

QUALITY
OF
LIFE
BIBLE
STUDY



Protection[©]

COMPILED BY
S.MCRAE

PROTECTION

“Quality of Life Series”

LEADER: God only knows the times my life was threatened just today.

Source ~ <http://www.tophitsonline.com/lyrics.php?songid=15438>

A reckless car ran out of gas before it ran my way.
Near misses all around me, accidents unknown,
Though I never see with human eyes the hands that lead me home.
But I know they're all around me all day and through the night.
When the enemy is closing in, I know sometimes they fight
To keep my fight from falling, I'll never turn away.
If you're asking what's protecting me then you're gonna hear me say:
Got his angels watching over me, every move I make, Angles watching over me!
Angels watching over me, every step I take,

Lyrics from Angels Watching Over Me by Amy Grant PARTIAL

LEADER: Can you think of times in your life when you've escaped danger... Have you ever thought of the times you may have been rescued without your knowledge?

READER: “The Protecting Hand”

Source ~ <http://www.cfdevotionals.org/devpg06/de060628.htm>

Today I just want to praise God for watching over us. On the way home last night, a car in the oncoming lane lost control and spun around into my lane then veered off the side barely missing some large trees. I made a stop by my boss' office on the way out for a minute that I don't normally make. Then I caught the tail end of a traffic light that doesn't seem to ever catch me. Was it coincidence or was it something else.

I believe it was something else. I believe God and his servants watch over us and protect us. If we can entertain angels unaware as is mentioned in Hebrews, then certainly they can protect us unaware.

Psalms 61:1-4

*To the chief Musician upon Neginah, A Psalm of David.
Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:
lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.
I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.*

Thank God for His hand in all the tiny “coincidence” that happen and keep us out of harm’s way and for being our mighty shelter, strong shield, and protecting refuge in the storm.

LEADER: When we’re rescued...is it coincidence or God’s protection?

READER: “Divine Intervention” De Jong, Albert. Two Soldiers in God’s Victorious Army.

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon9/divine_intervention.htm

Joanne and I had invited Andreas to come with us for a visit to Ontario, Canada and he accepted. We had our return tickets with American Airlines. The three of us went to the Ontario, CA, airport (which was only five miles from the home of my brother Edward) to purchase a ticket for Andreas.

When the man at the American Airlines was going to enter the information in the computer for all of us, something went wrong with the recording devices. He tried for a least 20 minutes, while we patiently waited. Finally, in frustration, he said, “Please go over to the airline counter next to ours. They will accept your return tickets to Toronto.” We were promptly served without computer problems. The next day, the Los Angeles newspaper headlines read: “American Airlines, Destination Toronto, Hijacked To Cuba!” If the Angel of the Lord had not intervened on our behalf, we would have been on that flight. The following day we had a safe landing at Pearson International Airport in Toronto.

“For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.” Psalm 91:11

READER: “The List” L. H. Christian, Signs of the Times

Source ~ <http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2b/list.htm>

In a city and province of Eastern Europe, the battle line swayed back and forth six times during the war. For months our people were in great peril, yet ever the Lord cared for them. But one day the soldiers of the revolutionists captured the city, and they declared that some of the wealthy men, as well as some of the intellectual leaders, should be killed. They made out a list of one hundred men who were to be shot. Our minister in that city was the fifth on the list. Word was sent to him by some friends who had seen the list, that he was sentenced to die. His wife, children, and others counseled him to flee, but he decided that he ought to stay.

Some days later, he and his family saw the soldiers coming across and empty space toward his house. They carried the list in their hands as they went from place to place to shoot the citizens who were to die.

The children were frightened, and begged their father to flee; but he gathered his little family by the window and knelt down and began to pray. They saw the group of soldiers coming closer and closer; but they kept on praying. Suddenly a gust of wind tore the paper out of the hand of the soldier carrying the death list. The men hurried after it, but it seemed to be whirled away, and they could not find it. They stood for a while counseling in front of the brother's house, wondering what to do. Then they left, and did not return.

READER: “Warm and Comfortable” by Joan Wester Anderson

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon7/warm_and_comfortable.htm

It was after eleven p.m. when Patti and Dan Burnett, members of the Summit County, Colorado, Search and Rescue team, received the phone call. Ryan, a sixteen-year-old boy had become separated from his father that morning while grouse-hunting. Now he was lost in a wilderness area high in the Rocky Mountains, wearing only jeans and a thin shirt. Worried, Patti looked out her window at fog and sleet. No one dressed so lightly could survive long tonight.

Rescuers drove to the area, and Patti felt a high level of urgency as she and her search dog, Hasty, began to walk. “The sleet had turned to snow, and the wind was strong,” she recalls. “I couldn’t help thinking that by now, Ryan’s wet clothes were probably frozen.”

Hasty picked up Ryan’s scent and forged ahead, but even with her head lamp, Patti’s visibility was poor. She heard other searchers on motorcycles and above her, a National Guard helicopter. But there was no sign of Ryan.

Struggling through the marshes, Patti thought of her own children safely asleep, the Thanksgiving turkey ready for roasting. She thought of Ryan’s distraught family. God, please help us, she prayed. And keep Ryan warm.

The long night continued, and exhausted searchers began to lose hope. Then, shortly after dawn, Patti heard the unbelievable news. Ryan had been found alive, with no sign of frostbite! But how?

Later, surrounded by rescue workers, the teen explained. Lost in the dark and shivering uncontrollably--one of hypothermia’s first stages--he had laid down under some trees, and slipped into sleep. Under normal circumstances he should have gradually frozen to death. But something wondrous happened instead.

“Ryan awakened in the middle of the night, feeling warm and comfortable,” Patti explains. “Astonished, he discovered that, although his rifle was at his feet, two female elk had come out of the forest and were lying against him, one on either side, protecting him from the cold. “We searchers were dumbfounded, since such behavior is completely uncharacteristic of elk.” But there was no other explanation for Ryan’s healthy condition. Later, evidence of the animals’ presence was found under the trees.

Patti drove home, exhilarated. She was remembering a night centuries ago, when animals kept another Child safe and warm.

READER: “The Devastating Tornado”

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon6/devastating_tornado.htm

Gail Mummert from Colorado Springs shared this remarkable testimony of protection when visiting Lancaster, Texas:

As we were driving home in threatening weather, my husband, Gene, turned on the radio for a local report.

Funnel clouds had indeed been spotted nearby. After arriving home, things grew strangely calm.

In a short while, the wind started to blow fiercely. Trees were bent over and the very walls of the house began to flutter. Windows rattled and hail beat on the car port.

"Get into the hall and close the doors," my husband shouted. "Get pillows, blankets and a flashlight." "Nana, I'm scared," cried our five-year-old grandson, William.

"Jesus will take care of us. Don't be afraid," I told him. Suddenly sirens began to go off in our small town. The walls moved as though they weren't anchored to anything. "If we're not in a tornado, we're close," shouted Gene as he ran into the hall.

"Link arms and sit on the floor," I said.

"I love you," Gene said to us as he surrounded us with blankets and pillows, covered us with his body and enveloped us with his arms.

A mighty rushing wind was all around us and sucked us together into a ball. "Pray! Keep praying," he said.

"God Almighty, help us!" we screamed.

Explosion!

Windows shattered, glass flew everywhere. Another explosion. The walls caved in. Debris shot everywhere like arrows toward their target.

"Jesus, help us! You are our Savior! You are our King!" my voice cried. I looked up-the roof was falling on us. A ladder crashed down on my husband's back.

"Now start praising Him," Gene shouted through the wind. The next blast was the worst. There was nothing we could do. Only He could help us. Everything was out of control, but we knew the sovereignty of God. We knew we were at the point of death but we shouted, "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Lord!"

Suddenly, peace filled me like a flood. A sweet voice filled my heart, "I've heard your cry for help. I've bent the heavens for you. No matter what happens around you, I'm here protecting you." Tears flooded my face and I knew Jesus was protecting us. It seemed His arms had surrounded us. I knew we would be safe.

The tornado was over. The rain beat down on us with a force I had never felt before. We were safe. "Mama, I see the sky," little William said.

"William, that's because the roof is gone. We probably won't have any walls, either," Gene informed him. "I'm so thankful we're okay," our daughter Wendy cried. "Jesus protected us, didn't He?" Though buried under tons of debris, our hair covered with insulation and glass, we were okay. Just a few minor injuries.

Talk about walls of protection! Several people were killed and many injured in that devastating tornado, but the everlasting arms of the Lord protected the Mummert family. Gail was privileged to share her entire story with The Dallas Morning News. The newspaper even printed her testimony about the protection of the Lord.

READER: "His Angels Around Us" By Peter Kennedy

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon3a/his_angels_around_us.htm

"Suddenly an angel of the Lord appeared and a light shone in the cell. He struck Peter on the side and woke him up. 'Quick, get up!' he said, and the chains fell off Peter's wrists." - Acts 12:7

Corrie ten Boom was born in 1892 in Haarlem, Holland. During World War II, she and her family helped Jews escape the persecution of the Nazis by allowing their home to be a safe haven. In February 1944, Corrie and her family were arrested and sent to Ravensbruck Concentration Camp. Corrie was the only member of her family to survive.

Following the war, Corrie's faith in Christ remained strong. She chronicled her life story in the book "The Hiding Place."

During the Cold War, Corrie once helped smuggle bibles into Communist Eastern Europe. The border guard was checking everyone's bag, and she knew her load of bibles would be discovered. She quickly prayed: "Lord, you have said that you would watch over your Word. Now, please watch over your Word that I am

smuggling."

Suddenly as she looked at her suitcase, it seemed to glow with light. No one else saw it, but to Corrie it was unmistakeable.

When her turn came at customs, the guard, who had so vigilantly opened and inspected every other piece of luggage, glanced at her bag, shrugged and waved her through.

Corrie believed it was an angel that had helped her deliver God's Word behind the Iron Curtain.

The Lord still uses His angels to minister to us in times of need. Today in prayer, as you look to the Lord, know that in times of need, Christ may send His angels to guard over you.

"I do not know how to explain it; I can not tell how it is, but I believe angels have a great deal to do with the business of this world." - Charles H. Spurgeon

God's Word: "*But during the night an angel of the Lord opened the doors of the jail and brought them out.*" - Acts 5:19

READER: "The Giver of Strength" By Peter Kennedy

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon8/giver_of_strength.htm

"Do not be afraid, O man highly esteemed,' he said. 'Peace! Be strong now; be strong.' When he spoke to me, I was strengthened and said, 'Speak, my lord, since you have given me strength.'" - Daniel 10:19

On Tuesday, September 11, 2001, began like any other day Stanley Praimnath was in his office at World Trade Center Tower Two. The deacon and Sunday School Superintendent for Bethel Assembly of God of South Ozone Park, New York, looked out his window and saw United Air Lines Flight 175 heading straight for him.

"All I can see is this big gray plane, with red letters on the wing and on the tail, bearing down on me," said Stanley. "

But this thing is happening in slow motion. The plane appeared to be 100 yards away. I said, 'Lord, you take control. I can't help myself here.'" Stanley then dove under his desk.

"My Testament [Bible] was on top of my desk," explained Stanley. "I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the Lord was going to take care of me once I got there."

As he curled into a fetal position under his desk, the plane tore into the side of the building and exploded. Miraculously, Stanley was unhurt. However, he could see a flaming wing of the plane in the doorway of his department. He knew he needed to get out of his office and the building fast. But, he was trapped under debris up to his shoulders.

"Lord, you take control, this is your problem now," he recalled praying. "I don't know where I got this power from, but the good Lord gave me so much power and strength in my body that I was able to shake everything off. I felt like I was the strongest man alive."

Stanley was exuberant but also in great danger. Trapped inside the office, fire was starting to spread. While praying on his knees, he saw a flashlight being carried by a man behind the wall, "There's one thing I got to know-do you know Jesus?"

The man replied he went to church every Sunday. Then they prayed together, asking God to enable them to break through the wall. "I got up, and I felt as if a power came over me," said Stanley. "I felt goose bumps all over my body and I'm trembling, and I said to the wall, 'You're going to be no match for me and my Lord.'"

Moments later, he punched his way through the wall and, with the help of the man on the other side, was able to squirm his way through the hole in the wall. "The guy held me and embraced me and he gave me a kiss and he said, 'From today, you're my brother for life.'" Both men were able to miraculously escape the burning tower that day.

The Lord is the giver of all strength. Do you need a strengthening today? Today in prayer, praise the Lord for all that He is and ask Him to give you strength for today.

"You become stronger only when you become weaker. When you surrender your will to God, you discover the resources to do what God requires." - Erwin Lutzer

God's Word: "*The Lord gives strength to his people; the Lord blesses his people with peace.*" - Psalm 29:11

READER: "Smuggling Spanish Bibles" Robert J. Morgan, The Red Sea Rules. Thomas Nelson Publishers
Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon6/smuggling_spanish_bibles.htm

Christin Claypool from Kirby Free Will Baptist in Detroit took a missions trip to Cuba. Wanting to smuggle Spanish Bibles to a community of Christians there, Christin wore several layers of clothing to conserve space in her suitcase for the contraband. But her odd appearance drew the attention of security agents at every airport. Christin had to open her suitcase at her departure city, then again in the Bahamas.

Arriving in Cuba, she was alarmed to again be singled out and ordered to open her suitcase. The zipper wouldn't budge, and she could open it only about two inches. She fought with it until at length the guard impatiently took over the struggle. Despite prolonged effort, the zipper wouldn't budge. Christin was perplexed, for it was a new suitcase and had been opened several times before. In exasperation, the guard finally shoved it toward her and told her to go on.

Arriving at her hotel, Christin looked for a knife to cut open her luggage, but when she gave the zipper a tug, it opened easily. The Bibles were distributed as intended.

READER: "Caught Smuggling Bibles" From: The Narrow Road , a biography about Brother Andrew
Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon6/caught_smuggling_bibles.htm

There is a Roman Catholic priest in Rumania whom we have been helping to buy Bibles and other supplies for years. On his last trip home from Vienna, his car loaded with Bibles, he was stopped at his own border and his cargo discovered.

The priest was in anguish. He had already been in jail once on a trumped-up charge of hoarding, but here was a truly serious economic crime, and he was really guilty. A Bible costs a month's wages in Rumania, and he was carrying nearly two hundred.

Just at this moment another car pulled up to the border. Out stepped a businessman who was well known at the station; he walked breezily into the inspection shed greeting each of the guards by name. At the sight of the counter ten-deep in Bibles he stopped short. "Bibles?" he said. "I don't suppose you would be willing to sell them to me? They are confiscated, right?"

"Yes, they are confiscated, but we could not possibly sell them to you."

The businessman winked. "Not even," he said, "for . . ." and he leaned over and whispered a figure into the ear of the customs man. The official's eyes grew large.

"Are they really worth that much?"

"More. I shall make a profit." The official thought for a moment. "Let me talk with my comrades." The three guards huddled together, and when they emerged from their little ring, they had apparently decided that the price was high enough to be worth the sacrifice of principle. So the businessman paid them in cash, got the priest's help in loading his car with his own Bibles, and drove on to Rumania.

In the shed there was an awkward silence. "Am I still charged with smuggling Bibles?" the priest asked at last.

"Bibles?" said the customs official. "What Bibles? There are no Bibles here. You'd better move along while the gate's open."

And as for the Bibles, although they went on the black market, at least they too reached Rumania safely, where somehow believers will find enough money to buy them for their own.

READER: "We Are Thine" K. Hughes, Liberating Ministry From The Success Syndrome, Tyndale
Source ~ <http://www.higherpraise.org/illustrations/protection.htm>

It was Christmas Eve 1875 and Ira Sankey was traveling on a Delaware River steamboat when he was recognized by some of the passengers. His picture had been in the newspaper because he was the song

leader for the famous evangelist D.L. Moody. They asked him to sing one of his own hymns, but Sankey demurred, saying that he preferred to sing William B. Bradbury's hymn, "Savior Like a Shepherd Lead Us." As he sang, one of the stanzas began, "We are Thine; do Thou befriend us. Be the Guardian of our way."

When he finished, a man stepped from the shadows and asked, "Did you ever serve in the Union Army?"

"Yes," Mr. Sankey answered, "in the spring of 1860."

"Can you remember if you were doing picket duty on a bright, moonlit night in 1862?"

"Yes," Mr. Sankey answered, very much surprised.

"So did I, but I was serving in the Confederate army. When I saw you standing at your post, I thought to myself, 'That fellow will never get away alive.' I raised my musket and took aim. I was standing in the shadow, completely concealed, while the full light of the moon was falling upon you. At that instant, just as a moment ago, you raised your eyes to heaven and began to sing... 'Let him sing his song to the end,' I said to myself, 'I can shoot him afterwards. He's my victim at all events, and my bullet cannot miss him.' But the song you sang then was the song you sang just now. I heard the words perfectly: 'We are Thine; do Thou befriend us. Be the Guardian of our way.' Those words stirred up many memories. I began to think of my childhood and my God-fearing mother. She had many times sung that song to me. When you had finished your song, it was impossible for me to take aim again. I thought, 'The Lord who is able to save that man from certain death must surely be great and mighty.' And my arm of its own accord dropped limp at my side."

READER: "Lieutenant Carey Cash" #1 By Joan W. Anderson (Excerpt)

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon8/lieutenant_carey_cash.htm

Lieutenant Carey Cash, chaplain to the First Battalion, 5th Marine regiment, was part of the first ground force to enter Iraq a year ago, and says there is no doubt that God was with them. (He also served in Kuwait.) During what is conceded to be the worst day of fighting for U.S. Marines, the first battalion, the most highly decorated Marines in U.S. history, suffered just one casualty. Something Cash calls an absolute miracle in a recent interview with Pat Robertson:

CASH: On April 10th, 2003, our battalion was given orders to seize the presidential palace on the Tigris River. And we went into the center of that city, not realizing that about a thousand Fedayeen were waiting for us. And at four in the morning, in the dark, they literally unleashed all their fury. It became essentially a nine-hour ambush, from urban fighting, close quarters. The results of which should have yielded untold casualties and many, many Marines dead. Just because of the sheer volume of fire, we suspected anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 rocket-propelled grenades were shot at the lead elements of our convoy. When I got to the palace the next day and began to talk to the Marines, and go and visit them - and we did lose one man, a 22-year veteran - what I saw was not a battalion licking its wounds and overwhelmed with the fight they had just endured. But literally it looked like I'd come upon a group of men who had walked through the Red Sea. Over and over the stories kept coming out to me. 'Chaplain, let me tell you what God did for me; Chaplain, the angels that we have been talking about for weeks, preceding this war, shielded me and protected me.' It was amazing.

ROBERTSON: Did they see the angels or did they just know they were there?

CASH: I didn't talk to any Marines who said they saw an angel. But what they did share was that rocket-propelled grenades would come at them, and literally curve in mid-air and go around them. Untold Marines shared with me that rockets would come and literally dive down as if batted by some unseen hand. We had one rocket go through a Humvee passenger-side window, and explode in the compartment. Without a doubt, it should have killed every man in that vehicle. And yet when the explosion came through, it blew out the front of the windshield, and so it exploded out instead of in, and not a single man was injured. And over and over, the accounts of that day were so tremendous, that I realized I had stumbled upon something amazing.

ROBERTSON: Did your people pray? I've heard of a unit in World War II that recited the 91st Psalm, over and over again. Was there special prayer, special confession of God's presence?

CASH: Absolutely, yes. Psalm 91, which is known as the Soldier's Psalm, became very instrumental in the days leading up to that war, even during the war. Joshua 1:9, "*Have I not commanded you to be strong and courageous? Be not afraid. Be not dismayed, for I will be with you wherever you go.*" This became, literally, God's word to us, to remember that we are not going through this alone.

ROBERTSON: It is almost a cliché - there are no atheists in foxholes - what is the faith of those guys? When you go in a battle like that, do they want to know God?

CASH: It is interesting, when I began visiting the men, the last few hours before we crossed the line of departure. They all had their rifles, they had their ammunition, they had all their gear, they had all their training, but in the last moments what all of us needed was something that far transcended anything that training could provide.

READER: “Lieutenant Carey Cash” #2 By Joan W. Anderson

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon8/lieutenant_carey_cash.htm

When I went and visited them, and their eyes met with mine, it was as if we all knew why I was there. We needed to call on God. We were joining a host of warriors, for millennium before battles, who have called out upon the only One who could provide for them and protect them.

ROBERTSON: Amazing stories. Were there others? You mentioned going into Baghdad. Were there other examples of the protection of God that you saw?

CASH: Absolutely. When we crossed in the line of departure, we immediately met a section of Iraqi tanks that we had not suspected would be there. In fact, intelligence had not confirmed or reported their presence. We came across the border, it was in the dark, their turrets were leveled, we were exposed, we were at a point of what is called critical vulnerability---and their main guns never fired on us. The guns were fully manned by Iraqi soldiers and the company commander told me, after the fight, about that incident. He said, ‘Chaplain, if their main guns had fired, all it would have taken is one round to hit one of our armored personnel carriers and 20-30 marines would have been dead in an instant.’ And I remembered back to the countless letters I had received from churches across the nations, saying we are praying specifically that when you cross that border, God will restrain and confuse the enemy. And the fact that those tanks didn’t fire and that 3,000 enemy soldiers surrendered en masse and in concert, tells me that God answered those prayers of the people back here in the United States.

LEADER: “Lieutenant Carey Cash” By Joan W. Anderson (Excerpt) Continued:

Source ~ http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon8/lieutenant_carey_cash.htm

A devoted husband and father of five children under nine years old, Lieutenant Cash is a graduate of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas, and recently wrote a book about his experiences in Iraq (check amazon.com). He was deployed February 4th, 2003, and is in the Middle East for the duration. When his battalion comes home, he says, “so will I.” Let’s remember these men again in our prayers each week, and ask angels to continue to be with them.

READER: Psalm 91

*He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High
Will abide in the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say to the LORD, “My refuge and my fortress,
My God, in whom I trust!”
For it is He who delivers you from the snare of the trapper
And from the deadly pestilence.
He will cover you with His pinions,
And under His wings you may seek refuge;
His faithfulness is a shield and bulwark.
You will not be afraid of the terror by night,
Or of the arrow that flies by day;
Of the pestilence that stalks in darkness,
Or of the destruction that lays waste at noon.
A thousand may fall at your side
And ten thousand at your right hand,
But it shall not approach you.
You will only look on with your eyes
And see the recompense of the wicked.
For you have made the LORD, my refuge,
Even the Most High, your dwelling place.
No evil will befall you,*

*Nor will any plague come near your tent.
For He will give His angels charge concerning you,
To guard you in all your ways.
They will bear you up in their hands,
That you do not strike your foot against a stone.
You will tread upon the lion and cobra,
The young lion and the serpent you will trample down.
“Because he has loved Me, therefore I will deliver him;
I will set him securely on high, because he has known My name.
“He will call upon Me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble;
I will rescue him and honor him.
“With a long life I will satisfy him
And let him see My salvation.”*

READER: Psalm 16:5-6

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

READER: QUOTE #1

Source ~ <http://www.healpastlives.com/pastlf/quote/quangels.htm>

“Christians should never fail to sense the operation of an angelic glory. It forever eclipses the world of demonic powers, as the sun does a candle’s light.” - Billy Graham – Evangelist

READER: QUOTE #2

Source ~ <http://www.healpastlives.com/pastlf/quote/quangels.htm>

“An angel is a spiritual creature created by God for the service of Christendom and the church.” - Martin Luther 1483-1546, Greatest of the Protestant reformers of the 16th century

READER: QUOTE #3

Source ~ <http://www.healpastlives.com/pastlf/quote/quangels.htm>

“The Angels are the dispensers and administrators of the Divine beneficence toward us. They regard our safety, undertake our defense, direct our ways, and exercise a constant solicitude that no evil befall us.” - John Calvin 1509-1564 Preacher, Teacher

READER: “A Wall of Fire” Our Daily Bread

Source ~ <http://www.rbc.org/odb/odb-10-08-03.shtml>

“For I,” says the Lord, “will be a wall of fire all around her, and I will be the glory in her midst.” —Zechariah 2:5

The construction of the Great Wall of China began in the third century BC. Often called the “eighth wonder of the world,” it is approximately 1,500 miles (2,400 kilometers) long. The Great Wall was built to protect the people against raids by nomadic peoples and invasions by rival states.

In Zechariah 2, we read about another wall of protection. Zechariah had a vision of a man with a measuring line, who was trying to determine the length and width of Jerusalem (vv.1-2). His intention was apparently to begin rebuilding the fortified walls surrounding the city. The man was told that this would not be necessary, because the number of God’s people would be so great that Jerusalem’s walls would not be able to contain them (v.4). Besides, they would not need walls, for the Lord promised: “I . . . will be a wall of fire all around her, and I will be the glory in her midst” (v.5).

Physical walls can be scaled or broken through, no matter how high or strong they are. But as God’s children, we have the best wall of protection anyone can have—God’s personal presence. Nothing can pass through to us without first passing through Him and His will. In Him we are safe and secure. —Albert Lee

I can trust my loving Savior
When I hear this world’s alarms;
There’s no safer place of refuge
Than within His mighty arms. —Hess

Safety is not found in the absence of danger but in the presence of God.

READER: Ephesians 6:10-17

Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of His might. Put on the full armor of God, so that you will be able to stand firm against the schemes of the devil. For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the powers, against the world forces of this darkness, against the spiritual forces of wickedness in the heavenly places. Therefore, take up the full armor of God, so that you will be able to resist in the evil day, and having done everything, to stand firm. Stand firm therefore, HAVING GIRDED YOUR LOINS WITH TRUTH, and HAVING PUT ON THE BREASTPLATE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, and having shod YOUR FEET WITH THE PREPARATION OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE; in addition to all, taking up the shield of faith with which you will be able to extinguish all the flaming arrows of the evil one. And take THE HELMET OF SALVATION, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

READER: Psalm 5:12

Lord, you bless those who do what is right; you protect them like a soldier's Shield.

READER: Psalm 116:1-2

"I love the Lord because He hears my voice and my supplications. Because He has inclined His ear to me, therefore I shall call upon Him as long as I live,"

LEADER: "The Pilot" By Steve Goodier

Source ~ <http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2c/pilot.htm>

You might be tossing about in a sea of despair. You might even feel as if your life may crash about you and you will never again be healed, whole or happy. They say Robert Louis Stevenson told the story first. It's worth retelling:

It seems a storm caught a sea-faring vessel off a rocky coast. The wind and waves threatened to drive the boat to its destruction. In the midst of the terror, one daring passenger, contrary to orders, made his way across the ship. Groping along a passageway, he found the pilot house. There he beheld an intriguing sight; the ship's pilot was lashed to his post. Secure against the raging elements, he held the wheel fast, turning the ship, inch by inch, once more out to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled.

The daring passenger found his way below deck where other passengers huddled. Encouragingly, he said, "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. All is well."

There are times we need to hear that. Especially when we feel tossed about by a raging storm, it helps to remember that the pilot smiles. Can you imagine the pilot smiling now?

READER: Psalm 3:3

But, Lord, you are my Shield, my wonderful God who gives me courage.

LEADER: As Amy Grant sings..."God only knows the times my life was threatened just today." When we're protected...is it coincidence or God's protection?

COMMENTS IF TIME:

**SCHEDULE TEN MINUTES BEFORE CLOSING FOR
PRAYER REQUESTS AND PRAISES:**

COPY AND DISTRIBUTE THE FOLLOWING PAGES FOR YOUR READERS:

READERS

“The Protecting Hand”

Today I just want to praise God for watching over us. On the way home last night, a car in the oncoming lane lost control and spun around into my lane then veered off the side barely missing some large trees. I made a stop by my boss’ office on the way out for a minute that I don’t normally make. Then I caught the tail end of a traffic light that doesn’t seem to ever catch me. Was it coincidence or was it something else.

I believe it was something else. I believe God and his servants watch over us and protect us. If we can entertain angels unaware as is mentioned in Hebrews, then certainly they can protect us unaware.

Psalms 61:1-4

*To the chief Musician upon Neginah, A Psalm of David.
Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:
lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.
I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.*

Thank God for His hand in all the tiny “coincidence” that happen and keep us out of harm’s way and for being our mighty shelter, strong shield, and protecting refuge in the storm.

“Divine Intervention”

Joanne and I had invited Andreas to come with us for a visit to Ontario, Canada and he accepted. We had our return tickets with American Airlines. The three of us went to the Ontario, CA, airport (which was only five miles from the home of my brother Edward) to purchase a ticket for Andreas.

When the man at the American Airlines was going to enter the information in the computer for all of us, something went wrong with the recording devices. He tried for a least 20 minutes, while we patiently waited. Finally, in frustration, he said, “Please go over to the airline counter next to ours. They will accept your return tickets to Toronto.” We were promptly served without computer problems. The next day, the Los Angeles newspaper headlines read: “American Airlines, Destination Toronto, Hijacked To Cuba!” If the Angel of the Lord had not intervened on our behalf, we would have been on that flight. The following day we had a safe landing at Pearson International Airport in Toronto.

“For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.” Psalm 91:11

“The List”

In a city and province of Eastern Europe, the battle line swayed back and forth six times during the war. For months our people were in great peril, yet ever the Lord cared for them. But one day the soldiers of the revolutionists captured the city, and they declared that some of the wealthy men, as well as some of the intellectual leaders, should be killed. They made out a list of one hundred men who were to be shot. Our minister in that city was the fifth on the list. Word was sent to him by some friends who had seen the list, that he was sentenced to die. His wife, children, and others counseled him to flee, but he decided that he ought to stay.

Some days later, he and his family saw the soldiers coming across an empty space toward his house. They carried the list in their hands as they went from place to place to shoot the citizens who were to die.

The children were frightened, and begged their father to flee; but he gathered his little family by the window and knelt down and began to pray. They saw the group of soldiers coming closer and closer; but they kept on praying. Suddenly a gust of wind tore the paper out of the hand of the soldier carrying the death list. The men hurried after it, but it seemed to be whirled away, and they could not find it. They stood for a while counseling in front of the brother’s house, wondering what to do. Then they left, and did not return.

"Warm and Comfortable"

It was after eleven p.m. when Patti and Dan Burnett, members of the Summit County, Colorado, Search and Rescue team, received the phone call. Ryan, a sixteen-year-old boy had become separated from his father that morning while grouse-hunting. Now he was lost in a wilderness area high in the Rocky Mountains, wearing only jeans and a thin shirt. Worried, Patti looked out her window at fog and sleet. No one dressed so lightly could survive long tonight.

Rescuers drove to the area, and Patti felt a high level of urgency as she and her search dog, Hasty, began to walk. "The sleet had turned to snow, and the wind was strong," she recalls. "I couldn't help thinking that by now, Ryan's wet clothes were probably frozen."

Hasty picked up Ryan's scent and forged ahead, but even with her head lamp, Patti's visibility was poor. She heard other searchers on motorcycles and above her, a National Guard helicopter. But there was no sign of Ryan.

Struggling through the marshes, Patti thought of her own children safely asleep, the Thanksgiving turkey ready for roasting. She thought of Ryan's distraught family. God, please help us, she prayed. And keep Ryan warm.

The long night continued, and exhausted searchers began to lose hope. Then, shortly after dawn, Patti heard the unbelievable news. Ryan had been found alive, with no sign of frostbite! But how?

Later, surrounded by rescue workers, the teen explained. Lost in the dark and shivering uncontrollably--one of hypothermia's first stages--he had laid down under some trees, and slipped into sleep. Under normal circumstances he should have gradually frozen to death. But something wondrous happened instead.

"Ryan awakened in the middle of the night, feeling warm and comfortable," Patti explains. "Astonished, he discovered that, although his rifle was at his feet, two female elk had come out of the forest and were lying against him, one on either side, protecting him from the cold. "We searchers were dumbfounded, since such behavior is completely uncharacteristic of elk." But there was no other explanation for Ryan's healthy condition. Later, evidence of the animals' presence was found under the trees.

Patti drove home, exhilarated. She was remembering a night centuries ago, when animals kept another Child safe and warm.

“The Devastating Tornado”

Gail Mummert from Colorado Springs shared this remarkable testimony of protection when visiting Lancaster, Texas:

As we were driving home in threatening weather, my husband, Gene, turned on the radio for a local report. Funnel clouds had indeed been spotted nearby. After arriving home, things grew strangely calm.

In a short while, the wind started to blow fiercely. Trees were bent over and the very walls of the house began to flutter. Windows rattled and hail beat on the car port.

“Get into the hall and close the doors,” my husband shouted. “Get pillows, blankets and a flashlight.” “Nana, I’m scared,” cried our five-year-old grandson, William.

“Jesus will take care of us. Don’t be afraid,” I told him. Suddenly sirens began to go off in our small town. The walls moved as though they weren’t anchored to anything. “If we’re not in a tornado, we’re close,” shouted Gene as he ran into the hall.

“Link arms and sit on the floor,” I said.

“I love you,” Gene said to us as he surrounded us with blankets and pillows, covered us with his body and enveloped us with his arms.

A mighty rushing wind was all around us and sucked us together into a ball. “Pray! Keep praying,” he said.

“God Almighty, help us!” we screamed.

Explosion!

Windows shattered, glass flew everywhere. Another explosion. The walls caved in. Debris shot everywhere like arrows toward their target.

“Jesus, help us! You are our Savior! You are our King!” my voice cried. I looked up—the roof was falling on us. A ladder crashed down on my husband’s back.

“Now start praising Him,” Gene shouted through the wind. The next blast was the worst. There was nothing we could do. Only He could help us. Everything was out of control, but we knew the sovereignty of God. We knew we were at the point of death but we shouted, “Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Lord!”

Suddenly, peace filled me like a flood. A sweet voice filled my heart, “I’ve heard your cry for help. I’ve bent the heavens for you. No matter what happens around you, I’m here protecting you.” Tears flooded my face and I knew Jesus was protecting us. It seemed His arms had surrounded us. I knew we would be safe.

The tornado was over. The rain beat down on us with a force I had never felt before. We were safe. “Mama, I see the sky,” little William said.

“William, that’s because the roof is gone. We probably won’t have any walls, either,” Gene informed him. “I’m so thankful we’re okay,” our daughter Wendy cried. “Jesus protected us, didn’t He?” Though buried under tons of debris, our hair covered with insulation and glass, we were okay. Just a few minor injuries.

Talk about walls of protection! Several people were killed and many injured in that devastating tornado, but the everlasting arms of the Lord protected the Mummert family. Gail was privileged to share her entire story with The Dallas Morning News. The newspaper even printed her testimony about the protection of the Lord.

“His Angels Around Us”

“Suddenly an angel of the Lord appeared and a light shone in the cell. He struck Peter on the side and woke him up. ‘Quick, get up!’ he said, and the chains fell off Peter’s wrists.” - Acts 12:7

Corrie ten Boom was born in 1892 in Haarlem, Holland. During World War II, she and her family helped Jews escape the persecution of the Nazis by allowing their home to be a safe haven. In February 1944, Corrie and her family were arrested and sent to Ravensbruck Concentration Camp. Corrie was the only member of her family to survive.

Following the war, Corrie’s faith in Christ remained strong. She chronicled her life story in the book “The Hiding Place.”

During the Cold War, Corrie once helped smuggle bibles into Communist Eastern Europe. The border guard was checking everyone’s bag, and she knew her load of bibles would be discovered. She quickly prayed: “Lord, you have said that you would watch over your Word. Now, please watch over your Word that I am smuggling.”

Suddenly as she looked at her suitcase, it seemed to glow with light. No one else saw it, but to Corrie it was unmistakeable.

When her turn came at customs, the guard, who had so vigilantly opened and inspected every other piece of luggage, glanced at her bag, shrugged and waved her through.

Corrie believed it was an angel that had helped her deliver God’s Word behind the Iron Curtain.

The Lord still uses His angels to minister to us in times of need. Today in prayer, as you look to the Lord, know that in times of need, Christ may send His angels to guard over you.

“I do not know how to explain it; I can not tell how it is, but I believe angels have a great deal to do with the business of this world.” - Charles H. Spurgeon

God’s Word: *“But during the night an angel of the Lord opened the doors of the jail and brought them out.” - Acts 5:19*



"The Giver of Strength"

"Do not be afraid, O man highly esteemed,' he said. 'Peace! Be strong now; be strong.' When he spoke to me, I was strengthened and said, 'Speak, my lord, since you have given me strength.'" - Daniel 10:19

On Tuesday, September 11, 2001, began like any other day Stanley Praimnath was in his office at World Trade Center Tower Two. The deacon and Sunday School Superintendent for Bethel Assembly of God of South Ozone Park, New York, looked out his window and saw United Air Lines Flight 175 heading straight for him.

"All I can see is this big gray plane, with red letters on the wing and on the tail, bearing down on me," said Stanley. "

But this thing is happening in slow motion. The plane appeared to be 100 yards away. I said, 'Lord, you take control. I can't help myself here.'" Stanley then dove under his desk.

"My Testament [Bible] was on top of my desk," explained Stanley. "I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the Lord was going to take care of me once I got there."

As he curled into a fetal position under his desk, the plane tore into the side of the building and exploded. Miraculously, Stanley was unhurt. However, he could see a flaming wing of the plane in the doorway of his department. He knew he needed to get out of his office and the building fast. But, he was trapped under debris up to his shoulders.

"Lord, you take control, this is your problem now," he recalled praying. "I don't know where I got this power from, but the good Lord gave me so much power and strength in my body that I was able to shake everything off. I felt like I was the strongest man alive."

Stanley was exuberant but also in great danger. Trapped inside the office, fire was starting to spread. While praying on his knees, he saw a flashlight being carried by a man behind the wall, "There's one thing I got to know-do you know Jesus?"

The man replied he went to church every Sunday. Then they prayed together, asking God to enable them to break through the wall. "I got up, and I felt as if a power came over me," said Stanley. "I felt goose bumps all over my body and I'm trembling, and I said to the wall, 'You're going to be no match for me and my Lord.'"

Moments later, he punched his way through the wall and, with the help of the man on the other side, was able to squirm his way through the hole in the wall. "The guy held me and embraced me and he gave me a kiss and he said, 'From today, you're my brother for life.'" Both men were able to miraculously escape the burning tower that day.

The Lord is the giver of all strength. Do you need a strengthening today? Today in prayer, praise the Lord for all that He is and ask Him to give you strength for today.

"You become stronger only when you become weaker. When you surrender your will to God, you discover the resources to do what God requires." - Erwin Lutzer

God's Word: "*The Lord gives strength to his people; the Lord blesses his people with peace.*" - Psalm 29:11

“Smuggling Spanish Bibles”

Christin Claypool from Kirby Free Will Baptist in Detroit took a missions trip to Cuba. Wanting to smuggle Spanish Bibles to a community of Christians there, Christin wore several layers of clothing to conserve space in her suitcase for the contraband. But her odd appearance drew the attention of security agents at every airport. Christin had to open her suitcase at her departure city, then again in the Bahamas.

Arriving in Cuba, she was alarmed to again be singled out and ordered to open her suitcase. The zipper wouldn't budge, and she could open it only about two inches. She fought with it until at length the guard impatiently took over the struggle. Despite prolonged effort, the zipper wouldn't budge. Christin was perplexed, for it was a new suitcase and had been opened several times before. In exasperation, the guard finally shoved it toward her and told her to go on.

Arriving at her hotel, Christin looked for a knife to cut open her luggage, but when she gave the zipper a tug, it opened easily. The Bibles were distributed as intended.

“Caught Smuggling Bibles”

There is a Roman Catholic priest in Rumania whom we have been helping to buy Bibles and other supplies for years. On his last trip home from Vienna, his car loaded with Bibles, he was stopped at his own border and his cargo discovered.

The priest was in anguish. He had already been in jail once on a trumped-up charge of hoarding, but here was a truly serious economic crime, and he was really guilty. A Bible costs a month's wages in Rumania, and he was carrying nearly two hundred.

Just at this moment another car pulled up to the border. Out stepped a businessman who was well known at the station; he walked breezily into the inspection shed greeting each of the guards by name. At the sight of the counter ten-deep in Bibles he stopped short. “Bibles?” he said. “I don't suppose you would be willing to sell them to me? They are confiscated, right?”

“Yes, they are confiscated, but we could not possibly sell them to you.”

The businessman winked. “Not even,” he said, “for . . .” and he leaned over and whispered a figure into the ear of the customs man. The official's eyes grew large.

“Are they really worth that much?”

“More. I shall make a profit.” The official thought for a moment. “Let me talk with my comrades.” The three guards huddled together, and when they emerged from their little ring, they had apparently decided that the price was high enough to be worth the sacrifice of principle. So the businessman paid them in cash, got the priest's help in loading his car with his own Bibles, and drove on to Rumania.

In the shed there was an awkward silence. “Am I still charged with smuggling Bibles?” the priest asked at last.

“Bibles?” said the customs official. “What Bibles? There are no Bibles here. You'd better move along while the gate's open.”

And as for the Bibles, although they went on the black market, at least they too reached Rumania safely, where somehow believers will find enough money to buy them for their own.

"We Are Thine"

It was Christmas Eve 1875 and Ira Sankey was traveling on a Delaware River steamboat when he was recognized by some of the passengers. His picture had been in the newspaper because he was the song leader for the famous evangelist D.L. Moody. They asked him to sing one of his own hymns, but Sankey demurred, saying that he preferred to sing William B. Bradbury's hymn, "Savior Like a Shepherd Lead Us." As he sang, one of the stanzas began, "We are Thine; do Thou befriend us. Be the Guardian of our way."

When he finished, a man stepped from the shadows and asked, "Did you ever serve in the Union Army?"

"Yes," Mr. Sankey answered, "in the spring of 1860."

"Can you remember if you were doing picket duty on a bright, moonlit night in 1862?"

"Yes," Mr. Sankey answered, very much surprised.

"So did I, but I was serving in the Confederate army. When I saw you standing at your post, I thought to myself, 'That fellow will never get away alive.' I raised my musket and took aim. I was standing in the shadow, completely concealed, while the full light of the moon was falling upon you. At that instant, just as a moment ago, you raised your eyes to heaven and began to sing... 'Let him sing his song to the end,' I said to myself, 'I can shot him afterwards. He's my victim at all events, and my bullet cannot miss him.' But the song you sang then was the song you sang just now. I heard the words perfectly: 'We are Thine; do Thou befriend us. Be the Guardian of our way.' Those words stirred up many memories. I began to think of my childhood and my God-fearing mother. She had many times sung that song to me. When you had finished your song, it was impossible for me to take aim again. I thought, 'The Lord who is able to save that man from certain death must surely be great and mighty.' And my arm of its own accord dropped limp at my side."

"Lieutenant Carey Cash" #1

Lieutenant Carey Cash, chaplain to the First Battalion, 5th Marine regiment, was part of the first ground force to enter Iraq a year ago, and says there is no doubt that God was with them. (He also served in Kuwait.) During what is conceded to be the worst day of fighting for U.S. Marines, the first battalion, the most highly decorated Marines in U.S. history, suffered just one casualty. Something Cash calls an absolute miracle in a recent interview with Pat Robertson:

CASH: On April 10th, 2003, our battalion was given orders to seize the presidential palace on the Tigris River. And we went into the center of that city, not realizing that about a thousand Fedayeen were waiting for us. And at four in the morning, in the dark, they literally unleashed all their fury. It became essentially a nine-hour ambush, from urban fighting, close quarters. The results of which should have yielded untold casualties and many, many Marines dead. Just because of the sheer volume of fire, we suspected anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 rocket-propelled grenades were shot at the lead elements of our convoy. When I got to the palace the next day and began to talk to the Marines, and go and visit them - and we did lose one man, a 22-year veteran - what I saw was not a battalion licking its wounds and overwhelmed with the fight they had just endured. But literally it looked like I'd come upon a group of men who had walked through the Red Sea. Over and over the stories kept coming out to me. 'Chaplain, let me tell you what God did for me; Chaplain, the angels that we have been talking about for weeks, preceding this war, shielded me and protected me.' It was amazing.

ROBERTSON: Did they see the angels or did they just know they were there?

CASH: I didn't talk to any Marines who said they saw an angel. But what they did share was that rocket-propelled grenades would come at them, and literally curve in mid-air and go around them. Untold Marines shared with me that rockets would come and literally dive down as if batted by some unseen hand. We had one rocket go through a Humvee passenger-side window, and explode in the compartment. Without a doubt, it should have killed every man in that vehicle. And yet when the explosion came through, it blew out the front of the windshield, and so it exploded out instead of in, and not a single man was injured. And over and over, the accounts of that day were so tremendous, that I realized I had stumbled upon something amazing.

ROBERTSON: Did your people pray? I've heard of a unit in World War II that recited the 91st Psalm, over and over again. Was there special prayer, special confession of God's presence?

CASH: Absolutely, yes. Psalm 91, which is known as the Soldier's Psalm, became very instrumental in the days leading up to that war, even during the war. Joshua 1:9, "*Have I not commanded you to be strong and courageous? Be not afraid. Be not dismayed, for I will be with you wherever you go.*" This became, literally, God's word to us, to remember that we are not going through this alone.

ROBERTSON: It is almost a cliché - there are no atheists in foxholes - what is the faith of those guys? When you go in a battle like that, do they want to know God?

CASH: It is interesting, when I began visiting the men, the last few hours before we crossed the line of departure. They all had their rifles, they had their ammunition, they had all their gear, they had all their training, but in the last moments what all of us needed was something that far transcended anything that training could provide.

“Lieutenant Carey Cash” #2

When I went and visited them, and their eyes met with mine, it was as if we all knew why I was there. We needed to call on God. We were joining a host of warriors, for millennium before battles, who have called out upon the only One who could provide for them and protect them.

ROBERTSON: Amazing stories. Were there others? You mentioned going into Baghdad. Were there other examples of the protection of God that you saw?

CASH: Absolutely. When we crossed in the line of departure, we immediately met a section of Iraqi tanks that we had not suspected would be there. In fact, intelligence had not confirmed or reported their presence. We came across the border, it was in the dark, their turrets were leveled, we were exposed, we were at a point of what is called critical vulnerability---and their main guns never fired on us. The guns were fully manned by Iraqi soldiers and the company commander told me, after the fight, about that incident. He said, ‘Chaplain, if their main guns had fired, all it would have taken is one round to hit one of our armored personnel carriers and 20-30 marines would have been dead in an instant.’ And I remembered back to the countless letters I had received from churches across the nations, saying we are praying specifically that when you cross that border, God will restrain and confuse the enemy. And the fact that those tanks didn’t fire and that 3,000 enemy soldiers surrendered en masse and in concert, tells me that God answered those prayers of the people back here in the United States.

Psalm 91

Psalm 16:5-6

QUOTE #1

“Christians should never fail to sense the operation of an angelic glory. It forever eclipses the world of demonic powers, as the sun does a candle’s light.” - Billy Graham – Evangelist

QUOTE #2

“An angel is a spiritual creature created by God for the service of Christendom and the church.” - Martin Luther 1483-1546, Greatest of the Protestant reformers of the 16th century

QUOTE #3

“The Angels are the dispensers and administrators of the Divine beneficence toward us. They regard our safety, undertake our defense, direct our ways, and exercise a constant solicitude that no evil befall us.” - John Calvin 1509-1564 Preacher, Teacher

“A Wall of Fire”

“For I,” says the Lord, “will be a wall of fire all around her, and I will be the glory in her midst.” —Zechariah 2:5

The construction of the Great Wall of China began in the third century BC. Often called the “eighth wonder of the world,” it is approximately 1,500 miles (2,400 kilometers) long. The Great Wall was built to protect the people against raids by nomadic peoples and invasions by rival states.

In Zechariah 2, we read about another wall of protection. Zechariah had a vision of a man with a measuring line, who was trying to determine the length and width of Jerusalem (vv.1-2). His intention was apparently to begin rebuilding the fortified walls surrounding the city. The man was told that this would not be necessary, because the number of God’s people would be so great that Jerusalem’s walls would not be able to contain them (v.4). Besides, they would not need walls, for the Lord promised: “*I . . . will be a wall of fire all around her, and I will be the glory in her midst*” (v.5).

Physical walls can be scaled or broken through, no matter how high or strong they are. But as God’s children, we have the best wall of protection anyone can have—God’s personal presence. Nothing can pass through to us without first passing through Him and His will. In Him we are safe and secure. —Albert Lee

I can trust my loving Savior
When I hear this world’s alarms;
There’s no safer place of refuge
Than within His mighty arms. —Hess

Safety is not found in the absence of danger but in the presence of God.

_____ • _____
Ephesians 6:10-17

_____ • _____
Psalm 5:12

_____ • _____
Psalm 116:1-2

_____ • _____
Psalm 3:3