



NightLight

A NEWSLETTER OF McLEAN MINISTRIES

"take heed....as to a light that shines in a dark place." II Peter 1:19

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Dear Friends,



Ron Button is in the presence of his Savior and Lord. He recently died after a battle with pneumonia. Ron was 84. Without Ron's vision, alongside the wisdom of his wife Lin, Mary and I would have never had the transatlantic ministry we were honored to carry on for nearly 20 years. They opened up the United Kingdom and Europe to us. Though I had worked in England and Europe in the 1970s on universities and military bases, those days were limited and short-lived. Ron laid down his life to make a stronger and more effective inroad. He formed *Clarion* (from our two names: *Clay* and *Ron*) to provide us with the financial platform needed to carry on the ministry, and Ron and Lin's home in London became our home base when ministering abroad. His help was invaluable as an administrator and wise guide. But what we treasure most of all is Ron as our friend. I am so thankful for the countless times we shared together in their home, over meals, and on road-trips together. I can't help but remember Ron tracking down medicine and (once upon a time) distilled water for us, and (more than once) searching out our lost luggage. It was Ron

who took me to the hospital in London so I could survive a kidney stone attack. He stayed by my side for hours until I could finally rest. And how many times did Ron handle conflicts with people who had misunderstood (or sometimes understood!) my American brashness? Ron always came up with tickets for Mary and me to see *Les Miserables* (several times) or *The Phantom of the Opera* (also several times) or *Cats* or other shows in London between conferences during our down times. There are a thousand other things I could recount. Together, they form a tapestry of relationship made up of threads revealing Ron's acts of loving friendship. His sense of humor was an ever-present salve to any otherwise discouraging event. I cannot picture him not smiling. My memories of him are of joy, kindness, thoughtfulness, and Christ-honoring service. Words just do not express well what I feel. We are so thankful for all both Ron and Lin gave to us, especially the many continuing relationships that were formed abroad because of them first opening their hearts and home to us. Thank you, Ron, for seeing beyond and obeying the heart of our Father. 

A DAY OF NATIONAL SHAME

I have often recounted to audiences the day in 1973 when I was walking up the steps of my college dorm and a radio playing down the hall casually announced the Supreme Court decision making the murder of children in the womb the 'law of the land.' Everything continued in its normal routine all around me, as a titanic dark force was descending.

I remember two vitally important things from that moment. The cloud of darkness that had been moving incrementally to disaster was now shrouding the entire nation and no one seemed to notice. Only our Catholic friends had any proper degree of sorrow (and sadly, not all of them). The rest of the church seemed oblivious. That may be a worse sin than the killings themselves: people who claim to know better looking the other way.

But the second memory I have of that moment was more personal and more sinful. I remember thinking to myself (either I was hearing a demonic voice OR I was making my own evil thought - either way I was in agreement with it) "if we will kill babies, then my particular brand of sin will become more available also." That was very true. The killing of babies was mostly out of a desire to make the ramifications of the sex act less demanding. All the squawk about rape or the health of the mother was not the real issue. It wasn't then. It sure isn't now. The charade is done. They are not making any excuses to hide their true motives. They WANT TO KILL UNWANTED CHILDREN.

I joined with them in unity of desire. Oh, I would not **ever** admit to unity with abortion! But every unclean immoral act or fantasy of sexual sin was a vote in that direction. So now, in the face of today's Senate action to block the bill designed to protect a newborn from its murder, I cannot help but remember, when I am tempted to rail against this evil, that I helped set the stage for its arrival.

Yes, I am forgiven. Yes, I am right to hate this evil with all my heart. It would be wrong to fail to hate it and act in every way I can against it. But it is wise to keep in mind my own contribution to the disintegration of a culture that could do such a thing.

Yes, I wrote about this last time. It is not a matter of 'you have already said that, let's move on.' We cannot 'move on.' The only way to progress is to back up. Stop. Fall on our faces. Grieve. Weep. Cry out. And in our lamenting ask God to hear our cry as we humble ourselves and turn from our wicked ways, so that our land might be healed. I am not writing this to inform us. I am writing this because in the face of today's events I can write nothing else.

*...We do not make requests of you because we are righteous,
but because of your great mercy.*

O Lord, listen! O Lord, forgive! O Lord, hear and act!

*For your sake, O my God, do not delay,
because your city and your people bear your Name.*

Daniel 9:18,19



THIS CAN TURN FOR GOOD

O Lord, I call to you; come quickly to me. Hear my voice when I call to you. May my prayer be set before you like incense; may the lifting up of my hands be like the evening sacrifice. Psalm 141:1,2

In 1968 leftists thought they saw the long-awaited opportunity to declare a decisive victory for communism. (Remember that socialism is communism with patience. Communism is socialism in a hurry.) So they tried to shove the entire nation to the far left, resulting in a huge backlash against them in a major victory for the right. From a mere political viewpoint we are seeing a similar dynamic. Many Democrats are rightly concerned that the loony leftists elected this time are guaranteeing the loss of the presidency for them in 2020. But we do not look to political trends for our hope. It is only a spiritual awakening of holy godly fear among God's people that will save us from the insanity and barbarism that is making its evil will fully known. Make no mistake. What they want, what they are willing to force upon you and your children - sexual insanity, the murder of babies, the annihilation of the family and marriage, and the government control of private property - is only the beginning. Romans chapter one. We are living in the last few verses. Read it. Then lay aside this letter, get on your face, and cry out to God NOT for election of any certain party, but for the hearts of God's people to be awakened and turned to Him in holy grief, in hopes He will turn the nation from its race to self-destruction. **The greatest danger facing the church is passive indifference.** If you grieve over our national condition you are acting SANELY.



Closing Thoughts...



There are no wasted unanswered prayers when offered in heartfelt faith. Never believe whether you whisper it or silently scream it, that you are not being heard and it is not making an impact for good. I do not wallow in despair as I write. I write as one who is aware of two things at once: the gross evil we as a nation have allowed and the great grace that is greater than all our sin. So cry out. Lift up your voice like a trumpet. We may yet see the greatest move of awakening to righteousness in our history. May it be so.



For His Glory, Clay & Mary

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