

## CONTEMPORARY PETER

Lord, do you require more of men than what I am now doing? I'm busy in your work, yet I am not certain that it is what you have for me to do. Lord, what more can I do to serve you better?

*Nothing, my child.*

But, Lord, why do I feel discontented with my service for you? I'm giving of myself and my money unsparingly. I'm a church deaconess and a Sabbath School teacher. I give much of my time to witnessing for you. What more can I do for you?

*Nothing, my child.*

But, Lord, there still remains a vacancy inside, in spite of my private and public devotion to you. What more can I do?

*Nothing. Listen, my child: Stop doing things for Me.*

What? Now, Lord, let's be reasonable. You've blessed my work for you; you've exhorted me to labor in your vineyard. What do you mean? What if I do stop doing things for you?

*Then I'll be able to do them through you.*

Oh . . . I think I see. Of course, Lord. My work for you is in vain unless you do it through me. Make me a fit channel, Lord. Do humble me and may I be a worthy vessel for you to use. Now, what task do you want to do through me?

*None, my child.*

What? You said you'd work through me. What is your task for me?

*My daughter, love me.*

Now wait a minute, Lord. I've been a Christian for eleven years; what do you mean, "Love Me?" I do love you. Now, that is settled. What is the next step?

*There is no other step, loved one; just love Me.*

You know I love you, Lord—why, my whole life is taken up with service to you. What do you mean?

*Your love for Me is revealed in your love to your fellow man.*

Oh, I know that, Lord. I do love my fellow man!

*Do you love your Biology Professor?*

Well, I don't hate the guy; I just leave him alone and he leaves me alone.

*Do you love your Biology Professor?*

Now, look, we don't get along. Our personalities clash; one cannot solve that, so I avoid him.

*I died for him--and live for him too.*

I know, Lord? And I would like to see him saved but you understand that I just don't click with him.

*Do you love your Biology Professor?*

Oh, I respect him—and I think he respects me. I recognize that he is a fine fellow, and I'm sure he'd make a good Christian. But I guess I do think of him as being overconfident and conceited—even a bigot at times. You know his kind, Lord. Why all this about him, Lord? Look at all these other people I love. Why I could. . .

*Do you love your Biology Professor?*

He's the one person, Lord, that I just can't stand. He's pretty hard to take, but I do love . . . I guess everyone else, and certainly, you know I love you.

*You only love me to the extent that you love the person you like the least.*

But . . . well, then, I really don't care about You then. But . . . I've been a Christian eleven years. I always thought I loved you. Now I see. Lord, thank you for revealing this to me. I will truly love you now.

*You cannot, my child.*

But you said "love Me" and when I said "OK" you . . . I don't understand.

*How can you love Me? . . . There is no love in you. . . . God is love.*

Then I cannot love anyone?

*You are only the channel through which I can love anyone.*

Then: Love this world through me, Lord.  
This world of broken men.  
Thou didst love through death, Lord:  
O, love through me again!

*Yes, I will, my child.*

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Isn't this too strong?:

*We only love God to the extent that we love the person we like the least.*

But what did Jesus say?

*"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brothers, ye have done it unto me?"*

Thank God He says:

*"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us."  
Romans 5:5*

*Ask and ye shall receive!*