

Knowing God as a Friend 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 have been here before and have seen many people since then in many countries on all continents of the world, because I do a lot of traveling nowadays especially during the summer. Gradually your faces begin to reappear out of the midst. I've been sitting here looking you over and I thought I saw this one and that one before. Gradually you are emerging. It's really a delight to see you again.

You may wonder, but I'm especially glad because this is an Italian Assembly. I've always had a very great liking for the Italian folk. I say that sincerely. I used to have a very great burden for their assemblies. To be honest I must confess that burden has lifted, but not without interest. I used to have such a great concern for teaching among the Italian Assemblies that I said to Wife once, "*If I have to change my name to an Italian name to be accepted, I'll do it.*" And I mean that. I was ready to plunge wholeheartedly in the Italian work, but then certain things developed that changed that, but I'm indeed very glad to have this opportunity with you tonight.

Since I've seen you last, a lot of water has gone over the dam, as they say. Much has transpired, some of it bitter, some of it sweet, but the Lord has been faithful all the way through.

I felt the Lord put it upon my heart to chat with you during these three meetings along the line of "*Knowing God.*" I must admit I do use this subject all over the world. It's usually the first topic on which I speak when I get to a new country, of which I've now covered 54. Aside from that as I was contemplating the studies for this weekend, I felt in my spirit along this line of "*Knowing God.*"

I do know that God is very much concerned about this. By saying that, I do not in the least suggest that you folk don't know God. In fact, one preacher reproached me one year saying, "*Brother Beuttler, how can you talk to Christians about knowing God when they already know Him or they wouldn't be Christians.*"

What can you say to a person like that? The idea is not that we don't know Him already. The idea is that we want to know Him better; we want to know Him some more. If President Eisenhower walked down the street and I happened to pass, I could say, "*I*

know that man.” Sure I know him; I recognize him and that’s about all, but you don’t really know a person that way.

My older daughter, Myra, used to be quite a fan of the Queen of England, Queen Elizabeth. She had books, still has them, I guess a stack this high. I used to read in those books. I liked them. They were interesting. I suppose I could give you a number of facts about the Queen. My daughter could give you more. Perhaps I would recognize her on the street, I assume so, but I don’t know her. Do you see what I mean? There is something more intimate to knowing a person, an intimacy that comes through fellowship.

On several occasions I stood in the front of Buckingham Palace in London, where usually anywhere from 300-400 people (maybe 1,000) are gathered around hoping to get a glimpse of the Queen. She never opened the window and said, *“Hi Brother Beuttler, come in for a cup of tea.”* She never gave me the chance to get acquainted, therefore, I only know a few facts, but I don’t know her. Friends, we don’t simply want to know about God, we want to know God.

Before I proceed from this point, I thought to call to your attention that I have these studies in print. They are in complete outline form and whenever I teach on this subject, I take a number of copies with me. Sister Corvine is going to put them in somebody’s hand. You can have them 2 for a quarter or 1 for 15 cents. That’s about 30% less than they normally sell for. They’re for any of you who may be interested so you’ll have all the scriptures, all the principle points to take home and feast upon. They do that in other assemblies and I thought in case you’re interested, I’ll at least make it available to you. If you’re so inclined, you can have them 2 for a quarter, one for yourself and one for a friend, or just 1 for 15 cents.

For a beginning, I want to take you to John 17:3. Tonight we’ll get more or less an introduction, but it’s essential that we do this.

Mrs. Corvine asked me this evening whether I was going to speak two hours. She didn’t indicate whether she was afraid that I might, or whether she thought I ought to, but two hours is a long time. I’m a busy man. I’m constantly working at the extreme end of my physical endurance. I’m sure we won’t go that long, and if I did I’m afraid most of you would decide it’s time to go home. I do expect to keep you a little while, but not past midnight, and that’s a promise.

“And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.” John 17:3

Here we have the Lord’s prayer: *“This is life eternal, that they might know thee.”* Friends, as far as I’m concerned, the process of knowing God will never end. I’m inclined to think that we’ll continue after we have arrived in heaven, but down here on earth, at least I want to get a real good head start. God’s great desire is for us to know Him.

In Jeremiah 24, you find a statement that says, *“I will give them an heart to know me.”* To me that’s a remarkable truth - God being willing to give to His people (and they were His people for that matter) a heart, shall we say, the capacity, the desire, the ability, the enablement to know God. Oh God! Enable us to know thee.

There are many who say they know God, and they may have, shall I say, an elementary kind of an acquaintance with Him, a casual acquaintance. They may know who He is. They know He is their Father, but what we are pursuing is a very intimate acquaintance with God, and that’s what we’ll gradually get to as we proceed.

I’m not speaking about mere information about God. I’ll grant you that we need to be informed about God. In fact, I would say that we need to be well informed. That’s why we’re studying. I’m a schoolman, a teacher. We need to be well informed, but with that information, we need to be well acquainted with Him. There is quite a difference between well informed and well acquainted. I can be well informed about Kennedy, but never have become personally acquainted with the man.

May the Lord save Pentecost from mere information, but don’t forget the word *“mere.”* I didn’t say save from information. We need to be informed, but may God save us from mere information where we are content with a purely intellectual knowledge of facts concerning God without a personal intimate experience, relationship and fellowship with Him. It’s not a case of either or, we need both. Our stress is on this personal acquaintance because that is the object of our pursuit while we are together.

I don’t know if all of you will go with me here quite all the way in Genesis 3:8, but that’s quite all right.

“And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.” Genesis 3:8

I never tire reading this statement. As far as I’m concerned personally, the Lord came to pay Adam and Eve a personal visit. As far as I’m concerned, Adam and Eve were God’s first love. I think He created them for His satisfaction, for fellowship with Him, for communion with such a being, and here God visited Adam and Eve. God has a social nature, as I would call it, and desires fellowship with other beings. I think He came just to have fellowship with Adam and Eve. Furthermore, He came in the cool of the day, which shows to me that God is a very considerate God, considerate even of man’s natural comforts.

Behind this visit I see a yearning in the heart of God, not only for them, but also for you and for me. I believe that God would say to many tonight, *“Adam, where art thou?”*

When I think of Jeremiah, in the 2nd chapter there is a statement like this: *“I remember the kindness of thy youth, and the love of thy espousals.”* Look here, I remember the kindness of thy youth. What I see there is a loving God yearning for His former love, and

tragedy of tragedies, all that God has left in Jeremiah 2 of His former intimate relationship with His people Israel, is a mere memory of better days. Just like a lover, a lover that could be an older person, perhaps already gray, sitting somewhere reminiscing 20, 30, 40 or 50 years back saying, *“I remember, this is the park in which we used to walk hand in hand, but then that lover abandoned me and ever since I’ve been alone and all that’s left of that former relationship is a mere memory.”* Do you know there are people like that? There are people like that.

What about God? Is God obliged to say within Himself, *“All I remember of My people in Schenectady is a memory? I remember when we used to sit together during the hours of the night, when we used to have sweet council.”* I’m not saying that’s the case. We’re only putting it that way just wondering whether there are any where God has to think back into the past and say, *“I remember,”* or in the language of Genesis, *“Adam, where art thou.”*

Have you ever really gone into the Book of Hosea where God is making His heart bare, where God exposes, as it were, to you and to me, his wounded heart? Now I’m not talking of a physical heart, of course, but his wounded heart. God reveals Himself in Hosea as the deserted lover. That’s the very key to that book - the deserted lover. There He bares His heart to let us know of the wound, the sorrow, the tragedy of the heart of God when He realizes that His own beloved has not only abandoned Him, but traded Him in for other lovers. So the heart of God desires your and my fellowship, yearning as He did for Adam and Eve, calling out in sorrow, in loneliness, in anxiety (if we may use that term for God) saying, *“Adam, where art thou.”*

Do you know the true objective of studies like these? We can’t finish them. I won’t hurry. There’s no use anyhow, but we’ll do what we can, God knows. The real objective of these studies is not to inform you. One objective is, by the working of the Holy Spirit, to plant in your heart a renewed or an accentuated desire for God. But the ultimate objective is not even that. The ultimate objective is to satisfy the heart of God. That is where you, because of your approach, your dedication and your fellowship with God, will satisfy His heart. When God’s heart is satisfied, the satisfaction of His satisfaction reflects a satisfaction in our hearts, and both He and we will be satisfied - to satisfy the yearning heart of God.

Now I want to take you to James. This is all by way of, not exactly definition, but at least focus our attention in the direction in which we want to move.

“And the scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the friend of God.” James 2:23

I suppose hasty thinking might conclude that we’re all the friends of God, but I would deny that. I’ll just try to quote from John so we don’t lose too much time looking it up. Jesus said on one occasion, *“Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you,”*

suggesting to me that friendship, in the sense of the word, involves or presupposes certain qualifications that not every Christian renders to God.

There is another verse in John with the same principle, but a different truth: *“He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.”* Do you notice that our love for God is not finally expressed in what we say? Oh no! It is finally expressed in what we do. It’s not singing, I love Him. We may sing that, but that is not the proof of our love. The real proof of our love is obedience. That’s all there is to it. *“He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.”* This love is not simply emotional, if at all; it goes way beyond that.

Notice this scripture, *“He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him.”* Love on our part here is conditional for being the recipient, the beneficiary of the love of God.

You may say, *“I thought the Book said, God so loved the world. I thought the Bible teaches God loves everybody.”*

Well, He does, but why does it say, *“He that loves me shall be loved of my Father,”* as though saying, *“I’ll love you if you love me?”* Here the Lord is speaking about a unique aspect of the love of God. Sure God loves the sinner; sure God so loved the world that He gave His son, but what the Lord has in mind here is that if we love Him, He will give to us specific tokens of His love. He will give us tokens; He will give us an evidence; He will give us a manifestation, an expression of His love.

“And I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.” I understand that this word *“manifest”* in the Greek is very strong. I don’t know Greek, but I have looked this thing up. Winson is an authority on this, and he makes this very strong. In fact he says that this word in the Greek is so strong that it can mean nothing less than a personal manifestation of Christ to our human senses, such as touch, sight, hearing and the like. He says the word cannot mean anything less.

One translation reads, *“I will reveal myself to him;”* another reads, *“I will show myself to him;”* another, *“I will plainly show myself to him;”* another, *“I will make myself real to him.”* There are others, but put those things together and you will have the promise of a unique manifestation of Christ to you as an expression of His love, the reciprocation of His love because of your love for Him. Look that up if you have the opportunity. That is what the different translations are telling us. So this love is a unique expression, *“I will love him:”* not the general love, but a unique expression of that love.

A few years back, quite a few years now, I was going overseas to Europe at the time. Before I left, I had made my plans and wanted to make a stop in Paris to go to the new museum where I had never been. I wanted to get some information for one of my subjects in the school. The Lord dealt with me for about 15 minutes not to stop in Paris. I couldn’t see why not since it didn’t cost anymore. After 15 minutes, I remember saying

to myself. Sometimes I talk to myself. I'd rather do it myself than let Him do it. I'm easier on myself - and I don't want Him to use people - that's worse yet.

David knew what he was saying when the Lord asked, "*David, what do you want? Do you want Me to use people to discipline you, or shall I do it Myself?*"

David answered, "*Oh Lord! Let me fall into Your hands. Don't let me fall into the hands of men.*"

I don't want the Lord to call on you to set me straight. I'm afraid. He can be severe, but He uses discretion, He knows where to stop, and then so to speak, He forgets what men don't forget. They'll point the finger forever and a day. I'd rather fall into the hands of God. He's easier on me. I'm afraid of people - you know what I mean by that?

So, I talked to myself and said, "*Beuttler, haven't you learned yet? You're not stopping in Paris, period.*" Then I listened to myself.

I got over to London to where I would have changed planes to Paris. It was a rainy, messy morning, one of those typical London weather days - soupy as some call it. We were on the runway ready to take off for Frankfurt, and I said to myself in my heart, "*Here is where I would have changed planes.*" I just thought that, and honestly no sooner had the thought ran through my heart, or wherever it ran, I had the consciousness of an arm around my shoulders in this fashion: with a hand over my left shoulder reaching down as though somebody put their arm around me. I didn't look around to find out who it was, because I knew at once what it was. I knew it from His presence.

Do you know what I mean when I talk about the presence? Tomorrow, I wouldn't be surprised if most of the day, if not all, will be taken up speaking on the presence of God.

But there was that presence, and the sensation, the sense of an arm around my shoulder so tenderly, as though a loving and appreciative friend had placed his arm and hand in approbation. It was so real that I know what He said, or wanted to say, or conveyed to me without saying it, "*Son, I'm so pleased that you obeyed.*"

That arm was as real as though I put my arm around your shoulder. What was it? When I yielded, although I must confess I should have never resisted, but nevertheless I did come around. I obeyed Him, because even though I had a desire to stop in that museum, I had a greater desire to please Him. While I must admit there was a conflict, I surrendered the thing. When He saw that I loved Him, however faulty at that - I have to be very careful that I put it exactly because I want to be absolutely truthful. There was a fault there, a flaw in it just the same, but in His great love, He overlooks flaws the way we overlook flaws in the love of our children. It isn't always perfect, but you overlook it and treat it as perfect. That's what He did. As a response to my demonstration of love for Him, however faulty, He did exactly what He said here, "*And I will manifest myself to him.*" I forgot to give you one translation of this. One translation says, "*I will make*

myself visible unto him.” Whew! That’s a terrific word. I’ve had the experience and know it’s true.

This was the manifestation of Him as a token of His appreciation and approbation, however faulty my response to Him was at that. My friends, these things are real. I know they’re real. When you think what God’s people miss, how they go through a perfunctory, religious routine and are satisfied with the shallow things of Christian experience. My friends, we need to know Him. He loves to express Himself to us, but He must have the occasion and opportunity to do so. That comes as we respond to Him in love and manifest our love, not merely in words (I said merely again), but in actual demonstration of obedience. That’s the real test.

In James, Abraham was called the “*Friend of God.*” To me, that is wonderful. On the basis of what I said to you from John, I want to suggest to you quite categorically that although we all may be children of God, we do as such, not necessarily qualify for the term “*Friend of God.*” We may be sons of God, and I grant you, “*What can be better than being a son of God?*” But to me in my understanding of the scriptural connotation of the term, it involves a familiarity, an intimacy with God not shared by God with everyone for reasons of their failure to qualify. That’s what I see. Abraham was the friend of God. Oh! I want to be a friend of God. There’s some things I would like God to do for me, He has never done. I know I don’t deserve it, but I’d like it anyhow.

I don’t know if I should tell you this or not. I’ve often secretly wished the Lord would someday call me by my first name. He’s never done it. He’s done it with some others. There may be various reasons why. I wouldn’t know them all. He did it with Hattie Hammond.

He said to her once, “*Hattie, I’m going to India and I want you to go with Me.*”

I’ve traveled all over the earth. Every year I go somewhere. I have leadings to go here, leadings to go there, but the Lord has never said, “*Walter, I’m going to Australia and I want you to go with Me.*” I expect to go there next year, but He hasn’t put it that way.

Now I’m not straining for a thing like that. I know better, but would my heart ever be thrilled if He considered me close enough (I wouldn’t say worthy enough because who is worthy enough?), but if He favored me with what He favored Hattie Hammond. Maybe you think I’m foolish, but I think, “*Blessed foolishness,*” if that’s what it is.

Abraham was the friend of God. Do you recall when God was on His way to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah? He came on His way and found Abraham sitting in the door of his tent in the heat of the day. God said, “*Shall I not tell Abraham, my friend, the things that I do?*” To me, that is wonderful: God Almighty saying, “*Look here! I’m now on My way to Sodom and Gomorrah, but over there is Abraham’s tent. Is it fair for me to do a thing like that and not tell my friend?*” Think of it!

So God went out of His way to stop at Abraham's tent and said, *"Say Abraham, I thought I'd want to tell you something. You're the only one I'm telling."*

"What's that, Lord?"

"I'm right now on my way to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Oh! Are you?"

"Yes I am."

My! Do you know what I see there? That God shares secrets upon His heart with some people that He does not share with everybody. That's how I see God revealed in this Book. He did it time and time again with certain individuals, not because He arbitrarily has His favorites. I don't think that's it. God shares because some of the men, some qualify in the sight of God to make that possible for Him.

And so God came to Abraham, and I'm now picturing the thing.

Abraham said, *"Now God, before You do this, since I'm Your friend, supposing there are 50 righteous in that city, would You still do it?"*

"Well Abraham, I guess maybe I wouldn't."

"Lord, in case there's just 45, 40 or 30?" You know how he argued with the Lord.

And God said, *"No, if you'll find that many, I won't."* Can you imagine the influence which Abraham had with God?

Incidentally, Moses was another one of God's friends. He likewise was called the friend of God in Exodus or Deuteronomy. Moses was called the friend of God. Of Moses it said, *"And God spoke to Moses as a friend speaketh unto a friend."* Whew! My, to me that's wonderful. God speaking to a human being as a man speaks unto his friend. How does a man speak unto his friend? The older you get, the more you keep things to yourself, young people.

When I think of our girls in school, sometimes I say, *"You foolish girls."* They get a letter from their boyfriend and say, *"Want to read it? Isn't it good?"* They have to get stung a few times before they begin to learn to keep a secret.

Ordinarily, when you have a real friend, an intimate friend, don't you tell that friend what you don't tell everybody else? Take a young woman who's been married. She'll say to a friend that she used to work with in the office, *"By the way, between you and me, I've got a secret."*

The friend will say, *“I had my suspicions.”* Do you catch it? Well, an event is going to come. Some of you look so innocent that I wonder whether you’re getting me at all. (Laughter) You better drop that mask. I know you better than that.

“Now, this is just between you and me. Don’t let it out yet. They’ll be plenty of time later on.”

“Okay, it’s just between us.”

Of course, they don’t always keep the secret, but anyhow, folk will share some intimate things with a small circle of friends. Presumably, God has relatively a small circle of friends with whom He will share what He doesn’t share with the rank and file of people.

I’ll never forget a story Brother Swift told. I don’t think he told it publicly, but I know he told it to me. Most of you know Brother Swift. He grew up in a church where a lady was the pastor. In that church, they had a board of deacons who were he-men. Being he-men, they didn’t like a woman pastor. I mean they were he-men in their own estimation, although she was a very good pastor. Brother Swift credits her with his ministry. He says, *“What I have largely has been transferred from God through her.”* Brother Swift feels indebted to that lady. She was a real spiritual leader and a woman who knew God.

Incidentally, I grew up under Brother Swift, and I feel that I owe him far more than I’d be able to tell or even realize.

But the one thing that was wrong with her was simply that she was a woman preacher. It was wrong in the sight of these elders. She felt that. Knowing how these he-men felt, she decided she was going to resign and make room for a man. If they wanted a man, they should get a man. But you know, it all depends on what kind of a man it is. Now I’m coming to what I’m after.

The Lord said to her, *“Don’t resign. I’ll let you know when your time comes.”* I thought that was so nice of God.

A year went by. I think it was a year, some time anyhow. One day, the Lord said to her, *“Now is the time to resign. Write your letter and take it to such and such a house.”*

She wondered, *“Take it to such and such a house - why should I take it there?”* But she knew the Lord, so she obeyed. So she resigned and went to such and such a house. When she got there, to her amazement, the board of deacons had met in secret in that house to have a meeting to ask her for her resignation. They didn’t want her to know that they had a board meeting, so that’s where they were hiding to have the meeting. But they couldn’t hide from Him. Evidently, because this lady was a personal friend of God, He let her in on a secret. She came along and to her amazement, walks in on the brethren.

Sizing up the situation at once she said, *“Gentlemen, here is my letter.”*

They hadn't gotten around to vote, to decide on her resignation. It was still under discussion. She got ahead of them. Now the thing was all decided. What the good Lord, as that woman pastor's personal friend, did was spare her the stigma of having been asked to resign. Between you and me, that's just like a real good friend.

Those are little things, but they're big things to the individual, that God will do for people when there is a friendship, so to speak, between them and God. So Abraham was called the friend of God and that is our keynote. God also knew Moses face to face. I think that expression simply means, whom the Lord knew intimately. That's what it means to me. He knew him face to face. God had a personal intimate acquaintance with this man Moses.

Friends, how far some of God's own people live from their Heavenly Father when they can enjoy such a wondrous fellowship and relationship with Him, a relationship of being a friend of God.

Here I want to add while I think of it, and my friends, it is true, *"If you will honor God, God will honor you. If you obey God, God will do things for you, God will respect you, He will do things for you that He would not do for everybody."* In fact, I could take you to Samuel where you have the principle that God treats us the way we treat God. For instance, God is saying, *"To the froward, thou wilt show thyself unsavory. I will honor them that honor me, saith the Lord."* You honor God and you will discover that God will honor you. Now that honor will incur the enmity of some of your Christian friends.

You remember I used to be in Shareborn Camp until I went overseas for the summers. Once when I was in that camp; it was the summer we had that great moving of the Spirit of God for most of the camp. I think it was a week and a half. Some of you were probably there. One morning as I sat up there, the Lord said this to me, so clearly within my heart, *"The smile of God will cost you the frowns of men."*

My friends, if you want to move into the thing of which I'm speaking, don't you be surprised to incur the frowns and the displeasure of some of your fellow Christians, if for no other reason, than envy. And I know something about ministerial jealousy in my overseas work. Now what I say here is an overstatement, but you try to catch the idea.

I could think of pastors, as far as their attitude is concerned, it seems that they would rather give me a can of rat poison than an offering to send me on my way to teach the national workers overseas. Now that's an overstatement, but you sometimes wonder whatever gets into people. What have you ever done to them that they hold against you?

"Ugh! Beuttler, is he off again?"

"Yea."

"Where is he now?"

“Down in Australia.”

“Australia? Somebody ought to stop that guy. Hasn’t he seen enough?” Whew!

Once in awhile somebody says to me, *“Brother Beuttler, it must be wonderful to travel the way you do.”*

Well, in a way. But I’ll tell you something. There is a mighty bitter cup that you drink from. And it will take the grace of God to keep you from getting poisoned by it. My!

I’ll say to you what God has said to me, *“The smile of God will cost you the frowns of men.”* And you might lose some of your popularity with some people, but who cares for the popularity of men when you can have the approbation, the fellowship, the friendship of an Almighty God. I lay no claim to being a friend of God. I only lay claim to having an aspiration for being a friend with God. God knew Moses face to face. He had a personal, intimate acquaintance with that man.

At this rate, my friends, we’ll need a month every night to finish these notes. I have now moved exactly three lines. Ha, Ha! But that’s all right.

Jesus prayed, *“That they might know thee.”* Do you see behind these words? All this is introduction. Maybe we won’t get beyond it! I say introduction. It leads up to the message, but I don’t have things organized like that. I just talk, I don’t preach, I just share. *“That they might know thee.”*

Don’t listen to me from the standpoint of homiletics, Bible students if any of you are here, because it so happens I pay no attention to it. (Laughter) I guess you think it sounds like it. Well, so be it.

“That they might know thee.” I see in that a yearning, but more than that, a passionate desire in the heart of Christ, for the knowledge of God in the hearts of these disciples. *“That they might know thee.”* If I know myself right, I think I can say that this is what keeps me going...a desire to help bring people all over the earth into a greater knowledge of God for the satisfaction of the heart of God.

I was in the hospital some time ago, and for a while it didn’t look too good, not good at all. The Lord gave me a song while I went up to the operating room. Oh, yes He did! The Spirit of God was singing in here (points to stomach area) all the way up to the room. When I came back and saw all that paraphernalia there around my bed, you know the stuff they have: the blood, intravenous feeding, and what have you, and some other things I never found out about. The song was still there. In here, something sang. I’ll change that to somebody sang, *“Ask the Savior to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you.”* You know that song. He is willing to help you, He will carry you through. That went round and around and around inside, and I said, *“Oh God, I’d like to have a little longer to bring your people into a more intimate knowledge of yourself.”* I suppose that is a

reflection of what Christ had in His heart, and what to some degree I'm sure is in the heart of all of us - that we might know Him. So this was Christ's desire.

In Exodus 33:13, we have a word on this from God's friend, Moses. Moses had to go on a journey with these people, so he prays:

“Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, show me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight: and consider that this nation is thy people.” Exodus 33:13

At this time, Moses already had some acquaintance with God. In fact, judging by the chronology here, he had considerable acquaintance with God. But within his heart there was still the passion, Oh God! *“That I may know thee.”* Now if Moses, the friend of God prayed like that, should not we pray, Oh God! *“Show me now thy way, that I may know thee.”*

But people don't want to know God's ways. I'm so surprised at Pentecost. Everybody knows the story of David and Goliath, and nobody wants to apply the principle - so it seems. David with his little stone. I'll be frank with you and tell you what I mean.

I'm a student; I'm not so narrow that I don't realize it. I have many of my subjects, most of them, in these note forms. They are all printed now. Once in awhile somebody says to me, *“Brother Beuttler, why don't you use a textbook?”* I know a textbook is better than my notes, but this is the pebble with which I can do more for God than with some scholar's mighty sword.

But why?

Because I'm only a little David, that's why. So far, they're allowing me to use my pebbles, but I'm afraid once they try to gird Saul's sword on my side, I may be forced to a decision. Do you understand, my friends, or don't you? These are only pebbles, but they're pebbles that the Lord either gave me, or help me find or borrow, or discover. All of it is true in areas. They have become pebbles, and I'll take my little Beuttler's sling, Beuttler's way. There's only one Beuttler, and I've often wondered whether that isn't one too many after all, but I'll just take my humble, conversational way, and take my pebble and z z z zip. Well, God is doing something all over the earth.

I just came back from Japan a few weeks ago. I went over there for two weeks holding a ministers' institute with the national workers from all over the Japanese Islands. I have some notes on the Holy Spirit, Beuttler pebbles. I just found them, discovered them, learned them or they were imparted. Some you find, others is revealed. Some things you learn from somebody else, some things you pick out of a book, but it becomes your own. Over there, I just use my pebbles, my Beuttler's sling for two weeks, three times a day.

I was back for about two weeks when they wrote, *“Brother Beuttler, we're having a revival of the Holy Ghost for the first time in our Bible school since the Bible school was*

in existence.” In fact, they said, “It’s the first move of God we’ve had in the Pentecostal work in Japan.” And they trace it directly to the studies on the Holy Spirit. That’s no credit to me. It was just a pebble.

Of course, my idea is the whole church knows the story of David and Goliath, but seems to be altogether blind as to the application of the principle. It’s one thing to know the story, it’s another thing to appropriate its lesson. So Moses prayed, *“Show me now thy way, that I may know thee.”* Friends, how we need to know God’s ways.

I think it was two years ago, possibly three years ago in France. I was over there for a national convention dealing now with the Lord’s ways. The brethren said, *“Brother Beuttler, could you come back next year for our national convention then?”*

I said, *“No brethren, I can’t. I’m going to the Far East. I’m going across the Pacific and to come by way of Europe is altogether out of my way. I can’t do it.”*

They said to me, *“But would you pray about it?”* Well, I didn’t pray. I felt there was nothing to pray about. I was going across the Pacific and that was it.

That night I slept in my hotel in Rouen, and during the night the Lord awakened me with His presence. Now I mean just what I say. That’s nothing new. I have it every week, several times anyhow. The Lord awakened me in the middle of the night with His presence, a conscience presence rising up within. Do you know what I mean? Sometimes it’s faint, sometimes it’s strong, but it’s just enough to awaken me. This presence was quite strong and with it came these words, *“And they waited not for the counsel of the Lord.”* I knew that was a scripture, and even if it weren’t, I knew that was the Lord.

I knew at once what He meant. I didn’t have to say, *“Well what about it?”* I knew. Right away these brethren’s request was on my mind. So I got up. I said, *“Lord, I’m sorry.”*

What He let me know is, *“You said ‘No’ to those men before you ever consulted with Me.”*

So I apologized. I said, *“Lord, I’m sorry, but You know as well as I do, it isn’t practical.”* I suppose I thought of this. You see, I don’t want to overstate these things, but I wouldn’t be surprised if the Lord caused me to remember that there was an air route from Europe to Tokyo over the North Pole. The thought came to me, or I thought, I should say, *“Well I suppose I could go to France if I took the North Pole route, but that cost money.”* So I dismissed it, except saying, *“I suppose it’s possible, but Lord it isn’t practical.”*

The Lord began to deal with me to agree with those brethren and go to France, notwithstanding that I had to go to Tokyo from Paris. I said, *“Lord, I’ll do it, but it isn’t practical and it’s awfully costly, I assume.”*

The next day the brethren said, "*Brother Beuttler, have you prayed about it?*"

I said, "*No I didn't, but I heard anyhow.*"

"*What did you hear?*"

I said, "*Well, to be frank with you, I don't see how it's practical, but I do know God wanted me to agree to come.*"

They said, "*Why isn't it practical?*"

I said, "*Because it's so far out of my way and so costly.*"

They said, "*How much will it cost?*"

I said, "*I don't know, but I'm sure it's a lot.*"

"*Will you find out?*" they asked.

"*Yes, I can find out.*" When I got back to Paris, I went to Scandinavian Airlines and told them what the situation was.

They said, "*Mr. Beuttler, that will cost you exactly \$500 extra.*" That's a lot of cash.

So I went back to the brethren and I thought, "*That's it. That's the end of it.*"

To my surprise, they said to me, "*Brother Beuttler, if you'll come over here for our convention, we'll pay you \$500 to take you over the North Pole to Tokyo.*"

I said, "*Yes,*" and went and they paid.

This is what I'm getting at: "*Show me now thy way.*" My way would have been to go the direct route, but God had a far different way: First to Europe, then over the Pole down to Tokyo. That was God's way. And if I told you what God did in that convention, you'd think I'd be overstating it. God gave us a wondrous move of the Spirit of God. I say this humbly because it's God who did it. When I left, they said, "*Brother Beuttler, you will never know what these meetings have done for our movement in France.*"

Would you believe it, they rented a theatre for Bible studies. Rented a theatre! Where would I fill a theatre in the States? I couldn't even make a living on teaching the way I teach you. I couldn't make a living on that in the States. To make a living nowadays, you've got to have an organ on your mouth, a few tooters on your ears and something on your toes and go tickety, tickety, gookety, gookety, goop, goop goop. People pay for that. They wouldn't support me. I know they wouldn't. Here and there you'd find an assembly that would, but the rest would say, "*Is that all?*" That's all. That's right. I couldn't make a living on this in the States. Isn't it something?

They filled a theatre with a seating capacity of 2500. In fact, the French reported there were close to 3000 people there, and mind you, for a Bible study: not the lame walk, the blind see or “*come and see the dead raised,*” and healing, everybody will be healed and glory, hallelujah with a big brass band, a lot of advertising. There was no advertising except simple announcements in the church. They came for Bible studies. Can you picture here in the States, 2500 to 3000 people listening to me for a Bible study?

They’d say, “*Bible study? Who?*”

“*Beuttler.*”

“*Beuttler! From where?*”

“*From EBI.*”

“*Where’s EBI?*”

“*Green Lane.*”

“*Green Lane! Ha, Ha, Ha. What does he think?*”

But not over there. “*Show me now thy ways.*” If I told you some of the things God has done for me since I saw you last, you would be amazed. Maybe some things will slip out tomorrow. It could be. We’ve got a wonderful God, and this Moses had an idea about it. So he prayed, “*Show me now thy way.*”

I hope you don’t mind too much that I stay so long with this, but to me, the way of God is so wonderful. I’ll let you in on a little secret here. I won’t tell you all of it, but just enough.

Next year I’m scheduled to be in the Far East, then down to Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines. It’s probably going to be a round-the-world trip again. But for years, I’ve had my eye on one of the South Sea Islands. Now the Lord is very strict with me. He does not allow me to run hither and yon sight seeing. Oh no. I can stop enroot, take a day or two off, hole up in a hotel and get some rest. That’s all right, but not “*Let’s stop in Cairo and see the Pyramids*” or “*Now let’s stop here and take two days off here.*” Oh no, no, no, no. I mustn’t do that. I’ll get in trouble. I’ll get a spanking. I tried it once and I won’t try it again.

Over in the school in my office on my desk, there’s a map of the world about this size I guess. It’s my prayer map. I lock the door so nobody bothers me and put my hands on a certain area of the world that I expect to visit, and have my prayer, my devotion, sit before the Lord and show Him my bank book (laughter). Yea, that’s right.

I get an estimate from the airline. I got an estimate today in the city, \$1,525 for next year. I usually ask them to write that out for me. From so and so, to so and so, so much. Then I go to the office and lock the door and look at the area I expect to cover and put this note down from the airline and say, "*Father, do You see this?*"

Well, in that process, I saw for years a certain South Pacific island. Were you there on your way, brother? I don't want to mention which one.

"*Yes, I was there.*"

That particular one is out of my way, but for years I have looked at that and said, "*It will never be my lot to stop there. I have no contacts there and I wouldn't know how to get one. You know I have nothing to do there.*"

Just about a week or two ago, I was sitting up in my room in the house where I also have a smaller map. I spread it out on the bed and said, "*Now Father, it's time to do the groundwork for next year's itinerary, and I need to have a general idea which way I have to move,*" because you've got to work on this about a year ahead. It's a job to get a thing like that together. So I sat before the Lord. There was a rich presence and I felt I was getting the pulse of the heart and the mind of God, so I made my notations, as I felt in my spirit an interest, and a quickening - you know, "*Better felt than telt.*"

So I wrote down, "*Manila, Darwin, Brisbane, Sydney, then a side trip to Perth on the other end, Auckland and so forth.*" From here I want to be secretive, and lo and behold, didn't God witness to my heart (and I mean it, and strongly-such a quickening, peace, a joyful witness) that I may make a stop on that island on my way back. I was thrilled like my little girl (she's a big girl now) used to say, "*Oh mommy, I'm all giggled up.*"

I rushed down the steps and said to Wife, "*Elizabeth, do you know what? The Lord lets me stop in that island. I know He does.*" You know, joys not shared are only half enjoyed. That's why I tell some things. I just get so happy when I share it with others. Some of course, don't like it.

They say, "*He's bragging again.*"

No, I don't think it's that, but it's that childlike bubbling over that likes to say, "*Say, do you know what my Daddy brought me from Africa? Do you want to see it?*" That's a child. I don't think it's childish. I think childishness is something else. I want to stay a child.

I shared it with the students saying, "*Students, I've just got to tell you what a good God you've got.*" And I told them. Lo and behold, didn't the Spirit give us an utterance in tongues and interpretation on top of it and these words were in it, "*God delights in giving good gifts to His children.*" Now I had a double blessing. Now I was doubly sure. It just was a witness that God indeed was in it. I didn't need a witness, but it was nice to have it anyhow. My friends, God is awfully nice. "*Show me now thy way.*"

One year I went to Rome, Italy, and was so sure, so confident in my heart that I was going the way I should go. I planned to go with Swiss Airlines, but for many years, I had wished I could go the Azores Route, the Southern Route, the Mediterranean Route by way of Madrid and so forth. But the airlines used that route only for first-class traffic, and I'm not a first-class person. I don't travel first-class, I travel tourist or now economy. After I had made arrangements with the airline, I read in the paper that the airlines were opening up the Southern Route to tourist traveling. In those days they only had tourist class, now it's, of course, economy. Tourist class is gradually disappearing, at least on these long hauls.

I thought, "*Oh what a pity. I've made all the arrangements and now, lo and behold, I could have gone the other way.*" And yet I had felt I was in the will of God going the way I had intended to go.

So I went back to God. I said, "*Father, I know I'm in your will going this way, but did you read in the paper (that's the way I pray) that the airlines are opening up the Mediterranean Route to tourist travel now. Lord, I could have gone that way without an extra cent, and I've wanted that for so long.*"

Do you know God, as nice as He is, somehow gave me such a peace, such a witness, such an assurance as though He were saying (He didn't say it, I'm interpreting only the thing that I felt. Understand that, but I put it in words.), but it was as though He were saying, "*Well son, if you like to go that way, it makes no difference to Me. You can go that way.*" So when I have that, I changed.

When I came back home, I told the students, because I want them to know what a nice God we've got. My girls used to brag about me when they were small and didn't know me as well as they know me now. Then their Daddy was god, their Daddy was everything. After awhile they see some of your flaws and then they're not quite as enthusiastic, I guess. You know how that works. But that's the way I felt about God, and so I told the students. Again, I was quite "*giggled up,*" because of such a nice God.

Lo and behold, didn't we have an utterance in tongues and interpretation. Let me get that straight for you. "*God is happy when He sees that He can make His children happy.*" That's similar to the other, though there is a slight difference. "*God is happy when He sees He can make His children happy.*"

Have you ever observed that you can give children a gift and sometimes they don't appreciate it, and there is no response that you, as a parent, can expect? They might say, "*Thank you,*" and that's the end. But you like more than that. You like to see something on their face. When my younger girl was smaller, I could give her the smallest thing and her face just beamed. Many a time she got something just because I wanted to see that beaming face. Listen! God is looking for the beam on your face and on mine. He wants to see your happiness, your satisfaction with His gift reflected in your words and in your face. And when God sees the reflection of joy for what He has done, then God Himself is

rejoicing, because His joy is our joy and our satisfaction. So God rejoices when He can do something for His children. Oh God, *“show me thy way that I may know thee.”* And God responded to Moses.

I’m tiring. I don’t think I’ll last too long, maybe 15 minutes. Can you take 15 minutes yet? If I can, I’ll go that long. My strength is just moving out like a leak from a can or a kettle. I have a heavy program.

“Show me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight.”

Then God replied and said, *“My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.”* Blessed words! Do you see the response of God to Moses’ prayer, *“That I might know thee?”* I think that Moses was troubled in his heart and mind. I think he dreaded the thought of taking this company of stiff-necked troublemakers on such a long journey, and so he prayed. And they were stiff-necked; they were troublemakers. They made a peck of trouble for Moses. You know that.

Then when Moses turned the leadership over to Joshua, these people had the audacity to say to Joshua, *“Joshua, as we have obeyed Moses, so will we obey thee.”* That’s about the only time they ever told the truth, because they didn’t obey Joshua any better than they obeyed Moses. That time they did tell the truth. He knew that.

“Show me now thy way,” he prayed. *“My presence shall go with thee,”* God answered. Now this is not the omnipresence. Tomorrow we’ll get into the presence, of course. This is not the omnipresence. Oh no! I’m not suggesting there are two kinds of presences. What we’re talking about now is not just the omnipresence. God is everywhere, of course. This is what I call His personal, localized presence where He gives you and me an awareness of His presence. Do you know what I mean? Where you, in your spirit within, have a consciousness of His presence.

Here I make a statement that I wouldn’t know how many, but I imagine a fair proportion of my fellow preachers, would not agree with me, but I don’t agree with their disagreement. But I’m not going to be disagreeable about it. It is my firm, unalterable, irrevocable conviction that the consciousness, the awareness, a sense of the presence of God should be the norm of our Christian experience. Now you can disagree in your hearts or minds. That’s perfectly all right. Let’s not argue. But it is my irrevocable conviction and my personal experience.

There are lulls, yes, but they are due either to relaxation in devotion due to pressure, or else are temporary as a test for God to make sure that we don’t go by feeling, but we’re anchored in the Word and believe in the integrity and presence of God in spite of any feeling. Sometimes He wants to be sure our position is sound, because that’s the position. We count on His presence on the basis of His Word, feel or no feel. Once in awhile He withdraws, not His presence, but the awareness of His presence to make sure we’re not anchored in the sense of that presence, but in the integrity of the Word of God. When God is convinced our roots are in the integrity of His Word, independent of

feeling, then He'll give you all the feeling you can stand until He thinks it's time to find out whether we're still rooted in the Word or only rooted in feel. Because if you get away from the Word and live only in feel, then I would say you're going to go to seed and you're headed for trouble. Aside from that, it is my conviction God has intended that you and I should have an awareness of His presence as the norm of Christian experience.

Editor's Note: Going to seed simply means becoming useless. When lettuce and spinach go to seed, they become bitter.

I'll tell you honestly many preachers wouldn't agree with me, but I don't agree with them, so there we are. We're not disagreeable about it. I leave them alone, if they'll leave me alone, and I'll just go on with the presence of God and enjoy it while they argue about it. (Laughter) Yes sir re. I better quit.

"My presence shall go with thee." Oh friends, that presence! I don't know what I'd do without it. Maybe I'm a baby, but I love the presence of God. I owe so much to it.

I don't know when it was, but a few years ago I was down in South America in Rio de Janeiro. I did some work there, some ministry nearby in the interior. I had to take a plane down to Santiago, Chile. I was out at the airport about 5:00 o'clock. The plane left very early. It was a very long flight. They didn't have jet yet then, just the DC 6, I guess. It took quite awhile to get down there. I had already been away from home for some little while. For some reason that I am unable to explain adequately, I got homesick. Do you know what homesickness is? Oh, that's awful! Homesickness is awful, and I got homesick, big baby me, but I got homesick.

What made it the worst was Norma, my younger girl. I opened up the suitcase to get a pair of socks and there comes a little note, *"Dear Daddy, I'm waiting for you. Come home soon."* I pull a handkerchief out, and here flutters a little note, *"Dear Daddy, I love you. I miss you lots."* I'd pull out a shirt, there were some other notes. That summer, I guess she must have had a couple dozen notes like that spread through the suitcase, and I didn't know it. Now these notes began to work on me, and they got in me and under me and started to eat, and I got homesick. If any of you know what that is when you really got it, it's awful. There's no cure for it that I know of, but to go home. (Laughter) There's no cure in the natural. That's why I don't laugh at our girls down in school when they're homesick when they first come. I just know you can't coax them. There's no use laughing; there's no use joking. It just doesn't work.

I was on that Brazilian Airlines plane and started to bawl. I sat by the window and bawled, and bawled, and bawled. Me, a big baby! That Norma just bothered me something awful. All I wanted was to get home to that girl. I wanted to get home to the big one too, but it was the little one that worked on me.

We got to Sao Paulo for a fuel stop and there was a Pan American plane ready to go to New York. I knew the plane was New York bound. Do you know I almost got panicky? I had to hold myself. I felt like shouting, *"Wait a minute! I'm going home."* There was

that plane, and oh how good that Pan American plane looked, and I wanted to get out of my plane and say, *“Let me in, I’m going home.”*

I talked to myself and said, *“Beuttler, you’re a long way from home. Now just settle down. You’ve got a long way to go. You’re going to Chile, and to Argentina, to Uruguay, to Paraguay, and back to Brazil and to Peru. It’ll be a long time before you get back, so just make up your mind this is not for you.”* All right, I bawled some more. Honestly, I cried until no more tears would come. My tear bucket ran empty. (Laughter)

I had gone back and forth looking out of the window. I wasn’t particularly interested in the scenery, although it’s beautiful down there over those mountains to be sure. But I kept looking very interested, because I didn’t want the airline hostess to come around and say, *“Dear sir, what seems to be the trouble with you?”* I knew that she couldn’t help me. She didn’t have any pills for this thing. There’s just no help, so I pretended to be interested, but the tears just flowed, then they stopped. I still cried, but no tears came. Hey, that’s awful!

That’s like when you’re seasick. If you’re seasick and you’re all empty and still you’re vomiting. Hey, that’s awful! (Laughter) Everything moves in there and bulks in there, but nothing comes. If you’d have more food in there, it wouldn’t hurt so much. That’s awful!

I couldn’t get rid of the homesickness. I got to Santiago in the evening and was so tired. I had a poor night. They woke me up twice with airline calls, delay and what have you. When I got there I thought, *“Oh, I’m so weary. I just hope this missionary will let me go to bed right away.”* I was still homesick.

When I got there they said, *“Brother Beuttler, we’re putting you on a train to Valparaiso.”*

I said, *“Where’s Valparaiso?”*

“It will be a 2½ hour train ride. We’ll get your ticket and put you on the train.”

At 10:00 o’clock at night and all day on that trip. I was so tired, so homesick and they put me on a train. I don’t know the language, don’t know anybody, don’t know nothing. (Excuse the English) We went chugga, chugga, chugga into the strange night, and so homesick. Did I feel disheartened! I think they just didn’t want to be bothered with me.

Later on I found out the missionaries didn’t want to be bothered with a guest so they just sent me on to the others. You get that too.

Every day I ministered to a pretty large audience and inside there was a gnawing pain. If anybody knows what homesickness is, you know what I mean. I tried to snap out of it and couldn’t find the snap. There was no snap. I literally looked in the mirror and said, *“Beuttler, I’m talking to you. You are not going home, fellow. You’re going to*

Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, Peru, and then in the fall, you'll go home, so snap out of it, pull yourself together." (Do you ever do that? I've done it more than once.) This time it wouldn't work. I couldn't do it. I went to pieces with homesickness, for my girl especially.

That night I got out of bed and said, "*Father, this thing will never do. Either You do something for me, or let me go home.*" And the Lord spoke, "*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*" With those words, the homesickness disappeared and hasn't returned since. It's remarkable how the Spirit of God can bring to us a word of life.