

forted me.

Comforted *me*? Yes, as a doctor I genuinely cared for my patients and I believe he sensed my concern for him. The calmness of his conviction was a wonderful gift from Jesus. God later convinced me that—in His sweet providence—He had brought this dear man to our hospice in order *to bear witness of the certainty of our hope in Christ* (Philippians 1:21).

After talking several minutes more, I left him so he could rest. The next morning, as I started my rounds, I was eager to check on his condition. But instead of being greeted by the tender face of my new friend, I found a nurse stripping his bed of all linens. “Where is my patient?” I gently inquired. “Oh, he died last night,” she replied kindly, “we notified the physician on call.”

My mind went into a whirl. During my short time on Earth I had heard many people boast predictions about worldly

things—the score of an upcoming sporting event, the outcome of a political race, even how old they might be when they earned their first million dollars. But no dying patient had ever boldly forecast their own departure with such accuracy! Never had I seen anyone embrace the radiant sweetness and utter confidence of Christ in the face of imminent death . . . like this dear saint from Detroit!

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For to me, to live is Christ
and to die is gain
PHILIPPIANS 1:21

HIS Nature

Consider it pure joy . . . whenever
you face trials of many kinds
(JAMES 1:2).

CHRIST OUR HOPE

Many years ago I had the privilege of caring for a precious, aging saint. I was a physician in a local hospice at the time ministering to terminally-ill cancer patients in the Detroit area.

An elderly man was admitted to our inpatient center one afternoon. I greeted him in his room and asked him if he was in any pain. Within moments of my arrival, I knew there was something very special about this gentleman (Romans 8:6)!

As I inquired into his needs, the words from his lips flowed like honey from a comb. He quietly reassured

me that he was in no distress and very content. He then said something that I will never forget: “Doctor, I’m going home to Heaven tonight.” The biggest, sweetest smile beamed from across his thin, weathered face.

“How do you know?” I asked thoughtfully.

“I love Jesus and tonight I’m going home to be with Him,” he replied. There was such peace in how he com-

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A precious saint

