



"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved." Hab. 2:1

July 1st, 2011

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Feature Article -

The Influence of John Piper

The influence of John Piper is such that his basic teachings need to be examined very, very carefully by every pastor, not only for his own sake, but for his people's. Some years ago a dear brother gave me several books by Piper, and I started to read them, but soon laid them aside. I could not then identify what it was about them that troubled my spirit so deeply. Since that time I have come to understand several passages of Scripture that conflict with his basic premise, that man's self

centred desire for happiness is right and ought to be encouraged. One of the passages is Mark 8:34 – 38:

*“And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, **Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.**”*

Recently I came across several excellent analyses of the teachings of John Piper and the sources from which he has drawn his errant views.

I urge every reader of Heads Up to set aside an hour or two and read the following articles by David Cloud and Peter Masters.

<http://www.wayoflife.org/files/e64d16e0a3f72079791f9ea3d279b6d1-815.html>

<http://mettab.blogspot.com/2006/02/christian-hedonism.html>

Buddy Smith

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Charles Weigle's Story -

Dr. Weigle was a Baptist evangelist and noted hymn writer. He entered Heaven's gates December 3, 1966 at age 95, from Chattanooga, Tennessee. The following is from “The Victorious Life: Sermons by Dr. Charles Weigle” -- (He is best known for his hymn, “No One Ever Cared For Me Like Jesus.”)

On the banks of the Wabash River stands the prosperous Midwestern city of LaFayette, Indiana, county seat of Tippecanoe County, and hometown of Purdue University. When Purdue was a young, growing school just two years old, Charles Frederick Weigle was born, November 20, 1871, into the family of a God-fearing, German-Lutheran baker and his wife. The Weigle family was composed of twelve members, five boys and seven girls; it was a typical German family. As a boy, young Charles Weigle was accustomed to hearing his father pray; and Bible reading was observed at family worship every morning immediately following breakfast. Charles Weigle was converted at the age of twelve after being under conviction for quite some time. The Methodist Church of LaFayette was having a series of revival meetings in a little frame church where his parents attended. A great number of his friends and playmates came under conviction and were going forward during the progress of the meeting. This made an indelible impression upon young Charles Weigle, even though he resisted longer than most of the others. Then one night a strong overpowering realization that he was lost came over him. The testimony of his conversion is as follows:

“I was born and reared in a Christian home. Every member of our family attended church services and went to Sunday School. We had family worship in the home every morning. I suppose I was about as good as the average boy of my age. I had a bad temper, however; and by the time I was 12 years of age, I was fighting with my brothers and the neighbor boys. While having trouble with an older brother, I cut him with a knife very seriously. I knocked a neighbor boy down with a ball bat “because he didn't play to suit me.” On another occasion, while ringing a heavy dinner bell in a political parade, a young fellow who did not like the crowd I was marching with ordered me to put down the bell; and I brought it down on top of his head, and they carried him home to recuperate. My parents punished me severely for these misdeeds and warned me to stop fighting lest I be arrested and sent to prison, but I paid little attention to them.

“There came a day when I was arrested for my misdeeds and taken to court. As I sat alone and saw the crowd in the room waiting to see what the judge would do with me, I realized the seriousness of the situation. It appeared as if I were doomed to go to prison, for I was guilty. When the judge came in and took his place behind the bench, he looked down at my shrinking form and said with a voice that sounded like the knell of doom to me, 'Young man, have you an attorney?' I said, 'No sir, I haven't got anybody.' He looked over the courtroom and then motioned to a handsome young man to come forward, and said to him, 'You will kindly act as his attorney.' That handsome young lawyer came and sat down beside me and took charge of my case. “One thing that brought a little hope to my heart was the attitude of my attorney. He sat close to me and spoke to me with a voice that was full of tender sympathy. I felt that he was my friend and that he cared for me and wanted to help me. When I told him of all the mean things I had been doing and for which I had been arrested, he assured me that he would help me. All I had to do was to tell the truth and leave the rest with him. That seemed to relieve my mind somewhat.

“After the trial began, however, and one witness after another testified against me, I began to lose hope. One of them said I knocked him down with a ball bat and almost killed him. My attorney said to me, 'Did you do that?' I said, 'Yes Sir'. The next witness accused me of having seriously injured him with a heavy dinner bell, and my attorney again said, 'Did you do that?' I said, 'Yes Sir'. My own brother came to witness against me, declaring that I had used a knife on him and had almost taken his life. My attorney turned to me and asked, 'Have you been guilty of all these acts?' and I said, 'Yes, Sir, and a lot of other things they don't even know about.' He tried to relieve my fears by saying, 'Trust me - I'll help you.' “Finally, the prosecuting attorney rose up and, speaking to the judge, said, 'Your Honor, according to the evidence brought by these witnesses, the defendant is guilty of all charges brought against him. He is a potential murderer and a menace to this community, and we ask that he be placed in prison for a long duration of time.' Then my heart sank within me and I said to myself, 'There is no hope for me.'

“When my attorney arose to speak in my defense, I wondered what He could do for me.

(To read more: <http://www.wayoflife.org/files/10ba767624d37a6a0173bfcf464b25f7-821.html>)

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Notable Quotes and Quotable Notes -

* After all, the cry of the scientist should be “Eureka!”, not “baa”. *Andrew Bolt.*

* “For more than half a century, I have never known one day when I had not more business than I could get through. For 40 years, I have had annually about 30,000 letters, and most of these have passed through my own hands. I have nine assistants always at work corresponding in German, French, English, Danish, Italian, Russian, and other languages. Then, as pastor of a church with 1200 believers, great has been my care. I have had charge of five orphanages; also at my publishing depot, the printing and circulation of millions of tracts, books, and Bibles. But I have always made it a rule never to begin work till I have had a good season with God.” *George Mueller*.

* “Within evangelical circles...is a growing infiltration of humanistic ideas...a growing acceptance of pluralism and accommodation. And what has been the response of the evangelical leadership? Overwhelmingly it has been to keep silent, to let the slide go further and further, to paper over the differences.” *J. Gresham Machen's 1924 address, Moody Bible Institute (Christian Beacon, 1/17/57)*.

* If I see aright, the cross of popular evangelicalism is not the cross of the New Testament. It is rather a new bright ornament upon the bosom of a self-assured and carnal Christianity....The old cross slew men; the new cross entertains them. The old cross condemned; the new cross amuses. The old cross destroyed confidence in the flesh; the new cross encourages it.... The flesh, smiling and confident, preaches and sings about the cross; before that cross it bows and toward that cross it points with carefully staged histrionics— but upon that cross it will not die, and the reproach of the cross it stubbornly refuses to bear. *A.W. Tozer, The Divine Conquest*.

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Blinded Minds -

The use of dance and drama in churches flies in the face of Bible truth. Wherever and whenever God has spoken, it has always been in perfect sincerity. Transparency is contrary to pretence. The very essence of drama is pretence. It has no place in the church.

For sixty centuries God's children have thrived on truth and reality, on sincerity and transparency. Not so today. Pretence is the name of the game. AW Tozer used to say that Hollywood movie stars had the faces of angels and the morals of alley cats. That disparity between appearance and actuality, between image and reality has crept into the churches to such a great extent that it is common today to find pretence in every part of our worship of God. I once watched a gang of teens in a shopping mall as they pretended to communicate with each other. Their body language was obvious. They were taking turns acting out little skits, they were putting on shows, sound and motion bytes that did not tell their friends anything about their real thoughts and beliefs and feelings. It was all designed to impress. One of our ladies in a previous church told us that her sister would get dressed and put on her makeup several hours before going to a party, and would then practice walking, moving, talking, and emoting (even to the point of practicing her facial expressions!) in front of a mirror so she would have the self confidence that she was going to make a good impression.

Last week I read an article about a pop music group in Japan that devised a pretend “pop star”. Here is the gist of the article:

Japanese computerised singer from pop group AKB48 fools thousands of fans

"SHE looked like the picture perfect pop star, but Japanese singing sensation Aimi Eguchi wasn't even real.

The young starlet was a hoax - she was computer generated from composite pictures of six of the most attractive members of the band AKB48. Her high-pitched singing voice was an auto-tuned actor's, according to the Daily Mail. Fans who followed the supposedly 16-year-old star in the Japanese girl group have been left shocked. Earlier this year Aimi joined the musical group AKB48, a musical super group in Japan. The 61 group members make daily performances at a theatre in Tokyo while thousands of teenage girls compete to become new members. They also star in a hit TV show.

The Daily Mail reports Aimi's AKB 48 profile said that she was 16, competed in track and field, and that she was from Saitama, a prefecture on the island of Honshu. But diehard fans began to smell a rat after Aimi, who was initiated as a lowly trainee, starred in a candy advert alongside the group's most established members soon after. AKB48's management company initially said: "She's real. She didn't take the 12th generation auditions, so we had to quickly accept her (into generation 12.5)," in a statement. But the hoax was finally unveiled when [a website released a video](#) showing how the show's producers had composed her features.

The video shows how graphics experts studied the features of six of the most attractive group members who initially performed in the candy advert and took images of each girl's eyes, nose, mouth, hair and body, face outline and eyebrows and digitally merged them to create the 'perfect' group member. from the Daily Mail - June 24th, 2011"

So when did the churches first accept the use of pretence to do the Saviour's work? It started whenever the pastors and people embraced the worldview of wicked men who practiced pretence as a normal way of life. It happened when they became more concerned with how they looked to the world than how God saw them. It happened when they found pretence entertaining, when TV and movies became their chief sources of entertainment. It happened when they decided to use those whose godliness was synthetic, and false.

I read a quote by Peter Sellers, one of the darlings of Hollywood. He was asked which of the characters he played on stage, on the radio, and in the movies was the real Peter Sellers. He replied that he had played so many parts for so long that he didn't know any more who he really was. As I observe the many actors on the stages of our churches, I can't help wondering if they know who they are.

Surely it is time for God's men to get alone with God and see Him with the eyes of faith, as Isaiah did in Isa. 6, Then we will see ourselves as we really are. It is one of the foundational truths of God's nature that He only ever works powerfully in the man's life who has discarded pretence and humbled himself to see himself as God sees him.

After all, that's who I really am, who God sees me to be.

Bro. Buddy Smith

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Poems That Preach -

We follow in His footsteps;

What if our feet be torn?
Where He has marked the pathway
All hail the briar and thorn!
Scarce seen, scarce heard, unreckoned,
Despised, defamed, unknown;
Or heard but by our singing,
On, children! ever on! – *Tersteegen*

Unsung but singing: this is the short and simple story of many today whose names are not known beyond the small circle of their own small company. Their gifts are not many nor great, but their song is sweet and clear. ...the world is big and tangled and dark, and we are never sure where a true Christian may be found. One thing we do know: the more like Christ he is the less likely it will be that a newspaper reporter will be seeking him out. However much he may value the esteem of his fellow men, he may for the time be forced to stand under the shadow of their displeasure. Or the busy world may actually not even know he is there - except that they hear him singing. – *Tozer*

O Lord, Thy fingers fashioned Calvary's hill;
Those skull-like stones were surely Thine intent.
Well did'st Thou know, Thy Body dead and still
Would crown its slopes and ev'ry rock be rent.

O Lord, 'twas in Thy mind, the tree was born,
With living strength to point men up to Thee.
Yet did'st Thou know, Thy members strained and torn
Would hang from lifeless wood, and lifeless be....

O Lord, 'twas Thou, who molded common dust;
Breathed forth Thy life into this house of clay.
Yet did'st Thou know mankind, corrupted, must
Thine own pure vessel mar and cast away.

O Lord, my parts were written with Thy pen,

Ere I was formed within my mother's womb.
Lord of my life, 'twas I who slew Thee then,
My sin and curse inscribed, which sealed Thy tomb....

Enough O Lord! Thy conquest is complete.
Thy love foreknew yet bore the shame for me.
Mine outpoured soul shall lave [wash] Thy pierced feet;
Thy great forgiveness bind my soul to Thee.

by Geoffrey Bull (From the days of solitude in Chungking, while confined there by the Chinese Communist Army in spring 1951).

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Deacon True Sez -

“You only see your best friends a few times in life. That's probably why they're your best freinds.”

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God's Hand in History -

Admiral Nimitz viewing the disaster at Pearl Harbor

(God's children learn to see the goodness and kindness of God in every circumstance. I received the following article several times last week and was impressed at the providence of God. - Ed.)

“Tour boats ferry people out to the USS Arizona Memorial in Hawaii every thirty minutes. We just missed a ferry and had to wait thirty minutes. I went into a small gift shop to kill time. In the gift shop, I purchased a small book entitled, “Reflections on Pearl Harbor,” by Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. Sunday, December 7th, 1941- Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington D.C. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him. When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone. He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet.

Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat – you would have thought the Japanese had already won the war. On Christmas Day, 1941, Admiral Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters everywhere you looked. As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, “Well Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?” Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice. Admiral Nimitz said, “The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make or God was taking care of America. Which do you think it was?” Shocked and surprised, the young

helmsman asked, “What do mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?”

Nimitz explained. Mistake number one: the Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave. If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk – we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

Mistake number two: when the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow every one of those ships to America to be repaired. As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed them to America. And I already have crews ashore anxious to man those ships.

Mistake number three: every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away over that hill. One attack plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our fuel supply.”

Surely we who know the Lord should have eyesight at least as perceptive as Admiral Nimitz. - Ed.

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Strange Prayers -

This week I was reminded of an illustration I heard many years ago. It was said that a church and a pub were next door neighbours. Each was a problem to the other. So the pastor of the church challenged his people to pray that God would burn down the pub. Word leaked out about their prayer request and soon all the drunks in town and the owner of the pub knew that the saints were praying for their temple to Bacchus to burn. And it did burn down, to the ground. And the owner of the pub sued the church. As the case was being heard, the church instructed their lawyer to tell the court that it was not the church's fault the pub burned down, and that they could not be held accountable for its destruction. The owner of the pub demanded that the court find them guilty of destroying his property. After the judge had listened to all the arguments, pro and con, he rapped the gavel on the bench and made the following statement, “We have here a strange situation, in that, before the fire, the church believed God answers prayer, and the publican didn't. Now the publican does and the church doesn't.”

(If this illustraion contains a lesson for praying saints, it must be that we need to be very wise in what we ask for, and we need to stand by our prayers when God answers them! Ed.

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Cartoons for Wise Men -

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Grace Notes -

From time to time we will publish perceptive articles on the subject of music. Pastor Bob Kirkland has written an excellent article titled Music Is An End Time Issue.

The article is in PDF format and due to its size we have provided a link to Pastor Kirkland's website where it can be easily downloaded.

[Click here to access FairHavens Baptist Church Website](#)

Scroll down the page to the articles section and click on "Music Is An End Time Issue".

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Great Aussies -

We are in our fortieth year of ministry in Australia. During that time we have come across some of the finest people on God's earth. From time to time I'd like to tell you about one of them. Some of them lived too long ago for us to have met them, but they left such a great mark on Australia that we feel like we knew them long ago.

Sid Kidman had a dream of owning a cattle station. He ran away from home at the age of 12 and went to work with stockmen in the dry country of South Australia. He bought and sold horses and cattle until he saved up enough money to buy his first property. Over the years he bought and sold more and more stations until he owned a chain of properties all the way from the north of Australia to the south. He used this chain of properties to move fattened cattle down stage by stage to the markets in the south. He bought into companies that freighted goods for station owners and miners. He part owned coach companies that carried passengers all over the south and west of Australia. Over the years he came to be known as the Cattle King.

We've all known rich men who were misers, and they were usually miser-able, too. Sid Kidman was a generous man and a gentleman. Ion Idriess wrote many stories of Australian history. He tells of Kidman's generosity in his book, [The Cattle King](#).

"The woman working at the well felt nearly done in. Her hands, hardened by toil, felt sore and stiff around the iron windlass handle. Slowly the bucket came up. She had been turning this handle for an hour and still had another hour before the trough would be even half full. What a tremendous amount of water cattle drink! And the poor brutes would be perishing on a day like this. The heavy oil drum, full of water, came slowly to the lip of the well. Holding the windlass handle with one hand, she landed the bucket, sighing as the logs took the weight. She manhandled it to the edge of the well, then tipped the water into the trough. It seemed like a drop to the ocean. Wiping the sweat from her brow, she lowered the bucket again, with a glance toward the slab-built home. She was always afraid of fire! But the children were playing under the bauhinia tree; the tiny homestead stood shadowless under the sun. She bent to the windlass again.

The dog growled, staring down the road. She looked. Two horses drawing a buggy were coming in a whirl of dust. The dog walked out with a threatening growl as the buggy drew level. Over the selection fence the driver saw the woman toiling at the windlass. although he was in a hurry to catch a train, and had sixty miles yet to go, he pulled his horses in toward the fence. Jumping out he tied them there.... With cheery words he walked across to the well.

“Good day, missus. I was wondering if I could water my horses?”

“You are welcome,” she replied.

He climbed the dump and took the windlass handle quite naturally. “Then I’ll fill the trough,” he smiled, “and earn my horses a drink. Hot day.”

“Yes,” she replied.

“You are lucky having a well like this. Well timbered, too - a tradesman?”

“My husband.”

“Knows his job.”

“Yes,” she faltered.

“Is he out on the run?”

“No - he's dead.”

“I'm sorry.”

“It is quite all right. He died a few months ago.”

“You'll have a job carrying on here alone.”

“Yes, I can do it, though, if it would only rain and fill the waterholes out on the run. There's plenty of feed in the back paddocks, but no permanent water. We know - we knew we could get water by sinking wells. My husband sank this one just before he died. If I can only keep our few head of stock alive until rain fills the waterholes I will have a chance of pulling through.”

“It may be a long time before it rains,” he replied gravely. “How long does it take you to fill this trough?”

“Four hours.”

“Does that satisfy the cattle?”

“No, I pull water for two hours before sunrise to give them a morning drink.”

“No help?”

“No, the neighbours are very kind,” she explained. “They have helped me a lot. But they live a good many miles away and I can't expect them to be always riding over here.”

“Of course not. Well, I feel like a drink of tea when I've finished here. What if you put the kettle on. Go across to my buggy, there's plenty of tucker there, all sorts of good things. We'll give the kiddies a picnic.”

It was two hours later before the man drove away. And he left quite a lot of good food. “I don't want it,” he urged. “I'm catching a train in Broken Hill tomorrow night, and all this tucker will be of no use to me.”

He drove away, waving his hat to the children who followed him to the fence.

It was a week later that the dog again gave a warning bark. The children came running to the kitchen. Men were coming in at the gate! The woman went to the door. A heavily loaded truck was pulling up down by the well. Two men jumped out and deftly began unknottling the tie ropes. Fear clutched the woman's heart, the property was not quite paid for.

Bravely she walked down to the truck. Both men raised their hats. “What are you doing here?” she demanded.

“We've brought the windmill,” answered the driver.

“Brought the what?”

“The windmill,” smiled the man.

“Nonsense, I ordered no windmill.”

“Perhaps not, missus. But we've got a windmill here for your selection, and a lot of trouging. We've got another load to bring from Broken Hill - a little crude oil pumping engine, some piping, oil, and accessories. When we bring the second load we'll bring the men who will erect the mill and show you how to work the engine.”

“There is some mistake,” she insisted. “I never ordered any of these things!”

“It's alright, missus; it's Kidman's orders.”

“Who?”

“Kidman. You know Sid Kidman, or you've heard of him surely... Sid Kidman, the cattle dealer.”

“I've heard my husband speak of him.”

“Well, he's putting this windmill up for you; that's all we know. We are working for Mr. Kidman's agent in Broken Hill.”

“Broken Hill?”

“Yes.”

“What is this man Kidman like?” she asked slowly.

“Well, he's a tall chap, very active, thick wavy hair going grey, I should say he was a good looking chap years ago. Got a drawly voice and a smile.”

“I believe I have met him,” she said slowly. “A man like that passed through here a week ago - in a buggy.”

“That's him!” they both exclaimed. “Now you know it's all right.”

“But,” she protested, “I have no claim on Mr. Kidman. I have no money to pay him - I just don't understand.”

“You don't have to, missus,” said the driver... “Look here, missus,” he said reassuringly, “you don't have to pay anything. This is not the first job of this sort we've done for Kidman. He doesn't want any money. Very likely he was just passing by, and he saw your cattle perishing for a drink, and if there's one thing he hates to see it is cattle perishing for a drink! ...”

Kidman's life was marked by acts of kindness like this. But what the author tells about Kidman's wife and her faith and the church they attended helps us understand his generosity. You see, Sid met a lovely Scottish girl who knew the Lord, and she prevailed upon him to go to church with her every time he was home from his wanderings. They attended the local Salvation Army which, in those days preached the gospel of Christ. Was Kidman saved? I don't know. I only know he loved the message of the Salvo's, he loved to hear them sing and preach in the streets, he gave generously to support their work, and he was kind and generous to those in need. He was touched by those who knew Christ, and his life touched others's lives.

He was a great Aussie.

BroB

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Eddy-Torial -

Square Hats and Pseudoscholarship

There really aren't any Bible SCHOLARS, you know. Oh, there are those who think that they have attained to the title of SCHOLAR and they are sure they know all there is to know about the Bible. And their admirers *tell* them they are ever so scholarly. And there are diploma factories with a

religious world view, more or less. And if you spend enough time and money there, and if you learn to toe the party line, and if you can learn “groupthink”, and if you can pronounce their “Shibboleths” with the proper inflection, and if you can genuflect with a deep and profound reverence toward the patron saints of the old alma mater, you are given a scrap of paper that certifies that you are now a SCHOLAR. (You must NOT forget to wear the school tie to all official functions.)

But there really aren't any Bible scholars.

There ARE long term Bible STUDENTS, those of whom Solomon speaks in Proverbs 1:5, “A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.” These “hearing men” are the true spiritual giants. I have met a few in my lifetime who are the LTBS alumni (Long Term Bible Students). They are teachable and humble. I keep hearing them pray, “Oh, Lord, thou knowest!” One of them describes himself as “the chief of sinners” and “less than the least of the apostles”. He also confessed, “Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” These men never cease learning from God's Holy Word. And they are consistently found among wise counsellors. I suspect these qualities of teachableness and humility are the reasons why there are so few spiritual giants in the land. I often wonder if it could be true that spiritual giants are just ordinary Christians who didn't stop growing when everybody else did?

When there is a dearth of giants, men learn to honour spiritual pygmies.

God's Word tells us (as in Jer. 17:9,10) that we cannot measure our spiritual stature, and He warns us against comparing ourselves with each other (II Cor. 10:12). He has also told us how to grow. “Desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby.” (I Pet. 2:2) One of the verses that brings me frequently into the company of giants is Proverbs 13:20, “He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.” Every once in a while I remember that I am the runt of the litter, so I just start looking for a long term Bible student, for a man who is teachable and is busily growing in the Lord, and I hang around with him. There is always hope for runts who are the companions of giants.

Brother Buddy

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