become the will of God for my life. I speak of old age, but when I think of Brother Stephen Kaung, I am not that old.

I am the first one in our family, by the grace of God, to ever get out of the 60's. Mother, father, brother, uncles, cousins, aunts and sister—all died before reaching age 70.

My point is this: it is exciting to be the servant of the Lord. I no longer drag Him here and there. Now, where He is, that is where I want to be.

I heard a story of a girl who went to a missionary conference, and at the end of the meeting she was so moved that she wanted to

testify. She wanted to say, "Let Jesus have His way in your life." But, she was very nervous. She got her words twisted. Instead of saying, "Let Jesus have His way in your life", she said, "Let Jesus have His Life in your way." What she said was more beautiful than what she intended to say.

Thank you for your attention. Let Jesus have His life in your way.

Let us pray together. Our Father, we thank you. You have been so faithful and so patient. You guided my life when I was just bumping off the walls. I give you honor; I give you praise; I worship You! In Jesus's name! Amen!