

CONTEMPORARY PETER

Lord, do You require more of me than what I am already doing? I'm busy in Your work, yet I am not certain that this is what You have for me to do. Lord, what *more* can I do to serve You better?

Nothing, My child.

But, Lord, why do I feel discontented with my service for You? I give of myself and my money unsparingly. I'm a church deaconess and a Sabbath School teacher. I witness for You. What more can I do for You?

Nothing, My child.

But, Lord, I still have a vacancy inside, despite my hours of service. What more can I do?

*Nothing. Listen, My child: Stop doing things **for** Me.*

What? Now, Lord, let's be reasonable. You've blessed my work for You. You've exhorted me to labor in Your vineyard. What do You mean? What if I do stop doing things for You?

*Then I'll be able to do them **through** you.*

Oh . . . I think I see. Of course, Lord. My work for You is in vain unless You do it through me. Make me a fit channel, Lord. Humble me and make me a worthy vessel for You to use. Now, what task do You want to do through me?

None, My child.

What? You said You'd work through me. What is Your task for me?

My daughter [or son], love Me.

Now wait a minute, Lord. I've been a Christian for many years; what do You mean, "Love Me"? I *do* love You. That's already settled. What is the next step?

There is no other step, loved one; just love Me.

You know I love You, Lord. My whole life is taken up with service to You. What do You mean?

*Your love for **Me** is revealed in your love to your **fellow humans**.*

Oh, I know that, Lord. I do love my fellow humans!

Do you love your biology professor?

Well, I don't hate the guy; I just leave him alone—and he leaves me alone.

Do you love your biology professor?

Now, look, we don't get along. Our personalities clash; I can't solve that, so I avoid him.

I died for him—and live for him too.

I know, Lord. And I would like to see him saved, but You understand—I just don't click with him.

Do you love your biology professor?

Oh, I respect him, and I think he respects me. He is a fine fellow, and I'm sure he'd make a good Christian. But I guess I do think of him as being overconfident and conceited—even a bigot at times. You know his kind, Lord. Why all this about him, Lord? Look at all these other people I love. Why, I could . . .

Do you love your biology professor?

He's the one person, Lord, that I just can't stand. He's pretty hard to take, but I do love . . . I guess everyone else, and certainly, You know I love You.

You only love Me to the extent that you love the person you like the least.

But . . . maybe I really don't care about You then. I've been a Christian all these years. I always thought I loved You. Now I see. Thank You for revealing this to me. I will truly love You now.

You cannot, My child.

But You said "love Me," and when I said "OK," then You . . . I don't understand.

How can you love Me? . . . There is no love in you . . . God is love.

Then I cannot love anyone?

*You are only the **channel** through which **I can love** others.*

Then—

Love this world through me, Lord.

This world of broken men.

Thou didst love through death, Lord:

O, love through me again!

Yes, I will, My child.

We only love God to the extent that we love the person we like the least.

Is this statement too strong? What did Jesus say? "Inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these My brethren, you did it to Me" (Matt. 25:40).

Thank God for His promise: "The love of God has been poured out in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who was given to us" (Rom 5:5). Let Him pour out His love in your life. Ask and you shall receive!