

## **JUDGE NOT - FOR YE KNOW NOT WHAT YE JUDGE**

The woman that I knew and loved was indecisive, unsure, and largely dependent on others. She often failed to meet her appointments and suffered greatly from feelings of insecurity and guilt. This was true when she was well and reasonably strong. When she became ill her feelings of failure were heightened. She was very skilled in many areas but she would not accept the idea that she was a woman of worth because—as she said—she simply couldn't get control of her life.

As I looked at the photo in her obituary, today, my feelings told me that I may have misunderstood June for all this time, and that the June that the Lord saw and loved was a far different woman from the June that I had experienced through my limited senses. As I studied that sensitive photo I seemed to sense that June was a kind, loving woman of such purity, and unmatched sensitivity that her spiritual makeup made her unsuited for the ravages of a tormented world. There are undoubtedly women from a similar mold who can manage daily tasks very well; but not June. The demands of housekeeping, being on time, meeting her appointments and other tasks that define much of what life is all about seemed to be beyond her capabilities. That was what I thought; but what I felt was something else—something entirely new—as I looked over her obituary that day. It seemed that what we *are* is sometimes at least as important as what we *do*. That there may well be virtues—virtues that June had in great abundance—that are much more valuable in the Lord's eyes than mere efficiency; and that for a few people who were sent to test our soul's, that will be enough. It just may be that June's sensitivity to the feelings of others, her abundant love and her unmatched faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will carry her farther into the kingdoms of glory than any of us could possibly imagine.

### **The following true story may help you understand what I mean.**

It was a blustery soot-black, mid-winter night in Wyoming long before the fury of the blizzard reached its peak. But now the wind-swept snow was flailing our windows at an alarming rate. We were stranded at night on an obscure country road without food, water or blankets, with little, if any, hope of rescue. Three frightened people who were all too well aware of the dangers that sub-zero temperatures would surely bring. We had been returning to Salt Lake City from Rock Springs, Wyoming. My husband was driving our aged car. As usual, I sat with him in the front seat while our 11 year old daughter June was in the back seat bundled up against the cold. It had become apparent for the last few miles that the car's engine was not working as it should, and my husband—as a precaution—had stopped at a garage in Evanston where a mechanic fixed a few things

and assured my husband that our automobile would now make it through to Salt Lake without incident. With some misgivings my husband began his drive into the late night darkness. The snow fell lightly at first; but what we did not know was that a full-blown blizzard was moving toward us across Wyoming's wind-driven plains. We had not gone far when the engine sputtered again and again and finally coughed to a stop. The darkness was as deep as gloom. There was no sign of life anywhere, and, with the storm raging, the likelihood of other vehicles coming to our rescue along that forsaken stretch of country road were negligible, even in daylight. We tried to restart the car again and again, all with no success. In desperation, and obviously distraught, My husband clutched his tool box, raised the hood, and fought the snow and cold as he searched for a possible problem while June and I sat in utter frozen silence. As it turned out, June used this quiet time much better than I did, for she had been silently—fervently—praying while I was coaching (or was it nagging) my husband, as we fearfully watching the blizzard whip horizontally past our windows.

Desperate now, my husband finally decided that our only hope for rescue was for him to leave us in the car while he braced the winds and snow to walk the two miles to Evanston for help.

He had not gone far when June spoke up. She said quietly: "Tell Dad to come back." I argued that I couldn't do that, because if I did he would just get mad at me again. But she was adamant: "Mom, *tell Dad to come back!*"

My husband was far enough away by now that I could scarcely see him through the blowing snow and I had to leave the protection of the car and run toward him to be heard above the howling of the storm. Fortunately, when he heard my voice he returned quickly. Once inside, while brushing off the heavy snow and obviously even more frustrated than before, he demanded to know what we wanted. June said simply: "Try to start the car again."

He was livid now. "Why!?" He remonstrated angrily. "You've heard me try to start the car over and over again until the battery is dead. *It won't start—it won't—there's no use trying!*" June looked at her father quizzically, wondering why a grown man couldn't understand what seemed so obvious to her and speaking with a faith that defied both argument and logic, she said emphatically: "*Dad, start the car!*"

Had you been watching from the roadside you would not have recognized the miracle when the engine started and the car moved smoothly away. But my husband and I were astonished when the engine started with no hesitation and ran smoothly and efficiently until it rolled into our driveway in Salt Lake City—at which point the engine died—never to start again.