

An interesting story appeared recently in USA TODAY. A Miss Cady Postelwaite received a sizeable check from the VA. The strange part is that the check was not made out to her, nor did she know the person to whom it was written, and she had never been in the military.

She put it ~~back~~ in her mail box. 5 days later she got it back in a different envelope. She phoned the VA regional office and was asked to send the check there. She did, but a week later she received it back again in the same envelope. Next she mailed it to the ^{VA} ~~FBI~~ office in KC where it originally had been issued along with a certified letter explaining the mess. But the check was returned to her in a different envelope.

So she took it to her local postmaster and explained the situation to him. He advised her to send it ot to VA again. But 2weeks later she received the check again. She was instructed to mail it to Waco, but it was returned again. She called the Dallas VA people and they didn't know what to do.

In desperation she called the secret service and told them she intended to destroy the check. They said that would be destroying govt property. So she daid she would cash it, but they said she couldn't do that because it wasn't hers. The papper ~~said~~ that Candy is still waiting for instructions.

That would be a terribly frustrating experience. Sometimes in life comes similar experiences in a way. It like a telephone call where we are put on hold

Being put on hold is often frustrating. Especially if the matter is urgent. Now they have added pleasant music to their hold buttons these days. But that really doesn't help that much.

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Life is not much fun when you are put on hold. Picture a frantic father whose daughter is dying. He has no phone but has heard of a physician he believes can cure his daughter. So he looks for him, and finds him. The worried father lays his anxiousness on the physician forgets his pride and kneels before him and begs him to come to his daughter. The father is Jairus and the great physician is Jesus. Would Jesus come and lay his hands on the little girl? Of course, and the Gospel of John says simply: "Jesus went with him".

But wait. There is a break in the story. While Jesus is making his way through the throng to the little girl, a woman with an issue of blood reaches out and touches the hem of his garment. Jesus stops and engages her in conversation and ministers to her.

So Jairus is put on hold, and maybe we can imagine how he felt. His young daughter is dying and this silly lady is tying up Jesus' time with her distasteful complaint. How much Jairus may have been stressed, we don't know. Put on hold while Jesus ministered to another.

Then his worst fears are realized. While he is waiting some of his friends come to him. They told him that his daughter was dead.

"Your daughter is dead. Why bother the Master any longer?" they said. Jairus feels a sudden ache within himself. His friends seek to console him, but there often is a limit to what best friends can do in a moment like that. Something more is needed. (3)

But Jesus is still there and has not forgotten Jairus. He touched Jairus on the arm and said "Don't be afraid, only believe." He was asking a lot of the man

When we are put on hold, we can hold ever firmer to the promises of God, *In your Prayer life*

Jennifer Strader's life was snatched away in a tragic auto accident.

Her father Roger Strader is a song writer and was conducting a Christian chorus some 900 hundred miles away when he got the call concerning Jennifer. Just like that a father of three becomes the father of two...with a funeral to plan.

When Roger returned home his normally confident spirit was crushed in grief. Everywhere he turned he was reminded of Jennifer

Roger prayed a hundred times and a few days before the memorial service he tucked his wife and children in bed and went into the stillness of his study. He poured out his heart to God. and God gave him rest. Roger was a hymnwriter. and in his study was a sound system and bunch of tapes. He walked across the room and put on an old song he had written

- one which he had heard many times. But this time the chords and refrains were like they were from heaven, as if he was hearing them for the first time:

(4)

In a world that's wracked by sin and sorrow, There is peace
When you find no hope for your tomorrow, There is peace
When it seems your heavy burden is too much to bear,
There is peace

When God puts you on hold...hold on in faith and trust.

Jesus made his way to Jairus' house along with Peter, ~~Me~~ James and John. When he got there his family and friends were all weeping and wailing. Jesus said; "Why are you weeping. The little girl is not dead, she is sleeping" They ridiculed his comment. But he went into the room where she was, and took her hand in his and said "Alitha Cumi...Little girl I say to you, arise" and she arose

Now this little story may stretch your credibility

Dr. J K Rsinair once pronounced a wounded 12 year old boy dead. But just then another Dr came into the room. He grabbed a needle and stuck it into the boys chest. In a few seconds the boys heart began to beat, and a few hours later an operation which restored his legs and movement. Ranier comments: "I had left the room and wandered down the hall discouraged. I had just pronounced the boy dead and he was saved seconds later while I watched". It is really ³⁴ more difficult to believe that the Lord of Life can take a little girls hand and restore her than for a Dr to do the same by placing a needle in the chest?

We hold on because we know that Jesus Christ is Lord.

When our lives are put in hold, we do not let go, because we know that he does not let us go.

(5)

There is a story of a young husband whose wife died and left him with a small son. Back home after the memorial service, they went to bed as soon as it was dark because the father could think of nothing else to do and nothing else he could bear to do.

as they lay there in the darkness, numb with grief, the little boy broke the silence: "Daddy, where is mommy?" The father tried to get the boy to sleep, but he kept asking questions.

after a time the father brought the boy to bed with him. But the boy was still disturbed and restless and would ask heartbreaking questions. Finally, the youngster reached his hand thru the darkness, placed it on his father's face and asked: "Daddy, is your face toward me?" Given verbal assurance and by his own touch, that his father's face was toward him, the boy said, "If your face is toward me, I think I can go to sleep".

That is the promise we have when God seems to put us on hold. The Father's face is toward us. He will not let us go.