

# Walking with Him in the Woods

#0304

Study Given by W. D. Frazee—March 18, 1977

Let us turn to the last book of the Bible, this wonderful book, the capstone of the sacred Scripture. Revelation 14:6–7, you remember we looked at these verses last week. We're going to look a little more tonight.

“...I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters” Revelation 14:6–7.

Worship the Creator—this is God's call to the last generation. We cannot really, truly worship one whom we know not. To worship God, as this message invites us to do, commands us to do, depends upon getting *acquainted* with the Creator. We get acquainted with Him in His Word—what He *says* to us. We get acquainted with Him through His *works*, as we behold what He has done. Last week, our emphasis was especially on working with Him in the garden. Tonight, it will be walking with Him in the woods. For God has revealed Himself not only in the vegetables and the fruits but in the lofty and beautiful trees of the forest and in the delicate flowers of the fields and glens.

A little while ago, it was my privilege to climb one of the waterways on the far side of the place, and gather these beautiful flowers—these are my text tonight, as I share with you what my best Friend has shared with me.

I have never met the man that designed this watch that I carry, but, although I do not know his name, I know several things about him. I know he can count. I know he's quite careful, quite accurate, painstaking. I know all this and other things about him though I've never seen him—would you agree with me? Yes. So as I behold the beautiful things God has made, the beautiful stars in the heavens, the lovely blooms here on earth, I know that the Creator loves beauty. He loves the beautiful. And I'm glad He's put in my heart a kindred spirit, for I too enjoy the beauty of these natural things.

I note also that He is a God of *variety*. He makes some flowers big and some little. He makes various colors—not all white, not all pink, not all blue—many different colors and shapes as well as sizes. But beyond variety, I see that He makes each flower an individual creation.

There are some ladies who pride themselves in wearing only an original creation. The dress is made just one dress by that pattern. God is that kind of Creator.

You can examine each one of these blooms, and there is something a bit different about it—a different hue, a different shape, a different number of petals, or something about it—that marks it as unique. God only made one of each of these—tomorrow there'll be some more, but each one of them will be different. As in the heavens above us, one star differs from another star in glory, so in the constellations of the flowers, there are no two alike.

In all this, my Friend is telling me how much He loves beauty, how much He loves variety, and how much He loves individuality. That does something for me. It tells me that God does not want me to waste my precious life in the futile endeavor to duplicate somebody else. In the first place, I could not do it. In the second place, it would disappoint my Creator if I succeeded. One is enough of each one. As I think of that, it is most deflating to human pride, but it increases the sense of value that I see the Creator places upon me. Do you see, dear friends?

And so, as I look at the flowers, I'll not seek to make other people like me, and I will not vainly endeavor to be like somebody else. I will let the Creator work out in my life the beautiful pattern of character that He has planned. Oh, what a wonderful Friend He is; what a wonderful Friend.

As I climb the cliffs and see one of these little beauties after the other, I get to thinking of His strategy. God's strategy. What is He trying to do? He's trying to lure me out there, and He succeeds. He knows that it will be good for my muscles to walk where these grow. I don't know any way you can drive an automobile where these grow, or even a bicycle. The Creator knows that my muscles develop and function as they're exercised. He knows that that takes a load off my heart. He knows that every time I bend over to pick one of these beauties, it massages my liver and spleen and other organs. It's all part of the strategy, you understand. God is a Strategist. He's getting me to inflate my lungs with fresh, pure mountain air.

Beyond that, He's diverting my mind from that which would bring strain and stress. There are some things that are burdensome, but it's hard to be under the load as you're looking for first a blue one, then a pink one, and then some variation or shade of these hues. Something is happening in the mind and soul. God has a strategy.

I'm glad that He's perfectly willing for me to *understand* His strategy and to cooperate with Him in it. He doesn't slip up as it were and *deceive* me, but He does *allure* me; He *entices* me, as from rock to rock and cliff to cliff He draws me on, thinking "Oh, there'll be another one just up a little ways, and sure enough, there is. Thank God for the privilege.

One may say, "Brother Frazee, how does one find time for this?"

I picked these all in less than an hour. It so happens in God's strategy that this was a part of preparation for the Sabbath and for this meeting. And I praise Him

with all my heart, dear friend. I praise Him for His love and for the beauty of natural things.

There is another reason in God's strategy, another point in it. Let me share this with you from *Ministry of Healing*. Listen to these beautiful words:

"God loves the beautiful. He has clothed the earth and the heavens with beauty, and with a Father's joy He watches the delight of His children in the things that He has made" *Ministry of Healing*, page 370.

So I made Him happy this afternoon as He feasted my eyes and my soul on the beauties that He had created.

Grace Elogie says:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

God so longs to impress His earth-born children with His love of the beautiful and His love for each of us, that He'll cause 10,000 flowers to bloom, hoping that one of us will discover one of those flowers. If you think that is wasteful, God does not think it so. He will put these evidences of His love here and there and yonder. Tens of thousands of them bloom, and no one ever sees them. But somebody sees some of them, and that delights His heart. If there were no other reason for going out to gather these greeting cards, wouldn't that be enough? To make the Creator happy? To make our God glad?

Ah yes, He has a strategy, and as I say, it all fits together into a beautiful pattern. It all fits together in a wonderful package.

I was speaking about the physical as well as the mental benefits of it. One of my favorite sentences is from one of my favorite books, *Ministry of Healing*:

"Roaming through the fields and the woods, picking the flowers, listening to the songs of the birds, will do far more than any other agency toward their recovery"  
*Ministry of Healing*, page 237.

This is talking about certain types of people with certain types of sickness. If you read the page, you'll see that the author is speaking of conditions that affect millions of people. Let me read this sentence again:

"Roaming through the fields and the woods, picking the flowers, listening to the songs of the birds, will do far more than any other agency toward their recovery" *Ibid.*

If you are so fortunate as to have these, you're blessed. Oh friends, think of those three participles—roaming through the fields and woods, picking the flowers,

listening to the songs of the birds. These are the three things that are mighty agencies in the hand of God in restoring body and mind and soul.

Look at those words carefully with me: “*Roaming*,” what does that suggest? Hardly running to catch the train or the plane. There’s a time to be on time, but roaming through the fields and the woods suggest a relaxation which our tired nerves need at times. “Roaming through the fields and the woods.” It’s even different from hiking, and hiking has its place. I love to hike. But roaming, ah, that’s something else.

Picking the flowers; well why isn’t it enough just to look at them? Very well, if you like. But there’s something about picking them. Of course, it’s a good thing to know if they’re pickable. Some flowers are meant to be enjoyed *without* being picked. I saw a little trailing Arbutus on the trail. It’s a rare enough plant on these 600 acres that we don’t usually pick it; we just enjoy it. Well, that’s all right. But, thank God, He has given us hundreds and thousands of blooms that can be picked. And there’s something about reaching down and taking that little greeting in your hand and picking it up and looking at it. And you can say, and say it truly, “My name is on it, God meant that for me. If not for me, who else? Who else is out here looking at them? It must be mine.”

You know, most of these are white. I tell folks who are looking for flowers that about 1 in 1,000 will be a blue one, and 1 in 10,000 will be a pink one. They’re worth looking for, aren’t they? All the while, the values are being received, the benefits.

There’s another benefit. I read from the book *Education*:

“No recreation helpful only to themselves will prove so great a blessing to the children and youth as that which makes them helpful to others...So also a new interest may be given to the work of the garden or the excursion in field or wood, as the pupils are encouraged to remember those shut in from these pleasant places and to share with them the beautiful things of nature” *Education*, page 213.

As I walked along with these beauties in my hand, I was thinking of this quotation. The Holy Spirit began to suggest to my mind how these might be shared with somebody who otherwise might not see them. Did that add to my joy? Oh yes. Did it had to *His* joy? Indeed.

He who joy would have must *share* it. Happiness was born a twin. And so, God designs that these contacts with nature shall awaken in us thoughts of unselfishness, diverting our minds from our petty problems, our petty plans, and our little selfishness.

Now, the best of all: You know what day it is, don’t you? It’s the Sabbath. What is the Sabbath a memorial of? Creation. The message we read in our text is: “Fear God, and give glory to Him... and worship Him that made Heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.” These words are borrowed from the Fourth Commandment. Will you repeat it with me?

“Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shall thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shall not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it” Exodus 20:8–11.

On the six working days—that’s what the Bible calls them—we are especially linked with our Creator in fellowship in *working* in the things of nature. So the Sabbath, in a special sense, links us with the Creator in the enjoyment of that which He has created to beautify the earth. We don’t work with the hoe or the spade on the seventh day. We work with God in the garden through the week. We walk with God in the woods and in the fields, and in the garden on the Sabbath day to do on this day what He did on the original Sabbath—to enjoy that which has been growing during the week. Notice this beautiful comment in the book *Patriarchs and Prophets*. I think this is one of the most beautiful paragraphs ever penned:

“God designs that the Sabbath shall direct the minds of men to the contemplation of His created works...”

“...Nature speaks to their senses, declaring that there is a living God, the Creator, the Supreme Ruler of all... The beauty that clothes the earth is a token of God’s love. We may behold it in the everlasting hills, in the lofty trees, in the opening buds and the delicate flowers...”

There it is. What is it we behold? The beauty that clothes the earth, the token of God’s love.

"...All speak to us of God. The Sabbath, ever pointing to Him who made them all, bids men open the great book of nature and trace therein the wisdom, the power, and the love of the Creator” *Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 48.

Isn’t that wonderful? I hope all of you know something about it. If you do, what do you want? More. *Is there more?* There’s a thousand times as many of these flowers that I gathered this afternoon, just on this one campus. Thank God for the superabundance with which He lavishes the tokens of His love upon us.

The Sabbath bids me open the great book of nature and trace therein the wisdom, the power, and the love of the Creator.

May I call your attention to a very simple fact? Everything that I have shared with you tonight could be mine, whether I knew the scientific or even the common name of these blooms. Am I correct? Oh, I’m glad when people know about botany and know the names of things. I’m interested in it. But friends, I’m more interested

in people than I am in directories. I am more interested in flowers than in lists of plants. I find, as I get acquainted with God in nature, more and more of the scientific facts and names, but that's not the emphasis, the emphasis is on the message of God. I want to worship Him. I want to make Him happy by being in fellowship with Him—working with Him, resting with Him, walking with Him, talking with Him, and listening as He talks to me.

Do you know how important this is to God, friends? This is the meaning of Calvary—that Christ counts my individuality, my personality so precious that He would leave all the flowers of Heaven, all the fruit of paradise, all the glory of the kingdom above, and come to this world and give His life a ransom for me. I want Him to have what He paid the ransom to get. What do you say? Let's send Him the word tonight that we appreciate His love.

Now we're going to have a time of prayer and thanksgiving. We have a lot to be thankful for tonight, don't we?

“Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands. Serve the LORD with gladness: come before His presence with singing. Know ye that the LORD He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name. For the LORD is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endures to all generations” Psalm 100:1–5.

[Testimony service]

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for speaking to our hearts through Thy word and through Thy works. We respond to that love. Bless in the decisions that have been made to surrender fully to Thee and let Thee have Thy way in the plans and purposes of life. Let the precious blood of Jesus be sprinkled on us all that our hearts may be full of the peace and blessing that comes through His presence. We thank Thee, in His wonderful name, amen.

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W. D. Frazee Sermons  
435 Lifestyle Lane, Wildwood, GA 30757  
1-800-WDF-1840 / 706-820-9755  
[www.WDFsermons.org](http://www.WDFsermons.org)  
[support@WDFsermons.org](mailto:support@WDFsermons.org)