

Last Opportunity For Prayer

While in Oregon, one of the companies I worked for was the Burlington Northern. When people I worked with were known to be in the hospital I went to visit them, typically after I finished my third-shift of work. Folks knew I was a Christian and after having prayed for several people the word got around if anyone was in the hospital I would be around to visit them. I worked for a supervisor whose name was Jack Miller, actual name. Jack had become sick and was in the hospital with what I do not remember. The month and year was April 1983. I made my way to the hospital and located Jack; his wife was in the room with him. We talked for a bit and then I said, "Jack, you know I am a Christian, and if you like I can pray for you and you will be healed." Jack said, "Naw, I'm too ornery and set in my ways." Immediately, I felt as though a spear had penetrated my heart. I was stunned. With nothing left to say I said my goodbye and told Jack and his wife I would return in three days.

Never had anyone turned me down for prayer with them. I had prayed for example, with one person, a supervisor, who never remembered I had ever been to his room. Although his prognosis from a head injury was for another six weeks, he was out of the hospital in just a few days and back to work within two weeks. The Holy Spirit was all ways present with His power. In the case with Jack I was numb with what I had just experienced. I knew what the Lord would and could do and I knew the Lord was willing to meet Jack at his point of need.

Three days later, as promised, I went back to the hospital. I learned Jack had been moved to another room and the desk nurse gave me directions. As I rounded the corner I saw Jack's wife sitting in the hallway across from an open door. She saw me but said nothing. I asked her, "Where is Jack?" Silently, she raised her right arm and pointed toward the room across the hall from where she was sitting. I walked to the door and peered in. There was Jack in the hospital bed directly in front of me. He was a starkly dark Yellow color; Jaundice. He was in a coma. I asked Jack's wife when all of that happened and when did he go into a coma. She told me within a few hours after I had left. Jack never regained consciousness and died in his condition.

The Lord will meet us at our point of need and more and will do more than we can ever expect if we respond to Him. If a person goes to Hell and complains no one told them about the Lord, the Lord could remind them of a visitation and an opportunity to meet the Lord. Is there a possibility a person could spend eternity in Hell remembering the visit of the one who had offered prayer and the knowledge, "If I had only said, 'Yes.'" People can become so practiced at saying, "No," when the time comes to say, "Yes" their practice works directly against them and they are left out.

The Lord did two things upon the cross; one, he stood in our place as our substitution for the sin Adam committed and, two for our bodily healing. By His blood was our sin covered as He gave His very life for us. By His blood were we healed as His Life was imparted to all of humankind. The ultimate unpardonable sin is in not accepting, by faith, the work of Jesus on the cross. The reason for the work of Jesus on the cross was to bring humankind back into union with God.

I still sense the impact of Jack's rejection of God in knowing what his rejection meant to where he would spend eternity. Based upon what I saw of Jack's life there was absolutely no indication he was a

Christian. "There is a way that seems right to man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov 14:12