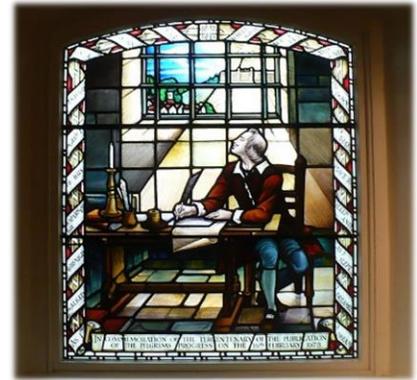


May 4, 2020

Good morning, Everybody.

Yesterday morning I related the story of the 1934 martyrdom of John Stam and Betty Stam, young missionaries to China. The title of the book I had with me in the pulpit is, *The Triumph of John and Betty Stam*. It was written by Mrs. Howard Taylor (Geraldine), daughter-in-law of Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission.



I mention that only because in the field of missionary biography, her writings are especially savory spiritually; making for richly edifying reading. So if you're going to go looking for something on the Stams, I'd recommend that you at least start with the biography written by Mrs. Howard Taylor.

John Stam Letters

I thought that since we were on the subject of the Stams, you might be encouraged by two letters from his days as a student at Moody Bible Institute. The first related a need supplied for returning home for Christmas during his freshman year. A fellow student had offered him a seat in his car.

I had told Tom I was going with him, but I didn't have any money, and couldn't even buy a pair of warm socks for the trip home in the car. Then, one night, I pulled on one of the four shirts I had been planning to take home with me, and it ripped. I did not want to take home a mended shirt, for Mother would guess that finances were low, and I did want to see the Lord's provision, as a test of what His care would be in times to come.

I went out by the lake, feeling a bit blue and downcast, and found myself thinking, "Well, it's all right to trust the Lord, but I wouldn't mind having a few dollars in my pocket."

Like a flash, I could have kicked myself! To think that I was valuing a few dollars in my pocket above the Lord's ability to provide a million if I needed it.

A few minutes later, just as I was crossing Michigan Boulevard—and jay-walking, too, which one is not supposed to do—I picked up a five-dollar bill from the street. Oh, what a rebuke it was from the Lord! Just one of those gentle rebukes the Lord can so wonderfully give us. The five dollars was beautifully acceptable, even though it was wet. I dried it out, and next day visited Montgomery Ward's bargain counter, and bought a couple of shirts and a good warm pair of socks, just the thing for the trip.

I am wearing those same socks still [in China], and every time I pull them on, these cold nights, they preach a sermon on the Lord's wonderful power to provide, whatever my future needs may be.

I think we all know that these are the beginnings by which God shapes men and women who eventually will be *steadfast and immovable* (I Corinthians 15:58) in all circumstances, even martyrdom. So, do **you** have any “socks” that *preach a sermon on the Lord's wonderful power to provide*? Better hold on to them (smile). You might want to frame them behind glass and hang them on a wall.

The second letter testifies to something that is, if anything, even more blessed. See if you notice it. He wrote to his father in 1931,

How do I thank him for this past year! I would not have had it otherwise, for all the ease of a bank balance. How could I ever have learned to trust the Lord, even a little, if everything had gone smoothly? . . . Of course He knows what we need! We can have blessed peace and rest without anything at all to depend upon but His promises. . . . The Book has become a new book to me this last year.

What would you give for the Bible to be *a new book*? What would it take for the Lord to make it new for us? Maybe that's one of the Divine mercies purposed for our present discomforts and uncertainties. The Bible a **new** book! Yes!

I trust that you'll have a really blessed day. It'll have its share of the *cares of life*, but do try hard to keep them shrunk down to their real size; *not worthy to be compared with . . .* (Romans 8:18).

Praying for You Today,

Pastor Minnick