

On The Front

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Several years ago, I wrote the following story. It is a fictional account of the Good Fight that all Christians are fighting. It was originally written to call attention to the fact that all of us are in a fight. It is the story of one old soldier, doing his very best to remain faithful to his King, fight the Good Fight and help as many of his fellow soldiers as possible.

The old soldier groaned as he lowered himself to the ground and leaned back against the rock. It had been a hard campaign. There had been victories, as well as, defeats for his company. Some of his men were becoming stronger and better soldiers with each battle. Others were beginning to lose heart. Sadly, the old soldier realized that unless he was able to help these regain their spirits, they would likely be the first ones lost in the next battle.

Suddenly, there was a shout and the King rode up on His beautiful white horse. All the men stood and cheered their King. Even the old soldier joined in the exultation. As the cheering died down, the King spoke words of encouragement that were soon drowned out by renewed cheering.

Afterward, the King walked over to the old soldier and bade him make himself comfortable. Together King and King's man sat more like brothers than Liege and minion.

"How goes the struggle?" asked the King, although He knew full well the strategic situation

"The men are tired, my Prince," replied the old soldier. "Some of them want to rest. Others, I think would as soon flee. Still others are eager to advance the cause of their Lord. Your presence here today has given them all new life. Even I feel a surge of loyalty and fealty where I had thought none was lacking."

The King looked at His servant with eyes at once loving and sad. "Would that I could convince them that I am always with them," He said sadly. "I never leave them. Not one falls without my tears. If they would see, the power they feel today will be at their side in tomorrow's battle and every battle until the end."

As he listened to his King's words, a single tear made its way down the dirty face of the old warrior. "Forgive me, Master," he said softly, his voice quivering with emotion.

His own eyes growing moist, the King smiled and laid a hand on the shoulder of His faithful servant and replied, "Done! And never forget that I am with you and will never forsake you, and victory is ours!"

It is my strongest prayer that this story help you find the strength and courage to continue fighting the Good Fight. All the problems that assail us are flaming arrows of our enemy and they threaten to destroy us, but we have One on our side Who cannot be overcome. He is fighting alongside you and for you and you cannot be overcome with Him on your side. Do not give up, keep the faith, fight the Good Fight and enter into the joy of your Master.