

# A NEW PERSPECTIVE

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I told the folks meeting at the Woman's Club in Ft. Pierce last Sunday morning that one of the reasons that church had not grown larger was their shepherd, George Sowerby, was a no-nonsense man.

I respected George for that. We were as different in personality and approach to ministry as any two men could be. Yet when he came to me some years ago and said God told him to submit to me, I never doubted it.

In areas of spiritual obedience he was a giant. If God told him to do a thing, or say a thing, he seldom questioned, despite the fact others often misunderstood. It made him seem hard at times, but he gathered around him a church of people who knew better than to drink brook water with their rear ends raised like targets for enemy spears. That Gideon's bunch down there are made of stern stuff.

The five-foot hickory staff George carried to the Sinai two years ago symbolized his ability to take spiritual authority. I admired that, too.

It was a year later when George walked into the Tabernacle on a Sunday, came to the platform

with his staff, and said God had sent him up from Ft. Pierce to give it to me.

I took the staff with me last Sunday morning when I met with the church in Ft. Pierce to celebrate his call to Heaven. On Wednesday the tree he was cutting fell differently than he had planned. It struck a power line and he was gone. That's not unusual. George was used to instant changes in direction. Besides, he had made all needed preparations.

There was a small open circle in the middle of the crowded room Sunday morning. On the third song of praise, with the instruments in grand harmony, the Spirit of God descended on George's wife, Velma. She moved away from her three grown sons on the edge of the circle and was suddenly out in the open circle, dancing before the Lord. In one of the most tender and holy moments of my life, she took my hand and I joined her, dancing as David must have danced up Mt. Zion, only steps in front of the Ark of the Covenant.

To some it may have seemed strange. But the ways of the Lord are always contrary to the world. They are ways to life--even in the midst of death.