



## Why I Chose The Path I Did

God is very dear to me. From a early age my parents taught me of the love and tender care of Jesus. Dad was a lay preacher and our family spent a lot of Saturdays going to the various churches dad had been invited to preach at. He was in high demand, I hardly remember the few Saturdays where he wasn't preaching somewhere. So I grew up under the banner of God's love and care.

This was put to the test when I got sick. The initial stages of the disease almost claimed my life. It all started with a spider bite, but the doctors finally diagnosed cancer (leukaemia) and septicaemia (blood poisoning). To a child of seven the treatment was quite distressing, everyone around me was dying, the friends I'd made and others I didn't know, and the treatment itself was painful.

At that stage us kids were 'guinea pigs', the treatment we were given isn't administered any more it is too 'toxic'. One of the main drugs I was given was known to have a deadly side affect and we kids were watched like hawks for any sign of a reaction. Once off the medication we were deemed 'safe' and no longer 'watched'. Of course I was the first patient in history to have a reaction after the medication was ceased. I was officially dead for about one and a half minutes before the doctors were successful in reviving me. (Once I'd reached that final stage of life all pain and distress had left and I was only sleepy. I remember telling mum I was tired and I wanted to go to sleep, why wouldn't the doctors let me go to sleep? I didn't know it was the sleep of death.)

Mum explained as best she could why things were the way they were. Mum didn't want me to go through this, and Jesus didn't want me to go through this but that Jesus would be with me every step of the way. Music at this stage became very important to me, we had some beautiful kid's religious music (Heaven is for Kids, God Invented Kids etc) and I had all my lumber punctures to their music. While other kids were being held down by sometimes up to four nurses I would lay quietly absorbed in the music. I believe now looking back having no choice but to endure the pain, it has helped me to just endure the pain today. Your mind does put into place 'coping' strategies but still today music is my biggest helper. It does help to calm the mind and the beautiful christian words help to bring peace of mind. Jesus does love us, He never intended for us to suffer and He always puts into place measures for us to cope. A couple of my many favourite hymns today is 'What a friend we have in Jesus' and 'Because He lives', it's because He lives I live today. I'm not totally confident it was the doctors who saved my life, I'm more inclined to think it was Jesus and for that reason I am willing to consecrate my life to Him.

Today's sufferings are a direct result of the treatment then given. Radiation has caused brain tumours, chemotherapy has made my body sensitive to a lot of things and organs are failing, lumber punctures have left me with debilitating nerve damage. But

through all this I have felt God's upholding power, I have visual proof of His love and ability to carry me through, no matter what. It doesn't matter how bad I feel, my only duty is to 'attempt' to go where He leads and Jesus will take over and get me there. We are living in the devil's playground and bad things do happen but if we put our trust in Jesus it is guaranteed Jesus will get us through. There have been many times in my travels when I have wavered and stalled, but I have learnt that Jesus is the only way, nothing at all in this world can convince me otherwise. Jesus loves me, I know that and I can feel that.

In my travels I have seen how the devil treats his subjects and it's horrific, the fear and terror those children had of death, the fear and torment of their parents for their darling children left to burn in purgatory, their only 'crime' they died suddenly before the 'last rights' could be administered, or the parents had no idea of where their children 'were' in the 'afterlife'. The devil is a horrific master and nothing anyone ever does or says will make me change sides.

All these experiences have impacted on my decision to work for Jesus. So enough about my early childhood, I think you get the picture of how those events contributed to my decisions today. So why did I choose this path? One of the main reasons was my love for Jesus, He died on the cross, He gave me life and in this world of sin He proved by His life on earth and His tender care of His sheep how deep His love goes. If I can by a minuscule amount return that love and devotion my hand goes up, pick me, I'm in, I'm yours.

I made my decision to work for God before dad died, so dad had the opportunity to help mould me in the right direction, to impart his knowledge and give counsel and advice. But ultimately the decision was mine to make. It meant sacrifice, but at the beginning I never realised how far that term 'sacrifice' meant. God in His goodness hid the end from the beginning and if I had seen this path from the start I don't know if I would have had the courage to proceed.

I have learnt that Jesus gives strength moment by moment, He never gives strength for two weeks down the track. It is moment by moment that I rest on Him and moment by moment He gives me strength. He has got me through and I can attest that without a shadow of a doubt Jesus saves. When I know for a fact there is no way I can make it of my own accord, I know Jesus will get me there, even if He has to carry me.

I have reconciled to the fact and left behind my pains of never having a family. I know the cause is results of radiation but I also know, if He had chosen to, family would have come along. I also know my physical pain could have been relieved by a word or touch from Jesus. I have left these burdens at the cross and I know Jesus will answer and heal these pains when in heaven we walk and talk by the river of life. In the meantime they are buried deep in my soul and they in no way impair my judgement or love for Him.

I agreed to dedicate my entire life to Jesus because I love Him. Helpers are needed. Some helpers only go so far, as soon as jobs, health or family have to be chosen between too many helpers pull out, the sacrifice is too great for them. But not so for me, I have chosen to give Him my all. There is no disgrace for workers who pull out because the path is 'too hard'. Jesus understands, He gives the opportunity, if the worker 'feels' he cannot make the distance or fails to put their full trust in Jesus, Jesus pulls back, takes the onus off them and tries someone else. Quite a few people want the chance, Jesus gives them the chance they

required and when they see how hard the path is and fall back Jesus can say “I gave you that chance friend”. No one will be able to accuse Jesus of ‘never letting them have a chance’.

Here is an example of this in history, we can point to Ellen White. She wasn't the first chosen. Jesus first laid the responsibility on Hazen Foss who declined, Jesus then turned to Ellen White.

As we advance in our work for Him Jesus opens His arms and welcomes us in, closer and closer we can press into His presence. Each step of faith taken, each trial borne brings us closer to the cross. Jesus loves to draw us closer into His presence, He loves to draw us into a closer relationship with Him. Friend all can come into His presence, cast your burdens at His feet and join me in His arms.

All through my travels Jesus has been by my side, every trial has brought me closer to Him. Through the fires of affliction Jesus has been my shepherd, trial by fire has brought me through the furnace and out the other side. I know from experience Jesus does save and He will guide me across to the other side. I love Jesus with all my heart and in my case nothing will change that. Choosing the path I did was driven by my love for my Saviour, I am willing to follow Him to the cross. Friend, how about you? Jesus needs workers, so many have fallen by the wayside, a lack of faith or a strong temptation they are unwilling to part with. Jesus needs us now, He is waiting to take us home.

Friends are you willing to step up to the batting plate and join His team? I'm praying for you. Amen

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