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*Holiness Writers*

**THE HEALING SHADOW**  
(Tract)

By

*Raymond Browning*

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without  
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

**Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World**

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# THE HEALING SHADOW

by **Raymond Browning**

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We read in Acts 5:15, "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them."

It seems to me that no fair-minded person, whether a Christian or not, could read the four Gospels and then even a few chapters in the Acts of the Apostles without perceiving that Pentecost made radical changes in the lives of the followers of our Lord. That these followers lived on a very lofty spiritual plane before Pentecost cannot be denied, but that they lived on a loftier and more beautiful plateau after Pentecost cannot be disproved. It is this difference which Pentecost makes that has brought the great holiness movement into being. There would be no good reason for the existence of any holiness denomination if its members did not believe that the baptism with the Holy Ghost, such as the disciples received on the Day of Pentecost, works a supernatural change in the lives of believers. If we do not "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints," we shall be tossed with the other ecclesiastical shipwrecks along the shores of time.

Now there are those who insist that the followers of Jesus were never really saved until the Day of Pentecost and that the baptism of the Holy Ghost is merely an increment of power or, as they express it, "an enduement of power for service." They forget that our Lord's followers had power for service before Pentecost. If some preacher could come into one of our towns or cities today and raise the dead, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, and give sight to the blind, I believe the most skeptical people would admit that here was one who had power for service. Our Lord gave just that kind of power, first to the twelve and then to the seventy, when He sent them out on special missions. We read that when the seventy returned, rejoicing and saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name," He interrupted their report with this strange statement, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Perhaps Jesus feared that they might be overtaken with pride, even pride in doing good things; and He wanted them to be watchful, for it was pride that caused the downfall of Satan. However, He then gave them this encouraging word, "Rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

Many years ago when my mother was young, she took the old family Bible and turned to that page marked "Births" and wrote my name. I was her first-born child. Later she wrote the names of the others: Guy, Floyd, Terrell, Walton, Lallie Ray, and Louis -- seven in all. There were a lot of other children in the little village of Aspen Hill, Tennessee; but Mother did not write their names down in her Bible. She wrote just the names of her own dear children. Now whose names do you suppose Jesus had been reading in the family record of the skies-the names of a lot of miserable sinners and backsliders? No, indeed! They were the names of God's own dear children. This settles forever the question as to whether or not the disciples were saved before Pentecost.

Nevertheless, there were some things in the lives of these disciples that were burned away by the fiery baptism. At this point we will put on the stand just a few of the many witnesses to the marvelous change that was wrought. First is the incident which occurred at the Samaritan village. Jesus and His disciples were going up to Jerusalem. Night was about to overtake them, and He sent two of them into a village to find a place to spend the night. They came to a home and knocked at the door. An old, gray-bearded Samaritan came out and looked them over.

They said: "Sir, a number of us are traveling through the country and we notice that you have a large house. Perhaps you can give us shelter for the night. If there isn't room in the house, if you would let us sleep on the straw in your barn, that would be all right."

The old man looked them over suspiciously and asked, "Are you men Jews and on your way to Jerusalem?" When they admitted that they were, he said, "No, you couldn't stay here under any circumstances. Get out."

As they walked away, one of them said to the others, "That's a nice way to treat good men! I don't like it."

They tried another house, and the householder said, "No Jew is going to spend the night under my roof. Get out of here or I'll set the dogs on you."

I can hear one of the disciples say, "Now enough is enough. A man can't be expected to take everything, and I was just on the point of giving that fellow a piece of my mind."

About the third time they were turned away, I can see them starting back down the road toward Jesus. They are walking fast and burning with indignation. One of them said, "Master, did not Elijah call down fire out of heaven?"

"Oh, yes," He replied.

"Could not we do that if You would let us?"

He admitted that it was possible.

Then they said, "Now, Lord, that is just what we want to do. You let us get hold of the lever that opens up the fire gate, and we'll pour a Niagara of flame right down on those miserable wretches.

Really they are not fit to live. The world would be better off without them. Just tell us what to say and we'll burn them up."

Jesus looked at them for a moment and said, "What about the little babies lying at their mothers' breasts? You want to burn them up? Those little innocent children who have left their toys scattered over the floor and have gone to sleep, do you want to burn them up? Even those poor old prejudiced Samaritans that were rude to you, just remember they have had to suffer a lot from Jews in the past; and yet you would like to destroy them with flame? I did not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

This was His tender but fearful rebuke to those He loved. Now I challenge you. You may not be a believer in holiness but, if you are decently fair-minded, take your New Testament and see if you can find just one place after Pentecost where these men ever wanted to call down fire on their enemies or burn up the folks that disagreed with them. Something bitter and resentful had been purged from their hearts, and tenderness and mercy had taken its place.

Another witness we shall consider is the incident of the discussion among the disciples as to who would occupy the high places in the kingdom. Jesus was absent at the beginning of this argument. One of them said, "When the Master sets up His kingdom, that is going to be a great time. It will be greater than those wonderful days when Solomon was king and the whole earth paid tribute to Solomon."

About that time somebody's imagination took flight and he said, "I'll tell you, brethren, there are going to be some big jobs in that day. I've made up my mind that I'm going to have a throne made of ivory and get a purple robe and a golden crown-not as large as the one that Jesus will wear- and I'm going to sit on His right hand. I'm going to be prime minister."

Another spoke up, "I, too, am going to have an ivory throne and a purple robe and a jewel-studded scepter; and I'm going to sit on the left hand. I'm going to be secretary of state."

About that time someone boiled over and said, "That's the way with you sons of Zebedee. You always want the biggest and finest and best of everything. I just knew when old Mrs. Zebedee was up here yesterday talking to Jesus that she had some scheme in her head. That crafty old woman is always pushing her boys to the front."

Then one of them said, "I think that culture and refinement ought to count for something, and if anybody sits on the right hand that's going to be my job."

Another spoke up, "I believe, in the affairs of a kingdom, business ability and skill in organization are greatly needed, and I'm going to sit on the left hand."

The argument was waxing hot when Jesus came in. Everything got very still. Did you ever notice that the things we contend about seem so small when we get them into His presence? He asked what they had been discussing and they reluctantly told Him.

I can imagine Him saying, "Get me a bowl of water and a towel."

He places it before one of the disciples and I can hear James say, "Master, what are You going to do?"

"I'm going to wash your feet."

The embarrassed disciple says, "Lord, please don't do that. I would rather You wouldn't. Lord, I'm ashamed and I'm sorry that I said anything about a high place. Just give it to anybody. Since I've thought it over, I don't believe I want it. I just can't bear to think of Your washing my feet."

Jesus said, "You wanted a high place, and this is the way to get it. The way up is down. If any man would be great among you, let him be the servant. Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you."

Now I challenge you once again to search your New Testament and find one place after Pentecost where one of these men ever sought a high office. The question of who would be bishop or district superintendent or president of the synod or chairman of the convention did not disturb their dreams. Worldly ambition, place-seeking, and church politics were burned out of these men forever.

One other witness to the Pentecostal cleansing will be Simon Peter. I have always loved Simon Peter. Nobody knew just what he would do next but, thank the Lord, he would do something. We have some saints who remind me of Uncle Bud Robinson's story of the old gray horse he saw hitched to a mud mill, grinding clay for the pottery. A workman said, "Since we hitched that old gray horse to that mud mill he has traveled twenty-five thousand miles and he's right where he started." Many good people are bound by certain habits and customs. They are timorous and lack initiative. We do not encourage people in the holiness movement to do eccentric things. However, if men and women are really filled with the Spirit they will sometimes be called upon to do the unusual and unconventional things. The leadings of the Holy Ghost are often surprising to the believer and mysterious to the world. Simon Peter is the only one of our Lord's disciples who ever walked on the water. He is the only one who had the initiative and the courage to ask to do it. I can hear those in the boat say, "Just look at Brother Simon Peter walking on the water. Isn't that the most wonderful thing you ever saw in your life? Wouldn't you love to have an experience like that? Why, it seems to me that I'd give a million dollars, if I had it, just to be able to say I had walked on the water." It wouldn't have cost them a dime. Every one of them could have hopped over the side of the boat and walked to Jesus. But, oh, no! That wasn't the usual thing. They had to hold on to an oar or a rope. They wouldn't take a chance. I'll tell you, if the holiness movement ever gets under way, somebody is going to do something different and, if you make a mistake, ask the Lord to overrule it. If God cannot overrule mistakes, we might as well furl our banners and quit the fight.

Another thing about Simon Peter that makes him lovable is his courage. When the mob came to arrest Jesus, the other disciples all fled; but Peter was still there. I will admit that his judgment was wrong but his courage was magnificent. One lonely man stands facing an angry mob. They are armed and thirsting for the blood of Jesus. I can see Peter standing there in the torchlight. He grips that sword in his right hand and says, "Lay one finger on Him if you dare -- just one finger, and I'll cut

your head from your shoulders or my name isn't Simon Peter." One man comes a little nearer, and that sword whistles through the air. The man ducks and the sword slices off his ear, and the only reason it did not remove the gentleman's head was because he got it out of the way. Simon Peter meant business. But, friends, after Pentecost, after the Holy Ghost fell on him, do you ever hear of Peter carrying another sword? He was through with that sort of thing forever.

This reminds me that before I was sanctified I had a big pistol in my house. (A Southern gentleman, you know, is supposed to protect his family.)

One night I got down to pray and the Lord seemed to say to me, "Ray, what are you doing with that pistol?"

I said, "Well, I've got to protect my mother and sisters."

He said, "You are not trusting Me to do that?"

I said, "Lord, just let me live until morning and I'll settle this matter."

Next morning I took my pistol, went down in the garden, took an old shovel, dug a neat little grave, and buried that shining revolver. So far as I know it is still there. More than thirty-five years have passed, and I haven't reached for it one time -- just haven't needed it.

Now I'm going to tell you something in the fear of the Lord. Holiness people have to bear a lot of criticism. In fact, a lot of poor, foolish people seem to think that, if they can just see a few faults in the holiness believers, they have sufficient excuse for not getting sanctified. Sometimes we do make mistakes, but we are not the only people who ever make mistakes. Once in a while a holiness preacher will make shipwreck of the faith, and the newspapers will spread the story across the nation. They do not mention thousands of other good, clean, Spirit-filled ministers who go about their daily tasks loving their fellow men and helping to hold back the wrath of God from a wicked and adulterous world. Once in a while I think it is only fair that we turn the spoon around and make some people take a little of their own medicine.

Some years ago a prominent minister from Texas was preaching to a great throng of people in a tabernacle at Lexington, Kentucky. He was a man of striking appearance and an eloquent preacher. Much that he preached was good and wholesome, but one night many of us were deeply grieved when he suddenly made a detour in his sermon and lashed out at the holiness people. "These people who profess to be sanctified wholly," and then he laughed, "I'd like to see how they behave around home." Carnality loves that kind of humor and the crowd roared. Some months passed by, and one day this preacher was in his study when a man came to have a talk with him. It seems that the visitor felt that the preacher had made some references to him publicly and he was grieved about it. No one knows just what passed between them, but something suddenly broke loose in that preacher. His hand shot into his desk and out came a revolver, and the jets of flame spouted out. The unarmed victim sank down, and his red blood crimsoned the carpet. He died in that preacher's study. I want to be kind as well as fair, but I tell you, in the fear of God, that I believe if that preacher had had the blessing of entire sanctification it would not have been necessary for him to keep a pistol in his

study. He may continue to preach, and may be helpful to many people, but the poor fellow will forever be handicapped by having to take a dead man into his pulpit every time he preaches.

We now turn to the matter of Simon Peter's sanctification. I do not know the exact words that he used when he obtained the blessing, but I do know that there are not two ways to get sanctified. There is only one way. Anyone who comes into this experience must take three steps. First, he must know that he is a child of God -- a real born-again Christian. Second, there must be a complete consecration --

All on the altar, nothing reserving,  
Yielding to Thee my life and my all,  
All that I am and all that I will be,  
As now upon Thee I earnestly call.

Third, he must believe that the "altar sanctifies the gift." As an old song expresses it:

Would you be redeemed from every inbred sin,  
Have the Holy Spirit constantly within?  
Make the consecration, trust in God, and then  
Let the Holy Ghost come in.

When Peter made this consecration, he put more on the altar than he realized. All of us do that. Within our natures there are talents and capacities never discovered and never utilized until the Holy Ghost takes possession. When Peter got on the altar, he did not know that his shadow got on the altar also. More than that, the shadow got the blessing, as we shall see a little later.

About this time a lot of people heard about the great revival that was going on and heard also that the sick were being healed. Soon a crowd of these unfortunate ones were trying to get to the meetings.

I can hear someone saying, "There's no use trying to get through that crowd. You might as well take these sick people back to their homes."

Then someone had a happy idea. He said, "I notice that Simon Peter usually goes down this street after the services are over. Let's put these poor people over there on the sidewalk, and when Peter passes by maybe his shadow will fall on them. That might help a little. It couldn't hurt them."

There on the sidewalk they put an old man crippled with rheumatism. He said, "Put my crutches down here by my side. I hope I'll not need them any more, but I might."

Next to him they placed a paralytic on a stretcher, and he said anxiously, "Fellows, don't let anybody step on me. You know I can't move at all."

Beside him huddled a little consumptive woman, and next there was a sad-faced woman with an idiot boy who babbled and laughed and chewed his fingers. The pitiful line stretched down the street.

As the sun dropped toward the horizon, Peter came walking down the street in company with some of his friends. He had been preaching to the great throngs and the "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" were still ringing in his ears. Heaven was shining in his face. Suddenly his shadow struck old Brother Rheumatism, and he jumped to his feet and began to skip like a young lamb.

Somebody said, "Grandpa, here are your crutches."

"What do I want with crutches?" he shouted. "I never felt better in my life."

Then the shadow touched Brother Paralysis, and he hopped up and hugged Brother Rheumatism. Then it touched the little consumptive woman, and her cheeks flushed like roses and her eyes were shining like stars. She began to shout.

When it struck the idiot boy, he looked up into his mother's face and said, "Mother, isn't it wonderful to see folks get blessed like this?" And that mother clasped him to her breast, realizing that the disordered mind had been set right again.

An interesting thing is that Peter probably did not know just what his shadow was doing. Every life has its conscious and its unconscious influences. We do some things and know that we do them. Also we do other things that we don't know about. Heaven will have at least two surprises for us. One will be the good we might have done. They will probably tell us that outside the gate because we will have to weep over that. But there will be no tears in heaven and, after our weeping is over, they will lead us inside the gate and tell us how much good we have really done, and we'll have a shouting spell over that. People who live in the will of the Lord exert an influence beyond anything they can imagine.

When Peter preached on the Day of Pentecost and thousands were blest, he knew that he helped those people. He couldn't keep from observing that. When he and John stopped at the gate Beautiful of the great temple in Jerusalem and lifted the cripple and saw him healed, he knew that he had helped that poor man. When he walked down the street and his shadow brought healing to the sick and the afflicted, he probably was unaware of it. It pays to have a well behaved shadow. A man can kiss his wife good-by, he can tell his children to stay home, and can tie up the old dog in the back yard; but his shadow is going with him. A detective or a bloodhound might lose his trail, but that shadow is going to stick by him. It is easy to see that the shadow is a type of something. It becomes the type, or the picture, of the influence of a holy life. These are the things you do and yet you are not conscious that you do them. At this point we cannot ignore the fact that the ungodly life has its unconscious influence. It casts a shadow also, and that shadow is a withering one. People who are unsaved may not desire or intend to hurt other people but they cannot avoid it.

Let's watch the two shadows for a while and see the contrast. First, observe the withering shadow. I have seen a boy, probably fourteen years old, seriously listening in the revival service. When the altar call was made I have slipped down and put my arm around his shoulders and said, "Son, I believe God is talking to you. Come and let's go to the altar." Tears were in his eyes and he trembled, but he looked across the church at his proud, worldly mother. She never said a word. She just looked



at him, and when she did he stiffened his shoulders. His tears dried up and he said, "No, I don't want to go to any altar." The withering shadow had fallen.

A young mother came to church with her little children around her. As she listened her heart grew tender. She was not rearing her children as she had been reared. She was not careful to take them to Sunday school. There was no family altar in the home, and she was not teaching those little ones to say their little prayers at night. Soon she was weeping softly. The preacher went to the little mother and said, "God has given you these precious children. Don't you want to bring them to the Lord? Come to the altar and let's pray." She hesitated and then looked back to the rear of the church, where her big, handsome, unsaved husband stood. He did not say, "Wife, don't be foolish. Stay away from that altar." He just looked at her one time, and that look chilled every bud of hope in that wife's heart. She took her little children and walked out of the church to go back to a Christless, prayerless home. That husband did not mean to injure his wife, but the withering shadow had fallen.

Some years ago we had a home in the mountains of North Carolina near Hendersonville. One day a friend came to call on us and, as he walked away, he lighted a cigarette. None of our household used tobacco and our friends, knowing our attitude toward the habit, usually refrained from smoking on our premises. One of our little girls not yet three years old saw that cigarette, and somehow it fascinated her. Next day Wife found her with matches and a piece of paper, trying to make a cigarette, and she took the matches away from her. She tried it again a few days later and set her clothing on fire and was terribly burned. All summer wife had to carry that child around on a pillow, and for a long time we thought she would not live. Today she is a tall, lovely young woman; but on one arm and one side there are ugly red scars that she will carry to her grave. That friend did not intend to injure my child, and I have never mentioned the matter to him; but the devil took advantage of the unconscious influence of that backslidden church member. The withering shadow had fallen once more.

On the other hand there is a brighter side to consider. We are now going to watch the operation of the healing shadow. Some years ago I was pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene in Columbus, Ohio. One of our members, Sister Sallie Thompson, was a saintly woman who had known many trials and sorrows and yet was always radiant and full of praise. Wife and I took our children and made a trip to Louisiana one summer to visit her people. The weather was very warm and after a long, weary day of driving we were approaching Shreveport late in the night. Drowsiness began to creep over me, and finally I said to my wife, "Mollie, do you know what Sister Sallie Thompson told me? She said she was going to sell her gold watch and diamond rings and give me the money for foreign missions."

Wife said, "Ray, stop this car. I'm going to drive."

I let her have the wheel and walked around to the other side of the car and climbed into the seat. I said, "Honey, aren't you just a little abrupt?"

"No," she replied. "You were asleep at the wheel, and in another moment you might have wrecked this car and killed us."

I said, "Why, my dear, I wasn't asleep."

"Do you know what you were talking about?" she asked. Of course I did not remember, and she said, "You were telling me about Sister Thompson going to sell her gold watch and her diamonds and give you the money for missions." She well knew that dear old Sister Sallie Thompson never had a gold watch or a diamond in all her life. It is a wonderful thing when the healing shadow can even fall across our dreams to protect us in a time of danger.

Once there lived near the town of Stamford, Kentucky, a maiden lady named Mary McAfee, who enjoyed and constantly testified to the experience of entire sanctification. She collected fares at an old tollgate on one of the turnpikes. Her job could have been very commonplace and her life quite dull except for the fact that she turned that tollgate into a sort of pulpit. She encouraged the people as they passed by, told them of the goodness of God, and the sweetness of salvation. The folks all had confidence in her and somebody wrote an article about "Mary McAfee: The Sanctified Tollgate Keeper" and gave it to the county newspaper. It was printed and other papers passed it on. Months later a Methodist circuit rider down in Mississippi was walking along a path to the village. His head was down and his heart was heavy, and as he walked he began talking to the Lord:

"Lord, I'm a failure. I just can't do anything with these people. It hasn't been long since we had a good revival, and already most of the converts are backslidden. It was like that last year and the year before that. Now, Lord, I know You saved me and that You called me to preach; but I'm a failure and, if there is any way You can get me to heaven without making me preach, I want You to do it."

That poor preacher was in a bad fix, but as he walked along he happened to see a piece of newspaper lying by the path. Out of curiosity he picked it up and his eye fell on the article about Mary McAfee. He read it and hope came into his heart. He looked toward heaven and began talking to the Lord again.

"Lord, I believe that Mary McAfee has an experience that I don't have. Maybe if I had what she's got I could do something for my people. Now, Lord, if that woman has an experience that will help me, please, let me go to see her." Then he added, "If it is Thy will please send me the money for the trip."

A few days later one of his members came to him and took out a roll of money and handed five ten-dollar bills to the preacher.

As soon as the dear fellow could get his eyeballs back into their sockets and recover his speech he said, "Brother, what is this money for?"

The man said, "It's just for you."

"Shall I put it on missions or the preacher's salary?" he asked.

"No, preacher," said the man. "That money is yours. Three days ago the Lord told me to give you fifty dollars, and I've not been able to rest since then. Now I've done what the Lord told me to do, and you can burn up the money or throw it away if you want to."

Then the preacher, Brother Hopper, shouted, "Glory to God! Here's my trip to Kentucky."

He took the train for Stamford. There he hired a horse and buggy and drove out to see Mary McAfee. As he told his story, she listened quietly. She did not seem surprised nor did she consider his case unusual. When he finished she looked him over for a moment and said, "My dear brother, all you need to do is to get sanctified wholly." She did not suggest a course of reading nor tell him about the camp meeting to be held next summer where he might get the blessing. Mary McAfee was ready for action. She turned an old split-bottomed hickory chair around on that porch and made an altar of it. She said, "Kneel down, Brother Hopper." She knelt beside him and put up one hand like a lightning rod and began to pray. It wasn't long before the lightning struck. Brother Hopper jumped, shouted, and ran from the porch, rejoicing.

Finally he said, "Miss Mary, please excuse me for hurrying away, but I've got the blessing I came for and now I've got to get back to Mississippi and tell my folks about it."

He jumped into the buggy and was gone. He went back to Mississippi and set his circuit afire with holiness revivals. A brilliant Methodist pastor in New Orleans named Beverly Carradine heard of Brother Hopper and invited him to his church for a revival, and in that revival Dr. Carradine was sanctified wholly and later traveled throughout the United States and in England as a flaming evangelist of full salvation. He visited Nashville, Tennessee, and under his ministry Rev. J. O. McClurkan, a devout Presbyterian, was sanctified and later built Trevecca College.

I was preaching one time in the old campmeeting tabernacle that stood on the former campus of Trevecca College, and I said to that great congregation, "Friends, do you know why this camp meeting has been here through the years and why that old college on the hill has sent its hundreds of preachers and missionaries around the earth? It is because the shadow of a little sanctified tollgate keeper reached down to Mississippi, across to Louisiana, back to Tennessee, and then to the far corners of this world." Mary McAfee sleeps beneath the soil of old Kentucky, but her shadow still moves like a benediction.

One of the greatest and most majestic preachers of holiness I have ever known was Dr. Henry Clay Morrison of Louisville, Kentucky. He was for more than fifty years editor of a holiness periodical. He was also president of Asbury College for many years. One summer I attended a school for Methodist preachers at Trinity College, now Duke University, and heard him preach a sermon in which he told this story that burned itself into my memory and has been used in blessing thousands of people.

A cousin of Dr. Morrison's lived in the blue-grass section of Kentucky. He was a handsome, attractive man but pleasure-loving and ungodly. He owned a fine farm, had a good home, and kept a string of race horses. One day he was riding on a spirited saddle horse when he came to one of those fine old country churches you often see in central Kentucky. They are usually painted white

and have a tall steeple. Nearly always there is a large graveyard adjoining, and the place is enclosed with a white limestone fence. Suddenly he reined up his horse and dismounted and walked into that churchyard. He had thought of a friend who had recently passed away and whose funeral he had been unable to attend. It occurred to him that he would like to see the grave. Soon he located it and there before him was the fresh-turned dirt, the withered flowers, and the new tombstone. He read the inscription. It was in the early fall. Flowers were still in bloom and the mockingbirds were singing, and as he stood there in the quietude of that lovely churchyard he began to talk aloud.

He said, "Bill, old boy, I'm sorry for you. I'm afraid you've missed it. The trouble with you, Bill, is that you drank whiskey and played the races and went all the gaits -- just like I'm doing. Then you died -- just like I'm going to die; and you've gone to hell -- where I'm going. I'm sorry, Bill, but you've missed it."

He turned to walk away, and his eye fell on a tombstone that was tilted over a bit. The grave had sunk down and was matted over with honeysuckle vines. Out of curiosity he stooped to read the inscription. It was the grave of an old minister named Lasley. The man said, "I remember old Brother Lasley. It seems only yesterday, but it has been twenty-five years since he held a revival in that old church. I was just fifteen years old and I remember that I went to the altar one night. That seems strange now; but I was young then, and my heart was tender, and I cried. I haven't been to church in years, and I couldn't cry if I wanted too. My heart is as hard as a rock. I don't care for God nor man. I cried that night. Old Brother Lasley saw me and came around and put his hands on my head and prayed for me, and all the burden left me and I was happy. But all that is in the past and I just don't care. Life's a strange thing. I thought when I got my race horses that I would be happy, and now I sometimes wish they were all dead. I've got a good farm and a good wife and children, and yet I'm not happy -- but I know I was happy that night. I know I'm wrong and on my way to hell; but, bad as I am, I'd give every foot of Kentucky land that I own, every race horse on my farm, and every dollar I've got in the bank if I could go back twenty-five years and could get down at that altar once more and if old Brother Lasley could once more put his hands on my head and pray for me. If I could once more feel in my heart what I felt that night, it would be worth it all, but I can't. My heart is dead. I couldn't shed a tear if I wanted to."

He put his hand to his face and then looked at it in astonishment. "O Lord," he said, "just look at this. I'm crying." He started to take a step and his foot caught in the honeysuckle vines and he sprawled across that grave. He buried his face in his arms and prayed, "Lord, if I haven't gone too far, if there is any hope for a fellow like me, please take me back and let me feel once more what I felt in my heart when old Brother Lasley prayed for me."

Soon his wife heard him coming through the house like a storm. She had started into the dining room carrying a tray of dishes, when he met her and seized her in his arms, scattering chinaware all over the floor. He jumped and shouted and, as soon as his wife could get her breath, she said, "Husband, what in the world is the matter with you? Have you gone crazy?"

"No, honey," he said, "I'm not crazy. I've got religion."

She said, "Dear, I'm so glad, but I didn't know there was any revival going on."

"Oh, yes, honey, a wonderful revival! Old Brother Lasley and I had one down yonder in the graveyard."

The people had laid Brother Lasley to rest many years ago, but somehow they couldn't bury his shadow. No tomb can ever intern a good man's influence.

Do you remember that there is something like this in the Bible? In II Kings 13:21 we read about a time when the Israelites were burying a man and suddenly they saw in the distance a marauding band of Moabites approaching. Someone said, "We can't stop to dig a grave. What are we going to do with this dead man?" Another said, "Let's put him in Elisha's sepulchre." The Scripture says, "And when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood upon his feet." I imagine he beat his pallbearers home because he didn't have to walk to the funeral as they did.

Friends, if Jesus tarries, one of these days you and I will be carried to the graveyard and laid to rest until there comes that trumpet call of the first resurrection; but, if we have lived in the will of the Lord, the precious healing shadows will remain. Hallelujah!