

Perils in the Wilderness
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.]

Last evening I was talking with you about the ways of the Lord and indicated that we're continuing with that this morning. I have some things in mind for tomorrow, but I want to keep my options open there. Hopefully, tomorrow morning, I expect to take you into some of the super delicious ways of the Lord, and the spiritual life.

Last night we used Moses' prayer to begin, "*Show me now thy way that I may know thee.*" I've also mentioned that God, in His Word, complains on repeated occasions the lack of His people knowing and understanding His ways. In Jeremiah, for instance, He says, "*They have not known my ways.*"

We also talked about the ways of the Lord in adversity. Now I realize that the subject like the ways of the Lord in adversity is not likely to appeal to the young as well as it will appeal to the older. You can be sure the day will come when you'll be older, when the days of adversity will come your way more than they are likely to do now.

Just this morning we picked up the Washington Post, which is not my favorite paper, but the only one I can get here seemingly. There is a story of an old couple. She is 76; I think he is 80 something. A pathetic story of an old lonely couple in a trailer, both of them arthritics; one needing the other; spending more money for doctors and medicines than for food; worried about the future (you can read it for yourself); sitting in their little trailer all day Sunday alone; sitting in the dark by night to save electric. Apparently, their children do not particularly bother, though they live not too far away. You don't know what might come your way.

The other day I was watching a news program on TV about the failure of the government's effort to get people to cut down or quit smoking. You have seen the effort the government has made on TV for some time. Now that the statistics are in, smoking has increased by 5%.

They found that the younger people just don't give a hoot. And they got to look into the reason for it. They find that the government can say all they like, "*cigarettes kill,*" or give them all sorts of warnings, the youngsters feel, "*Hoo! That's far away. Oh that's for the older; we're not old, we're young; we're living now; we're not living in the*

future.” They find that the youngsters just pay no attention. It’s too far away. Now they’re trying a different tactic.

But you can be sure that thousands of those youngsters in the decades to come will lie in hospitals writhing in pain. They say lung cancer is one of the most painful deaths, writhing in pain, and listening to the doctor’s verdict as to its cause - smoking. Their day will come. Now they laugh at the government’s efforts; laugh at the risks; want their fun; they’re living now, but the years have a way of marching on inexorably, and all of the young will eventually get there.

We recognize that, of course, but we’re so apt to ignore it. I would suggest to you folkses, and I’m speaking to the younger here now as they’re quite a few here: even though subjects like adversity, or darkness (which is likely on the menu tonight, quite likely, but I keep my options open), or the wilderness, which is on the menu this morning. You might feel, *“Brother, what stuff! Oh, why doesn’t he go: On Monday I am happy, on Tuesday, full of joy?...”*

Well, there are going to be other times coming. They have a way of arriving, sometimes very unexpected, far earlier than we had ever thought. We need a fortification of divine truth in our hearts of the knowledge of His ways, the knowledge of God in those situations, so we do not fall by the wayside, fail and quit the faith, but go through with God.

This morning we are coming to the way of the Lord in the wilderness. *“The wilderness! Who wants the wilderness?”* Well, nobody, but a lot of things are unwanted and come just the same with stark reality.

You know, I’ve been in Bible school many years, and of all the situations some of those students had gone through when they came to Bible school. I remember one girl, just before she came, her Father shot her Mother, then himself, and she was left alone. She must have been about 18 or something like that. All of a sudden - well anyhow, that’s on the menu.

We have quite a bit to cover, and I’ll try to do my best to give you the best part of it. We’re going to turn to the Book of Numbers.

You know, folkses, it’s amazing what situations people go through. I was over at the Rock Church recently. An old, old lady came up to me right after the morning service. That poor soul wept. She said, *“Brother Beuttler, you were talking about me.”*

What she meant was, *“You talked about the very thing, the very situation in which I needed help at this very time.”* And there are dozens of others right in this church in a similar situation.

“And the children of Israel took their journeys out of the wilderness of Sinai; and the cloud rested in the wilderness of Paran.” Numbers 10:12

You will recognize that here you have the leading of the glory of God, the cloud. This was the manifest presence of God. You have the leading of the manifest presence of God leading His people from one wilderness into another. Sometimes we are barely out of one situation, and breath a sigh of relief, and give a testimony in church, and tell the neighbors all about it, when lo and behold, here comes another one. And you say, *“Well, well, when it rains, it pours.”*

What do I mean by wilderness? That’s difficult to define. In fact, I cannot define it, not in our sense, but for a general descriptive statement. There are times when we get into a situation of whatever nature through whatever apparent cause; a situation in which you don’t know where you’re at; whether you’re coming or going; whether you’re growing or shrinking; where you don’t know what it’s all about; confused, lost as to direction; at a loss to know what to do. You can be in a situation where you must act, must make a decision, and don’t know which way to decide.

Now that’s a predicament! You can’t understand what God is doing, why He is doing it, or why isn’t He doing what He should be doing. And you say, *“I just can’t understand this, I don’t know where I’m at. I don’t even know where it is.”*

You don’t know what to do. You go to the phone, if you’re foolish enough, and call up Aunt Susie to see what she thinks. She’ll tell you! She might even tell you, *“You’re a hypocrite.”*

You take a chance when you ask people what they think. *“Have you examined yourself? Are you sure you’re in the faith? Is there a monkey in the woodpile or something?”*

“What do you think sister?” you ask. *“Oh yea, really? Uh ha?”*

“What do you think?” Well, if you shop around by way of telephone for the answer you’re looking for, which in most cases people want to hear what they like to believe, whether it’s right or wrong. Sooner or later you’re going to find somebody, if for no other reason: that one fool will always find a bigger one to admire him.

I have found that there is nothing like going to God. And we’re going to go to God this morning. We’re going to go to His Word, and learn some things about experiences in situations which, on the surface, might appear to be the very negation of His promises; utterly contrary to what we had expected, or what others expect - where you’re dumbfounded, puzzled, discombobulated and don’t know what on earth to do. Let’s see what God has to say.

“You mean that God leads through things like that?”

“Well, yea.”

“Wonder what for?”

We'll find out from the Book. First of all, the wilderness is a place full of perils. We're using Paul's words here in II Corinthians, the idea being: when we go through these places, there are dangers, perils, pitfalls we need to avoid.

“In journeys often (some of us know something about that), in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness (Did you catch it? There are perils in the wilderness.), in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.” II Corinthians 11:26

I'm afraid of the last one the most. There is one thing which Paul forgot (not forgot really). If Paul were writing today, he would add something, I'm sure. He would add: in perils of the air.

Those of us who have done a lot of high mileage flying are quite aware of some of the perils associated with air travel. How would you like to be up on a TWA 707 jet coming from Los Angeles to New York at some 30,000 feet or so up, flying in the clouds, heavy clouds, coming out of the clouds, and to your utter amazement, having a United Airlines jet right next to you, almost wing tip to wing tip at the same altitude? Only a few weeks before the very same thing happened, and the TWA jet and the United Airlines just kissed each other, and all the passengers were buried in a mass grave in the area. That's a few years ago now. How would you like to sit there, and come out of the cloud, and here is this fellow next to you? Apparently, neither of the pilots knew where the other one was. Nothing happened, but it sure was a peril, among other things.

Now in our wildernesses, wilderness experiences, there are perils, and I'll touch on them. The wilderness also is a, or can be, a place of defeat. There are Christians who sing and shout, play their tambourines, and any other “*ines*” they have, and have a glorious time in some kind of convention. Before the week is up, things have happened, and they're overthrown in the wilderness.

“But with many of them God was not well pleased; for they were overthrown in the wilderness.” I Corinthians 10:5

Well, something happens; they get the quits. You will find, folkses, that when we really go through the hard way with the Lord, through hard situations - and they will come - our emotional exuberance is not going to help us much. I'm not belittling that in its place, but in such situations, that exuberance dies very quickly, or can.

Unless we have inside in our hearts and minds the substance of the Word of God, the knowledge of His ways and the confidence, we can be overthrown. We will just call it quits.

Years ago in the conservative days when dresses above the knees were absolutely taboo (They just weren't tolerated), we had a girl in school, and her dresses were way up, and we just wouldn't tolerate it. If you were a teacher in Bible school, and sat before student

girls every day in class, and saw the way they sit, the sights you are forced to behold - because there they are - I think you too would see something absolutely wrong in the looseness of our day. I have reason to believe that some of these girls in school were out to see whether they really could get the teacher discombobulated by the way they sat in front of him. They were a disgrace. That's why some had to go home.

I'm thinking of one, and she just would not conform. We had a meeting with her. We only objected because she appeared most improper, so unlady-like. Who wants to look like a streetwalker, speaking of a Christian? Finally she said, "*Well gentlemen, I'm going to tell you something (and she could do it; she had the machinery for it), if you don't like the length of my dresses, I'm going to go right back home. I'll wear what I like. I'll go back to the dance floor where I came from. You can go on with your conservativeness, I'll go back to the dance floor.*" And to the dance floor she went. That was the end of her experience. It's surprising what throws people, that causes them to throw in the sponge. Well then, they were overthrown in the wilderness.

Now then, I want to take a little time with the perils.

"Wherefore I was grieved with that generation, and said, They do always err in their hearts; and they have not known my ways. So I swear in my wrath, They shall not enter into my rest. Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God." Hebrews 3:10-12

Here you find that God complains about the unbelief of the people of Israel in the wilderness. Here is one peril, namely, that we cast away our faith, that we do not believe God when we're going through difficult situations, wilderness experiences, happenings that we cannot understand, that seem to be incompatible with what we know of God. Often they are incompatible because of our inadequate knowledge of what God is, the lack of the knowledge of His ways, and consequently we are prone to misinterpret God, question the promises, question God, and in some instances, discard the faith.

That's why Paul wrote to the Hebrews: "*Beloved cast not away your confidence which hath great recompense of reward.*"

I've gone through a tough thing for the last months. I've even needed Mrs. Beuttler to help me get dressed; sometimes help me get out of bed. I don't look it when I sit here, but you just don't know. Pain, night and day, but I'm not complaining, not questioning God on things I know.

You know I have printed notes. Some of you have them. I have some with me. In there you find a chapter on Job, Part I. People have asked me when I'm going to do Part II. Well, I have learned long ago: before you really get the message of Job, you've got to be in Job's place. Apparently, that's where God put me so I can make the notes. O yea!

You can't preach the cross unless you're hanging on it. Oh you can talk about it. Anybody can do that. But to really preach the meaning of the cross, you can't do it until

you're on it, or have been on it and know what it's all about. It's so with Job. God is the same no matter what we're going through, so let's keep confidence.

“But the house of Israel rebelled against me in the wilderness; they walked not in my statutes, and they despised my judgments, which if a man do, he shall even live in them; and my Sabbaths they greatly polluted: then I said, I would pour out my fury upon them in the wilderness to consume them.” Ezekiel 10:13

Whew! They rebelled against God in the wilderness. Rebellion is rising up against the sovereignty of God. Rebellion is a terrible thing. I know what it is. Some of you heard me relate when I rebelled against the Lord some years ago in a camp meeting, because the Lord wanted me to spend my evenings in prayer. The Lord drew me to pray every day. In fact, I prayed, I would say I spent from 14 to 16 hours in fasting and prayer for days. This evening I wanted to hear the evangelist speak, and the Lord *'nixed'* it. I argued with Him for some 15 minutes. Then I got defiant and said to Him, *“But I'll go anyhow.”*

When I did, the Spirit lifted, and I was free to go. I drove down to the tent in my Chevy, happy that the Lord finally could see my point. When I got to the meeting, I noticed something was wrong: I couldn't pray; I couldn't sing; I had no presence. I was alarmed and went back to my room in the farmhouse to see what was wrong.

God had nothing to do with me. He didn't wake me up the next morning early to wait on Him. He didn't give me a message for the morning service. I had no consciousness of His presence whatsoever, had no anointing. (I'm leaving a lot out.) That lasted for three days. For three days, God had nothing to do with me. I was in such despair that I thought, *“I'm going to commit suicide.”* And I was the camp speaker!

I thought, *“I'll take my Chevy, go down a road that I knew where it made a curve over against a stone wall, and I'll hit that wall with all the speed I can get up, and that finished it.”* I was close to it, and I was the camp meeting speaker.

I was the loneliest man in all the world. Nobody knew anything. Nobody could help me. I was in trouble with God. The third day I walked toward the tent in the morning; I had no message, no nothing. I had my Bible, my notebook, but nothing from God.

When I stepped on the campground, a terrible fear came over me. I stood still and literally shook with fear. I looked toward that tent, somehow, and I saw an angry face. I'm only giving you a description. I cannot explain it, perhaps I could, but that would be quite involved so I'll just let it go. I can still see the wrinkles of a terribly angry forehead, and I knew that I beheld the anger of an angry God. No wonder I shook! When I saw that face, I shook.

I couldn't tell you what the face looked like, but there was a face. The wrinkles of that forehead were so deep, and I knew that it was God's anger. I am the man who saw the anger of an angry God on His forehead as clear as I see your foreheads in front. No

wonder I shook! I looked at it frightened. It changed, and there was the tent with the people sitting there waiting for me.

I walked toward the tent. It was already getting late. I stood outside scared. I knew the presence of God was in that tent. Especially on that platform you had terrific moving of the Spirit of God every day. And I stood there at the edge of the tent afraid to go in. I thought, *“What will happen to me if I go into that tent and up to that platform?”* I didn’t know.

I said to myself, *“Now look here Beuttler, the Lord is terribly angry with you, but His Son (God’s Son) died for all your sins 2000 years ago. He died for all of them: past, present and future, therefore He already punished me on the cross in His Son. God already killed me dead for this sin of rebellion when His Son was crucified. He took that on the cross with Him. Therefore, I don’t think God can kill me even though He feels like it. He’s already done it. You don’t kill a person twice.”*

You see, I kept my faith in the Atonement. So I thought, *“I think I’m safe.”* Gingerly I walked in, not cock sure, but I thought, *“I hope my theology is right.”*

I got up to the platform and nothing happened. My theology was okay. We had an extra service that afternoon. (I’m leaving a lot out.) Whenever I stepped into the pulpit to start my work, the Spirit came back, and I had all the anointing and equipment of the Spirit needed for the service. But as soon as I pronounced the benediction, God lifted His Spirit. He took it away again. He only loaned me His Spirit because He had taken His Spirit from me in anger, but loaned it to me for the sake of the people. As soon as I pronounced the benediction, I could feel the Spirit leave again. God would have nothing to do with me.

That’s why sometimes God will use a preacher long after his usefulness is ended, or long after the man has already failed. God feels sorry for the people, and for their sake, He may use a preacher for a long time in spite of his being no longer right. Or God sees in time he’s going to mend his ways and come back. But with me, God had absolutely nothing to do with, yet nobody in the audience would suspect it.

Discerning of spirits? My discerning was so sharp, right down through that audience. I knew what was what. Go do this, go do that. But God would have nothing to do with me. He did it for the sake of the people.

After the third morning service, the leader of the camp said, *“Brother Beuttler, we have a lot of visitors here. Today is Saturday. We feel that we ought to give them an extra service considering the distances they have come from.”*

They had come from as far away as Chicago, and this was New York. He said, *“We don’t know of anyone whom we would trust with meetings like these (because we had a great move of God), except you. Would you be willing to come out this afternoon and take the meeting for us?”* He had no one else.

I thought, “*Man if you knew the trouble I’m in, you’d never say that we have nobody else whom we would trust with meetings like these.*” But I didn’t say anything like that.

I said, “*I’ll come out.*” Whatever gave me the nerve, I’ll never know, but I came out. That afternoon for the first time in three days, God began to deal with me in a remarkable way. It takes too much time to tell it all. (The audience begs him to tell it.) You never heard anything like it. I don’t think you did. You’ll have it hard to believe. I have never seen the like before or since.

I stepped into the pulpit. God was still having nothing to do with me. The anointing came back. Oh did we have a service! That afternoon, the Lord even took us into the throne room of heaven in the Spirit to let us behold the Lamb of God engaged in intercession before the Father. Yet, God was on the outs with me. That was just His work. Beuttler was just an instrument He had nothing to do with. That’s a terrible thing.

We were sitting there, Hallelujah, worshiping the Lord. I was quiet, because I knew I was in trouble, but Oh what lovely worship. Everything got still.

There was a Presbyterian pastor there who had received the Baptism with the Spirit, I think at the evangelist’s meeting in the evening. He stood up. He was a singer, or could sing. He stood up and said, “*The Lord gave me a song to sing for Brother Beuttler.*”

That was my name! God was now approaching me, or trying to, but by that time, I was hard, bitter and angry. Whew! I was angry at God. I’m just telling you the truth. I felt like giving God a piece of my mind, and it would have been a German mind at that!

The idea would be that I didn’t think God was fair. He punished me too hard. I didn’t deserve such a punishment, and it just was not fair with me. And I felt it. I was rebellious, hard, bitter and felt like speaking out. But I think God would have retaliated severely if I had opened my mouth and talked back. I almost did. That’s to my disgrace.

I know that doesn’t bring me glory from you, but we’re not after glory, we’re after truth. We’re after knowing God. It shows you what can get into us given the right circumstances. We have potentialities we’re not aware of. We have propensities that lie latent, unsuspected until the right circumstances bring them into manifestation. Lo and behold! Something develops that you never thought was in you.

That man stood and sang a song for Brother Beuttler. I knew what the Lord wanted. He wanted me to rethink myself and change my attitude, and I wouldn’t do it. The song did not touch me. I was as hard-hearted as a rock. You know it’s dangerous to be hard. Proverbs says, “*He that hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy.*”

Did you know that even God runs out of remedies for His people? In the Old Testament, it is written that God did such and so for Israel until there was no remedy. God had

exhausted all His available remedies with Israel to get them to turn back to Him. God ran out of remedies, so He let them be scattered throughout the world. He had nothing more in His medicine closet, so He rejected them. God runs out of remedies when there is persistent self-will, disobedience, or rebellion. God runs out of remedies.

The man sat down. In a few seconds (not more than 5 or 6), he stood up a second time and said, "*I have another song from the Lord for Brother Beuttler.*" He stood up and sang a second solo, all verses-whatever number there were. I knew what God wanted - me, but I wouldn't budge.

The man sat down. In a few seconds, he stood up again and said, "*The Lord just gave me another song for Brother Beuttler,*" mentioning my name. You never heard the like. Didn't I tell you? He sang. I don't remember what the songs were except the last one. I knew what God wanted - NOPE, "*You're mad at me, I'm mad at You.*" It was terrible.

The man finished his song and sat down. In a few seconds, he was on his feet a fourth time; "*The Lord gave me another song for Brother Beuttler.*" And I was as hard-hearted as a rock-adamant. I knew what God wanted, but I didn't want it. The song did not touch me. He sat down.

This was a camp meeting, a large congregation of people. I wouldn't know just how many, but it was a large tent, relatively speaking.

He was up a fifth time and said, "*The Lord gave me another song for Brother Beuttler,*" and he went through several stanzas of singing and sat down. How the people ever took it, or what they thought, I'll never know, but nobody raised an objection that I could tell. That song rolled off me like a pebble on a slate roof or water on a duck's back.

In a few seconds, he was on his feet a sixth time, if you please. "*The Lord gave me another song to sing for Brother Beuttler.*" This time he sang a song, "*Oh the Glory of His Presence.*" He sang of the glory of His presence, and here was an area of the Lord's presence, and I remembered how I used to enjoy the presence of the Lord, the awareness of His presence during the hours of the night. You heard me speak to you of that.

I remembered the companionship of His presence. I thought of all of it while he was singing: the songs of the night that I had enjoyed when we sat together, He and I, encumbranced with songs of deliverance. I remembered how I used to revel in that presence that would awaken me out of my sleep; that presence (and I'm not exaggerating) that would walk past my bed and break my sleep by the rustling sounds of His garments.

I'm not overstating it. The Lord would walk past in garments that made a rustling like the popular leaves blowing in the wind, or the palm trees in the south make this little scraping, rustling sound. The girls used to wear dresses like that. I think they were made of silk, many years ago, and they made a sound like that. Does that sound right, ladies? Doesn't silk make a swishy sound? In those days they loved to walk down the sidewalk with that swish, swish, something like that. And that awakened me, and I remembered

that. I remembered being awakened by the touch of His hand - once by singing for me in the night. I told you that several years ago.

The man was finished with his song, and now I broke. I wept and went to pieces at the thought of the lost presence. In it, all of a sudden, He spoke and said right in here (pointing to stomach area), "*Ask what I shall give thee, and it shall be done unto thee.*" For the first time in three full days, He approached me.

I said, "*Lord, there is only one thing that I would ask. Give me back Your Spirit.*"

And with that the service went on, a wonderful meeting. But I knew His Spirit hadn't come back. It was still loaned to me. We went home late afternoon. I had heard from Him. The rebel's rebellion was now broken - not broken, more like melted. That song melted the stone heart of a rebellious man.

I spent all evening in the farmhouse where I stayed waiting on the Lord, waiting for His Spirit, but it didn't come. The Lord still had nothing to do with me, even though He had said that. As far as I knew, He had nothing to do with me. I waited until midnight and went to bed. I'll probably close with this for the morning.

Now I'm choosing my words carefully, measuring them, though this is difficult to explain. That night I was awakened at 2:30 by the Lord standing at the foot of my bed about this far away from the bed at the end. His garment was here, about this far away. There He stood. I saw Him as clear as I see you, just a little closer, at the foot of the bed. His white robes went down to the floor. He was looking my way. This is hard to explain.

Around Him at a diameter to the tips of my fingers (that would be about right), there were two bands of fire separated, say a band here and a band about here - this is about the correct distance (unable to tell measurements given). The bands seemed to be about this wide made of fire all around Him in a circle - that diameter, just about.

Between these two bands about the same width, there were words also in fire. The words were '*Forgiven.*' Here was a word, '*forgiven*' between the two bands of fire; here was another, here was another, and so on all around. These words of fire - looked like fire - moved up and down this way, and at the same time, they moved around in the circle in those two bands. So they went, '*forgiven, forgiven, forgiven, forgiven.*' These words were about this far apart all around the circle. There were these words going around: forgiven, forgiven, forgiven, forgiven.

I sat bolt upright in bed and watched those words with Him standing in the middle. It was not long (I have no sense of time), and suddenly the whole thing was gone, and I knew He had come that night to let me know my rebellion was forgiven.

I stayed up the rest of the night waiting for the Spirit. After all, He had said, “*Ask what I shall give thee.*” But the Spirit hadn’t come yet, and I knew it. I was still alone, terribly alone.

It was about 7:00 o’clock in the morning. I had stayed up all night waiting. I thought, “*Now, if I’m forgiven, there’s nothing to stand in the way between the fulfillment of His promise and myself.*” I just waited. About 7:00 o’clock, the Lord asked me to do something which was very, very, very, hard for me to do. I almost did not do it.

You see it was disobedience that lost the presence. Now came a test of obedience to regain it, but I did it. As soon as the decision was made, there were angelic beings at the ceiling of my room, and with them the Spirit of God came back.

I do not know what they had to do with the return of the Spirit, but it is written in the Book that they are ministering spirits who are ministering unto the heirs of salvation. Now the Holy Ghost is part of our inheritance, and they seemed to have something to do with bringing my lost inheritance back to me, but I cannot tell you any more except that they were at the ceiling, and were active, and that with it the Spirit came back. I have no more light on it. From that time on the Spirit’s been back and has never left. But I know, I know what Paul meant when he said, “*Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.*”

I am the man who rebelled against God, who spoke defiantly to His Spirit saying, “*I’ll go anyhow.*” I am the man from whom God took His Spirit for three days during which time I was the loneliest man in all the world. How did it happen? Rebellion.

There are perils in the wilderness where we might rebel against His Word; rebel at the doing of divine providence; rebel against the sovereignty of God. As you know from your Bible that rebellion in the sight of God is as the sin of witchcraft.

They rebelled against God in the wilderness. We need to know the ways of the Lord in the wilderness, in part to keep us from rebelling, and thereby missing the purpose of God for our lives. There are perils in the wilderness. The cloud rested in Paran, and who knows how soon some of us will get into a wilderness experience in which we need to know the way of the Lord in the wilderness.