

Set free

“You have freed me from my chains.” Psalm 116:16b (NIV)

As I entered the house, my eyes went to 7-year-old Joshua on the couch. I touched his face and felt sharp, protruding bone. His arms and legs were sticks, his belly swollen. He struggled to breathe.

His father said, “We know it’s only a matter of time.” Joshua wanted to be placed on a mat. Joshua settled down, and I prayed. I asked God to walk with my friend and to embrace him with love and peace. Within minutes, the child took his last breath. Just before he died, Joshua’s eyes focused on something in the distance, he uttered some words, and he left. I believe he saw Jesus reaching down to carry him home.

My friend shook the child, calling his name, hoping beyond hope that he would breathe again. Then he carried the body into his bedroom, sat on the bed and gently rocked him—sobbing and crying to Jesus.

That evening I returned for the burial. The coffin was placed on two chairs for viewing. Two men hammered down the lid, sealing the coffin. As I heard the pounding, I thought of Jesus’ death, imagining how afflicted and grieved God was at the death of His only Son.

After the burial, I addressed the father who had lost his only son. I told him that I could not know his pain, but God did. God also grieved and cried when His only Son died on the cross for us. Therefore, He and He alone could give true consolation and comfort to his heart.

—A WORKER IN WEST AFRICA

Falbez, IS THERE NO END TO THE TERRIBLE PANDEMIC OF AIDS? BRING HOPE TO AFRICA. LET PEOPLE HEAR ABOUT YOUR PLAN FOR STAYING FREE OF THIS DISEASE. BY YOUR WORD AND THE POWER OF YOUR HOLY SPIRIT ENABLE THEM TO LIVE PURE AND HOLY LIVES. LORD, SHOW ME THE PART I’M TO HAVE IN THE AIDS CRISIS. *Amen.*