# Choose life . . . TRUST GOD

#### **Trust God's Loving Wisdom**

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deuteronomy 33:27).

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep" (John 10:11).

"But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold" (Job 23:10).

### Choose the Narrow Way of Life

"Enter ye in at the strait [narrow] gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matthew 7:13-14).

### **Cast Your Care Upon Him**

"Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved" (Psalm 55:22).

"Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him" (Psalm 37:3-5, 7).

For additional information or requests contact:

You will be judged by God's Word. Have you read it

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## If I Could Choose

If I were sovereign, as God is, I would choose only good things for those I love. I would arrange the circumstances of their lives so that no unpleasant prospect would mar the perfection of a single dawn. Every golden day would be set in a perfectly agreeable climate; bright but not hot, fresh but not windy, and fragrant but not oppressive.

I would remove other disagreeable things from my children's lives as well. Dogs would not bark at night, and cats would not kill birds in the morning. Work would go as planned, and plans would always work. Cancer clinics would be converted to birthing centers and rest homes to resorts. Yes, if I could choose, I would select only the good.

### God is sovereign and good.

But God is sovereign, and He chooses. And so we listen to the rain drumming on the barn roof when we'd rather be baling hay. We lie awake at night listening to the dogs bark and wish they would be quiet. In the morning we see the cat with another bird, and we wish the bird could live. And all the while people die in cancer centers and rest homes.

God is good, and He is much wiser than we, so why do bad things happen to good people in His sovereign realm? Something isn't adding up here. Is it a faulty understanding of God, or is it a wrong concept of good and evil?

The story is told of a wealthy lady, her infant child, and the child's nurse who were traveling by train. The lady read a book while the nurse entertained the baby. Presently, the lady began to be bothered by the child's fussing and crying. "Give that child what she wants," she commanded irritably. The fussing subsided for a moment and then the infant began to cry in earnest. "I told you to give that child what she wants," commanded the lady, laying her book aside and turning around to face the nurse. "I did," replied the nurse softly. "She wanted a wasp in the window."

Perhaps we are like that little child. We think we know what we want, but God can see that the things we want would not make us happy and would even be harmful to us.

# What determines whether something is good?

What makes something good anyway? Is delicious-tasting poison good? Is bitter-tasting medicine good?

Is a prosperous business good? What if that prosperity turns the owner's mind and heart from God, and he spends eternity apart from his heavenly Father—is that good?

Is a long healthy life good? I always thought it would be good. When the neurologist held my eyes in his steady gaze and said solemnly, "You have Parkinson's disease," I thought it was not good. I was forty-seven years old. Mr. Parkinson was not in my plans for the future. But God knew better.

Parkinson's is a movement disorder. It tightens one's muscles, causes tremors, causes balance problems, and makes one slow. It leads to a host of secondary non-motor problems ranging from dementia to dysfunctions of the digestive system. It is chronic, incurable, and progressive. It is not considered a good thing to have.

Maybe God knew that I needed Mr. Parkinson's help to bring me to Heaven. Yet, in many ways the struggle to be a Christian is harder than ever. Mr. Parkinson is often associated with sleep

disorders. When one is tired and the brain is foggy, it is easier to be seduced by Satan's temptations. And there are the sins of impatience and anger and bitterness that are not helped by Mr. Parkinson in the least.

But Mr. Parkinson has blessed us in more ways than I can say. He has brought us into contact with a multitude of new friends. I have received hundreds of letters. I have had the blessing of being able to share with thousands of people. God knew that I needed to be spurred onward by a sense of limited time. I have felt the burden to write ever since childhood. But I didn't get serious about it until after my diagnosis.

What does the future hold for me? If you visit me in ten years from now, will I be a drooling scrap of humanity hunched in a wheelchair, staring at my surroundings with clueless eyes? Will those eyes still light with recognition when you tell me your name? God has reserved the specifics of my future to Himself.

If I could choose to live my life over, if I could choose my circumstances and my path of travel, if life would follow the course of my choosing, I would be very afraid. For I am not much wiser than the infant on the train.

No, God is wise, and He is good. He is sovereign. My life is in His hands, and I am glad.

# God gives only good gifts.