

THE DIVINE LAWYER ... and the dramas in the court house  
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(GENESIS 6:3)

There are two Bible words which, pregnant with meaning, offer the most suggestive word-pictures. Dr. Strong declares that the Hebrew word *doon*, translated to strive, really means to struggle to resist a charge of murder. Liddle and Scott maintain that the Greek word *agonizomai*, which is also translated to strive, means precisely the same thing. Therefore in order to appreciate the full significance of these Scriptures, one must endeavor to see a law court where a desperate lawyer anxiously examines the records, sifts each piece of evidence, and does everything possible to gain a verdict on behalf of the accused.

The Case that was Lost

The court house was in the open air, and possibly near to the forests which lined the sides of a mountain. In the valley stood the skeleton of a huge ship; and not far away was the ancient saw-mill, alongside of which were piles of saw-dust. Nearby stood a strange old man, who always refused to work on the Sabbath. His name was Noah. His ship was truly fantastic, but his preaching was even more so. All the people knew him, and probably thought he was mad. When he insisted that God would pour judgment upon the nation, they laughed him to scorn. What right had Noah, or even God, to interfere in their pleasures? They loved to do that which Noah condemned; he should mind his own business! They failed to understand that they were figures in a court of law. The judge was God; the prosecuting counsel was Righteousness; the counsel for the defense was the Holy Spirit; the junior counsel was Noah; the accused was a guilty world. Possibly a rowdy meeting had just ended when God said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." The word used was *doon*. It might be translated, "My spirit shall not always struggle desperately to save the lives of sinful people." How righteous are the laws of God. The Holy Spirit acted as counsel for the defense; yet when no righteous escape could be found, love yielded to law and the sentence was passed. How wonderful is the love of God. That He should even try to save such people reveals a compassion beyond degree. How persistent is the Spirit of God. He continued year after year, and only gave up the struggle when to continue was virtually impossible.

The Case that was Won

Once again the court house was in the open air, where beneath the star-lit heavens the Son of God lay prostrate. Describing the scene, Luke declared, "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke 22:44). The word translated agony is the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew word *doon*, and again suggests the desperation to offset a capital charge. Man was in danger; the forces of righteousness were about to pass sentence; the time was very short, but Christ was making the supreme effort to discover a loophole whereby the guilty could be saved from death. This was the climax of an epic struggle which had continued throughout the Saviour's life. Continually the forces of evil had tried to defeat this great Lawyer; but when victory seemed within their grasp, He seized the sin of the accused, suffered in his stead, and satisfied every requirement of divine

THE DIVINE LAWYER ... and the dramas in the court house justice. The Saviour of men died in His own court-house, and the prisoner went out free.

#### The Case that is Still in Doubt

There was a day when the disciples asked the Lord, " Are there few that be saved? " and His reply presented them with another word-picture. They saw a city on a hill-top; the sun was setting, and the gates were about to be closed. Certain travellers who were late were struggling desperately to reach the gate before it closed for the night, and some were finding difficulty in climbing the hill. They were hurrying; they were breathless: but to enter in time was a matter of supreme importance. The disciples were still visualizing the scene when the voice of Jesus said, "Strive (agonize) to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able " (Luke 13: 24). The same desperation exhibited in the effort of the Holy Spirit in Noah's day, and in Christ's sacrifice in the garden of Gethsemane, should be found in our untiring desire to get into the Kingdom of God. There is so much at stake; there is no time to lose. This case may be either won or lost, and we shall be the deciding factors. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?

#### The Cross in the Clouds

" Fasten your safety belts." The friendly, warm glow in the indicator panel had issued the command, and within seconds the air hostess moved between the seats making sure that the Captain's order had been obeyed. Ahead, the sky was very dark; obviously the airplane was flying into trouble. I was far from happy. During a brief stay in the airport at Toronto, I had heard news of the devastating storm which had reached the Prairie provinces of Canada, and my fears of coming discomfort now appeared to be completely justified. I remembered the passengers who had staggered from the Winnipeg plane; I wondered if I would even live to stagger from this plane! The young hostess smiled and said, " It's going to be a bit bumpy." She was a model of discretion, and should have been rewarded for her tact. The brilliant sunshine of early morning had disappeared; we were enveloped in gloom. The plane began lurching as if it had suddenly become a cork adrift in a tempest. I gripped the sides of the seat and prayed.

After forty minutes the gloom began to disappear, and I saw the pilot's cross-the shadow of our aircraft on the clouds. Patiently, persistently, it followed us, silently announcing that the storm was over; the sun was shining again. And as I considered its message, I remembered another Cross which broadcast an identical message. Even eternal storms subside when souls begin to appreciate the superlative worth of the death of Christ. I had food for thought, and soon was permitted to undo the safety belt. We were flying beneath blue skies once more; we were safe. I wondered if others had ever found comfort in the pilot's cross, and later in the city of Regina was thrilled to read the testimony of a kindred soul.

In the Reader's Digest for September, 1958, Ardis Whitman's article had been condensed from the American magazine, The Christian Herald. The writer said: " In the lives of all of us there are blazing instants of reality, moments when we suddenly seem to understand ourselves and the world. Once a pilot told me of an experience when he was flying a plane crowded with passengers. A sudden storm had

THE DIVINE LAWYER ... and the dramas in the court house struck just as they passed the dangerous defiles of the Rocky Mountains, and for a few terrible minutes he had not been sure they'd make it. Then with one final flash of lightning, one last crash of thunder, the storm broke away and they emerged into a tremulous sunlight. And now keeping pace with them as they flew, was that lovely symbol, the pilot's cross-the shadow of the plane on the clouds. Flung round it was a halo of light, and beyond that, the victorious circle of a rainbow. 'For a single instant,' he said, ' I saw the beauty and perfection of the world, and felt as if I were one with it.' It is in moments like these that we truly live.

#### The Imprisoned Angel

Michaelangelo, the immortal painter and sculptor of Italy, succeeded in carving his name upon the face of his country. Today, all over the land, in churches and other great buildings, guides proudly indicate the works of art which are pre-served with loving care. During the early summer of 1957 I visited Italy and saw many of these invaluable treasures. I shall always remember The Angel, and how the guide said, "This was once a piece of discarded marble in a builder's yard. Sculptors rejected it because of its many flaws. Then one day, Michaelangelo walked down the street and saw the block of marble in a corner of the yard. He paused to make enquiries, and was told it was worthless. He replied, ' I see an angel in it.' " The famous sculptor began his task, and from that shapeless, unattractive piece of dirty marble produced his angelic masterpiece.

I know Another whose rare vision enables Him to see worth in worthless things. I have watched as He carved angels out of flaw-filled humans. It is not too much to say that only His interest prevented our being rejected for ever.

Years ago, in the place which is now called Kimberley, in South Africa, children played with attractive pieces of "glass" which they had found on the veldt. A stranger passed, and looking closely at the glass recognized diamonds. He too went to work, and today the Kimberley mines are among the greatest in the world. Vast quantities of wealth have been taken from the earth, and these sparkling diamonds have found their way to all parts of the globe. Yet had not the stranger recognized the true worth of the worthless glass, scintillating gems would have remained buried in the darkness. In all these facts are living parables. Let us rejoice in the knowledge and love of the Saviour, and remember that without His aid, we too might have been left unwanted and alone.

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