

June 1, 2013

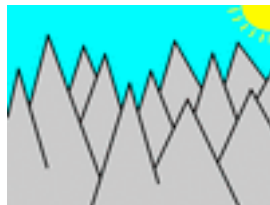


Dear *Friends & Family*,

“THE DAY WILL DECLARE IT”

[5/8] I returned home today after being in the Lancaster, PA area for the past 3 days. I had ministry there at a Jr. High Christian School. My hostess told me the first day I was there that the kids were in a very, very poor state spiritually. While backstage in costume as *Pontius Pilate* waiting to come out of the “Time Machine” for the first day’s chapel, the worship-in-song portion of the service was seriously lacking. As the drama was commencing, I could tell many were not taking things seriously, as intense as this particular drama that I do is—perhaps my most intense. As I was driving to the school that morning from my motel, I had the strongest desire to have someone else preach so that I could get in a closet somewhere, curl up on the floor in a fetal position, & begin to intercede. Unfortunately for this “feeling”, however, the school was counting on me to preach! And, preach I did. Few doctrines from the Word of God move my soul to its core like that of *Judgment Day*. While studying before church the Sunday morning prior to leaving for the school, once again, I was moved in holy fear as I exposed my heart to the writings of a certain theologian on the subject. He was recounting how exacting that Day will be, that it will be an examination of every man, to the minutest details, of everything he thought, said, did, did not do, his true motives for doing so, the secrets of the *heart*, etc., while here on earth. *Everything* would be revealed, exposed, uncovered, etc., before the eyes of Him to Whom we must give an account, an explanation, if you will, of why we did what we did. **“SIR-WE WOULD SEE JESUS! A.S.A.P.!”** O, how I longed to run to Jesus & dive at His feet, kissing them incessantly for what He did to save me from this dreadful Day. I freshly treasured His white robe of righteousness which the Father imputed or transferred to me the billisecond I put my eternal soul into *Christ’s* nail-scarred hands, not realizing at the time it was the Father Who was enabling me to do so [Jn. 6:65,44]. I stood in our kitchen with tears in my eyes, while Kim was eating her breakfast in the dining room. Once again, though I have studied & preached this doctrine since **1997**, I was shaken to the core by it. The

Roman procurator Felix was too. When Paul spoke to him of sin, righteousness, self-control, & the judgment to come, he became afraid **the Scripture says**, & ended the interview. I knew this was what these kids needed to hear. I was also sobered by the Scripture that the Lord brought to my mind as I was praying for the kids the night before in my motel room: “To whom much is given, much is required”. At the end of the message, I told them this: if they died in their sin, after having had such gospel-privileges attending a godly Christian school, compared to the masses of students who did not, their degree of punishment would be so much more severe. Needless to say, it was so very quiet at the end of the message you could virtually hear a pin drop, despite the background music I was playing. Praise God, for His faithfulness & kindness. He moved upon their young hearts, & necessarily so. You see, being in a Christian “environment” like this on a regular basis; and it can be a Bible school, or even a church staff, something terrifying happens, as far as I’m concerned. By being around the “holy things” all of the time, they begin to become “familiar” to our flesh, & it isn’t very long until they are taken lightly, disrespectfully, even irreverently. It has always been a major reason I have been reluctant & afraid to teach at a Bible school [I have been asked at least twice over the years] or for that matter go back on a church staff, as I did previously for 14 years. “Therefore, we make it our goal to please Him, for we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to give an account for the things done in the body” [II Cor.5:9,10].



[5/9] “JUNIOR HIGHERS HIGH PLACES”

Today’s drama & message had to do with “high places” that God’s people have in their lives, that is, people, things, possessions, activities, hobbies, etc. that we give too high a place or priority to, via our affections. Once someone has our affections, they have our direction. “**King Josiah**” & his royal court came out of the Time Machine. I related to the kids that at **16 years of age**, this young king enrolled in “**Most High School**”. It says he began to seek the God of his father David. For four years he did so. After four years of seeking the Lord, one could tell that the king graduated from this Most High School. How? Immediately after this season of pursuing God, the next thing the Scripture records is that he began to

“purge” the area of high places. That is a sure way you can tell if you’re truly encountering God or just going through religious & spiritual exercises: your heart affections, & hence your time, \$, thoughts, energy, words, etc. all begin to be so much more consumed with *Jesus*, His Word, His presence, His Kingdom, & His work. You begin to feel a fresh zeal to rid yourself of idols that consumed these areas of your life. A holy hatred rises up in you for things you were once obsessed with. The Lord moved upon these precious kids during this chapel as well & once again, you could hear a pin drop. I posted on Facebook after the first day’s chapel that “only Jesus can do this with junior-highers”. Praise His Name.



“WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TAKE UP THE TRASH?”

Last month, the father of a little girl & boy who are special to me suddenly died. He was 31. I had never met him. I had pondered going to the funeral for the children’s sake, & my wife & daughter both encouraged me to do so. I’m so very, very glad they did. When I arrived, the boy & girl came over to me. I put the boy [he is younger] on my knee, & held the little girl, & loved on them. Then, the girl took my hand to take me to the coffin. Her mother was hovering over the body, stroking his head, caressing him. She was a broken mess, & understandably so. When her little girl told her I was there, she turned around & just sobbed. I held her & began to pray. I felt nothing. Later, however, her mother told me how much she felt the Lord touch her when I did so. Amazing, isn’t it? That it doesn’t depend on us? Perhaps the most striking thing of the entire experience for me was the nature of the patrons who came to pay their respects. I was taken to school as I observed them. At first glance, it was easy to see they were at the lower spectrum of the socioeconomic strata of society. I saw tattoos everywhere on men & women. There were shaved heads, earrings, yellow teeth, missing teeth, etc. Most did not give the appearance or impression that they were very well educated. Three bikers came riding in. Given my upbringing & the weakness of my flesh, it was virtually impossible not to have the thought go through my mind that these people would be considered “White Trash” by most.

And yet, as I watched, it became one of the most precious things I have ever seen. One older gentleman, whose teeth were quite yellow, & who had long slicked-back hair, put on his best blue suit in respect of the occasion. When he was introduced to me, he was so warm & respectful. A man who had a shaved head, earrings, & from what I observed was the most tattooed of the bunch, was also the most broken. He wept like a heart-broken child. Another young man, who I would guess was 15 or so, also had a shaved head. In public, these men would be frightening to most of us, & yet, this young man was also wearing a blue suit, & gave such a sweet smile. It was as if he was a little boy trying to fit in with the bunch. In the midst of all of this, I purposed in myself, while my flesh was “reacting” to them, to remember that *every one of them* was made in the image of **God**. I even found myself pondering before the Lord, “Lord, I’d love to pastor these people.” These were who He came for. That day, I saw a whole strata of society that I rarely see in my world, & I felt God’s love for them. O, how tragic it would have been to miss Jesus’ heart if I gave in to my typical assessment of them!

Thank you for reading this. I pray your soul was stirred & challenged.

Some current needs: in 13+ years of writing these newsletters, I can count on one hand how many times I have shared our personal needs with you. We do have a # of substantial ones that came all at once. In matter of days, we needed major repairs on two of our vehicles, one being my truck, which is our main ministry vehicle. My lawnmower went “kaput”, followed by my laptop [it was given used to me by my brother in law; I typically used it on extended-travel trips].

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*[Michael is an ordained **Elim Fellowship** “itinerant” home missionary & is also licensed to preach the gospel by the local church he attends, **Immanuel Church. Caboose!** is also an affiliate ministry of the **Hopewell Network of Churches**. For 14 years he served on various local church staffs full-time. Since 2000, he & Kim have lived by faith, having no salary, retirement to speak of, or health insurance-yet this is their calling at this season of their lives. Michael preaches God’s Word & systematic theology, using both visual aids & drama, to all age groups either separ-ately or combined, as the Lord opens doors. To help support this work,

please make all tax-deductible gifts payable to: [Elim Fellowship](#), 1703 Dalton Rd, Lima, NY 14485].



Ministry/events for **JUNE** & those not listed in last month's newsletter:

May 17: Hockessin, DE: IC home fellowship group

May 19: Freedom Path Fellowship, Akron, PA: Sun. a.m. service

May 24, 31: Concordville, PA: hsc teen camp directors mtg.

**May 26, June 2: IC, Wilmington, DE: "Father's House" children's church:
worship leader**

May 30: Morgantown, PA: hsc board mtg.

**June 4: Towerville Christian Church, Downingtown, PA: "Keenagers" seniors
ministry**

***June 12: Christiana Hospital, Wilmington, DE: having biopsies performed on
two "suspicious" areas of skin on my arm.**

June 14: IC, Wilmington, DE: Celebrate Recovery Group: preaching

June 22-29: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: hsc senior camp: pastoral director