

**Part II. Attitudes Which  
Need Healing**

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*We could hear ... if  
only we'd listen*

I think it probably all started the day I had my first ride in a jet plane. So smooth. So silent. With so much sudden power we slipped up through the air. Then, there we were—36,000 feet above the earth's surface.

Looking down I felt almost like an astronaut. Then involuntarily and immediately my mind switched gears and felt more like an ant! Why, from that height I couldn't even see one human being! They were down there all right—I'd just come from there and would soon be going back. But all I could see that made sense was the broad face of the earth, with its checkered fields and forests, and here or there a lake, a river, a highway. Clouds? Well, yes, they were there, but so far, far down they looked like clumps of cotton batting stuck on the scenery.

I was suddenly almost drowned in a torrent of questions which seemed to come from within:

*Does it really matter what happens down there?  
Does it matter what happens to you? Or to any-  
one?*

*You can't see anyone from here.*

*Nobody knows, maybe God doesn't even know,  
who's there. From here, you can't see anyone.*

*Pretty small, eh? You . . . and the rest of them.*

*Lots of them, too. Hundreds. Thousands. Mil-  
lions.*

*From here, who knows what's going on?*

*How can God tell you apart?*

*You're just like a million ants, can't tell one from  
another (the questions went on and on). All hud-  
dling, hurrying, burrowing, scurrying, collecting.  
And for what? Number one first. Get what you want,  
that's it. What else? And who cares about the have-  
nots? or their distresses and privations? or the guilty  
and their fears? or the sick and imprisoned and their  
needs?*

*Does God care? You thought He did, didn't you?  
How can He, when He's so big and you're so small?  
And this earth—it's only one infinitesimal speck of  
His immense universe.*

*Now, that little town—do you think God really  
cares about what goes on down there? About who  
goes where? Who belongs to whom, and to what?  
Who sleeps where, and with whom? Who is well and  
who isn't? Who does good and who does evil? Who  
has houses and lands and cars and money and who  
has none? Does God care? Does God care who has  
loved ones to come home to and who has no one to  
come home to? Does God care about that?*

Relentlessly my thoughts continued. I sat mo-  
tionless. Maybe some of it was true—or partly true.  
It wasn't all true, because God isn't like this—even  
if we are.

The questions went on: *Isn't He? Isn't He your Father in heaven? Your heavenly Father? Your Father up here in the heavens?*

Yes, but . . . I began to resist consciously now, and to counter in self-defense, in order to keep the flood of questions from penetrating any deeper. They hurt enough as it was. Yes . . . but our Father is like Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ is the Good Shepherd who always cares for His own.

With the saying of His name, even within my mind, came a miracle. He was there! The Good Shepherd Himself was there with me. Of course! I remembered the story of *Hind's Feet* (by Hannah Hurnard). This is a kind of feminine *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which the little pilgrim (who went on a long journey to find love) was given one effective weapon to use whenever her enemies came upon her in any form. All she had to do was to say the name of the Good Shepherd, and He would be there, present with her, to protect and to comfort her. Otherwise, she journeyed seemingly alone, without the visible presence of her Shepherd.

It worked too, when she said His Name—He was there! What worked for the little pilgrim, now worked for me. Worked so well I felt not only the presence of the Good Shepherd, but heard His voice in my heart.

—Yes, I *am* here, Ros. With you and within you. Remember?

It was my Shepherd's voice. I'd heard Him before. I knew His voice. I listened. I could almost feel His hands there upon my shoulders. I hoped He'd say more—there must be more. There was more.

—I'm right here. I've been here all the time. You know this. Even if you forget Me for a while, I never forget you—not for one instant.

—Now, about all those black-bordered statements and questions. I heard them, but they were not from Me. Only those whose spirits are sick, or those who have never learned to listen take any stock at all in such evil and doubt-filled ideas. You have to look and look again intently at things intangible, for they are not what they may appear.

—I am your Shepherd, your Lord. Do I ever change?

One of the Bible verses I learned years ago flashed through my mind: "Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday and today, and forever" (Hebrews 13:8).

His voice went on.

—I'm just the same up here in this plane as I am when I'm down there with you. Exactly the same. Aren't you? You're the same person sitting here in this jet as the person you are down there. What difference does it make where you are? You are you.



That did it. I was I, and He was He. It was that simple. Wherever we were, whatever we did, He changes not.

The words of a hymn I love came back to me.

The clouds may come and go  
And storms may sweep my sky,  
This blood-seal'd friendship changes not:  
The cross is ever nigh.

My love is oft-times low,  
My joy still ebbs and flows;  
But peace with Him remains the same  
No change Jehovah knows.

I change, He changes not,  
The Christ can never die  
His love, not mine, the resting place,  
His truth, not mine, the tie.

I hear the words of love,  
I gaze upon the blood,  
I see the mighty sacrifice  
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace!  
Sure as Jehovah's Name;  
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,  
For evermore the same.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

*Meditation No. 1*

1. Read Jeremiah 31:3.
2. Reread the poem again at the end of the chapter, as a prayer.
3. Try repeating in a thankful attitude, with as many varying forms as you can, these words: Jesus is here.
4. Go through the italics and pick out all the hidden truths about God, giving thanks for each one. (In order to make them acceptable, communications coming from the Power of Evil are masked with an element of truth.)



Prayer is knowing that Jesus is there and cares.

