

This video goes mainly to my teenaged CCD students. They often feel apprehensive about expressing their belief in God because they are comsumed with peer pressure. They don't want to be excluded if they seem too "religious," so they opt to stay silent about the Lord, and that can be so harmful. Most of them don't realize that for some other teenagers out there, they can serve as the bridge between nowhere and somewhere. Especially a friend who might be on the edge. Sometimes just a few words, the right kind of words, can mean a life-time transformation for someone. I suppose it's the same with us adults. We don't necessarily have to go crazy preaching, but we must certainly try to touch those around us, even if subliminally. Although think we all know someone who "subliminally" won't work for. With that particular individual, we must be crystal clear when passing on the Lord's message.

Anyway, this video is a bit intense, but for all intense and purpose, it brings across the point. I've added a couple of relevant poems below also. Give them a read.

Video Title: Letter From Hell
Source: Tangle.com
URL: http://www.tangle.com/view_video.php?viewkey=dfd8fde4cec5bddc9184

My friend, I stand in the judgment now
And feel that you're to blame somehow-
On earth, I walked with you day by day
And never did you point the way.

You knew the Lord in Truth and Glory,
But never did you tell the story.
My knowledge then was very dim;
You could have led me safe to Him.

Though we live together on the earth,
You never told me of the second birth,
And now I stand this day condemned,
Because you failed to mention Him.

You taught me many things, that's true;
I called you "friend" and trusted you,
But I learn now that it' too late,
You could have kept me from this fate.

We walked by day and talked by night,
And yet you showed me not the light.
You let me live, and love, and die;
You knew I'd never live on high.

Yes, I called you "friend" in life,
And trusted you through joy and strife.
And yet on coming to the end,
I cannot, now call you "My Friend."

– Unknown

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"Eternal Ink"

I dreamed I was in heaven
where an angel kept God's book.
He was writing so intently
I just had to take a look.
It was not, at first, his writing
that made me stop and think
but the fluid in the bottle
that was marked "eternal ink."
This ink was most amazing,
dark black upon his blotter
but as it touched the parchment
it bacame as clear as water.

The angel kept on writing,
but as quickly as a wink
the words were disappearing

with that strange eternal ink.
The angel took no notice,
but kept writing on and on.
He turned each page and filled it
till all its space was gone.
I thought he wrote to no avail,
his efforts were so vain
for he wrote a thousand pages
that he'd never read again.

And as I watched and wondered
this awesome sight was mine,
I actually saw a word stay black
as it dried upon the line.
The angel wrote and I thought
I saw a look of satisfaction.
At last he had some print to show
for all his earnest action.
A line or two dried dark and stayed
as black as black can be,
but strangely the next paragraph
became invisible to see.

The book was getting fuller,
the angel's records true,
but most of it was blank, with
just a few words coming through.
I knew there was some reason,
but as hard as I could think,
I couldn't grasp the significance
of that eternal ink.
The mystery burned within me.
And I finally dared to ask
the angel to explain to me
of his amazing task.

And what I heard was frightful
as the angel turned his head.
He looked directly at me,
and this is what he said:
I know you stand and wonder
at what my writing's worth
but God has told me to record
the lives of those on earth.
The book that I am filing
is an accurate account
of every word and action
and to what they do amount.

And since you have been watching
I must tell you what is true;
the details of my journal
are the strict accounts of YOU.
The Lord asked me to watch you
as each day you worked and played.
I saw you as you went to church,
I saw you as you prayed.
But I was told to document
your life through all the week.
I wrote when you wre proud and bold,
I wrote when you were meek.

I recorded all your attitudes
whether they were good or bad.
I was sorry that I had to write
the things that make God sad.
So now I'll tell the wonder

of this eternal ink,
for the reason for its mystery
should make you stop and think.
This ink that God created
to help me keep my journal
will only keep a record of
things that are eternal.

So much of life is wasted
on things that matter not
so instead of my erasing,
smudging ink and ugly blot
I just keep writing faithfully and
let the ink do all the rest
for it is able to decide
what's useless and what's best.
And God ordained that as I write
of all you do and say
your deeds that count for nothing
will just disappear away.

When books are opened someday,
as sure as heaven is true;
The Lord's eternal ink will tell
what mattered most to you.
If you just lived to please yourself
the pages will be bare,
and God will issue no reward
for you when you get there.
In fact, you'll be embarrassed,
you will hand your head in shame
because you did not give yourself

in love to Jesus' Name.

Yet maybe there will be a few
recorded lines that sayed
that showed the times you truly cared,
sincerely loved and prayed.
But you will always wonder
as you enter heaven's door
how much more glad you would have been
if only you'd done more.
For I record as God sees,
I don't stop to even think
because the truth is written
with God's eternal ink.

When I heard the angel's story
I fell down and wept and cried
for as yet I still was dreaming
I hadn't really died.
And I said: O angel tell the Lord
that soon as I awake
I'll live my life for Jesus
I'll do all for his dear sake.
I'll give in full surrender;
I'll do all He wants me to;
I'll turn my back on self and sin
and whatever isn't true.

And though the way seems long and rough
I promise to endure
I'm determined to pursue the things
that are holy, clean and pure.
With Jesus as my helper,
I will win lost souls to Thee,
for I know that they will live with Christ
for all eternity.
And that's what really matters

when my life on earth is gone
that I will stand before the Lord
and hear Him say, well done.

For is it relly worth it
as my life lies at the brink?
and I realize that God keeps books
with His eternal ink.
Should all my life be focused
on things that turn to dusk?
From this point on I'll serve the Lord;
I can, I will, I must!
I will NOT send blank pages
up to God's majestic throne
for where that record's going now
is my eternal home.

I'm giving all to Jesus
I now have seen the ink
for I saw an angel write my life
with God's eternal ink.

– Rev. Craig F. Pitt

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