



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,



Your people will rebuild the ancient ruins and will raise up the age-old foundations; you will be called Repairer of Broken Walls, Restorer of Streets with Dwellings.

Isaiah 58:12

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, says the Lord of hosts... his hands have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it...for who has despised the day of small things? For they shall rejoice.

Zechariah 4:6-10

Our ancient outdated but hardworking recording setup finally died a quiet peaceful death, much to the joy of my highly experienced expert tech guy who has been praying for this forced transition to get me into the 21st century. So I am having to learn some new things. We hope the improvements will be good for both you and us. In the interim, we reached back into the past (Sept 2008) and sent you that message for the month of August. Mary is always in charge of such emergency decisions. And she prayed her way to a recording that, as it turned out, sounded as if it was addressing all we are facing now. I don't want to overstate it, but it truly was directed by the Holy Spirit for where we all are today, even though you can tell from certain time references that it was recorded almost 15 years ago!

If you have listened to that message, (*Wellsprings of Life*) then you are familiar with my trip to Mississippi back then, the strange sign in the sky, the confirming words from others who got the 'audio' part of what I had received as a 'video' image - that God was going to restore in Mississippi what had been lost and 'bomb' the enemy with His glory. Now I need to bring you up to date. For I had no idea when Mary chose that particular message that it would so neatly connect with what I want to share here.

This is not just about Mississippi. It is happening in many places. But I will only tell what I can personally report from my part of the battlefield. My small hometown of Gloster, like many towns of the deep South, is a shell of what it once was. I was told that in parts of town only one out of every three houses is inhabited or even inhabitable. Main street has been littered with the aftermath of shootouts. Streets that never saw a parking ticket are now like a scene from a gang war film. I don't need to continue describing what we all know from so many other examples we see in the news.

On the rare occasions when I am back there, I often take a long walk around town (which is not very long - you can cover the entire circumference in an hour or so). I usually end this rather sad tour of my past at the front doors of my high school, which looks like a scene out of a dystopian sci-fi film. The roof is caved in, vines cover everything, and shattered windows are the norm. I was never able to enter the locked building before. But this particular time I could, because the front door had fallen off the hinges. I set foot into the auditorium that I (or anyone else?) had not entered for fifty-three years. The grand piano I played that last day of school was still positioned in the same spot, only now it was covered in weeds and vermin droppings. I stood there not knowing exactly what I was trying to extract from all this. Then the voice of the Lord whispered a question to me, **"Son, can these bones live?"** Not knowing what to do, I retreated from the scene, and walking down the sidewalk tried to answer, "Lord, only you know." I was mixed inside. When I left there decades ago I never wanted to return, and truly thought there would be nothing to return for.

I drove to my nephew's home a few miles away keeping my thoughts to myself. But my niece came in the door and asked me a question I did not anticipate, "Uncle Clay, do you think God would ever restore life to this place? I don't want my boys growing up in this dead area. But I don't think we are supposed to leave it either." I told her of my experience at the ruins of the school an hour before, and we just looked at each other.

Months went by. Nothing seemed to come of my encounter with the suggestion that the Holy Spirit was planning a resurrection, that is, until I got a text. It was a very recent photo of a water baptism. There were a dozen or so folks around a creek bank. I'll skip details to just tell you it was taken a few miles from my boyhood home, a place I had both good and not-so-good memories. I learned to swim in that creek. The water baptism was being led by a young man not from the area, who did not know he was on what is seemingly now becoming holy ground. Something small, but very moving, is happening there. Invisible but potent, slow by our measurements, but steady and sure, like yeast in dough. Like the Kingdom of God.

There are small movements of life being manifested in many isolated places around the country. At least they began small. They are growing, and in some places they have mushroomed into full revivals: central South Carolina, south Alabama, north Georgia, and northern California, to name a few. Some folks have seen in prayer that these early movements are like 'small bundles of wood' that will be used to start a larger fire.

Could it be that God is purposefully starting these small fires of His Spirit in small out-of-the-way places? Small fires of awakening life, where the enemy has seemingly ravaged land and lives? Could it be that out of the rubble in the 'valley of weeping' He is removing the stones from ancient wells, and raising up new life from the ashes of dead hearths? Will men and women set ablaze by His Spirit then **stand at the crossroads and look; ask for the ancient paths, ask where the good way is, and walk in it, and find rest for their souls? (Jeremiah 6:16)** Do we really believe that **where sin abounds, grace super abounds? (Romans 5:20)** Do we embrace the promise that **when the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him? (Isaiah 59:19)** Do we believe He will **restore the years that the locust has eaten? (Joel 2:25)** I must admit, when it came to my boyhood world, I didn't think it could happen. But faith for it is kindling in me as sure as the small fires there that are growing. Elijah did not see great thunderheads that spoke of the coming deluge that ended the drought. No! He only saw a **cloud the size of a man's hand after looking 7 times for a sign of a sound of abundance of rain. (1 Kings 18:41-45)** If we wait for huge signs, we may miss what God is doing now. *Don't despise the day of small beginnings.* Let your prayers blow on the tiny sparks around you.



More on Job

I hope you are properly impressed by the title of your *Nightlight* teaching this month: *Job (Extra)*. I really did think I could complete the introduction of the overview to the book of Job in the four segments you've received. But I kept feeling prodded by various things that it was incomplete, and there was more to add. Due to several conversations and emails, and coming across seemingly random articles, it was clear to me that they were actually signposts to add this month's extra on Job. So I hope you will dig into this final Job address. Please understand that it is not only the last of our Job series, but also the beginning of a whole new, yet related, exploration of the nature of evil and God's ultimate purpose for the earth and the human race. I know that is a bit ambitious, to say the least! I feel like I am spitting into a volcano, but I have to do it! Every generation has to do its own work to understand and see more clearly. It is, I believe, just the way the Father intends it. **It is the glory of God to conceal a thing: but the honor of kings is to search out a matter. (Proverbs 25:2)** So I think the Lord is pleased with the venture. Always at the heart of truth, love reigns. Let us go forward in Him, knowing He is love and He is truth, and take joy in the journey.

Closing Thoughts...



We both want to thank you for your prayers and calls and cards regarding the passing of Mary's Mom. There is no greater gift than the one that touches the heart of the receiver. You have so blessed and encouraged us through this difficult time, and so very deeply touched our hearts with your care and love all through the years. We are so humbled and honored to partner with you in this ministry of *Nightlight* together. What a gift from the Lord it has been to us, and we pray an encouragement to you as well.

We Love You! Clay & Mary



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