

Holding Us in His Hand

#0702

Study given by W.D. Frazee—June 26, 1964

John opened his heart to the words of Jesus as perhaps none of the other disciples did. So much of what he has written down in his Gospel is the simple record of the words that Jesus spoke. It was John who wrote down that simple statement of Christ:

“The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life” John 6:63.

If we want inspiration we shall find it in the words of Christ. If we want power and life we shall find all that we need in these words that fell from the lips of our Lord”

“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and my Father are one” John 10:27-30.

We see how Christ identifies Himself with the Father. The Father and the Son, with the Spirit, are united in entering our hearts, living with us. Here the figure is that of holding us in His hand.

God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. Today the Father and the Son, with the Spirit, are united in a great holding action. Holding you and me.

“Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy” Jude 1:24.

Our salvation does not depend on our holding Him, but on His holding us. There is a world of difference in that. We are like little children. And how wonderful it is that if our grip grows weak, our grasp is feeble, we are held not by our hold of Him, but His hold of us. “Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.”

I wonder if anybody who would like to pluck us out of His hand? Oh, yes. Satan would. But unless we deliberately choose to leave Him, Jesus will hold us fast.

I am impressed again and again with the infinite pains that God will go to take care of one individual in one experience. The Bible is full of experiences like that.

The book of life is full of those experiences. And we should be seeking in our study of history and biography and autobiography, and in our own daily life for evidences.

Just this week it was my privilege to hear a good friend of mine telling of an experience that the Lord gave him when he was a soldier in the army during the Korean war. Like other Seventh-day Adventist he took the position of a non-combatant and to keep the Sabbath. As often happens he was switched from one company to another and one division to another. This particular week found him in a camp in Seattle waiting orders to ship out to Korea. He was anxious to meet with our church this particular Sabbath. This would doubtless be the last Sabbath he would be in the United States for sometime; perhaps the last Sabbath he would ever spend here anytime, for as you know the Korean war cost many casualties.

Early in the week he talked to his sergeant about his desire to get a pass to go to church. The man he was dealing with did not know him, and this particular sergeant seemed to be moved by a definite and decided determination that this young man should not get his Sabbath off. He told him that if anybody ought to get the Sabbath off, he ought to get it, for he was a Jew. But he couldn't get his Sabbath off, and neither could this young man. He even told the young man he could not talk to the commanding officer.

Our young friend was praying about it from day to day. Friday he felt impressed to talk to a Seventh-day Adventist minister. He got hold of the local pastor who had him phone the young people's secretary of the conference. The office was not too far away. He received counsel over the phone that there was no way the pastor could contact him there, being under orders to sail, and in a restricted area.

It was already Friday afternoon. He prayed that the Lord would guide him. He had been assigned to be on KP duty [kitchen duty] Friday evening and Friday night. He was concerned how he would keep the Sabbath. He must keep it. He couldn't work on the Sabbath, yet he had not even been allowed to contact the commanding officer.

Shortly before the sun set another sergeant came in and called a number of names. The young man's name was one of them. The officer told them he had been sent to get them for KP. Our friend felt impressed to talk to this sergeant. He went up to him and asked if he could speak privately. They went to one side and the sergeant heard him out as he made his plea. He told the sergeant he couldn't work because he was a Seventh-day Adventist.

This sergeant began to ask questions. He asked when the young man's Sabbath began and how long it would last. He asked several other questions about the Sabbath.

Then the sergeant said, "What do you believe about where a man goes when he dies?"

The young man told the sergeant what he believed about that, and what the Bible taught.

The sergeant said, "What about hell? Do people just keep on burning there always?"

The young man told him what the Bible had to say about that. The sergeant kept asking him one question after another about what Seventh-day Adventists believed, and finally even asked him about the Spirit of Prophecy.

The sergeant must have been trying to find out if this young man was really a Seventh-day Adventist or not. At any rate, when he had gotten through his list of questions, he said, "All right. You won't have to work tonight. I am going to let you off."

Our friend was happy that God had heard and answered his prayer at the last moment. He felt moved to ask the sergeant why he did this. The sergeant said, "Yes, I will tell you. I am a 30 man in the army. The army is my career. This is my life. In the last World War I was over in Germany. On the battle field I found myself terribly wounded. The fighting was so intense that my buddies were getting out as fast as they could, and I was left there under fire with nobody to look after me. A man came out, and at great risk to his own life pulled me in to safety. He saved my life.

"After returning to the United States after the war I looked this fellow up. I tried to pay him. I offered him a sum of money, but he wouldn't take it. I tried to think of something that I could do to show my gratitude for saving my life. But the man wouldn't take anything. I finally asked him, 'What is there I can do for you anyway?'

The man said, 'There is one thing you can do for me. I am a Seventh-day Adventist. Our young men do not believe in bearing arms. They keep the seventh-day Sabbath from Friday sundown to Saturday sundown. Sometime sergeant you may meet a Seventh-day Adventist boy who is in difficulty. That will be your chance to do something for me'

The sergeant, looking at our young friend I am telling about and said, "You are the first Seventh-day Adventist I have met since then."

When I heard that story, warm out of the life of the man who had experienced it, I thought as I have thought before what pains heaven will go to solve the problems of just one human being. Don't you wish God thought that much of you? Well, He does.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father"
Matthew 10:29.

"Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows" Matthew 10:31.

Everyone here tonight is of infinite value to heaven. Hear the birds singing outside? We are told that it is only by God's protecting care that the birds are preserved to gladden us with their songs of praise. If God would allow it, Satan would kill them all. That is what is in his heart. Murder toward anything that is sweet and good and blessed. He hates everything like that. He would slaughter every Cardinal, every mockingbird, every thrush, every warbler. He would kill every one.

It is worth remembering who is behind any spirit in our hearts that wants to take life, either of human beings or of animals, isn't it? Pests have to be dealt with sometimes, but it should cause us pain to take the life of a lowly creature. My point is that every bird that sings is an evidence of God's protecting care. And He says that you are far more than all those birds.

God looked ahead and saw the plight of that young soldier in Seattle that Friday afternoon as the sun was about to set. He looked ahead years before that to the fields of Europe and provided the meeting which would eventually provide help for that problem in Seattle. As we look at that, who can doubt the providence of God?

And that isn't something that happens once in a lifetime. Oh, no. Those things are happening all the time. Many of them are unnoticed because we are in a hurry. Many of them are unknown because God does not reveal His hand. We see the results. We do not see the play and counter play behind the scenes. Within the shadow God is always keeping watch. Let's believe it. Let's rejoice in it. Let's thank God.

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and my Father are one."

One in love for the human family. One in the exercise of that protecting care. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—all working together just to take care of you. That's what they are working at. He cares for you.

Oh, Thou whose bounty fills my cup with every blessing meet,
I give Thee thanks for every drop, the bitter and the sweet.
I thank Thee for the desert road, and for the riverside,
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed, and all Thy grace denied.

Yes, we should thank Him for the things we see and the things we don't see. For the prayers that are answered, Yes, and the prayers that are answered, No.

Father, I ask the daily strength to none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life while keeping at Thy side.
Content to fill a little space if Thou be glorified.

I would not have the restless will that hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child and guided where I go.

Briars beset my every path that called for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot, and earnest need for prayer;
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee are happy anywhere.

Tonight I am thankful for these exceeding and precious promises. Aren't you, dear friends? I am thankful for the consciousness that my Heavenly Father is looking after me. Under His wings I am safely abiding

“He that dwells in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust” Psalm 91:1-2.

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