

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!