

November 1, 2014 [All Saints Day]

Dear *Friends & Family*,

FATHERS HEIRS AMONG THE FOUL AIR?

(9/24) A few weeks ago, in early September, I was asked by a sister/friend in the Lord if I could drum for her worship team that was going to minister at an inner city mission in downtown Wilmington. I was very busy at the time, but given she was in dire need of a drummer, she's a dear friend, & as always, because I always want to be abounding in the work of the Lord, I consented. I asked her who was bringing the Word. She said the pastor of the mission wouldn't be there that night-hence, she was. I asked if it would help if I preached. She was both relieved & delighted. I arrived that Saturday evening before the rest of the team as setting up both my drums & object lessons would take considerably more time. At times such as this I wish I played *harmonica* rather than drums! L En route, I saw a man walking in the middle of the street, keeled over, pulling a suitcase. He almost got hit by a car. I would later observe that at the end of the service this same man was one of the few of many who came forward to the altar! Imagine if he was struck by the car before doing so! When I entered the building the lobby was packed with men, women, & children lined up in movie theater fashion, so to speak, waiting for a much-needed meal & a bed for the night. When I opened the door I was struck & startled by the warm, humid, stench of the foul air coming from these people. Ive always been super-sensitive to odors, so I was taken aback by it. Immediately, trying to overcome my natural repulsion by it, I proceeded to breathe through my mouth to avoid sensing the stench. While setting up, there was a very irate man making a commotion of protests & threats to one of the leaders of the mission. The leader replied, I will destroy you. Wow-I was a bit surprised by this Christian leaders response. My friend who led the worship team later told me he could, knowing the background the Lord saved him from. Having prayed together in the lobby, we proceeded to minister to the Lord in worship in song. I hadnt drummed in several months, but did my best. One man just kept staring at me what seemed to be for the entire time-in a very cocky, arrogant way, as if he had my #. Another kept looking at me in what appeared to me to be a seductive way. Of course, both were a bit unnerving. What to do at times like that? Dont return any kind of reactionary glance & keep going. In between songs, one of the older men asked for a drum solo! While at the drums & watching both the audience & the worship leader for her cues, I was entreating the Lord in my heart, Father, how do I begin? What do I say? When I stepped up to preach, once again, the unction of the Lord was there. I was afraid, but from deep within the power of the Spirit of God, The One Who testifies re: Jesus, rose up & started to

proclaim the dire condition of sinful man from Eph. 2:1-3. I didn't pull any punches. Paul didn't either when he wrote this pungent portion of the Word.

Later, one of the teams young adult children would take my hand in the lobby & thank me for preaching the truth re: sin. She said many preachers don't. After conveying re: the heinousness & seriousness of sin, I then followed it, via Eph. 2:4-9, what God did for us, *despite* our horrific condition. Men started to shout out; they experienced the joy & freedom of sovereign grace. Yes-others just sat there; some slept; others just stared; still others were out of it via substance abuse, no doubt. I am not responsible for conversions-only to give the truth, from the purest heart I can. I brought up Judgment Day, & the sobering fact that in the light of it, because of what they heard that night, they were now more responsible before the Lord on That Great Day than they were before I preached. I was watching the clock, not knowing how much time I had. I confessed to them I was afraid, but that the more I proclaimed Christ & Him crucified, I didn't care what some of them might do to me-I had done my part. My heart swelled both with compassion for these men, & also a fire to keep proclaiming Jesus as long as I could. A divine pathos arose in me that would not subside. I felt I could have preached for another 2 hours. However, I caught the worship leaders husband in my peripheral vision step-ping up behind me & I assumed it was time for me to stop. I felt broken for them-weepy. This feeling did not subside even after I got home & related the evenings events to Kim. At the altar call, some men came forward. Others thanked & encouraged me for what I shared. One of the missions leaders came up to me & said something to me I've never been told before: You are a **compeller**. Wow. A compeller. He said, You compel men in your preaching. It made me think of the Lords parable where the Lord of the banquet, out of His deep compassion for men, told His servants, go out & *compel* them to come in! I liked being called that. I want to continue to be a compeller, with all ages. Only our Father knows whom He apprehended that night for Himself & His Kingdom. But, I cannot believe He didn't bring in at least some, given how powerfully I felt Him come upon this fearful-in-himself-little boy-in-side-of-a-mans-body preacher that He used. Out of that foul air [both naturally & spiritually], I want to believe there came forth some new Fathers heirs. The Day will reveal it.

CANDIED CAIN?

(10/23) This past Friday evening I had the privilege of ministering again to the children at the Hopewell Network of Churches annual Jubilee! conference. I had Cain [see attached pic] come out of the Time Machine right after he killed his

brother Abel. The elder brother is carrying a sheaf of wheat & a bloody sickle, in a somewhat clandestinely sinister kind of way, wondering if he will be found out. Of course, we all know he was discovered by the omniscient, omnipresent Lord. While Cain is chopping the sheaf, the Lord calls to him [through the sound system!]. The Lords voice is previously recorded on the soundtrack, but Cain's lines are live. A young adult helper who came from my home church to assist me for the evening was sitting in the very back. He told me the other day that one of the youngest & smallest boys in the service was just fixated on Cain, with eyes full of wonder. [O! Working w/children-a precious delight I cannot convey in words!]. When this boy heard The Lords voice speaking to Cain, he looked up at my friend & asked him, Is that really *Gods* voice? My friend, not expecting the question, was somewhat taken aback, but in the spur of the moment, he said, Yes. When my friend related the incident to me, he said, Well-it *was* The Lords voice! He was right in a way-The Lords voice via the spoken Word.

THE SIGN OF THE TIMES

In almost 15 years of writing these articles, I have never done what I'm doing in this one. In the email format of this edition, I've attached an mp3 file. If you can, listen to a little bit of it before reading this article. Years ago, after preaching at a student body chapel at my alma mater, *Elim Bible Institute*, one of the professors there asked me after I arrived home something to the effect of, What is it that makes drives you, that makes you so intense & sincere? Where do you get it? From what sources?, et al. The following truths & pondering upon them are where much of it comes from-ponderings that sober me, that burden me, that drive me to prayer, that incite me to want to yield each day as much as I can to the Lord in the time I have left, musings that make me hate the ways, party spirit, revelry, & din of the world. Firstly, see the attached pic of the gravestone. This person died on the very day I was born. As long as I have been alive, they have been somewhere. The psalmist in Ps.39 accurately depicts what goes on in my soul on a daily basis: *I was mute & silent & my sorrow grew worse. My heart was hot within me. While I was musing the fire burned. Then I spoke with my tongue: Lord, make me to know my end & what is the extent of my days; let me know how transient I am. Behold, You have made my days as handbreaths, & my lifetime as nothing in Your sight. Surely-every man at his best is a mere breath.* (vv.2-5). Secondly, there is a roar a constant, deafening roar beyond our wildest imaginations. Its the tumult of **flames** eternal **flame** the **flames** of God. **Flames** originally created with the potency & fury to ensure that the most powerful, **evil, spirit-being** in the

universe & his countless hoard of maleficent minions would not only be uncomfortable in them, but *tormented: day & night*. Besides the eardrum-shattering shrieks & howls of this demonic hoard, the only other discernible sound in this divine din of holy retribution upon the eternally unrepentant is the screams of billions of human beings weeping & gnashing their teeth. This is *The Lake of Fire*-yet to come, but waiting, with a gaping, wide mouth. Now, beneath our feet, is Hades. It too, Jesus said, has flames & their resultant torment. Only humans are there now, being punished, non-stop, begging for water, while they await the Day of Judgment, after which, they, along with Death & Hades, shall be thrown into the Lake of Fire. In the meantime, we who are alive up on top of the surface of the earth are busy. They are burning. While we sleep-they are screaming. Yes, I know horrific. Horrific, yet true-related to us from the lips of creator of The Lake of Fire & Hades Himself, the Son of God. In the light of such a stark reality, one would think that The Church of the Living God, the sole repository on earth of redemptive truth, a.k.a., the gospel, would make reaching people headed to such an eternal nightmare its top priority. Think again. While driving up near camp recently, I saw the sign attached above of a driving range. I was so struck by the little sign underneath it, that I pulled over & took a picture of it. Come On In And Have Fun. O God. O God. How many churches across America have that as their sign affixed on their building? Oh, I know-perhaps not in metal, wood, or plastic, but in theory, in their philosophy of ministry, in their pragmatic approach to doing church? O God. In our quest to get people to come, O, how we've lowered our standard of giving the whole counsel of God to direly needy sinners. Rather, we cater to their felt needs, we entertain & pander to them more than call them to repent & live for the glory of God, & to flee from *the wrath* to come. I've been reading through Acts. O, how different the preaching of the Early Church & The Apostles from what passes for preaching today! We must be out of our minds! May The Lord have mercy on us, & drive us to our knees, trusting in the drawing power of the Father by His Spirits quickening of the preaching of the cross. And, may He start with me. Amen.

Caboose! on the Loose:



Ministry/events for NOVEMBER & those not listed in last months newsletter:

Oct. 15: IC, Wilmington, DE: Tabernacle of David: worship leader

Oct. 22: Elsemere, DE: Immanuel Churchs Young Adults group: teacher

Oct. 26, 27: Immanuel Baptist Church, Springfield, VA: Inerrancy Conference: attendee

Oct. 28: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: association members annual business mtg. & dinner

Oct. 30: IC, Wilmington, DE: *Kids Kandy Karnival*: game booth attendant

Nov. 3: Eden Resort Inn, Lancaster, PA: Elim Fellowship annual regional credential holders mtg.

Nov. 4: Petra Christian Fellowship, New Holland, PA: hsc board mtg.//Network pastors mtg.

Nov. 12: N. Wilmington, DE: IC Young Adults group: teacher

Nov. 14, 15: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: IC Warehouse youth group retreat: lead worship/preach

Nov. 19: EMF pastors mtg.

Nov. 25-27: N. Va: Thanksgiving with both sides of family; 80th bd celebration for Kims mother

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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, etc.,-yet this is their calling at this season of their lives. Michael preaches Gods Word & systematic theology, using both visual aids & drama, to all age groups either separately 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], denoting it

for the home-mission work of Michael Robert Guertin. If your church would be interested in ministry or helping to support our missions work in the U.S. to both old & young please feel free to contact us. Thank you so very much.