

Becoming
a Woman
Who Listens
to God

SHARON JAYNES



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ONE

God Speaks Through His Word

I REMEMBER WHEN MY SON, STEVEN, was four years old and playing in the backyard with one of the neighborhood kids. They were having an argument about who authored the Bible.

“The Bible was written by God,” Steven said.

“No it wasn’t,” the other boy exclaimed. “It was just written by a bunch of men.”

“You’re wrong,” Steven countered. “Those men just held the pen, but God told them what to write.”

Back and forth the boys bantered. Of course, at four years old, the dueling theologians were simply repeating what they had heard from their parents. But their battle mimics the battle of faith that is waged for every person at one time or another. Is God who He says He is? Can He do what He says He can do? Are the words in the Bible God’s Words or man’s?

The most obvious way that God speaks today is through the Scriptures. The Bible tells us, “All Scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting and training in righteousness, so that the man of God may be thoroughly equipped for every good work” (2 Timothy 3:16-17). Some translations render

“God-breathed” as “inspired.” But the Greek word *theopneustos* is more than inspired, more than influenced, more than enlightened—it is actually “God breathed.” Interestingly, when God created Adam, he was a lifeless form, a mere shell, until God breathed the breath of life into his nostrils and he became a living being. Likewise, our spirits are dead until God breathes life into our spirits through the life-giving Word. James tells us, “He chose to give us birth through the word of truth, that we might be a kind of first fruits of all he created” (James 1:18). Moses told the Israelites, “Man does not live by bread alone but by every word that comes from the mouth of the LORD” (Deuteronomy 8:3). Yes, God’s Word gives us life!

The Bible tells us that the Scriptures *are alive*. John calls Scriptures “the Word of life” (1 John 1:1). Peter calls Scripture the “living and enduring word of God” (1 Peter 1:23). “For the word of God is living and active. Sharper than any double-edge sword, it penetrates even to dividing soul and spirit, joints and marrow; it judges the thoughts and attitudes of the heart” (Hebrews 4:12). No matter how long we live, no matter how many times we read through the Bible, God will continue to speak to us through the pages of His Word. His words are living and bring us life!

Peter reminds us, “Above all, you must understand that no prophecy of Scripture came about by the prophet’s own interpretation. For prophecy never had its origin in the will of man, but men spoke from God as they were carried along by the Holy Spirit” (2 Peter 1:20-21). When the writers penned the words of the Bible, they were under the control of the Holy Spirit. David said, “The Spirit of the LORD spoke through me” (2 Samuel 23:2), and Jeremiah explained, “The LORD said to me...You must go to everyone I send you to and say whatever I command you” (Jeremiah 1:7).

The Hebrew word for “Bible” is *mikra*, which means “the calling out of God.” He calls out to us from the pages and speaks to us through the words. The Bible is amazingly profound and yet simple enough for a child to understand. The more time we spend in the Scriptures, the more God will reveal the truths within.

One summer I went to Europe and visited many art museums. I recall strolling down the aisles of the Louvre in Paris, quickly glancing at first one masterpiece and then another. Finally, I decided to stop and look at one particular painting. I don't even remember which one it was. The more I looked at the painting, the more I began to see. It was dark on one side and grew lighter on the other. I noticed the expressions on the faces, the longing of a child, the pain of a man, the approaching cloud in the sky, the hues of the clothes, a bare foot, a torn robe, a clenched fist. A story began to unfold before my eyes, and it was as if I were beginning to see into the heart of the artist.

This reminded me of how some read the Bible—like perusing through an art gallery and never really stopping to see what the artist intended in the great masterpieces lining the majestic walls. Like walking briskly through an art gallery, we grab the Bible and read a few verses before running out the door in the morning or closing our eyes at night.

But God's Word is a masterpiece, and He speaks through every stroke of the writer's pen. Oh, the treasures stored on each page just waiting to be discovered! Paul prayed that God would give us the Spirit of wisdom and revelation, so that we may know Him better and so that the eyes of our hearts may be enlightened in order that we may know the hope to which He has called us, the riches of His glorious inheritance in the saints, and His incomparably great power for us who believe (Ephesians 1:17-19). I pray that the eyes of our hearts will be open to see God through the pages of the Bible and hear His voice in each and every word.

Seek Me with Your Whole Heart

God promised, "You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart" (Jeremiah 29:13). This is more than a casual glance before heading off to work or to the carpool in the morning. It's more than a hit-and-run encounter with God. He desires to speak to us through the pages of our Bibles, and hearing Him requires meditating and seeking Him with our whole hearts.

Jesus told His followers, “If you abide in My Word, then you are truly disciples of Mine; and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free” (John 8:31-32 NASB). *Abide* means to continue in, to tarry, to dwell, to remain. It is not reading the Scriptures for information, but for transformation. There are many scholars who have read the Bible for information but have never entered into a relationship with Jesus Christ. This reminds me of the difference between a woman who memorizes a menu at a restaurant and a woman who enjoys the food. Only one gets fed!

Let me ask you, who can describe a sunset more accurately—a blind person who has read all about sunsets (what causes the colors, the time of day they occur, the effect of clouds on the hues) or the person who had seen and experienced the vibrant oranges, blues, pinks, and purples painted across the sky as the sun creeps below the horizon and the rays play peek-a-boo behind the scattered clouds? I dare say the one who has experienced the sunset for herself. When we study God’s Word and couple that with listening to His voice, we will come to know Him on a much more intimate level than a biblical scholar who has studied the words on the page but never taken the time to converse with the Author Himself.

Jesus told us that when we hold to His teaching, we will become His disciples. (See John 8:31.) One thing I’ve noticed through the years, a Bible that is falling apart usually belongs to a person who isn’t!

Bride in the Box

Every little girl dreams of the day when she will become a beautiful bride. At four years old, I was no exception. It wasn’t the dream of becoming a wife that captured my imagination, but merely the dream of the wedding day itself. I had visions of gliding down the red carpeted aisle of my hometown church, adorned in a white flowing satin-and-chiffon wedding gown that was studded with a million tiny pearls. My 12-foot lace veil would fill the aisle from side to side just like Julie Andrews’ in *The Sound of Music*, and

on my feet would be tiny satin slippers. In my hands I would carry a large bouquet of white roses mingled with a spray of delicate baby's breath. Who the groom would be was of very little consequence. This was clearly to be my show. On rainy days, I would wrap a towel around my head, a sheet around my small frame, and practice the wedding march down the long hallway of my parents' home. I could almost hear the trumpets and organ blast with my processional.

Apparently, one of my uncles understood the secret longings of four-year-old little girls, and he presented me with a two-foot-tall doll dressed in full bridal regalia. This was clearly the most beautiful doll I had ever seen. Along with her white wedding gown and veil, she had short cropped curly brown hair that felt as real as my own, soft plump pink skin, and movable eyelids lined with thick black lashes. Her eyes opened and closed with her changing positions so that when she lay down in her box, she resembled Sleeping Beauty. Her perfectly shaped lips were small and dainty, and her crystal blue eyes appeared strangely real.

But there was one problem with this delightful gift. Because she was so expensive, my mother wouldn't allow me to play with her.

"You'll have to wait until you are older," she stated. "She's too nice of a doll, and you might tear her gown. We'll just keep her in the box until you're big enough to know how to take care of her."

The bride doll remained in her box, safely stowed away in the bottom drawer of my dresser. Day after day I would slowly open the drawer and stare at the doll as she lay sleeping like a treasure in a safety deposit box. Sometimes I would remove the box lid and gently stroke her soft pink skin, but I knew "woe is me" if I ever took her out of the box and played with her.

Now that I am an adult, my thoughts have gone back to that special gift. After a time I forgot about the bride in the dresser drawer, and today I don't even remember what became of her. As a child, my relationship with the Lord was much like my relationship with that doll. God was someone who was to be revered and feared, but certainly not someone to be touched and enjoyed. I

had the impression that God, like the doll, was to be kept in a box: a big brick building with a large steeple on top that was only to be opened on Sunday and special holidays. But He was certainly not someone who would talk to you, or even wanted to.

The Shorter Catechism, written by the Westminster Assembly in 1647, states, “The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.” Enjoy Him! That was such a blinding revelation to me when I heard it for the first time. It took me years to understand what it means or how to go about the business of “enjoying” the Lord. David understood what it meant to enjoy the Lord. He wrote, “In Thy presence is fulness of joy. In Thy right hand there are pleasures forever” (Psalm 16:11 NASB). “I delight in your decrees. I will not neglect your word...Direct me in the path of your commands, for there I find delight...I delight in your commands because I love them” (Psalm 119:16,35,47). David even danced before the Lord. (See 2 Samuel 6.)

First Timothy 6:17 says that God “richly supplies us with all things to *enjoy*” (NASB, emphasis added). Webster defines “enjoy” as “to take *pleasure* or *delight* in, to have the *use*, the *benefit* or *advantage* of.” (Emphasis added.) Even though the bride doll was a precious gift to me, I didn’t enjoy her, delight in her, or have the pleasure of interacting with her. Likewise, if I keep God’s Word at bay, keep it in a box, or leave it on a shelf, I miss the enjoyment and the delight of entering into a relationship with Him and listening to His voice in the pages of Scripture.

After reflecting on the bride doll, I decided to no longer keep God or His Word in a box for safekeeping. I will sing with Him, talk with Him, take walks with Him, and, yes, even dance with Him. And I don’t have to wait until I am big enough to take care of Him because He is big enough to take care of me!

Logos vs. Rhema

There are two Greek words that mean “word.” *Logos* is the entire Word of God from Genesis through Revelation. It is the “revealed will of God, a direct revelation given by Christ, it is the

message from the Lord, delivered with His authority and made effective by His power. Sometimes it is used as the sum of God's utterances."¹

There is another Greek word that is translated "word"—*rhema*. As the *logos* is the entire Word of God, *rhema* is a particular passage of Scripture that God quickens to your spirit. As we store up the *logos* of God in our hearts, God will speak a personal *rhema* to our hearts. This may occur when you are reading the Bible or when the Holy Spirit brings a verse to mind that you have previously read. Let's say you are praying about a certain matter and asking God to give you direction through His Word. As you read the Bible, God may lead you to a certain verse or speak to you from the passages you are studying. I have never been one to recommend Bible roulette, closing my eyes, opening the Bible, and randomly pointing to a verse for my answer. However, I do believe that as we read the Bible, God will speak to our hearts.

For example, when I was praying about whether or not to be a part of Proverbs 31 Ministries and a radio cohort, I prayed for several weeks. God had spoken to me through a certain circumstance, which I will share a bit later, but then He confirmed His will through Scripture. I heard a sermon about Jesus turning the water to wine at the first miracle at the wedding of Cana. When the wedding party ran out of wine, Jesus' mother turned to the servants and said, "Whatever He [Jesus] says to you, do it" (John 2:5 NASB).

This was a *rhema* word from God to me. I knew God was telling me to "do it!" My husband was sitting in the same service, but he wasn't particularly moved by the passage. I, on the other hand, was about to jump out of my seat. Why? Because God had spoken directly to me! He had spoken to me through a particular circumstance, and now He was confirming my direction through His Word. I knew God was telling me to take the first steps of faith and follow the path He had laid out for me.

Ephesians 6:17 commands us to take up "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Guess which Greek word is used for "word"? *Rhema*—a particular word that the Holy Spirit

brings to our remembrance. But remember, in order for the Holy Spirit to bring a *rhema* to our remembrance, the *logos* has to be deposited in our memory banks first.

There will be times when God impresses a certain word or words on our hearts, but we must be careful not to impose that word onto others. Let me give you this example from John Newton, ex-slave trader and author of the song “Amazing Grace.” He wrote, “All true believers walk by the same rule and pay attention to the same things. The Word of God is their compass. The Lord Jesus is both their polar star and their sun of righteousness. Their hearts and faces are all set heavenward. They are one in Body. One Holy Spirit lives in them. Yet their experiences, based on these same principles, are far from identical...We must not make the experiences of others a rule binding us, nor make our experiences a rule for others.”²

Newton warned us of the dangers of taking a word that God has for us personally and imposing it on the entire body of Christ.

God-Sense vs. Common Sense

Sitting in my backyard, I love to listen to the sounds of all God’s critters: birds, crickets, frogs, katydids, woodpeckers, and, most of all, children. Framing our yard from every side, children’s giggles, chatter, and raucous play are a symphony of stringed instruments and percussions alike. There’s the rhythmic thumping of a basketball bouncing on concrete, the squealing of little girls being chased by boys, the skidding of bicycle tires on asphalt, the popping of a cap gun, declarations of “you’re it,” and contentions of “you cheated” all blending together in a symphony of youth. Of course, the orchestra would not be complete without the reprimands of parents breaking up fights and reminders to stubborn wills of house rules.

Rules, rules, rules. What a bother—especially when you are five years old. When I was five, I never understood why parents had to interfere and ruin the fun with rules. I eventually decided it was just part of their job description. Parents: Law enforcement

officers who patrol the neighborhood, ruining all the fun for little girls and boys.

As a five-year-old tomboy, my favorite possession was a pink sparkly bicycle with a silver glittery banana seat and U-shaped handlebars. Streamers were attached to the ends of the handles and blew in the breeze as I pedaled around the neighborhood at breakneck speed. I could leave skid marks as long as any old boy, balance without holding onto the handlebars, and do wheelies with my front tire saluting the air. Oh, how I loved to ride around the racetrack (otherwise known as Pine Haven Drive) feeling the wind whip through my ash-blond hair and brush past my bare chest. It was the “bare chest” part that was the problem.

“Sharon Ann Edwards,” my mother would call from the front porch. “Get in the house this minute and put on a shirt!”

“I don’t want to wear a shirt,” I whined. “Stewart doesn’t have to wear a shirt. Why do I?”

“Because you’re a girl and because I said so. That’s why.”

My brother was five years my senior, and he often romped around without a shirt. As far as I could tell, there wasn’t any difference between him and me. So why did people snicker when I rode past them bare-chested? I just didn’t get it. Begrudgingly, I’d knock down my kickstand, stomp through the house, and pull on a T-shirt, mumbling all the way.

This was not a one-time incident, and my mother tired of making me dress like a girl, or, should I say, dress period. But then something amazing happened. I entered first grade. Suddenly things clicked and I noticed that boys and girls were indeed different. It all started with Isaac Thorp and his big blue eyes. Well, Mom never had to tell me to keep my shirt on again.

Rules—what a bother. Rules—what a comfort. Eventually, I learned that even if I didn’t completely understand one of my parents’ mandates, it would usually make sense later on. In the same way, I learned that if I didn’t understand one of my heavenly Father’s rules, it would usually make sense later on. God’s principles are not randomly contrived to ruin our fun. They are meticulously

thought out and created to protect His children. God is a lot smarter than we are. Have you noticed that? If I question Him and He answers, “Because I said so,” well, that’s good enough for me, and hopefully I’ll figure the reason out later—but I may not. If I don’t, I just need to remember that Father knows best.

Sometimes when we are reading God’s Word, He may tell us to do something that may not make sense to us. He told Noah to build an ark when he had never seen rain before. He told Joshua to march around Jericho in silence for seven days and then let out a shout that would make the walls of the great city crumble. He gave the Israelites many dietary rules that modern science has come to discover are the healthiest ways to eat. He told the Jews to circumcise baby boys on the eighth day, and today doctors have discovered that our blood clotting factor is greatest on...the eighth day.

Early one morning, after Peter had spent an entire night fruitlessly fishing, Jesus told him to throw his nets back into the water. I love Peter’s reply to this carpenter. “Master, we’ve worked hard all night and haven’t caught anything. *But because you say so*, I will let down the nets” (Luke 5:5, emphasis added).

Because You said so...I can think of no better reason to listen and obey God’s voice.

“When they had done so, they caught such a large number of fish that their nets began to break. So they signaled their partners in the other boat to come and help them, and they came and filled both boats so full that they began to sink” (Luke 5:6-7).

A Treasured Love Letter

Yes, God does speak to us through the pages of Scripture with guidelines for abundant life, but the Bible is so much more than a lists of do’s and don’ts. It is a love letter from God’s heart to ours.

It is one thing to approach the Bible as a scholar, but it is quite another to savor the words as an intimate love letter written to you—the beloved. Ken Gire, in his book *The Reflective Life*, gives the example of Ken Burns, who produced a series on the Civil War for PBS. His work began by sifting through old photographs,

maps, diaries, historical records, letters, and memoirs. In his search, he stumbled across a letter that personified what he wanted to accomplish with the documentary. His desire was to do more than present the facts. History books can do that. He wanted to present the heart—the personal side of the war.

July 14, 1861

Camp Clark, Washington

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days—perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more...

I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in the strong cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans on the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing—perfectly willing—to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt...

Sarah, my love for you is deathless. It seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break, and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me unresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and turn to ashes the hopes of future years when, God willing, we might have lived and loved together, and seen our sons grown up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to

me—perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar, that I shall return to my loved one unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name. Forgive my many faults and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I often have been! How gladly I would wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness...

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest days and in the darkest nights...always, always, and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath, as the cool air fans your throbbing temples, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again...³

Sullivan Ballou died at the first battle of Bull Run.

Gire concluded, “This is what the war meant to so many people on both sides. Fathers who would not be coming home. Or sons. Families that would never be the same again. Wives who would be left to raise a family alone, plant crops alone, face an uncertain future alone. So he would never forget the reason why he was making the documentary, Burns folded the letter and kept it in his shirt pocket during the entire time he was working on the film.”⁴

We can approach Ballou’s letter as a historian or a linguist, but if we do, we miss the point. The same is true with the Bible. We can study the Bible from a historical point of view, from a Hebrew and Greek perspective, or even as a great literary work. But if we do, we will miss the point. The Bible is first and foremost a love letter in which God desires to speak to our hearts, move our spirits, and nourish our souls. And when we read John 14–17, Jesus’ final words seem to strike an amazing resemblance to Ballou’s letter to Sarah. His last breath escaped Him on the battle-

field of the cross with your name, and that soft breeze upon your cheek is the Holy Spirit passing by.

Time Well Spent

Sometimes you may read the Bible and feel that God is not speaking to you through what you have read. That's okay. During times like these think of it as though you are storing up grain for the winter or ammunition for the battle. Reading God's Word is never a waste of time—His Word will not return void.

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways,” declares the LORD. “As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts. As the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and do not return to it without watering the earth and making it bud and flourish, so that it yields seed for the sower and bread for the eater, so is my word that goes out from my mouth: *It will not return to me empty, but will accomplish what I desire and achieve the purpose for which I sent it*” (Isaiah 55:8-11, emphasis added).

Oh dear friend, I pray that “out of his glorious riches he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith. And I pray that you, being rooted and established in love, may have power, together with all the saints, to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, and to know this love that surpasses knowledge—that you may be filled to the measure of all the fullness of God” (Ephesians 3:15-19). The more time we spend in God's Word, the more in tune we will be to His voice.

Whether burning bush or gentle whisper, Lord, I want to hear you.

Which Character Will You Play?

One Saturday night, my family hunkered down on the den sofa with an oversized bowl of popcorn, tall glasses of soda, and an action-packed video: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, starring Harrison Ford. We were ready to be entertained by suspense, intrigue, and a touch of romance. Like any good movie, there were three principal characters: the good guy, the bad guy, and the damsel in distress. The good guy, Dr. Indiana Jones, who was a professor of archeology, obtainer of rare antiquities, and student of the world-renowned Dr. Ravenwood of the University of Chicago, quickly charmed us. The bad guy, a waxy-faced Nazi with a sinister grin and breathy laugh, who was always accompanied by an entourage of brutal, salivating, gargantuan henchmen, quickly appalled us. And then there was the damsel in distress—the not-so-fair Marian, daughter of the now deceased Dr. Ravenwood and sole proprietor of a drinking establishment in the snowy mountains of Nepal.

In the opening scene, Dr. Jones is pulled from teaching his archeology class to meet with two agents from U.S. Army Intelligence. It seems that Hitler is obsessed with religion and the occult and is on a mission to find the whereabouts of the Ark of the Covenant, which has been missing since Solomon's temple was destroyed in 586 B.C. Obviously, the government officials missed a few days in Sunday school, so Dr. Jones fills them in on the significance of this rare treasure. The Ark contains the Ten Commandments and symbolizes the presence of God.

The government officials explain they have intercepted a German communication that reveals the Nazis are searching for the Ark of the Covenant in Cairo, but in order to determine its exact location, they need a map that is engraved on a gold medallion, once owned by Dr. Ravenwood. Dr. Jones' mission, should he choose to accept it, is to locate the medallion, uncover the Ark of the Covenant, and bring it safely back to the United States.

Professor Jones, with the gleam of adventure in his eyes, whisks off his bow tie and wire-rimmed glasses and dons his suede Indiana Jones hat, leather whip, and trusty pistol. Off he

goes to Nepal to find Marian and, hopefully, the medallion (which she has been wearing around her neck for years). Unfortunately for Marian, the waxy-faced Nazi also realizes that she is the key to finding the map, and he pays her a little visit just before Indiana Jones arrives. In adventure film fashion, a fight ensues, a fire breaks out, and the damsel's life is in peril. Just before the blazing walls come crashing down, the spy notices the gold medallion engulfed in flames and hanging from a pole. Without considering the consequences, he grabs the metal disk from the flames, only to quickly drop it from his hot little hand, but not before it leaves a lasting impression. One side of the map is forever burned into his palm. Of course, Indiana Jones comes to the rescue. The music soars, the hero cracks his whip, saves the damsel in distress, and recovers the medallion.

The Germans, thinking they have the map in the palm of their hand (actually the palm of Mr. Waxy-Face's hand), start to dig. But what Professor Jones realizes is that the map is actually on the front and back of the medallion. The Germans have only half of the map and thus are digging in the wrong place.

Now I have to tell you, this was supposed to be an evening of mindless entertainment, but God spoke to me in a big way. He used this movie to teach me about searching for His presence, hearing His voice, and how different people go about it. Many people would like to have the presence of God in their camp. And just as in the movie, we can potentially play one of three roles.

Some people are like the damsel, who had been wearing the treasure map around her neck for years without having any idea as to what it was. She only wore it because her beloved father had given it to her as a gift. Likewise, there are those who wear a cross around their neck, but they don't truly understand the significance of the gift of sacrifice and salvation from their heavenly Father. There are others who have a dusty Bible on a crowded bookshelf or displayed on a living room coffee table, but they don't realize that it contains God's Words to them. They don't understand that

the Bible is the map to experiencing God's presence and hearing His voice in their daily lives.

Some are like the bad guy with only one side of the medallion burned into the palm of his hand. They have heard parts of Scripture, read a few verses here and there, or visited a church on holy days such as Easter or Christmas. They are searching for the hidden treasure of life, but because they don't understand the whole truth of God, they are digging in the wrong place.

Finally, some are like the heroic Dr. Jones, who possessed the whole map and knew exactly where to search for the treasure above all treasure—the Ark of the Covenant—the presence of God. Oh, the joy that comes from following God's map...not just parts of it...but all of it. God has not left us alone to figure out this thing called life on our own. He speaks to us through the pages of the Bible to tell us great and mighty things we do not know (Jeremiah 33:3 NASB).

The movie was over. My popcorn bowl was empty, but my heart was full. As the credits rolled across the screen, God seemed to say, "There are three principal roles. Which character will you play?"