



GREETINGS FROM THE GRIFFINS

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LOST

Webster's definition: unable to find one's way; not knowing one's whereabouts.

Recently, about seven weeks ago, I (Bill) was lost. Lost in the physical sense. We were heading into town Sunday morning on our way to church. The roads were a muddy mess. The worst we have ever seen them. It had been raining hard for several weeks and it was taking a toll on the already bad conditions. We came to a particularly bad spot. I could see where others had been stuck. But we were out of baby food, diapers, and other needed supplies. So locking the truck in four wheel drive we started out. No good-we were stuck in less than one minute.

With no other alternative I started walking back to our base to get our small Nissan to pull out the the truck. I decide it would be quicker and more advantageous to take a short cut through the woods to avoid a deep flooded section of the road. I took an abandoned forrest road that headed in my direction and after a little distance turned right and started my return to the main road. The jungle is very dense, muddy and many places filled with knee deep water. I soon realized this is not much of a short cut, but I am in it now. Better to continue on, the road has to be right there. By my calculations it is just another ten yards.

I continue on, pushing through the tangle of vines, trees, and water, always aware of the very real threat of poisonous snakes and holes that can break a leg. My short cut should have taken me about fifteen minutes so after over an hour I am getting concerned that I won't find the road. The sky, very overcast and rainy that day, made finding a direction impossible.

Finally, in complete desperation and fear, I climbed a fallen tree trunk to get out of the water, looked to the heavens and cried out to God...

HELP ME!

Just then the clouds parted and I could see the sun. I thought I had been heading due east in the direction of the main road. In fact I had been heading due north paralleling it. I was going off deeper and deeper into the woods. I did find the road and when I came out onto it I was shocked at the distance I had traveled in that tangled mess. I realized right there that if I had not found my way when I did I would have been forever lost and probably would have died. I had gone past the cut-off to the road and would never have found it. Cindy would not have thought to look in the woods. Our rule of thumb is never go into the woods without letting someone know where you are going and when you will be back.

I was lost for an hour and a half, It was terrible.

LOST

Bible's definition: Without a Savior to pay the price for our sins that separate us eternally from God

Luke 19:10 "For the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost."

I was lost physically, and if I would have died out there in the jungle it would have been a terrible loss to Cindy, my children and to my friends and family. For I am sure they would have missed having me around. However, it would have been a gain to me, in that I would be free from the pain and suffering of this world. I would have been with my Savior and my God.

Phil. 1:21 For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

Gal. 2:20 "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and delivered Himself up for me."

But to be lost spiritually in this world truly is a terrible and frightful thing. I can't even imagine what it would feel like to be so totally lost and without a Savior to bridge the gap between my sins and a Holy God.

I was stumbling around in the jungle thinking I could find my own way out. Taking chances with my very life in the hopes that I could save myself. I walked in brown muddy water up to my knees which concealed many hidden dangers like holes, snakes, broken tree limbs, and rocks. I pushed through cutting vines, poisonous trees, and rotten branches that could fall on me at any moment.

I was convinced I could make it in my own strength.

I did finally realize I couldn't save myself, and in that pitiful humbling moment I cried out to the only One who could save me....JESUS. And true to His word He showed me the way out. All I had to do was ask. He was waiting for me to humble myself and admit I needed Him. How many people are stumbling around in the dark, scary, dangerous world thinking they can save themselves, refusing to ask the only One who can? Refusing to humble themselves and admit they are pitiful and in need of a Savior.

Jesus himself gives us the answer. Matt. 7:13-14 "Enter by the narrow gate; for the gate is wide, and the way is broad that leads to destruction, and many are those who enter by it. For the gate is small, and the way is narrow that leads to life, and few are those who find it."

Time is running out and the decision you make today may be the one that takes you into eternal life, or eternal death. In the end it is our choice and God allows us to make it for ourselves. Choose life. We did.