TIDBIT NUGGETS – (stories)

**THE OIL LAMP**

**Gal. 2:20** – Paul wrote the Galatian believers, saying – “Not I but Christ which Liveth in me,”

In other words: I am what I am by the Grace of God that is upon me and His gracious Spirit that dwells inside. I can do nothing without Him. It’s Him who anoints me. He operates within giving me strength and power. I shine for Jesus because of the Holy Ghost within. I’ve got the Oil of His Spirit in my heart and I burn for God.

The preacher described in Allegory form how for a long time the wick of his Lamp had served his purpose. It silently kept ministering as he studied and read beside it. The Lord opened my eyes to see the burning Lamps Ministry. One night he said to the lamp – “I feel so ashamed that I have not noticed your little ministry. I thank thee for the many months of your service, for spreading your light on my pages.” The Lamp answered – “But no sir, but don’t you understand that I have no light to give? In proof of this, just take the Oil out of me and see how quickly I die and go out! You would soon turn from me as a piece of smoking tow. It is not I that burns, but it is the Oil that saturates the wick. It is that which gives thee light. I only minister and mediate between the Oil in the cistern and the fire on the edge of my wick. It is true that this blackened edge slowly decays, but the light continually burns!”

The preacher answered the Lamp – “Dost thou not fear becoming exhausted? See how many inches of coil remain! Wilt thou be able to give light until every inch is consumed and burned away?” The Lamp answered – “I have no fear as long as the supply of Oil does not fail and run out. As long as there is someone who will from time to time, trim the charred margin of my wick so I can burn bright and evenly. I must expose my fresh edge to the burning flame. This dear Preacher is my two-fold need: Oil and Trimming. Give me these and I shall burn till the end!”

Listen, God has called His children to shine as Lights in the world. Let us beware of hiding our Light lest souls stumble to their death! You may seem at times completely helpless and inadequate, but God has furnished and given you a living

fountain of Oil. The supply is in Him. It is not by your power and might, but by His Spirit. Hour by hour, the Oil must climb the wick to the Flame! Don’t be discouraged and flinch when the Lord uses the snuffers. He only cuts away the black charred edges so you can burn bright and evenly. Remember, it is Jesus’s hand who holds the snuffers and it bears the nail-print of Calvary! (Taken from the book “Springs in the Valley” by Mrs. Charles E. Cowman)

**THE LITTLE RAIN DROP**

God speaks to us in so many ways. He reveals Himself in nature if we would only have a Spiritual mind and prayerful heart!

Someone has represented in poetic form a parable of a Little Rain Drop trembling through the air. It questioned the Creator why it should fall from the sky upon the dirty earth. “Why can’t I linger in the beautiful cloud? Why should I be lost and buried in the dirty soil? O why do I have to disappear in the dark mud, when I may glisten like a diamond or shine like an emerald or ruby in the rainbow’s arch?

The all-wise Creator answered: “But don’t you understand little rain drop that if you fall to the earth, you will come forth with a better resurrection in the petal of the flower, in the fragrance of the rose, in the hanging cluster of the vine!”

And so, at last, the timid crystal Rain Drop sheds one tear of regret and disappears beneath the soil and is drunk by the dry parched ground. It has now gone out of sight – apparently out of existence. But lo! The root of the thirsty Lilly drinks in the moisture; the sap vessels of the rose absorb its refreshing visit; the far reaching rootlet of yonder vine has found the fountain of life – and in a little while that Rain Drop comes forth in the snowy white blossom of the Lilly, in the rich perfume of the Rose, in the purple cluster of the vine, and as it meets once more its Creator, it answers back – “I’m so glad I came – I’m glad you sent me! You knew best for me and what others needed. Yes, I died, but I have risen and now live in a higher ministry and in a larger life!”

(Springs in the Valley)

**THE FIRE BRINGS OUT THE SONG**

Someone writes of sitting one winter evening by an open wood fire and listening to the singing of the green logs as the fire flamed about them. All manner of sounds came out of the wood as it burned and the writer with poetic fancy, suggests that they were imprisoned songs, long sleeping in silence in the wood, brought out now by the fire.

When the tree stood in the forest, the birds came and sat on its boughs and sang their songs. The wind too, breathed through the branches making music. One day a child sat on the moss by the trees root and sang it happy gladness of sweet melody. A penitent sinner one day sat under the tree’s shade and with trembling tones, amid falling leaves, cried out and sang the fifty first psalm.

All these notes of varied song sank into the tree as it stood there, and hid away in its trunk. There they slept until the tree was cut down and part of it became a back-log in the cheerful evening fire. Then, the flames brought out the music.

This is just a poet’s fancy as far as the tree and the songs of the back-log are concerned. But is there not here a little parable which may be likened to many a human life? Life has its varied notes and tones – some glad, some choked in tears. Years pass and the life gives out no music of praise, sings no songs to bless others. But then grief comes, and in the flames the long-imprisoned music is set free and sings its praise to God, and its notes of love to cheer and bless the world. Gathered in life’s long summer and stored away in the heart, it is given out in the hours of suffering and pain. Many a rejoicing Christians never learned to sing till the flames kindled upon them.