



Sons Of Issachar Edition!

A Newsletter for those who understood the times and knew what to do!

Kingdom Life Ministry

Volume 6—Issue 61

August, 2007

Dear Friends,

Which are You Like?

Up in the mountains of North Carolina, lived a farmer who had a poor farm, with thin soil, where by hard work, he was barely able to make a living for himself, wife and son. The son, however, was a remarkably bright boy, and easily surpassed all the other boys in the district school. One day the father said to the mother, "Our son is a natural born scholar and if he is only a poor farmer's son he shall have as good an education as a millionaire's son." The father and mother economized and raked and scraped and got enough together to send the boy off to college. The boy did well at college, and every little while sent a letter home telling how well he was doing in his classes. When these letters came the father and mother would read and reread them, and they filled their hearts with joy.

One day a letter came and after the father had read it, he said, "Mother, these letters are all right. They do cheer my old heart, but letters are not enough. My heart is lonely for the boy and I must see the boy myself. I cannot wait. I must see him." But, the mother was a canny woman and said, "You must wait, you cannot see him. He cannot afford to lose a day from his studies to come down here, and you cannot lose a day from the farm to go and see him. You must wait."

The father said, "I must see him. I cannot stand it any longer. I must see my boy. I have a plan. I'll load up the old farm wagon this afternoon and get up before sunrise tomorrow and drive to town and sell my load and make enough to pay expenses, and see my boy. I cannot stand it any longer, I must see him." That afternoon the father loaded up the wagon, went to bed with the chickens, got up early in the morning before sunrise, hitched up the old team and started for the college town. It was a long tedious journey, but it did not seem long to the farmer for he was going to see his boy. As he drove along he would chuckle to himself, "I will soon see my boy. Won't he be glad to see me? He thinks I am at home on the farm. Won't he be surprised when I walk into the room? Won't he be glad?"

Every hour of his dreary journey as he drew nearer the college town his heart grew lighter and happier, and at last as he drew near the town he said, "I am almost there. In a little while now I will see my boy. Won't he be surprised? Won't he be glad?" As he entered the town he tried to hurry the old team forward, but to no avail as the team was tired and could not go any faster. As he drove his wagon up the hill towards the college who should be coming down the sidewalk but his boy with two of his college companions. "There he comes!" said the old man, "won't he be surprised to seem? Won't he be glad?" He whipped up the team, but it could not go any faster, they were tired out. He jumped off the wagon and ran up to his boy, who had not seen him. "My son," he cried. His son was surprised, but was not glad. He was ashamed of his father in his plain old homespun clothes before his college companions. "There must be some mistake, sir," he said. "I am not your son, you are not my father. I do not know you. There must be some mistake, sir." He might as well have driven a dagger into his father's heart. I am told that the father went home with a broken heart to die. Whether that part of the story is true I cannot say, but I can certainly believe it. If any of my daughters should treat me that way, (and I thank God they never will) I think it would most certainly break my heart. What do you think of a son like that? I think he should be horsewhipped, the cowardly, ungrateful son. But stop before we condemn him. Some of us reading this are more ungrateful than that son. Jesus Christ has done more for us than that father did for his son. Jesus Christ has done more for us than any father ever did for his son. Yet we are often so cowardly and ungrateful that we won't stand up and confess Him before the world, because we are afraid of what some one will say, and we are ashamed of Him.

Let me tell you another story. Thank God it is entirely different.

Down in the mountains of Georgia lived a poor widow. She had a few acres of ground where she raised berries and one thing and another and made a little money keeping chickens and selling eggs. She also took in washing and did other humble work for a living, but God gave her a bright son. He too surpassed every one in the district school. The mother worked hard to get the money to send him to Emory College. The son worked

hard to get himself through the college. He graduated with high honors and won a gold medal for special excellence in study.

When it came time for him to graduate he went up to the mountain home for his mother, and said, "Mother, you must come down and see me graduate."

"No," said his mother, "I have nothing fit to wear, and you would be ashamed of your poor old mother before all those grand people."

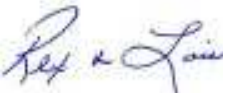
"Ashamed of you," he said, with eyes filled with love, "Ashamed of you, mother, never. I owe everything I am to you and you must come down. What is more I will not graduate unless you come." Finally she yielded. He brought her to the town. When the graduating day came she went to the commencement exercises in her plain calico dress with her neat but faded shawl and simple mountain bonnet. He tried to take her down the middle aisle where the richest people of the town, friends of the graduating class, sat, but this she refused and insisted on sitting way off under the gallery. The son went up on the platform and delivered his graduating address. He was handed his diploma and received the gold medal then he walked down from the platform and over to where his mother sat off under the gallery and pinned the gold medal on her faded shawl and said, "Mother, that belongs to you, you earned it."

That is a son worth having. Which of those two sons are you like, the cowardly ungrateful one, ashamed of his poor old father or the noble boy who was proud of his poor mother to whom he owed all he was in the world? The president of the college where this happened said that when the boy pinned that gold medal on his mother's shawl the whole audience burst into such a prolonged spontaneous applause that the exercises could not go on for a full five minutes.

You want to applaud too. Let me tell you a better way to applaud, imitate him. If you are willing to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall our Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to his children? Many of us are children, but we have not come into full possession of the inheritance that belongs to us as children.

"Behold, I have set before you an open door" an open door out of failure, out of inner division, out of the old life into victory, harmony, the new life, and, best of all, an open door to the life that is perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect.

With all our love,



Rex and Lois

We are saddened to announce that we have had to cancel our August tent meeting to the streets of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Many of those on our team, that are crucial to the work of these meeting, are away on vacations or ministering in other countries so we found ourselves short on helping hands. Rather than bungee jump off the cliff of faith we feel that God is having us wait as He gathers in the additional helpers and funds that are needed.

We have raised \$1,500.00 of the \$5,000.00 we needed to purchase a cargo trailer to transport the tent, chairs, barbeque, food supplies, etc. too and from the meetings. In the near future we will also be looking for a 3/4 ton pickup that is in good running condition. If you need information on how you can help us please do not hesitate to call. Remember, no effort is too small or insignificant for we all have a part, so that no man may boast in himself. **100% of All the money given— is spent on these items!**

If you would like to **Join Our Ranks TODAY — In Helping Us Help Them!** Then please go to our contribution page or send a check to us at the address on our web-site.

Thanks and God Bless

We are a 501 C-3 tax exempt organization