

When Jesus Looks Upon My Life

When Jesus looks upon my life,
What picture does He see.
Does He see His own reflection,
Or does He just see me.

Does He see His likeness,
The product of His hand.
Or just another Christian,
Who never took a stand.

Does He see a child of God,
A child that He set free.
Living life to honor Him,
Or does He just see me.

What about the other folks,
I meet along the way.
Do I show them Jesus,
To brighten up their day.

When someone looks into my eyes,
Can they truly see.
That calm and gentle peace of God,
That dwells inside of me.

When I reach out and shake a hand,
Is He right there in my grip.
Can they feel that strength from God,
That steadies when I slip.

When folks are in my presence,
Do they know His Spirit's there.
Can they see that He's the one,
Who guides me everywhere.

When other people think of me,
What is on their mind.
Do they think of Jesus Christ,
So gentle and so kind.

I try to be like Jesus,
Every single day.
Spreading love and kindness,
All along my way.

I'm afraid that I have failed,
I could not pass the test.
Deep inside my heart I know,
I haven't done my best.

I have had to fight my flesh,
Since the day that I was born.
It's always causing trouble,
And being such a thorn.

That's why His Spirit dwells in me,
He's helping me to learn.
In every situation,
Where I need to turn.

He knew I'd never pass the test,
That's why He took my place.
He gave His life to save my soul,
He suffered my disgrace.

Now I try to be like Him,
I must present Him well.
So other folks will want His gift,
And turn their backs on hell.

Other folks should see the joy,
That Christ has given me.
They should want to have it too,
Especially since it's free.

They should begin to ask me,
What is it they must do.
Just how it is they go about,
Getting Jesus too.

Then I get to tell them,
This wondrous gift is free.
It only takes a humble heart,
A prayer on bended knee.

Someday when I'm face to face,
With the Lord who set me free.
Will He see His own reflection,
Or will He just see me.

Thank You Lord

A Miracle Story

"Whatever good you do for the least of my brothers, you do it for me!" Matt.25:40

Do you believe that God not only loves you, but knows where you are and what you're doing every minute of the day? I certainly do after an amazing experience I had several years ago.

At the time I was driving on I-75 near Dayton, Ohio, with my wife and children. We turned off the highway to a rest and refreshment stop. My wife Barbara and children went into the restaurant. I suddenly felt the need to stretch my legs, so waved them off ahead saying I'd join them later. I bought a soft drink, and as I walked toward the Dairy Queen, I heard an impatient ringing of a telephone coming from a phone booth at a service station on the corner. Wasn't anyone going to answer the phone?

Noise from the traffic flowing through the busy intersection must have drowned out the sound because the service station attendant continued looking after his customers, oblivious to the incessant ringing. "Why doesn't somebody answer that phone?" I muttered. I began reasoning. It may be important. What if it's an emergency? Curiosity overcame my indifference.

I stepped inside the booth and picked up the phone. "Hello," I said casually and took a big sip of my drink. The operator said, "this is long distance call for Ken Gaub." Shock went through my body, and I almost choked on a chunk of ice. Swallowing hard, I said, "WHAT?!" "Is Ken Gaub there?" the operator said, "I have a long distance call for Ken Gaub."

It took a moment to gain my equilibrium, but I finally replied, "Yes, he is ..." while looking around for the Candid Camera! The operator asked, "this is a call for Mr. Ken Gaub, can he come to the phone?" "Yes, I am Ken Gaub," I said, finally convinced by the tone of her voice that the call was real.

Then I heard another voice say, "YES! That's him, operator. That's Ken Gaub!" I listened dumbfounded to a strange voice identify herself. "I'm Millie from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. You don't know me, Mr. Gaub, but I'm desperate. Please help me." "What can I do for you?"

She began weeping. Finally she regained control and continued. "I was about to commit suicide, had just finished writing a note, when I began to pray and tell God I really didn't want to do this. Then I suddenly remembered seeing you

on television and thought if I could just talk to you, you could help me. "I knew that was impossible because I didn't know how to reach you, I didn't know anyone who could help me find you. Then some numbers came to my mind, and I scribbled them down."

At this point she began weeping again. I prayed silently for wisdom to help her. She continued, "I looked at the numbers and thought, wouldn't it be fantastic if I had a miracle from God and He has given me Ken's phone number? I decided to try calling it. I can't believe I'm talking to you. Are you in your office in California?"

I replied, "My office isn't in California but in Yakima, Washington." A little surprised, she asked, "I don't even know what area I'm calling. I just dialed the number that I had on this paper." I told her that I was in a phone booth in Dayton, Ohio, and that I had answered this phone that was ringing as I walked by, since no one else seemed to hear it ringing ...

Knowing this encounter could only have been arranged by God, I began to talk with Millie from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. As she told me of her despair, the presence of the Holy Spirit flooded the phone booth giving me words of wisdom beyond my ability. And in a matter of moments, Millie prayed the sinner's prayer and met the only One who could lead her out of her situation into a brand new life.

We said goodbye, and I walked away from that telephone booth with an electrifying sense of our Heavenly Father's deep love and concern for each of His children!

I thought of the astronomical odds of this happening, with all the millions of phones and innumerable combinations of numbers, and knew that only an Omniscient - All-Knowing - God could have caused Milly to call that number in that phone booth at that moment in time.

Forgetting my drink and nearly bursting with exhilaration, I headed back to my family to tell them what had just occurred! "You won't believe what just happened!" I said, and told them.

Barb and the children listened, and we all rejoiced at this miracle of God, our God Who always knows exactly where we are in every moment of time, and Who loves us with an everlasting Love, and longs to help us when we are in need!" We learned anew that day that if we place ourselves in His hands that, in His love, He will never leave us or forsake us or forget us!
(Ken Gaub)