The Casted Garment
By William Standish Reed, M.D.

"Then they came to Jericho. And as He was leaving Jericho with His disciples and a great crowd, Bartimeus, a blind beggar, a son of Timaeus, was sitting by the roadside. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to shout, saying, 'Jesus, Son of David, have pity and mercy on me [now]!'"

And Jesus stopped and said, 'Call him.' And they called the blind man telling him, 'Take courage! Get up! He is calling you.' And throwing off his outer garment, he leaped up and came to Jesus. And Jesus said to him, 'What do you want Me to do for you?' And the blind man said to Him, 'Master, let me receive my sight.'

And Jesus said to him, 'Go your way; your faith has healed you.' And at once he received his sight and accompanied Jesus on the road.' Mark 10:46-52 Amplified

To a blind beggar, his shoes, his stick, his garment, these are his greatest possessions. Why did he cast his garment away? Did it inhibit him? Was it something that came between him and Jesus? He must have come to Jesus divested of everything. One wonders what he would do if in crying out for mercy to the Lord, one would hear Jesus saying, "Come to Me." Certainly one would cast aside everything and run to meet the Lord wherever he was and however desperate his situation.

In 1889, Fredegond Shove wrote the following poem:

"The New Ghost"

And he casted down,
Down on the green grass,
Over the young crocuses,
Where the dew was.
He cast the garment of his flesh,
That was full of death,
Like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath.

He went a pace or two,
He went to meet the Lord,
And, as I said, his spirit
looked like a clean sword.
And seeing him, the naked trees
began shivering.
And all the birds cried out aloud,
As it were late Spring.

And the Lord came on,
He came down and saw,
That a soul was waiting there for him,
One without flaw.
And they embraced in the Church yard,
Where the robins play.
And the daffodils hang their heads,
As they burn away.

The Lord held his head fast,
And you could see,
That He kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone free.
As a hot sun on a March day,
Kisses the cold ground,
And the spirit answered,
For he knew well,
That his place was found.

The spirit trembled, and sprang
up at the Lord's Word,
As on a wild April day,
Springs up a small bird.
So the ghost's feet lifted him up,
He kissed the Lord's cheek,

And for the greatness of their love,
Neither of them could speak.

For the Lord went then,
To show him the way,
Over the young crocuses,
Under the green May
that was not quite in flower yet,
To a far distant land.
And the ghost followed
like a naked cloud,
Holding the Son's hand.

As Easter approaches, I have thought about death as I see family members and friends - members of the Body of Christ - suddenly leaving to be with Jesus in a life, which beckons surely to us all. It is my feeling that death, in truth, according to God's Word, has been defeated and the grave has lost its sting. We must gradually put away our mortality and take on our uncorrupted ness. Of an absolute certainty the temporary and transient is putting on the "eternal" through our old life having been crucified with Jesus and our new life having come about in our new creatureliness.

Did not our Savior, Jesus, say that He is the Resurrection and the Life and if we live in Him and believe in Him, we shall never die? In order for us to go into the realm of the triune God - Father, Son, and Holy Spirit - we must become triune in our own lives, by becoming Spirit, soul, and body. We must not remain natural men and women, bearing only the psychosomatic nature, the carnal mind. We must become spiritually minded with the Holy Spirit giving us life in our souls and bodies.

May Jesus fill you with His Resurrection power during this Easter season.
EVEN TUESDAY

10:30 a.m. Bible Study
Rev. Tom Wade

12:00 p.m. Bring a Sack Lunch
Potluck
1st of Each Month

1:00 p.m. Dr. Reed Speaking

2:00 p.m. Healing Service

In every trembling bud and bloom,
That cleaves the earth a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

Thou art not dead!
Thou art the whole of life,
That quickens in the sod.
Green April is Thy very soul,
Thou great Lord God.

Charles Hanson Towne

Lord, help me to face the unknown path before me with joy, knowing You go before me each step of the way.

We want to thank each one of you for giving so generously to CMF. It is greatly appreciated.
Please remember us in your monthly giving.

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