



# 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,



*How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself as an unblemished sacrifice to God, purify...*

*Hebrews 9:14*



If you have a habit of putting off listening to the recorded message (as many must do due to all sorts of time limitations) try not to do that this month. Listen soon. I say this not only because I really want you to know what was behind my recent heart trouble, but also because I believe that what I have to say about it will directly help you, wherever you are on your own journey towards Home.

I have always had a dizzy relationship with time. I can remember over sixty years ago, lying on my back staring up at the stars (which were much more visible in the countryside night sky without street lights). I remember getting lost in the vast mystery, first being captured by the beauty, then being awed by the hugeness, but finally being physically dizzy at the idea of time and space. At that time, I had no words to describe what I was feeling. But that didn't hinder me from experiencing the wonder, and being in some deeply personal way, summoned by it.

I don't have many more words sixty years later to express myself about it. I am thankful for the poetry and lyrics of those who have tried. ***"Age to age He stands.***

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*And time is in His hands, beginning and the end.” “Before the hills in order stood or earth received her frame, from everlasting Thou art God, from age to age the same.”* The dizziness has been stabilized now. I turn it into wordless awe of worship. Sometimes tears. But as time is swiftly passing, and I am seeing how very fragile life is in all realms, I am taken not to the huge spectacle above me, wondrous as it is. I am taken to the very mundane dreary humdrum of fallen earth, and then to a dusty, hot, cruel routine called crucifixion. Thousands died there. It is noteworthy that (unless this has changed recently from new archeological information) we only know by name one Person who was crucified. We know His Name because He did not stay dead. And He will raise up to life again every nameless faceless tortured soul who was ruined by his/her sins and/or crucified. No one will be left out or forgotten. Because of Jesus Christ no one will remain nameless.

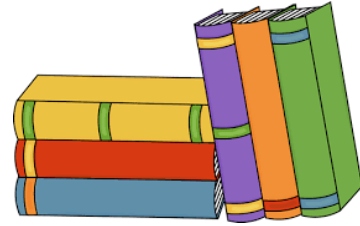
Not only that, but every lost event, relationship, or treasure of the heart that has been ground into the dust by the intrepid march of time will be restored. The One who died on a Cross now lives and has every good thing in His hands. His outstretched arms hold within them all things. He is *Alpha and Omega, the Origin and the Goal*, (more than just the beginning and end) *of all of creation*.

How hugely precious the Cross has become to me! Yes, it always was. But now, as I enter the winter years, more than ever. I wrongly believed time would distance me from my memories of past foolishness when I squandered time and left behind a trail of damaged, broken relationships. Yet the passing of time heals nothing! **How precious to me is the Cross!** It is where Christ through the eternal Spirit gathers up all events, places, and persons of my past, and by His one Perfect Sacrifice, puts right all that I could never, ever heal. Let your lost treasures be found in His arms also. He has not lost any of them.

Don't try to figure this out. Don't reduce it to dead theology. Just bow and worship the One by Whom **all things were created in heaven and on earth, things seen and unseen... and Who holds all things together. (Colossians 1:16-17)** Spend some time with Him.



# The Right Books



*Of the making of many books there is no end... (Ecclesiastes 12:12).* Ravi Zacharias said he could never write the first word until he gave up the prideful desire of writing the last word. I'm very thankful he did get over his writer's block. I sure have gained a lot from it. How bereft I would be without him, and C.S. Lewis, and Tolkien, and Chambers, McDonald, now Fleming Rutledge, and how many others I could list? But have you gone online lately and seen how many books there are now? Everyone writes books. They even write books on writing books. It seems to be a terrible redundancy to do so. Except for one thing. No one can write what they know except themselves. I read ALOT of books. And I have come to realize I am not so much reading a book, but I am listening to the heart of a unique soul, and I am feeding from a hard won insight forged out of the writer's struggle to learn, then to communicate, what he/she has come to treasure. (That is, if it is a good helpful book. There are lots of 'just books' and I don't finish them.) But those books borne from holy struggles are like close friends who walk with us through our own struggles. May the Lord guide you to the right books for you. Ask Him to do it. They are more than just books. They are love letters from friends you may have not met yet.



## *From Our Spiritual Family to Yours..*

*In lieu of holding our annual August conference this year, Mary and I met with our beloved prayer team who many of you have come to know and appreciate over the past 30 years of ministry alongside us. We thought you might enjoy the photo below of our recent gathering. Pictured are the guys (outer perimeter, left to right): Clay McLean, Dave Burkhart, Tom Wright, Troy Mitchell, Solomon Harris, Lakhi Dadlani, Gerry Soviar, and Harry Moessner. The gals (generally from left to right): Lynn DeShazo, Mary-Ann Soviar, Mary McLean, Giovanna Dadlani, Martha Mullins, Lynda Burkhart, Michaela Harris, Carolyn Clement, Patricia Cone, Linda Moessner, and Teri Wright.*



*Celebrating Him,  
McLean Ministries Prayer Team*

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