

The Servant



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The Credits

Do you stay in your seat after the words “The End” fill the screen at the end of a movie? Do you sit there when they roll the credits at the end of the film? I try. Not only do they replay the musical score which helps me reflect on what I have just witnessed, I need a moment to “decompress” like a deep sea diver coming back to the surface.

This is also the time to give credit where credit is due. It takes a lot of people to make a story, and when it comes to cinema, it takes even more to tell it. Usually, the list is long. Look at all those names. That long list of names reminds me that each of us owes a debt of gratitude to hundreds, perhaps thousands of people who helped in making our story.

First of all, it should be pointed out that God must be the director of every story and His Son, the Lord Jesus, our Savior, must be the main star and central character in our life, or it is not much of a story. When the “credits” roll at the end of our life, Jesus must get biggest billing. Every life is a ministry and should have on its marquee something like “This Was my Life, starring the Lord Jesus Christ.” He should get the glory and the credit. At the same time, God has used hundreds to help in the working “all things together for good.”

The list is long. Thanksgiving is a good time to roll the credits. Thanksgiving is a good time to thank those who have helped finance, fine-tune, and furnish our lives with the instruments and tools necessary to make a success. God sent many helpers. There are those who held the light on us, and those who raised the curtain, there are those who helped us tell the story of God’s grace with grace. If possible we should thank them, if not we should be sure to thank God for them.

We should thank God for those who provided counsel, those who gave encouragement, and those who believed when others did not think it possible. We should thank God for those who prayed for us, and prepared us, and prodded us on to finish the job. We should give credit where credit is due.

We should remember that even in the story of our life and ministry, it is not about us, but it is about Jesus. We should not try to hog the lime light, but take our turn working the curtain for someone else as they tell the story of God’s goodness in their life. We should be willing to make the sandwiches, serve the pop corn, or sell the tickets necessary to bring someone else closer to God.

We should be ready to applaud when the other guy becomes the object of God’s favor and clap just as loudly when that other person is chosen to play the hero and seems to have the better part. It is enough to faith to know that our name is listed in the Lamb’s book of life and when that film is finished and the credits roll that our name will be there.

My Credit Report

Thank you Lord for all the aid
for all the help and things you made
Thank you for the ones you sent
and all the grace and good you lent

Thank you for allowing me
to play a part eternally
upon the stage that you had set
and all the friends that I have met

Thank you in this History
Where Christ was not a Mystery
but stood as Savior, Lord and Friend
and to my need so did attend

and died for me and took my place
and poured on me Thy saving grace
To thank Thee now I stop and pause
Accept my praise and my applause

Religious Nuts & Dolts

They screamed “God is Great!” just before they crashed the airplane into the ground of Pennsylvania killing themselves and all on board. What is it about religion that makes people crazy? What is it that gives certain religious people a wild gaze? What is it that makes for so many religious nuts? There are too many mad and angry religious people as far as I am concerned. There are too many that seem to be driven by hate. Like some kind of black hole in the moral universe sucking dying stars into a bottomless abyss, religious fanaticism makes me nervous. “Allah Akbar!,” is what they shout just before they blow themselves up at a Palestinian bus stop. Why is that?

Whether drinking cyanide laced cool-aid in Guyana, or lining their barracks with petroleum in Waco, religious fanatics seem more hell bent than heaven bound to me. From hairshirts of the middle ages to jihads of our generation men have gone to great lengths to try to make God smile. What kind of God insists that we become a barefoot mendicant or a grenade tossing maniac? What kind of God asks youth in their prime to play demolition derby with fragile lives and bodies? What kind of God gives a young Arab girl beauty and then buries it in a burkka, or asks a Hassidic bride to shave her head? Why does not God come down and stop all

this nonsense? Why does He not say, “enough is enough.”

Look at Christian America. Watch her own religious wars called politics. Watch the “Anti-War” activists attack the “Anti-abortion” demonstrators outside their convention halls. Watch her wave her flag of freedom over a million little aborted babies, and then go to church on Sunday.

Watch Christians “so-called” fight within their ranks over small and petty things that each has turned into a litmus test of authenticity. That is what religion does best. May God deliver us from such a spirit. The disciples wanted to call in God’s artillery and destroy the Samaritans (Lk. 9:54). Christ warned them about their spiritual error.

Look at Luke 22 when the religious leaders should have been getting ready for Passover they were holding secret and private meetings talking about how to get rid of Jesus. “And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill him.” (22:2). First of all, what a waste of time. “They sought how they might kill him” not realizing that He came to die for them. He was their Savior. They could have had Him in their hearts instead of His blood on their hands. They were crazy religious nuts.

I thank God that He reveals Himself to babes. I thank God that He has

revealed Himself to me, as dumb and simple as I am. I praise His name that He is not only “great” but that He is also good. I thank Him that while I am called to witness, He does not demand I be a JEHOVAH witness. However, I gladly speak of Jesus. I thank God that while His real name is unutterable, by grace I can call Him Father. I also thank Him that I learned that His name and the litmus of authenticity are the same. God is LOVE. ☹

A Kind Word

Some things are better left unsaid
They may sound good buzzing in your head
But once they leave like bee from hive
They might need stings would they survive

And should they sting or bitter be
‘Twas better they had stayed in thee
Our words should always be with grace
Not be hurtful, cruel or base

Truth must always be with love
It’s the law of God above
Without love, a word might kill
Or grief the world around us fill

God’s word is sweet as honeycomb
And finds by faith a humble home
Within the broken contrite heart
God knows that kindness is an art

And gets more done with softer speech
And brings more honey within reach
Than harsh and cold words ever can
And so God’s Word came down to man

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