

# RUMINATIONS OF A FORMER HEATHEN

Copyright Walter Arcel  
W. Arcel e-mail, [gen315@charter.net](mailto:gen315@charter.net)

Priority

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What is the best thing that can be done for the hungry, the poor, and the homeless? This is important because it goes right to the core of life's priorities. You can feed a hungry person with a cup of soup, and a sandwich, and the next minute that very same person who got the soup and the sandwich gets run over by a car. Did he die happy with a full stomach? Or did he go to Hell with a full stomach? Because if he did not know about Jesus, the unvarnished, plain truth about Jesus, the truth he could have gotten hold of, if he did not know that Jesus Christ, his blood, his death is, was, the atonement for all his sins, past, present and future, if he didn't know that the payment for his sins had been made, he would have had no chance of avoiding Hell.

Can a person think clearly on an empty stomach? Probably not. When you are hungry, it's hard to listen to anything. Maybe he would not have listened after the sandwich anyway, when told about Jesus, but the sandwich alone would not have sufficed. We are supposed to help the helpless, but who are they? Who are the hungry, the sick, the poor, and the helpless? Or the orphan, the widow, the homeless? They are those who don't have Christ. Those who don't have Christ are indeed helpless, hungry, sick, poor, and homeless. Should we build shelters? Have public lunch/dinner rooms? Sure, why not? But what real help can be given to anyone, other than the hope of eternal life? Life as it is doesn't make any sense, the babies born today will grow up and die, just as we will, most likely ahead of them. To be born and have to die is really dumb. I didn't ask to be born. Why was I born just to die? Why let me taste life at all? And now that I am here I have to deal with it. Suicide doesn't help because it only accelerates what is going to happen, anyway. Everything is useless, time ravages and tears down everything. One after another, grandparents die, parents die, we die. And that is when the natural order follows. Sometimes the expected order does not follow, and a young one in the family dies, prematurely, by the expected order. It is terribly difficult to deal with the death of the young ones in the family, sons, daughters, grandchildren. It's no good. Rich, poor, unknown, famous, they all go, one after another, never stopping.

The world as it can be observed offers no worthy hope. What is a worthy hope? A worthy hope would be to live again. To live again, to go for hikes, to explore space, to be in a place where God is much more present than he is now. There is no hope of that, if one excludes the Bible. The only hope we have is that what the Bible says is true, that the God of the Bible really exists and that we will live again, forever, forever, in a world where God's presence is actually visible, whether it will be Christ Himself, or the pillar of fire, or something that we cannot

possibly imagine. And with the Holy Spirit as our constant friend, companion, adviser, guide, most loving influence. The one who will be behind us, whispering in our ears, go to the right, or go to the left. That is a world that appears to be a total fantasy, yet it is the only worthy hope we have. Is it nutty to expect that world? Maybe, but the only other possibility is death. Is there nothing after death, which would totally suck out any meaning out of life? Or is there something that could land me in any one of millions of hells? Being as depraved as I am, I have no desire to leave the world a better place than how I found it. That's not my pin. If what my Bible says is true, everything is going to get worse. This world is moving toward the Great Tribulation and nothing I can do will stop that process.

Besides, God does not call us to make the world a better place, but to disseminate the Gospel, the Good News, the arrival of the Saviour, the Kinsman Redeemer, the rich relative who buys us back. He, who alone can save us. Physical death is not the end for us who rely on Christ. You have a better plan? Go ahead, be my guest. People can believe what they want. All I know is that I don't see anything better on the horizon. Worse yet, an horrible end in a conscious state could very well be waiting. Don't believe it? Fine, take your chances. What difference does it make? We're all going to the grave anyhow, it will get sorted out soon enough. Some will be saved, but many will be lost. The problem for us is that no matter how compassionate, how willing to save us, how merciful God is, we could not survive being in his presence. Only Purity can stand in front of Purity. We would be instantly incinerated. But the mantle of Christ, the covering of Christ, is our flame-proof outfit.

How many of us are just biding time, waiting for death, with absolutely no motive or reason to live? What is the solution to the uselessness of life? The solution is to spread the Gospel. There is no other activity in the world, that merits more focus than the spreading of the Gospel. The Gospel is the word of salvation, the only thing that will endure. Eternal life, what can you compare to that? Spreading the Gospel is the only activity in the world that has lasting consequences. Is that too bold a statement? Well, I don't know. What else would I compare it with? Politics? Environmental causes? Human rights? Justice for the under-represented? No doubt these are worthy causes. But they don't have eternal consequences. At the same time, I also have no doubt that many of those who are (or will be) saved, will engage in those activities, even for the love of the creation God has made.

Ultimately, however, there is nothing that compares to eternal life and escape from Hell. Is that too simplistic? Maybe, but that is the choice in front of us. Be silent, or tell it like it is. We should at least, strive to find a way to communicate this to our friends or family. Believe me, I know it's hard, but we can find a way, circle around, talk about other things, but eventually, show them the hopelessness of this world and the brightness of Christ, he who leads us into eternal life. It is not our responsibility to save people. But we can spread the seed, that much we can do.