

MIKE CURRY



DIFFERENT SOURCES.....

SAME APPETITE.

Taste and see....I am good--*Jesus*

I've been asked to deliver bad news more than a few times in my life. Contrary to what you might hear or think, I never enjoy it. I saw this one coming and was hoping to avoid it. As usual....I couldn't. Teresa's dad is 89 years old, suffers from Parkinson's

disease and was hospitalized recently while we were in Kenya. He has since been moved to a nursing home and is doing as well as 90 year old Parkinson patients do. The major complication has been one of the nasty effects of Parkinson's....his swallowing muscles

have become paralyzed, causing choking and lung aspiration when he tries to eat. Today was the day we were at the hospital for a swallowing test that would determine if he would ever eat again. As I sat with Teresa and watched through the doorway, **(more=>)**



CAMERON CURRY



FINALLY...FRESH WATER!



TERESA AND CARSON CURRY

“You understand this means you will never be able to eat again?”

it was obvious there would be no good news here today. The watery pudding could not even find the passage way without causing choking. As the radiologist motioned for us to join him, he explained to Teresa’s dad the medical problems. The doctor did a good job of explaining, but it was still not “plain English”. I felt all eyes on me. Teresa’s dad can hear and understand my voice well, even with his hearing impairment. He also knows, I’ll tell him the truth....no matter what. I looked in his eyes and as gracefully as possible said, “Lee, your swallowing muscles just won’t work anymore. If you try to eat, you will choke to death. Lee....you have eaten your last meal.” He knew. He knew, before I

EVERYONE IS HUNGRY AND THIRSTY. WE ONLY DIFFER IN WHERE WE GO TO SATISFY OUR HUNGER....

said anything. You don’t get to be 89 without having some discernment.

In that moment my mind focused on one thing.....I wonder what I would want to eat if I knew I would never eat again?

The aroma of grilled steaks, hickory-smoked spare ribs and hot pecan pie immediately filled the nostrils of my mind. I contrasted the myriad of feasts I have enjoyed with the paltry chocolate mixture I had watched the nurse pour into Lee’s feeding tube earlier that day. The contrast was inescapable.....savory flavor vs. no taste. Enjoyment vs. existence.

After all that could be said was said, and all that could be prayed had been prayed, Teresa and I left Lee’s room for our four hour drive home. It was lunchtime. I silently wrestled with the obvious.....can I even mention lunch after what Teresa just went through? =>

THE TANTALIZING AROMA OF GOD



READING THE MENU



THE BUFFET LINE



TABLE WAITING



A COMMON LANGUAGE



I am merely a table waiter at the great banquet of God....

And then a question in my mind;

What would Lee eat today if he could? I didn't say anything to Teresa, I just drove straight to the restaurant district in this little Mississippi town. As we got out of the car, I took Teresa's hand and we walked across the beautifully restored historical square and straight to what was arguably the best restaurant in town. We were told about it last night but warned, *it is a bit pricey*. Price didn't seem important anymore.

I always eat. That's not news to any of you who know me. Teresa is a lady....a southern lady, at that. She is, has been and always will be stunningly beautiful. Her kind of looks don't come by eating like I do. But today....I watched as she took one of the hot cornbread squares out of the basket, scooped a generous portion of the pure butter onto her knife and then onto the cornbread (that really didn't need any help). I watched her eyes close and her chin jut out slightly as her head tilted back in the ecstasy that only true southern cooking can bring. I watched as she took a long, deep drink of tea so sweet it would satisfy any honey bee. I listened as she ordered shrimp and grits....the house speciality. I smiled as I paid the outrageous bill we ran up as we both tried to get the taste of Lee's diagnosis out of our mouths with the "comfort therapy" of food. It wasn't the best meal I have ever had....but, it may be one of the most satisfying.

As I've studied the past several weeks in preparation for the summer schedule, my mind has often drifted back to that hospital exam room. I got a horrible picture in my mind. It was a

scene of a great banquet, fully supplied with a magnificent buffet of perfectly prepared foods of every kind. The aroma was absolutely driving every taste bud into a frenzy. And yet, to my horror I saw all of the banquet guests ignoring the feast and pouring mixtures of weak chocolate liquid into their own plastic feeding tubes. It was as if the Spirit said to me, *"That is what it is like when the Word of the Lord is set before you and you are invited to come and dine. To eat your fill and feast on the living Word of God, the sustenance of the very Lamb of God, and you choose the meager menu of diluted, watered-down substitutes for the manna of heaven."*

How often have I done it? How often have you done it? Instead of **tasting**.....closing our eyes, leaning our head back and savoring the deliciousness of our Lord with an uncontrollable *uummmh*, that is *soooooo good*....we opt for the greasy-easy fast food of *three quick points*, a *nice little story* and *let's get on about our life*.

That gut-wrenching moment in the exam room when I had to tell my father-in-law that he would never eat again has shaken me to my very core. I don't know how many days I have left. I don't know how many more sermons are on God's program for my life. I certainly don't know how many faces I am looking into this summer for the last time (theirs or mine). *But I can tell you this.....the value of taste has gone up exponentially for me!!*

I have been reminded afresh and anew of the words I still hear ringing in the ears of my memory. Words delivered through the mouth of

my departed good friend Dave Busby. **"Taste! Taste!....."** and with eyes bugging out and vocal cords straining Dave touched that long, boney finger to his tongue and said once more, **"Taste and see that..!.....am....GOOD!!!"**

I can't force my hearers to taste this summer. I can't even prepare a sermonic meal with enough aroma to make the first mouth water. But....if I remember my assignment, if I remember my calling, I can fulfill my role and thus put before the people of God the very thing **He** has prepared for them.

I am reminded....it is *not* my job to prepare the meal. It is *not* my job to season it or check the temperature of the dish prepared. **I am merely a table waiter at the great banquet of God.** It is my job to go to God's kitchen, find that which He has prepared for His guests, and deliver it to them as promptly as possible, in as close to the original prepared condition as possible.

So many times, we preachers confuse our roles. We think we are the chef, when we are only glorified table waiters.

I will be with hungry people this summer. So will you.

I can't fill them. Neither can you.

But the Father has bid everyone of us, **come and dine.**

Our job.....simple. Direct hungry people to the meal....not a message....not the menu....**THE MEAL!**

His name.....is.....**Jesus.**

Kenya Wish List

- \$90** Monthly support for one orphan. There are several orphans awaiting “adoption”.
- \$800** Increase in monthly support for the feeding station budget.
- \$900** Additional monthly support for four pastors (\$300 per month x three)
- \$3,000** ***Mike’s expenses for the upcoming July Kenya trip.***
- \$4,500** One remaining new classroom at the Light School
- \$20,000** Phase I of the new pastor training/discipleship center to be constructed on land already owned on Mt. Elgon
- \$1.5 million**
To perpetually endow 30 pastors’ salaries. (*note: when God provides this endowment, it will free up \$9,000 monthly that is currently being spent on pastors’ salaries. This money will then be invested in new/existing ministries*).

PLEASE DON’T BE OVERWHELMED!!!

If it seems this list is endless, month after month.....it is because.....**it is!!** As long as I have breath and there is ministry to do, there will be a need for finances.

Don’t allow the enemy to pull you into his trap of thinking the needs are so great that your “little bit” will make no difference.

You can give toward any of the above needs. I will earmark your gift as it is given. Once the total amount for that particular project has been provided, the project will be completed and I will give you the report.

Every gift matters.....every gift makes a difference.

Pray.....see what the Father says.

By grace, your brother,

Mike Curry

Eph. 6:19-20

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