

The Gift



Dirt Under the Fingernails
Part One

Never before, in the history of all mankind and its myriad deities, has there been a God who has so invested Himself in the lives of His people.

As do most households, ours has a refrigerator and pantry where foodstuffs are stored. Unlike many who live in cities, however, we have a third storage place called the garden. Some crops are planted and harvested early on, but others can lie safely in the ground even after first frost, waiting to be dug and used on that night's dinner table.

Common in this category are carrots and potatoes, two vegetables that are content to remain buried underground until needed in the kitchen. In the summer and fall it is not uncommon for Linda and me to head up the hill in the late afternoon to the fertile soil of the high gardens, where most of the root crops are planted. There we dig just enough spuds or carrots for that night's meal. We begin at the end of a row, and while I carefully turn over the soil with the potato fork (trying to avoid spearing what is destined for my plate), Linda squats on the other side of the row to dig out with her hands the exposed vegetables and place them in her basket.

Watching my good wife, clad in her customary boots and overalls, dig around in her garden soil with such enthusiasm, I am always reminded of a moment decades past when I described her, sight unseen, to a tee...

It was many years ago—Gregg and I were probably in junior high, which would put the year somewhere in the vicinity of 1965. We were sitting together, on the front stoop of his house, looking out over the football field that was located just across the street. My friend and I had grown up together and had spent many happy hours doing just what we were doing then: sitting together, dreaming, and comparing notes on how we imagined our future to be.

The topic on this day was future girlfriends—future because neither of us had the privilege of one at the moment, and more than a little ironic, since my friend in later years would reveal himself to be gay (but then, that's a story for another day). This day we were comparing notes on precisely what characteristics would define the perfect girlfriend. To be honest I cannot for the life of me remember how Gregg described *his* perfect girl; as it turned out, I guess it really didn't matter anyway. I do recall, however, the description I put forth.

My description of the perfect girlfriend included someone who was at once exquisitely feminine and a tomboy. (I wasn't about to settle for anything less than the very best.) My girl would be pretty, yet not be afraid to get her hands dirty; she would be a knockout at the junior/senior prom, yet wouldn't mind helping me catch crawdads down at the creek; she would be bright, intelligent, and loaded with class—yet would be willing to crawl under the car to help me change the oil.

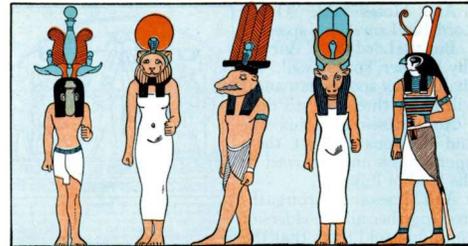
Gregg thought I had a screw loose, that I could never hope to find someone fitting that description, but I was perfectly confident with the image I had painted in my head. And, as it turned out, that image conjured up

so long ago turned out to be dead on. My good wife of thirty-two years is all of that, and more.

Pretenders

Over the vast millennia of the history of man there have been countless thousands of gods put forth—manufactured by endless streams of self-serving individuals and convocations, along with untold numbers of well-meaning but wrong-headed truth seekers.

Gods have been created to shoulder the blame for bad crops, years of drought, floods, and unexplained calamity. Likewise, gods have been created to *prevent* bad crops, periods of drought, floods, and unexpected calamity. There have been gods of the soil, the rivers and streams, the mountains, the valleys, the healing arts; gods



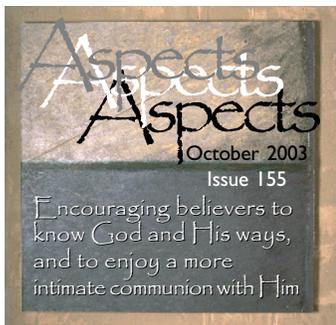
of human and national fertility, childbirth and women of all stations; gods of war and gods of peace; gods of the afterlife, the previous life, and any lives that may have followed or preceded those.

The Romans had Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Castor; the Greeks worshipped Zeus, Athena, Artemis, Poseidon and Eleusis Demeter. The very ancient Egyptians had Isis, Osiris, Ra (the great sun god), Sobek (the crocodile god of the Nile), and Hathor (cow-eared goddess for women). The Sumerians worshipped Innini, Ninkarsag, and Tammuz; the Babylonians worshipped Ishtar (their version of the Sumerian Innini), Anu and, of course, Bel or Ba-al.

All these myriad deities fell in and out of favor, changed names and were swapped with neighboring gods, supported vast infrastructures of priests, real estate and treasuries, and were utterly, completely useless—except as a way for the state and religious powers to keep the people under their control.

Common with these gods was their requirement of *sacrifice*. To some were brought baskets of fruit and produce, to some an offering of wine or prepared food. To some a sacrifice of sexual relations was made, and others required nothing less than a sacrifice of human life. The god Molech even required the sacrifice of children burned alive in fire, and for awhile even the Hebrews practiced such offerings:

“They have turned their back to Me and not their face; though I taught them, teaching again and again, they would not listen and receive instruction. But they put their detestable things in the house which is called by My name, to defile it. They built the high places of Baal that are in the valley of Ben-hinnom to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire to Molech, which I had not commanded them nor had it entered My mind that they should do this abomination, to cause Judah to sin.” Jeremiah 32:33-35



These were all silent gods that required sacrifice but gave nothing in return. Their existence was contrived, their benefits imagined. They were deities of stone, wood and plaster, their earth-bound incarnations not human, but the beasts of the field. They were worse than imperfect, they were abominations, and their sacrifices despicable.

All the Right Parts

Given the opportunity, how would you describe the perfect God? You might, for example, begin with *purity* or *holiness*; certainly you would want a God who is *holy*. Yet, in His holiness, you would want a God to nonetheless be *attentive to your personal life*. Since a real God would have absolute dominion over your life, you would want Him to be *fair* and *just*. You naturally would want a *strong, omnipotent* God who would *not forget the fragility of His people*. He must be *wise*, yet *patient* with our lack of wisdom.

Too good to be true, you say? Too much to ask? Can we expect a God of absolute purity to bend to our level? Would the One who commanded the stars to take their place in the heavens concern Himself with the untidy minutia of our lives? Would a righteous God soil His hands on the depths to which we are capable? Here is the evidence:

God is Holy

*Exalt the Lord our God
And worship at His holy hill,
For holy is the Lord our God.
Psalm 99:9*

God is Attentive

“Are not five sparrows sold for two cents? Yet not one of them is forgotten before God. Indeed, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear; you are more valuable than many sparrows.” Luke 12:6-7

The believer can always look to the person of Christ to personalize God. Jesus Christ came so that we might experience God in the flesh, and know Him in a tangible way without risking death. But Jehovah God was active in the affairs of men and women long before He showed Himself in the person of Christ. Millennia before Bethlehem’s Child, God was stooping to partake in the lives of those who called upon His name.

From Dust

From the very beginning moment of man’s creation, God was taking an active role in the relationship. It is sufficiently remarkable that there was any personal relationship at all; history is replete with stories of lesser gods keeping their subjects at arm’s length. But Jehovah God—the only god who is truly God—deigned to meet with those He created.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. Genesis 2:7 kjv

God is Fair and just

*“Now therefore, our God, the great, the mighty, and the awesome God, who keeps covenant and lovingkindness, Do not let all the hardship seem insignificant before You, Which has come upon us, our kings, our princes, our priests, our prophets, our fathers and on all Your people, From the days of the kings of Assyria to this day. However, You are just in all that has come upon us; For You have dealt faithfully, but we have acted wickedly.”
Nehemiah 9:32-33*

God is Omnipotent

*And looking at them Jesus said to them, “With people this is impossible, but with God all things are possible.”
Matthew 19:26*

God knows the fragility of people

*Just as a father has compassion on his children,
So the Lord has compassion on those who fear Him.
For He Himself knows our frame;
He is mindful that we are but dust. Psalm 103:13-14*

God is Wise

*For the Lord gives wisdom;
From His mouth come knowledge and understanding.
Proverbs 2:6*

God is Patient

The Lord is not slow about His promise, as some count slowness, but is patient toward you, not wishing for any to perish but for all to come to repentance. 2 Peter 3:9

“IT IS NOT ENOUGH THAT WE ACKNOWLEDGE GOD’S INFINITE RESOURCES; WE MUST BELIEVE ALSO THAT HE IS INFINITELY GENEROUS TO BESTOW THEM.” (A.W. TOZER)

It’s not hard to imagine how lesser gods might have created the first human being:

AND OSIRIS, GOD OF THE UNDERWORLD, TOSSED A HANDFUL OF PIXIE DUST INTO THE AIR, AND FROM THE DUST A MAN COALESCED.
OR
THE MIGHTY ZEUS THREW DOWN HIS THUNDERBOLT. AS IT PIERCED THE SOIL A LIVING MAN EMERGED FROM THE DUST.
YEA, VERILY.

God the Father, the one true God who created all that is, when it came time for Him to create man, *this* God dug his hands down into the mud and fashioned the man for Himself. Like a potter at his wheel, God, quite literally, squeezed and molded the man into the shape of His choosing. Then, to give life to His new creation, God the Father blew His own breath into him.

Here is an exquisite picture of what kind of beings men and women are. We are not fashioned from magical pixie sparkles, but grounded in the soil of the earth. As the Psalmist has said, we are dust. We are flesh—not gods, but people whose feet are planted

firmly on this temporal plane. Yet, at the same time, we have within our bodies the capacity for the Spirit of holy God: that heavenly breath and companion. In this package of weak, soil-bound flesh, we can receive and comfortably house God's Holy Spirit.

In this close relationship with the first man, God saw that His friend was unhappy. He had populated the garden with every imaginable animal, but these were not enough.

Then the Lord God said, "It is not good for the man to be alone; I will make him a helper suitable for him." Out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every bird of the sky, and brought them to the man to see what he would call them; and whatever the man called a living creature, that was its name. The man gave names to all the cattle, and to the birds of the sky, and to every beast of the field, but for Adam there was not found a helper suitable for him. Genesis 2:18-20

The beasts of the field proved to be unsuitable companions for Adam, so God made him one who was. And here again we see God reaching down to involve Himself in mankind's situation. Here was a God who could have simply willed someone into existence, but instead He got His hands dirty.

So the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; then He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh at that place. The Lord God fashioned into a woman the rib which He had taken from the man, and brought her to the man. Genesis 2:21-22

And out of the Lord God's condescension came an eloquent illustration for the union between husband and wife.

For this reason a man shall leave his father and his mother, and be joined to his wife; and they shall become one flesh. Genesis 2:24

It was the hottest part of a hot day. Abraham, about 100 years old, sat resting in the door of his tent. Inside, his wife Sarah whiled away the time expending as little energy as possible. Their camp was pitched under the great trees of Mamre, just south of Salem, the site of many important events in Abraham's life.

For twenty-five years the Lord had spoken to Abraham—or Abram, as he was originally named by his father, Terah. For twenty-five years he had listened to, obeyed, walked with, called upon and worshipped *Yahweh*—Jehovah God. On several occasions Jehovah had promised Abraham that He would make him the father of a great nation; in visions and dreams and audible messages, God had counseled Abraham in His ways.

And Abraham had believed.

By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed by going out to a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing where he was going. By faith he lived as an alien in the land of promise, as in a foreign land, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, fellow heirs of the same promise; for he was looking for the city which has foundations, whose architect and builder is God.

Hebrews 11:8-10

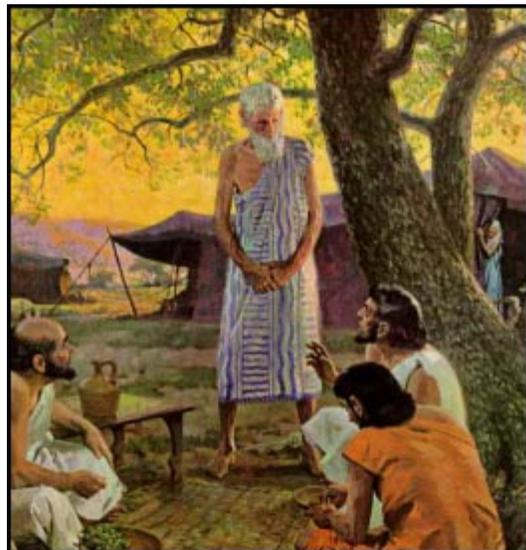
But now, a quarter-century since he had first obeyed God's call to leave Haran and journey into Canaan, Abraham was wondering when—even *how*—God's promises would come to pass. In human terms he was now far too old to become a father, and Sarah, while younger, was still well past child-bearing age. Yes, he believed, *but when, Lord—when?*

From the entrance to his tent Abraham commanded a broad view of the surrounding valley and hills; from this vantage point he could see someone approaching from quite a long way. But when he next looked up there were, quite unexpectedly, three men standing

before him. Whether by supposition or supernatural information, Abraham knew at once that this was a visitation by Jehovah God. Yet, in the way of the Bedouin, even the Lord God must be shown hospitality with food and rest.

"Please let a little water be brought and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree; and I will bring a piece of bread, that you may refresh yourselves; after that you may go on, since you have visited your servant." Genesis 18:4-5a

The three strangers accepted his offer, and patiently waited while Abraham instructed Sarah and a servant in what was to be prepared. When he brought them their food he—again in the Bedouin manner—did not join them, but stood a bit off to the side while they refreshed themselves. It is never necessary for God to



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pose any question to someone; He knows every answer. But because He was present in human form, He inquired of Abraham,

“Where is Sarah your wife?” Genesis 18:9a

The Attentive Father

In popular culture the voice of God is always a thunderous, intimidating bellow that causes mere mortals to quake in fear and huddle against the immensity of His heavenly presence. And while it's true that God is all powerful and does, at times, necessarily strike fear in the heart of mortal man, we must remember that He is also a God of love, who chooses to walk among His people, breathe their same air, and converse with them like an old friend.

Here is the Creator of the universe, leaning against a tree and munching down veal and bread, quietly inquiring after His host's wife. No booming voice, no lightning bolts firing off around Him; here is God, come down to personally answer the faithfulness of His children.

The Christian speaks of having a “personal” relationship with God and His Son, Jesus Christ. And here it is being played out on the pages of God's history. Here is God reaching down to make Himself a part of His people's lives, condescending to sit in the dust, eat our food and drink our milk. Here is the true personality of God on display.

During the days that Jesus walked the earth, the Jews considered the Samaritans foreigners—and worse. Because the Samaritans blended pagan elements into their worship of Jehovah, the Jews had nothing to do with them. In fact, if a Jew traveled from Galilee, in the north, to Judea, in the south, he would not pass through Samaria, but would instead skirt the region—even crossing over the Jordan to the eastern shore.

After Jesus had been teaching in the Jerusalem area, with His disciples baptizing believers, the Pharisees (the ruling religious class) began to take more of an interest in Him. Not wanting to feed their suspicion, Jesus chose to leave the area and return to Galilee. The shortest route would take Him and His disciples through Samaria—which was the path He chose.

At Jacob's Well, near the town of Sychar, Jesus paused to rest and refresh Himself while His disciples went into the town to purchase food.

No Condemnation

Most women would draw their water from the local well during the cooler hours of the early morning or evening—which is why *this* woman came in the middle of the day. She was as much an outcast to her own people as the Samaritans were to the Jews, and she had never been welcomed to fetch her water with the other women of the village. Approaching the well, she was surprised to find a man sitting there, for collecting the water was women's work. She was even more surprised to see that the man was a Jew; most never passed through the region.

Then they said to him, “Where is Sarah your wife?” And he said, “There, in the tent.” He said, “I will surely return to you at this time next year; and behold, Sarah your wife will have a son.” And Sarah was listening at the tent door, which was behind him. Now Abraham and Sarah were old, advanced in age; Sarah was past childbearing. Sarah laughed to herself, saying, “After I have become old, shall I have pleasure, my lord being old also?” And the Lord said to Abraham, “Why did Sarah laugh, saying, ‘Shall I indeed bear a child, when I am so old?’ “Is anything too difficult for the Lord? At the appointed time I will return to you, at this time next year, and Sarah will have a son.” Sarah denied it however, saying, “I did not laugh”; for she was afraid. And He said, “No, but you did laugh.” Genesis 18:9-15

Our God is an attentive Father, whether sitting upon His heavenly throne or reclining against a tree at Mamre. He attended to the needs of Abraham and Sarah and, as a good and loving Father, He not only consoled and reassured, but rebuked their misbehavior. When Sarah's trust faltered, God was quick to set her straight.

The woman considered returning home without getting her water. Her reputation was bad enough without people seeing her talk to a strange Jewish man in broad daylight. But he appeared tired, and had no way to retrieve the water for himself. So when he asked her to draw some for him, she relented, but then said, “Why would you ask *me*, a Samaritan?”

His words were strange and, as she was beginning to notice, he was a man very different from those to which she was accustomed. Normally she would have been more defensive around a stranger. Experience had taught her to be wary around men, for in her they imagined opportunities for themselves. There were times, however, when her response to a strange man was quite the opposite from that.

But this man produced neither response in her. In his demeanor she quickly saw that he was no one to fear—nor pursue. When he spoke to her it was with a voice of quiet peace, interest with honorable intentions.

“If you knew what God could give you,” he said to her, his voice weary yet still strong, “and if you knew who it was asking for the drink, then you would have been the one asking—and in return you would have been given *living* water.”

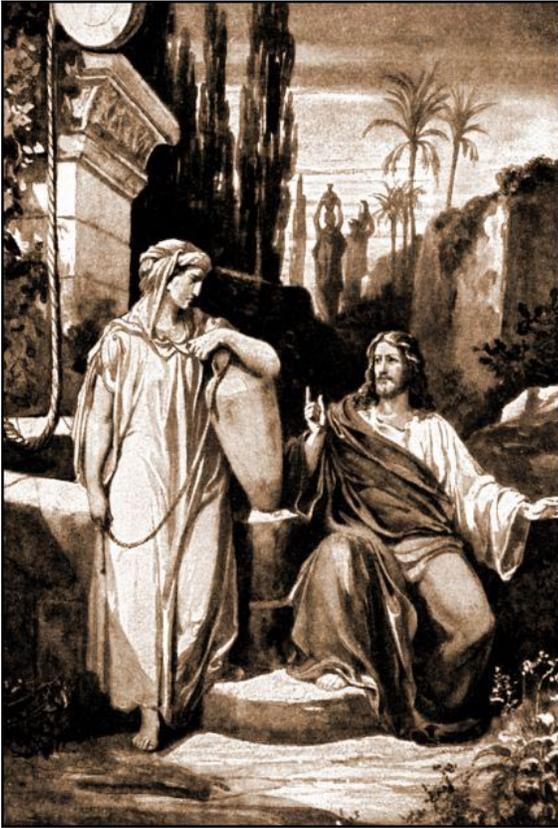
No one had ever spoken such words to her! Who *was* this man? She handed him the skin filled with cool water from the well. As he upended the black bag she said, “You needed me to draw the water you're drinking. How would you be able to get ‘living’ water? This is Jacob's well. Surely you don't think you're greater than our father Jacob.”

The man handed back the water skin. “If you drink the water

from this well, you'll thirst again. But if you drink the water I offer, you will not only never want for more, but the water I give will become a well-spring leading to eternal life."

She laughed. "Then *give* me this water—and I'll never have to fetch from this well again!"

His expression changed. He glanced past her, over her shoulder, down the road that led back to the village. "I've jeopardized your reputation. Please, go get your husband, then return."



These words came upon her like a sudden drenching of cold rain. A chill ran through her, for in his eyes she saw that he already knew what her response would be. Surely this man was a prophet! And she felt the old familiar fear running up her spine. Yet there was something about him that held her there. She owed him nothing, could turn and leave at any time. But something held her. She stared down at her dust-covered feet, felt her face flush with shame. "I—I have no husband."

He did not touch her, for that would have dishonored her, but his voice seemed to reach out toward her with a sober compassion that she felt against her skin. Without condemnation, yet also without approval, he said, "Yes, I know. I know that you have actually had *five* husbands—and the one with whom you are now living is not your husband at all."

"You *are* a prophet!" She blurted out, and her face reddened even more. She set down her things and listened to what this man had to say, and all her fears and uneasiness left her. They talked of people and God and worship, of Spirit and truth. Though they had just met, they spoke comfortably with each other, as brother and

sister. She wished only that she might remain at his feet, listening to his wisdom for the rest of her days.

The woman heard voices approaching. Down the road a group of men were coming from the village. Quickly, before the men reached them, she said with some urgency, "I've always heard that the Anointed One will come, and that when He does, He will explain truth to us—just as you have to me today."

Jesus looked down into her eyes, embracing the woman with his gaze. "Yes. I am the One."

A rush of joy filled her soul as her suspicion became fact. Suddenly the two of them were surrounded by men who seemed to be associated with Him, but it was as if they were still alone. All she saw was Jesus—the Messiah!—and knew she was forever changed. God Himself had come down and touched her. He had pried open and exposed to the light of day the darkest secrets of her life; knowing full well the darkest sins of her past, He had accepted her as someone worthy. Her faith had been enough—and now that same faith would forever change every part of her life. She was now a new person—because of Him.

As the men drew closer, surrounding the Savior, the woman gathered her things and slowly backed away. Jesus said nothing more to her, but as He watched her go, she felt his eyes saying *Yes, go. Tell the others.*

And she did.

The Master's Touch

For every person who has any kind of relationship with God there is quite probably a different perception of who God is. For some He is the white-bearded grandfather, for some He is brilliant white light that cannot be apprehended. Some people think of God in terms of holiness, others in terms of righteousness or justice or profound love. In truth, God is all of the above. God is everything we might possibly imagine, as well as infinite things beyond our imagination.

But one thing we can depend on is that if it is true that Jesus Christ is God, then it is equally true that God is Jesus Christ.

"Do you not believe that I am in the Father, and the Father is in Me? The words that I say to you I do not speak on My own initiative, but the Father abiding in Me does His works. Believe Me that I am in the Father and the Father is in Me; otherwise believe because of the works themselves."

John 14:10-11

Jesus is God getting dirt under His fingernails. Jesus loses not one bit of His humanity by being God, and God loses not one bit of His deity by becoming man. So when Jesus sits down and visits with an immoral Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, it is eternal God making her feel loved and accepted.

There was another time when Jesus forgave the sins of an immoral woman—the woman about to be stoned because she had been caught in the act of adultery. Imagine, if you will, a modern setting for this story from John's gospel. Imagine Jesus walking the earth in our time, instead of almost 2,000 years ago. And imagine this woman feeling the stones of our own hypocrisy and the loving forgiveness of the Savior...

I met Him at our church picnic. Most of the members thought I wouldn't show up at all, but I did. You can't really blame them. There was more gossip in the church about me than anyone else—and most of it was true. In fact, there were some things they hadn't even discovered yet. You see, I've never been what you might call a—virtuous woman. I've had several husbands—and many in between. People like to talk—and usually they do. So when I joined this church word got out really fast.

I was at the bottom. I was sick of my life and sick of the consequences. I needed to start fresh—start over. And I thought, where better than a church. Oh, they let me stay and they shook my hand and once in awhile even gave me a little hug. But I could feel their uneasiness. Most of them wished I would just slip away and never come back. Well, I didn't do that. And I even went to the picnic.

Jesus was the guest of honor (though many were as uneasy around Him as they were around me). He had a wonderful time. He joined in the sack-race, bobbed for apples, played with the children.

It was later in the day that it happened. Most of the adults were sitting around the picnic table drinking coffee and chatting about the weather. Jesus was in the middle of them—I was off to the side. The talk got around to the church membership, and I guess they didn't notice me there. One of the board members, thinking to impress Jesus, said something about how fine and upstanding the membership used to be—before, that is, certain *elements* slipped in. Then one of the women quickly agreed, even mentioning my name.

I was so embarrassed, I just wanted to run away. But I was frozen—I couldn't move. I hoped no one would notice me—especially Jesus. I didn't want Him to see me.

But He did.

There was nervous laughter round the table, but Jesus didn't join in. Suddenly it was deathly quiet. In a strong voice, Jesus said: "If any one of you is without sin, let him be the one to condemn this woman."

No one spoke. In fact, some got up and slipped away from the table, ashamed. Jesus turned, and with such tender love and compassion, he smiled at me and said: "No man here condemns you. And neither do I. Go, and leave behind your life of sin."

The Gift

We have been given the inexpressible gift of a God who isn't afraid to get His hands dirty in our lives. Oh, don't for a moment imagine that *He* is changed by any of it; the sin of our lives does not ever rub off onto Him. His purity and holiness remain.

But through various means the Godhead—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—is involved in our lives. We do not worship a God who is far off—a demanding, scowling deity who exacts his payment in silence, never to be bothered by the episodes being played out by his people. We worship the one God—the only one worthy of the title—who stoops to invest Himself in our lives.

So the Lord God is indeed holy; He is faithful, righteous and pure; He is justice, truth, and changeless; God is omnipotent, omniscient; He is "strong to save."

But He is also at our shoulder when we need Him. He is at our side to lift us up when we feel we are falling. He sinks His hands down into the meat and potatoes of our lives. He understands us, knows our soul, our yearnings, our heart's desire. Our Lord is a holy God who isn't afraid to come into contact with His people.

Like a beautiful gardener with her hands buried in soil.



DYING WITH JESUS, BY DEATH RECKONED MINE;
LIVING WITH JESUS, A NEW LIFE DIVINE;
LOOKING TO JESUS TILL GLORY DOTH SHINE,
MOMENT BY MOMENT, O LORD, I AM THINE.

NEVER A TRIAL THAT HE IS NOT THERE,
NEVER A BURDEN THAT HE DOTH NOT BEAR,
NEVER A SORROW THAT HE DOTH NOT SHARE,
MOMENT BY MOMENT I'M UNDER HIS CARE.

NEVER A HEARTACHE AND NEVER A GROAN,
NEVER A TEARDROP AND NEVER A MOAN;
NEVER A DANGER, BUT THERE ON THE THRONE,
MOMENT BY MOMENT, HE THINKS OF HIS OWN.

NEVER A WEAKNESS THAT HE DOTH NOT FEEL,
NEVER A SICKNESS THAT HE CANNOT HEAL;
MOMENT BY MOMENT, IN WOE OR IN WEAL,
JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, ABIDES WITH ME STILL.

MOMENT BY MOMENT I'M KEPT IN HIS LOVE;
MOMENT BY MOMENT I'VE LIFE FROM ABOVE;
LOOKING TO JESUS TILL GLORY DOTH SHINE;
MOMENT BY MOMENT, O LORD, I AM THINE.

(DANIEL W. WHITTLE)

*As for God, His way is perfect;
The word of the Lord is proven;
He is a shield to all who trust in Him.
For who is God, except the Lord?
And who is a rock, except our God?
It is God who arms me with strength,*

*And makes my way perfect.
He makes my feet like the feet of deer,
And sets me on my high places.
He teaches my hands to make war,
So that my arms can bend a bow of bronze.
You have also given me the shield of*

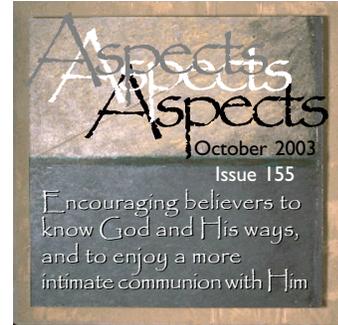
*Your salvation;
Your right hand has held me up,
Your gentleness has made me great.
You enlarged my path under me,
So my feet did not slip.*
Psalm 18:30-36 nkjv

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Meanwhile, you are cordially invited to discover the many Christian resources available at our Internet site. At [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/) you will find periodicals, e-mail list subscriptions, dramatic resources and completed projects. You may also review all of our His Company scripts, or download them for immediate use. All resources and publications are made available free of charge.

Periodicals

Aspects is our monthly devotional journal. This multi-page publication has been published since 1990—via the Internet since 1994.
Frequency: Monthly
Editions: Print, Pdf, Ascii

Seeds of Encouragement is published every Monday and Friday mornings as a brief, simple reminder of God's presence in our lives.
Frequency: Twice-weekly
Editions: HTML (e-mail only)

Reflections by the Pond offers thoughtful considerations of life, nature, and the world in which we live from a Spiritual perspective. It is published every Wednesday.
Frequency: Weekly
Editions: HTML (e-mail only)

Dramatic Resources

At the *His Company* web site visitors will find a complete catalogue of dramatic and musical resources that both illustrate Scripture and proclaim the Lordship of Jesus Christ.
All scripts and worship resources are included in their entirety, ready for immediate download.
Editions: Ascii, Pdf

Download Center

Our Download Center is a one-stop location for archives of all of our publications: *Reflections* booklets, the *In Unison* series, *His Company* scripts—and back issues of *Aspects*. The Download Center can be accessed from our main page—[HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/)—or you can go directly there by entering the following URL in your web browser: [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/PAFILEDB3/PAFILEDB.PHP](http://DLAMPEL.COM/PAFILEDB3/PAFILEDB.PHP). Optionally, for year 2002 back issues, go directly to [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/PAFILEDB3/PAFILEDB.PHP?ACTION=CATEGORY&ID=10](http://DLAMPEL.COM/PAFILEDB3/PAFILEDB.PHP?ACTION=CATEGORY&ID=10); for year 2001 back issues, go to [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/PAFILEDB3/PAFILEDB.PHP?ACTION=CATEGORY&ID=11](http://DLAMPEL.COM/PAFILEDB3/PAFILEDB.PHP?ACTION=CATEGORY&ID=11). We continue to add earlier years, so check back often. And, of course, browse through all categories at our Download Center for more of our resources.

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