

When the Devil Rages to Rattle Your Faith—and God Feels Far Away

This week, a good friend of mine suddenly, and without any discernible medical reason, died. He was in the passenger seat of his car while his newly permitted son was driving, and his body just turned off. No heart attack, no stroke. It was as if someone pushed a button on a computer, and he stopped breathing. His son heroically and immediately got his father out of the car and began CPR while 911 was called. The EMTs arrived, and ultimately transported my stricken friend by helicopter to a hospital for care and treatment.

For several days, his family and friends gathered to pray and just be there, each one with the same questions about what happened and what would happen next. My friend was a strong believer in G-D and a Jewish believer in Yeshua as his Messiah. His family members are also people of great faith. Those gathered together to pray all believed in the G-D of the Bible and believe in supernatural healing and restoration and many like myself have witness firsthand medical miracles.

Yet, with all of those prayers and all of the faith being exercised, my friend never regained consciousness, and after a few days, he slipped quietly from this world to the world to come.

For some, circumstances like this might weaken their faith, or at the least, shake their faith a little. However, as much as I will miss my friend, as many tears have flowed and will continue to flow, my faith will not waver. Why? Because for all the wonder of this world and all the love I have experienced here, this world is the race, not the finish line. I am now over 50 years old, and the probability is that I will

live another 30 years and maybe a little longer. The truth is that I want to live every one of those years and enjoy every breath for as long as I am here. But, while I desire to live a long, happy life and watch my grandchildren grow up, marry and have children of their own, if I transitioned from this world to the world to come tomorrow, I would happily move to the eternal.

While we should pray for those who are sick and we must believe in the healing power of G-D, we also must understand that if we believe what we say we believe, the best thing that could possibly happen to ourselves or someone we love is to die. Death truly is the entrance door to eternity, which we spend forever in the presence of G-D.

While the best thing for all those who loved my friend and for me would be for him to have been healed and for all of us to have many more years together, the best thing for him was to finish his course having kept the faith. There is reserved for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, has now awarded to him—and not to him only, but also to everyone of us who still long for His appearing (see 2 Tim. 4:8).

You see, we must understand that sometimes the best thing that can happen to someone is what we in our humanity believe to be the worst possible thing for us. {eo}

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