

Pk's Perspectives ... Stranded?

You may have heard the powerful story coming out of World War I of the deep friendship of two soldiers (Bill & Jim) in the trenches. These two buddies were serving together in the mud and misery of that wretched European stalemate. Month after month they lived out their lives in the trenches, in the cold and the mud, under fire and under orders.

From time to time one side or the other would rise up out of the trenches, fling their bodies against the opposing line and slink back to lick their wounds, bury their dead, and wait to do it all over again. In the process, friendships were forged in the misery. Bill & Jim became particularly close. Day after day, night after night, terror after terror, they talked of life, of families, of hopes, of what they would do when (and if) they returned from the horror of the war.

While executing one more fruitless charge, Jim fell, severely wounded. His friend Bill made it back to the relative safety of the trenches. Meanwhile Jim lay suffering beneath the night flares. Between the trenches. Alone.

The shelling continued. The danger was at its peak. Between the trenches was no place to be. Still, Bill wished to reach his friend, to comfort him, to offer what encouragement only friends can offer. The officer in charge refused to let Bill leave the trench. It was simply too dangerous. As the commanding officer turned his back, however, Bill went over the top. Ignoring the smell of cordite in the air, the concussion of incoming rounds, and the pounding in his chest, Bill made it to Jim's side.

Sometime later he managed to get Jim back to the safety of the trenches. Too late. His friend was gone. The somewhat self-righteous commanding officer, seeing Jim's lifeless body, cynically asked Bill if it had been "worth the risk." Bill's response was without hesitation. "Yes sir, it was," he said. "My friend's last words made it more than worth it. He looked up at me and said, 'I knew you'd come.'"

Do you know someone who is wounded and stranded on the battlefield of life? Do you know of a friend or family member that is bleeding spiritually as a result of Satan's vicious attacks, their souls lacerated by the razor sharp edges of sin and their joy of life slowly seeping away? Is there someone in your circle of relationships who is dealing with the fallout from one of life's bombs that seem to come out of nowhere: unexpected death, loss of job, uncovering of a spouse's indiscretion, health crisis?

If you know someone – friend or stranger – who is stranded between the trenches, would you consider making this the day that you reach out to that person? It doesn't take much. You don't need to know all the answers for the inevitable questions hurting people ask; God will provide those answers in the fullness of time. It's not imperative that you offer plausible, "spiritual" explanations as to why circumstances have turned this way or that. Most of the time, the ministry of your presence is all that is required. "I knew you would come." A heartfelt prayer of intercession; a phone call or text message; an encouraging word or letter; or an unexpected visit. Honestly – when a person is wounded & hurting – just knowing someone cares can put that person on the path to restoration. Cya Sunday, Pk.