

Four Ways to Lose God's Presence Walter Beuttler

[Comments: 1) All scriptures are from the KJV except where noted. 2) This message has been transcribed word for word (from Beuttler's own teachings) as accurately as possible (due to the quality of the recording). 3) Beuttler had his own dictionary of favorite words he used throughout his messages, and they have been transcribed and spelled out accordingly. 4) Spelling on certain proper names, airports, hotels, locations, etc. may not be exact. 5) Messages were spoken late 1960's, early 1970's. 6) Beuttler was a Bible teacher at NBI (a.k.a. EBI, Eastern Bible Institute) for 32 years traveling worldwide since early 1950's until a year before he went to be with the Lord in 1974.]

I felt that I would like to point out to you and comment a bit on four ways of losing God's presence. I'll enumerate them for you first so you'll know which way we're going, and then I'll go back to each one.

- 1) Loss of our consecration;
- 2) Disobedience;
- 3) Substitution;
- 4) Neglect.

I am not suggesting there aren't any others, but these are four we are going to use based on the Word of God.

Turning first of all to the Book of Judges 16:4-5, 16-20.

“And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah. And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver.” Judges 16:4-5

Obviously, these Philistines valued Samson. Otherwise, they would not have paid such an immense sum in order to get at his strength.

“And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death; that he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb; if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man. And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath showed me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and brought money in their hand. And she made him

sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him. And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.” Judges 16:16-20

All of us, I think, know the story of Samson. Notice here this word **“enticed.”** She enticed him and got him into a place where the man told her all his heart. Basically, what we have here is this:

Samson lost the secret of his consecration.

He was a Nazarite. As a Nazarite, he had to meet certain conditions. He could not drink wine; he could not eat grapes; he could not eat raisins - not even raisin pie; he had to let the locks of his hair grow, and in those days, that was a reproach, a sign of reproach. A Nazarite had to bear reproach for the Lord’s sake.

This Delilah so pressed upon this man that finally he gave away the secret of his power. Now there are things I do not understand. Why did this man trifle with the secret of his power? She said, **“Samson, the Philistines be upon thee.”** Then she did it a second time, and she did it a third time. Why that man did not come to his senses, I don’t know. Perhaps the man was so overwrought that the man, in spite of the fact that he saw he was gravitating toward trouble, could not muster sufficient strength to get out of that place and run for his life. He played along and played along; he gravitated toward disaster.

About a year or two ago I watched a movie on Samson and Delilah on TV. I’ve often seen it advertised over the years, but I don’t go to the movies, but when they showed it on TV, I thought, *“I’ll just see what this is all about.”*

I was amazed at the reproduction of the times in those days. It was an education of the times in which this story took place. They showed how Samson was finally robbed of his power. Eventually he was pulling at the mill and the lords of the Philistines were laughing and drinking, making fun over Samson.

Delilah stood by, and you actually could tell she was very remorseful after what she had done. Here was the king of the Philistines, and other kings had come and laughed about Samson. Delilah stood not far away and said to this king, *“Well, your army has finally conquered Samson.”*

The king said very gravely, *“No, my army didn’t, you did.”*

That thing was so impressive. I’ll never forget it. An army of warriors could not defeat Samson; she did.

You know as well as I do that many a ministry has been wrecked, many a home broken up by a similar enticement. They are all over and all over the world. It seems that Satan

is especially anxious to get at the ministry if he possibly can, because if he can drag down a minister, he's going to drag down many other people who have put their confidence in him. These Delilah's are all over.

I sat in Rio de Janeiro at the sidewalk café drinking what they call down there a guala naught, a sharp drink made from berries. I like it very much. I was just sitting there. A lady walked along, and she spotted me, because you know, an American stands out like a sore thumb. An American is recognized anywhere.

She walked up and said, "*How do you do, Mr. American?*"

"*Fine,*" I answered. I knew right away what was up. Don't you kid yourself. I'm no fool. I knew right away what she was after, but I played along and said, "*Fine.*"

"*How do you like Rio de Janeiro?*" she asked.

"*Fine,*" I said.

"*Been here before?*"

"*Oh yes, many times.*"

"*Are you alone?*"

"*Yes.*"

"*Are you married?*"

"*Yes.*"

"*Are you staying at a hotel?*"

"*Yes.*"

"*Which one?*"

I said, "*Oh, now wait a minute, lady. Here is where we stop. How about it?*"

She said, "*Oh, I thought maybe you were lonesome and I could keep you company for a night.*"

I said, "*No, I'm not lonesome, and I don't need company - not with you.*"

Those things happen all the time and many, many a minister has stories to tell along these lines. But students, *we need to watch our consecration.* Our consecration may not be lost just along these lines. There are other lines, but let's look at Samson.

Here was Samson, and they took the secret of his power from him. Now notice: he said, **“I will go out as at other times before and shake myself.”** Well, he shook himself, and his shook was an empty shook. He went through the same format, the same formula, **“I’ll shake myself, and he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.”**

I would say we have here - the suggestion at least - that it’s possible to lose the presence without knowing it until it is needed. We Pentecost can get into the format, hanging onto mere formulas, *without actually having the power to effect any results.*

When I was seeking the Baptism, I was under the power lying on the floor. You know we used to have that in Pentecost. I haven’t seen it in many years. I know there were days when the power of God shook people, knocked them off their seats down on the floor. I’ve had it many times. We’ve had it in school in the earlier days, not recent years.

These two ladies worked on me. They wanted to give me the Baptism. Well, they had a lot of “shook,” but nothing in their “shook.” One pounded my chest: bang, bang, bang, bang, “Bring it up, brother, bring it up, bring it up,” bang, bang, bang, bang. I wish I had: my supper, that is, bring it up. I didn’t want to bring anything up, I wanted to be filled.

One of them took hold of my Adam’s apple, began to look for it and squeeze around my throat and said, “Brother, now say, Ga, ga, ga, ga, goo, goo, goo, goo.”

I felt like saying, “Cock a doddle do o o o o!”

They were shouting tongues in my ear; they rubbed me; they massaged me; they did everything. Finally, I was so disgusted, I got up and walked home. I know what they were trying to do, but I don’t know what they thought.

You know God may have uses for the laying on of hands with the power of God flowing through our hands healing people, baptizing people. I have seen ministers go through what they used to have, “Hallelu ug ug ug ug,” and what have you, and it’s a bunch of blub, blub, blub, blub.

Once there was the power, now there is the shake, the form, the format. We can lose the presence without being aware of it. We will surely lose it by losing our consecration, the secret of His presence.

Let’s go to I Samuel 16:14, and here I’ll need a little more time perhaps. Here is something tragic. The other is tragic too.

Maybe I should add something. It came to mind, but I thought to bypass it. I had a very godly pastor, and he said to me, “Brother Beuttler, the devil tries to get the ministry anyway he can.”

He told me this story:

I was sitting in my study with the door open toward the street. It was a hot day. A woman came in to get some counseling. (You know, there's a great place for counseling, but counseling sessions can be extremely dangerous.) And she came for counseling, and lo and behold, she jumped up, sat on his lap, put her arm around his neck and said, "*Preacher, I've come to make you fall. How about it?*"

He said, "*I shook her off like a snake and chased her out of the house.*" He commented, "*Brother Beuttler, just think, if somebody had walked past the house with the door open, and had seen this at the right moment.*"

Whew! My, the risks there are in the ministry! It's an unpleasant subject, and I want to shun it, but I'm not getting away with it.

I was walking along a street in France. I like to go for walks. And I was meandering up toward the central railroad station. All of a sudden, a woman came along and hooked me here in my right arm, gave me a hook - and brother, she could hook! I turned, of course, and knew right away who she was, you understand.

Well, I tried to pull my arm out and couldn't. She had me in a vise. I tried to keep walking, and she walked right with me as though we belonged together. That would never do, you know. I used on her what I have used every so often on men as well as with women (you get it both ways). I used the German equivalent to our "*Enie, menie, minie, mo,*" and rapidly said it in German, and she looked stunned and let go.

I have used that and it has never failed to work, except once with an Arab boy in Algeria. A little shoeshine fellow that pestered me - and they're rascals. Don't you get your shoes shined. Take your own shoeshine business with you if you want to know what's good for you.

"*What's wrong with that?*" you may say.

"*You'll find out.*" An American got his shoes shined in Cairo and the fellow charged him \$5.00.

You'd say, "*Well, I just wouldn't pay.*" You'll pay all right, and you'd be glad to. They have a way of making you pay gladly. GLADLY!

That little fellow had liquid shoe polish. He stood back, took the cap off and said, "*Mr. American, would you rather pay me \$5.00 or have me throw this liquid shoe polish on your nice suit?*"

He paid \$5.00 - gladly. They'll do it. Don't kid yourself.

So with one of those boys is the only time this didn't work. But there in France, I was concerned. I was known there. I thought, "*What if somebody went by in a car or a streetcar and saw us two just at the right moment, me having one of those street women on my arm walking several steps?*"

So in church that afternoon, I said to the people, "*I want to tell you what happened to me in your nice city,*" and I told the whole story just in case some (let's say ladies) didn't go by in a car and say, "*Oh, Oh look, quick look. Did you see it? We saw him with our very own eyes. Would you believe it? What is this world coming to?*" So I told the whole thing.

Of all the things you're up against. *The devil is after the ministry, and you better believe it.*

Let's go back to Samuel. I should have told you that before, but I didn't want to.

"But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." I Samuel 16:14.

First of all, I have to try and satisfy you theologians; I mean, you students. "*Now Brother Beuttler, what does that mean: An evil spirit from the Lord troubled him?*"

I'm not bothering with that, but I'm going to give you what I think, so at least your curiosity is appeased for the present. I think we have two possible explanations. I'll give you both, then I'll give you the one toward which I lean.

1) You can take that to mean that *God deliberately sent an evil spirit to Saul to trouble him.*

2) My personal feeling is that *this spirit was trying to get at Saul right along (He was the anointed of the Lord.), but couldn't because of the anointing.* But when God removed His Spirit, the man was open, and God did not intervene. He allowed the spirit the freedom, and in this sense, I think we have these words:

"An evil spirit from the Lord troubled him."

We'd be fools to argue over this, but I personally prefer this latter view.

So now the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul. *It's a terrible thing to lose the presence of God. He lost the presence because of disobedience.*

Take Samuel 13:13-14 for instance:

"And Samuel said to Saul, Thou hast done foolishly; thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee; for now would the Lord have established thy kingdom upon Israel forever. But now thy kingdom shall

not continue; the Lord hath sought him a man after his own heart, and the Lord hath commanded him to be captain over his people, because thou hast not kept that which the Lord commanded thee.” I Samuel 13:13-14

What happened was the disobedience of Saul. One year, the Lord gave me two definitions: 1) of pride, and 2) of disobedience.

What the Lord gave me for pride was this: *pride is the deification of self, self-deification.* You know, pride is a terrible thing in the sight of God, because when we are proud, we're becoming our own deity, and that infringes on the deity of God.

You have heard or read of Madam Guyon, the French mystic (she's called at least) who knew God so well. She was rated the most beautiful woman in Paris. The men loved to give her a second look. The ladies envied her beauty, and she admired it. But she was a very spiritual woman, and kept seeking the Lord, and realized that her pride of face was hindering her in her spiritual development. She asked the Lord to take away her pride, but her pride would not go.

One day she challenged God, “*God, do You mean to tell me that You are not strong enough to take this pride out of my heart?*” And the Lord heard it. Madam Guyon came down with smallpox. Her face was full of pox. Her friends told her what salve to use to save her face. She said, “*I'm not using any salve; I'm not saving my face; God is answering my prayer.*”

She recovered, but her face was full of marks. Her beauty was gone, but so was her pride. She had no more reason to admire herself in the mirror.

Pride is a terrible thing.

We had a revival in school, and we were coming and going because the revival kept going all the time. I came back to chapel, and sat on one end on the girl's side. I came in and just sat over there.

One of the girls was sitting at the other end of the row of seats - nobody between us, and she was singing in other tongues. It was beautiful. I think she was the greatest singer we ever had. Did that girl have a voice! She could sing way up to K (someplace up there - I'm not a musician though I love music, but know nothing about it.) Did she sing! The chapel was quiet. Everybody was listening to her, and so was I. Oh could that girl sing!

And the Lord spoke to me, “*I want you to go over to Susie (not her real name), and tell her that her singing is an abomination in My sight.*”

Whew!

I said, “*Lord, I can't do that. I have a good relationship with the students, and she has never done anything to me. That's a terrible thing to do.*”

A second time He said, *“I want you to go over and tell her that her singing is an abomination in My sight.”*

I said, *“God, I can’t do that to that girl.”* She was one of those nice kids, you know. She’d get cookies from home from her Mom, knock at my door, *“Come in,”* I’d say.

“Brother Beuttler, got some cookies. Would you like some?”

I’d say, *“Sure, I’ll take the whole box. How about it?”* You know, that kind of a kid.

“God, and I should tell her that?” I said. The Lord dealt with me, and I finally acquiesced. When I wanted to go over, she was gone. Oh, I felt bad. I said, *“Father, forgive me. I’m going to go up to the office, and if You will bring her my way, I will obey.”*

I walked up, and down the hall comes Susie. We passed outside my office door. I said, *“Susie, would you mind stepping in my office a moment. I have something to tell you.”*

And she said so nicely, *“Certainly, Brother Beuttler,”* in such a nice way. Now I felt all the worse. If she had only demurred, but she was so accommodating.

We went and shut the door. She stood here; I stood there. I looked her in the eye and said nothing. I guess she wondered. I thought, *“Oh brother, that’s awfully hard, isn’t it?”*

I said, *“Susie, the Lord wants me to tell you that your singing in chapel is an abomination in His sight.”* I said no more. And that girl looked at me as though lightening had struck her.

I could feel her think, *“Brother Beuttler, you, of all people! What have I ever done to you?”* What could I do?

Her head came down and that girl began to weep. She broke out into terrible sobs that I hear for the rest of my life. Oh brother! Her nose started to run, so I gave her my handkerchief. I told you I always have a clean handkerchief in school.

She took it and wept into it. Oh brother! That girl wept. Her whole body heaved. I could have put my arm around that girl’s shoulder. I could have and said to her, *“I’m so sorry, what can I do?”* but you can’t do that.

There she was, blowing her nose, sobbing. And then she went that way all the way down the hall to the girl’s dorm, crying and sobbing the whole way. And I stood outside the door and watched the girl walk down like that.

Whew! What a job this school business is, and obedience to God.

She was the favorite singer. She was the soloist; she was in duets, in threets, in fourets, in fivets, whatever ets there was, she was in it. She sang no more, and to her credit, she never told what happened. Neither did I.

“Susie, will you sing a solo?”

“No,” she would answer.

“Why not?”

“I’m not singing anymore,” she answered.

“What happened?”

“Don’t ask me,” she said.

That girl refused to sing for about three months. I had chapel service, and the Lord laid it upon my heart to ask her to sing a solo. So I looked her up and said, *“Susie, I have chapel tomorrow, and I’d like you to sing a solo for us.”*

She said, *“Me?”* as though saying, *“After what you said, you’re asking me?”* (She didn’t say that, that’s how I felt.) She only said, *“Me?”*

So I said, *“Yes, you.”*

Her head dropped. She paused a bit and said, *“I’ll sing.”* And she sang.

School was out very shortly after that. During the summer I received a letter from her:

Dear Brother Beuttler,

I want to thank you for your faithfulness to God and to me for when I was singing in chapel, I was not singing for the glory of the Lord, I was singing to have folk admire my voice. I knew everybody was listening in admiration while I enjoyed their admiration. For some time pride had begun to build up in my heart, and I sang for my own glory. What you said made me realize the state I was in. God humbled me, and broke me, and took the pride out of my heart.

I went to the radio station and asked them to cut for you a 12-inch record on which I’m singing for you your favorite hymns.

Your grateful student, Susie

She came back again the next year and was used again in singing, but her pride was gone. *What a price for obedience!*

Saul lost the presence because of *disobedience*, and I almost disobeyed the Lord. Who wants to treat a student that way? And yet, what are you going to do?

I want to go to *the fourth way to lose the presence of the Lord (Neglect)* found in Luke 2. You understand, we're dealing here with the principle?

“And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.” Luke 2:42-46

Now here you have a strange situation:

The most unlikely parents (the parents of Jesus), lost the most unlikely son (the Son of God), in the most unlikely place (the temple), on a most unlikely day (their greatest religious holiday, the Day of Atonement). *The most unlikely people lost the most unlikely son in the most unlikely place on the most unlikely day.* How come?

Sure, they did not want to lose their son. They loved their son, but there's only one answer - *neglect*. They were so *preoccupied* with meeting friends with the holiday season; they noticed his absence, but weren't worried; they *supposed* him to be in the company, but he wasn't. It was a religious holiday, and you'd think on a religious holiday, they wouldn't lose their son, but they did.

That's what happened to me in Bible school. I was in Bible school in 1927, and we had four weeks of special meetings with Brother McGallister. The school was connected with the church, and we had four weeks of meetings. We students were asked to attend classes, do our assignments, be in every service every night, and be at the altar dealing with people. I had wished many a time if I could have told that faculty what a big mistake they made.

I had a wonderful fellowship with God, and it was noticed by the school and the faculty, and that is the truth. In chapel services, the Lord would give me a message; we'd get an outpouring of the Spirit that even the faculty took notice, *but it came out of my devotional life.*

The four weeks of special meetings robbed me of my relationship with the Lord. There were *too many* classes, *too many* assignments, *too many* hours with *too much* to do. When the campaign was finished, for me it was a pain in the camp. I had lost what I had before, *because we were so dog-tired.* How could we keep up with the studies and be in church every night and at the altar? And you better be there! It's something I shall never

forget, but things were such you couldn't say a word, of course. You simply had to suffer. *It took me a long time to regain what I had lost in those special meetings because the pressures were too great.*

Now here, the parents of Jesus lost their boy, I would say, through neglect. *They did not pay sufficient attention to their boy, and after awhile, he was gone.*

One way we can lose the presence of God is through neglect; neglect of the Lord, sacrificing our devotions for study, skipping in our personal devotional life.

How often I had warned in school not to crowd the students with so much studies, assignments and research that we squeeze their devotional life out of them. And I have seen it happen. We can be so preoccupied, whether in school or out of school; it's so with ministers; it's so with missionaries. They get so busy with so many things that this personal relationship suffers, things begin to encroach, and very slowly, the presence begins to subside until it is gone.

In summary, I would suggest to you tonight *four ways to lose the presence*:

1) **Losing our consecration** - How *jealously* we need to maintain that consecration and not lose the *secret* of the presence of God.

2) **Disobedience** - Now I'll give you the other definition. *Disobedience is the rejection of the throne rights of God. I think disobedience is probably the greatest of all sins.*

By the disobedience of one man, all the human race fell; by the obedience of one Christ, the whole human race was saved, that is to say, provision was at least made.

If you can picture God sitting on the throne: Disobedience is pushing God off His throne and seating ourselves on His throne in His place. Disobedience is the rejection of the throne rights of God. That's what it is. That's what the Lord gave me, and I think you can see that.

Consequently, *God cannot tolerate disobedience, rebellion against His sovereignty. As in the case of Saul, persistence in disobedience will surely rob us of the presence of God.*

3) **Substitution** - Allowing other things to creep into our lives.

When I was in Bible school, I had a girlfriend. The Lord had warned me against the relationship. The girl was a top girl and students said, "*We sure admire your taste.*" Well, I did too.

Her parents thought that I was everything. In fact, as far as they were concerned, the sun was rising and setting on Beuttler. *But inside the Lord dealt with me not to go through with this thing. The Lord had warned me in a dream.*

In the dream there was a terrible open sore on my shoulder that was draining my life. I looked at it, and woke up, and knew that *this relationship was draining my spiritual life. Nothing was wrong in it, but just the fact of its existence.*

I knelt one night before the Lord and said, “*God, what is wrong with me?*”

And the Lord gave me a scripture right in here (pointing to stomach area), “**Oh that thou hast harkened to my commandments, then would thy peace be like a river.**”

It had cost me that wondrous presence of God. I had such a lovely relationship with the Lord, *but I was taken up now with something else.* And still I wouldn’t give in.

We went to New York City to a ten-day evangelistic service with Brother Wigglesworth. She and I were sitting up in the gallery where we had a little privacy. Oh, you don’t understand? Well, good for you. They had long benches there, and we were sitting at one corner; she in the corner, I next to her. Wigglesworth was preaching. He stopped, and gave a message in tongues. As he gave the message in tongues, I knew inside instinctively, “*Something is coming for me,*” and it so scared me that I left her sit, and slid up the bench to the other side, and I sat there and let her sit over there. I didn’t understand it, but I knew it had to do with her.

Then he came out with the interpretation. And that man came out with exactly what was going on in my heart. And after he got done about submitting to the will of God, he said, “*This message is for a young man in this audience tonight whom God has called.*” That did it!

But that continued involvement - and I knew it was out of the will of God - *gradually drained me of the presence of God,* and it did not get restored until I had said, “*Sorry, we just can’t continue. The Lord just isn’t in it.*”

How careful we have to be not to let things creep in that are out of harmony to the purpose of the will of God.

4) **Neglect** - *neglecting* our devotion, *neglecting* the Lord, simply being so *preoccupied* with things that we pay little *attention* to the Lord.

Now in closing, I want to take you to I Chronicles 15.

“And David made him houses in the city of David, and prepared a place for the ark of God, and pitched for it a tent.” I Chronicles 15:1

I wish I had an hour for this, but I don’t. David was a great lover of the presence of God. *He prepared a place. In making a place for the ark of God, he made a place for the presence, because as you know, the presence of God was there between the cherubim of the ark. David made a place. Folkses, we need to be careful to make a place, to make room for the presence in our lives.*

Last night I couldn't get to sleep till at least 1:00 a.m. At 3:00 o'clock, I was awakened with a very heavy presence and Spirit of intercession. Even though I needed sleep so badly (and I'm dreadfully tired tonight because I didn't have enough sleep), I knew it was time to be up and sit in the Lord's presence.

It's a case of *making room* for the presence of God. *Our lives become so cluttered with so many things that little by little the presence of God in our lives becomes displaced through sheer clutter. We need to unclutter our lives; remove a lot of the things that don't matter; that occupy our time, our attention, our hearts, and make room for the presence of God - pitch a tent for it. The presence of God needs protection against the encroachment of people and things that would disturb it.*

Today, I was somewhere around here and had a heavy presence in my spirit, and somebody was going to ask some questions and talk, and I just didn't respond much. *I did not want to be drawn out because I had to put a shield over that intercessory prayer in here* (pointing to stomach).

You know, there are *secrets* here that are terrific.

I was going out west one year, and stopped off in Ohio where I saw a schoolmate of mine, Brother Emery. He was our recent president in school. He said to me, "*Oh, I wish I had known you were coming this way. I would have arranged for you to speak. As it is, we have the superintendent.*"

Well I was glad. So we had the meeting. That was all right, and then we had lunch. Brother Emery sat in front of me, and we were chatting. While he talked, *I noticed inside a little presence, not strong, but noticeable. I recognized it as a signal - the Lord attracting my attention. So right away, I spread a tent over it. Now I'm giving you here, a secret of the presence, one of them; the secret of the anointing.*

Instead of talking freely, right away, I cut conversation. I let him do the talking. I cut back with my words to near silence with only a yes and no answer. I did not volunteer; I shielded this presence. And it got stronger. I knew something was up.

Brother Emery kept talking, and he never knew, and doesn't know to this day. *The Lord's presence got stronger, and He dropped a scripture in there, and the scripture was, "The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace,"* and I knew I was going to speak that day. I didn't tell him that. He was the leader, but I didn't tell him.

When I saw that the Lord gave me a scripture, and the thing began to bud and unfold, I said, "*Brother Emery, I wonder if you would be so good and excuse me. I just feel that the Lord would like me to be alone.*" That was all right.

I walked into the woods. As I did, this thing grew and grew, and I had a message. I knew I was going to speak, but the superintendent was scheduled, so I went to the meeting.

Brother Emery said, *“Brother Beuttler, come and sit with us.”*

“All right,” I said and sat with them. It doesn't matter where you sit. They were singing. He was leading. They were singing, singing, singing. I knew they were marking time.

Finally he said, *“Now folks, we have to sing until the superintendent comes.”*

I thought, *“You'll sing forever. He won't be here.”* But I didn't tell him that.

They kept on singing. Then came a telegram, *“Unable to arrive due to circumstances beyond my control.”*

Brother Emery said, *“I'm awfully sorry. Here is the telegram. Now we're stuck for a preacher. What are we going to do?”*

I said not a word. Oh no!

He said, *“Well, my schoolmate from CBI is here. Brother Beuttler, do you think you could perhaps give us a little testimony?”*

I said, *“Oh, I think so.”*

I'm not exaggerating, I turned to my scripture in Psalms 29 and read it, and the message flowed out like it were dipped in oil for about an hour and a quarter; the thing just flowed; the glory came down; hands went up. We had a wonderful meeting, *BUT I had covered the presence. David spread a covering over the presence. We need to shield the presence of God against the encroachment of things.*

As you know, we have a wonderful treasure in the presence of God, but it can be lost through lack of consecration, disobedience, substitution and neglect.

May I say that *in all we do, let's be sure we make room for the presence of God in our lives, moving aside the clutter, the things that don't matter, that there might be room for the presence. And having the presence, spreading a tent over it, protecting the presence of God against the encroachment of things which would dissipate and cause it to be lost.*

I trust the Lord will be able to say to you as well as to me, **“My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.”**

Thank you very much for the privilege of being with you.

It was a treat, not a treatment.