

**For HIS Glory  
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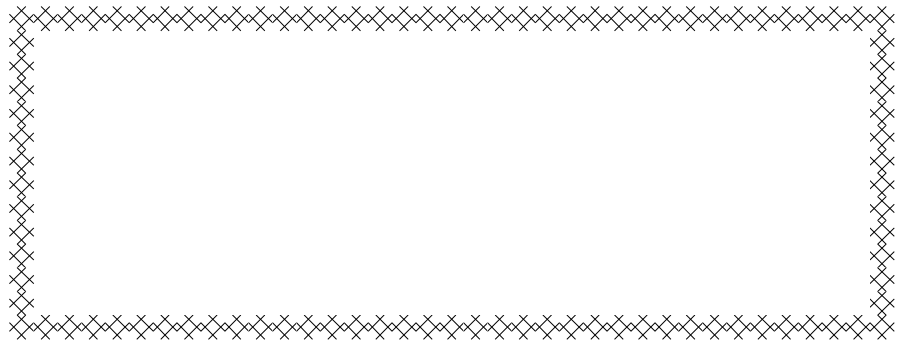
**Our prayer for you:**

<sup>17</sup> that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love,

<sup>18</sup> may be able to comprehend with all the saints what *is* the width and length and depth and height—

<sup>19</sup> to know the love of Christ which passes knowledge; that you may be filled with all the fullness of God.

**(Eph 3:17-19 NKJV)**



Pray for Your Chaplain/Pastor

**August, 2018**

In this issue, and Lord willing, *every* issue, our *only* purpose is to honor Jesus Christ.

## OH YES, “ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM WHO LOVE GOD”!

By C. H. Spurgeon

Yesterday the postman brought me, among many others, a letter from Australia, which I prize more than any that have come to hand for a long while. It has touched my heart, and when you hear it, you will not wonder.

It is written at the desire of a man who is described by the gentleman who writes for him in the following terms—“I have known the writer for near eight years, during which time he has been quite helpless, being paralyzed. He has had one leg cut off; the sight has left his eyes, and he cannot move hand or foot. As he is placed on his bed, so must he lie and endure the annoyance of flies or anything that may molest him. I am sure you will be pleased to know that you are the means of giving comfort to such a one, and he is mostly rejoicing! Few are more apt to teach and exhort those who come to see him, and direct them to suitable portions of God’s Word for their reading.”

Now this poor man, who has been helpless ever since the year 1858, or 16 long years, writes me thus—“Being moved by the Holy Spirit, I send you these few lines to thank you for the benefits I have received by reading your sermons. In the year 1850 I was brought to the knowledge of the truth of God, and found peace through believing in Jesus. In 1858 I met with a serious accident, so that I was not able to earn my bread, but trusting in the Lord, He has led me in the right way. In 1866 it pleased Him to confine me entirely to my bed; I bless His holy name that I can say I am bound by the cords of His love, that He has upheld and comforted me through all my long confinement, and enabled me to rejoice in hope of His glory!

“The reading and listening to of your excellent sermons, which privilege I have enjoyed for some years, having been a source of great comfort and delight to my soul—causing me to soar on high, and enjoy sweet communion, compel me by love, to send you this acknowledgment hoping that, perhaps, you may be cheered a little by it in your arduous labors. And if our Heavenly Father sees fit, this, my testimony to His faithfulness, may be blessed by Him to the comfort and encouragement of some afflicted ones in your flock, as I know that *all* these things work together for good to them who love God.”—CHS—Adapted from Sermon #1188, *A Word for the Persecuted*. Read, download, or print entire sermon, free of charge, at [www.spurgeongems.org](http://www.spurgeongems.org)

# Spurgeon on Rheumatism, God's Will, An Easy Conscience, and Communion with Christ!

I am trying, if I can, to find a joy in rheumatism, but I cannot get up to it yet. I have found a joy when it is over—I can reach *that* length—and I can and do bless God for any good result that may come of it. But when the pain is on me, it is difficult to be joyous about it, and so I conclude that my sanctification is incomplete, and my conformity to the divine will is sadly imperfect. Oh, the splendor of God's will! If a man were as he ought to be, God's will would charm him, and he would not wish for the smallest change in it! Poverty, sickness, bereavement, death—all are to be rejoiced in when our will is merged in the will of God!

What? Would you alter God's infinitely wise appointment? Would you wish to change the purpose of unerring love? Then you are not wholly reconciled to God, for when the head gets quite right, the heart climbs where Paul was when he said, "We glory in tribulations, also, knowing that tribulation works patience, and patience experience."

It needs a Samson to kill the lion of affliction, and you cannot get honey out of it until it is conquered. But we might all be Samsons if we would but lay hold on the strength of God by faith! Dear brothers and sisters, the list of joys which I am even now only *commencing*, contains the joy of an easy conscience, the joy of feeling you have done right before God, the joy of knowing that your objective, though misunderstood and misrepresented, was God's glory! This is a jewel to wear on one's breast—a quiet conscience.

Then there is the joy of communion with Christ; the joy of fellowship with His saints; the joy of drinking deep into Christ's spirit of self-sacrifice. There, too, is the joy of expecting His glorious Advent when He and His saints shall reign upon the earth, and the joy of being with Him forever!—Adapted from sermon #1582, volume 27—*The Fruit of the Spirit*.

## "BEWARE OF THE OLD BLACK BULL"

By Charles H. Spurgeon

I remember a somewhat ludicrous incident which occurred to a church in which there were great quarreling and bickerings. The minister, deacons, and people were all at arm's length, and daggers drawn. It was determined at last, that the matter should come to a settlement, and by mutual consent given up to the judgment of a good Christian farmer, who lived in the area.

He was to hear the case, and write an answer to be read at the next church meeting. Our friend, the farmer, sat down to write his letter—at the same time he had a letter from a steward or tenant asking advice about his farm—and by a mistake, or rather by a blessed providence as God would have it, he put the wrong letters into the envelopes, so that the letter which was intended for the church went to the steward, and that which was intended for the steward went to the church!

At the church meeting, when they were all assembled, this letter was read to the church; it ran thus—"Dear friends, mind you see to the hedges well. Keep them up as best you can, and take special care of the old black bull." Now that was a most extraordinary letter to write to a church! It had been sent by mistake, but the minister, thinking it was a *bona fide* piece of advice, said he could not understand it.

Some brother got up, and said it was plain enough—it was meant that they must be very watchful as to whom they should receive into the church. They must keep their hedges up, and see there were no gaps. "And," he said, "by the 'old black bull,' I have no doubt he means that spirit of Satan that would get in and trouble, and divide us."

So understanding the letter in that sense, they made up their differences, repaired their hedges, and were careful of "the old black bull." Every church must do the same, for before we can do anything for Christ, we must first be right at home! We must have peace within our borders. We must be filled with the finest wheat, or else He will not send forth His Word, and make it to run very swiftly.—(Adapted from Sermon #393, Volume 7—THE CHURCH—CONSERVATIVE AND AGGRESSIVE—by the grace of God, for all 63 volumes of C. H. Spurgeon sermons in Modern English, and 574 Spanish translations, all free of charge, visit: [www.spurgeongems.org](http://www.spurgeongems.org))

## Have You Two Long Arms?

By C. H. Spurgeon

"I have read a story of an old doctor of the church, who, going out one morning, met a beggar and said to him, 'I wish you a good day.' 'Sir,' he said, 'I never had a bad day in any life.' 'But,' said the doctor, 'your clothes are torn to rags, and your wallet seems to be exceedingly empty.' Said he, 'My clothes are as good as God wants them to be, and my wallet is as full as the Lord has been pleased to make it—and what pleases Him, pleases me.' 'But,' said the doctor, 'suppose God should cast you into hell?' 'Indeed, sir,' he said, 'but that could never be! But if it were, I would be contented, for I have two long and strong arms—faith and love—and I would throw these about the neck of my Savior, and I would never let Him go, so that if I went *there*, He would be with me, and it would be a heaven to me!'—CHS—From sermon #392, volume 7—*Trust in God—True Wisdom*—Read, print, download all 63 volumes of CHS sermons, free of charge, at [www.spurgeongems.org](http://www.spurgeongems.org)