Tuesday, November 19, 2019

and they told him that Jesus the Nazarene was passing by. — Luke 18:37

Cancer: I *Want* Jesus to Pass By

https://email.althahosting.com/campaigns/fg657748yh545

The second person of the Trinity, Jesus Christ, walked the earth actively ministering for a few short years. Crowds of people living in the fertile crescent were drawn to him. He performed miracles of healing. He cast demons out. The crowds loved it.

Luke tells the story of a blind beggar sitting by the road, begging. A crowd passed by him and told him that Jesus was passing by. The beggar yelled out, calling Jesus the Son of David. The blind beggar asked for pity from God.

He managed to get Jesus to stop, even though the crowd "scolded him and told him to keep quiet."

God had the blind beggar brought to him and he asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to see again. Jesus instantly healed him and said, "Your faith has saved you."

I'm struck by the modesty of the beggar's request. If I got my ten seconds with God as He was passing by I'd be tempted to ask for riches, as well as health. This man just wanted to see again. And why not! The world is full of colorful wonders and beauty.

While we know Jesus healed this blind beggar, and a number of other people along the way, we also know that He didn't heal everybody in the crowd who followed him, and who believed in Him. We know that he chose not to heal Himself after He was tortured. He submitted Himself to death by crucifixion. And we know that His Apostles suffered. Both Peter and Paul were murdered by Rome.

Why didn't their faith save them?

Ours is to ask believing that He can heal, and alleviate suffering, if He chooses to do so. It is always our place to seek pity from God. It is not our place to question His decision to allow suffering.

I like how the boys in Daniel answered this question when it was asked of them by King Nebuchadnezzar. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace … But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Continued on the back

Call me if I can help. 1-207-956-0819.

I'm thinking this morning about Jesus passing by. I want Him to pass by, and I want to ask him for pity. Not for me, but for my wife … Paulie.

She isn't blind. She is, however, much sicker than we knew. We learned early Saturday morning from an email that she is fighting an aggressive form of ovarian cancer. It is called high grade serous carcinoma. We just returned from surgery in Guatemala. For reasons having nothing to do with cancer a radical hysterectomy was performed on her just over two weeks ago. While everything looked benign the tumor was discovered when the pathologist sliced open the ovary.

Chemotherapy is indicated, and the recommendation is for it to commence in less than two weeks. We are seeking a second opinion here in the States this morning from Oncologists in Winston Salem, North Carolina.

My wife is the strongest Christian I know. A fiery trial begins. I can see Jesus walking with her inside the furnace into which her body has cast her. We have spoken multiple times since early Saturday morning about how thankful we are for Him. She is not afraid to die. I do not fear her death. More than anything she wants to live for her sons, and her six grandchildren. More than life itself.

We are that blind beggar alongside the road. Jesus *IS* passing by … in the suffering. We are shouting over the adoring crowd, "Son of David, have pity on us."

He is stopping. He loves to stop for the poor in spirit, the humble, the contrite … the needy.

He is giving us a view of His kingdom that is granted only to those who suffer. It is a view like none other.

"And all the people who saw it gave praise to God." — Luke 18:43

Amen.