

Responding to God's Call 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.]

Sometimes I feel frustrated in my selection of those areas that perhaps would be the most helpful at the time. Those of you that would like to pursue this area on your own should get my notes. I would recommend that you pay attention to those sections, those individual subjects that have to do with "*The Knowledge of God:*" "*Seeking God,*" "*Waiting For God.*" Those two really go together. They are really the key. "*Visions of God*" takes you into the very depth of the area in these things, the price tag as well. By all means the introduction to "*Seed to the Sower, Bread to the Eater.*" There is a lot of truth in there that will poise you, that sets you in the right direction, and I would say perhaps "*The Parable of the Sower.*" Those who are really studious would well consider giving some time to the area of "*Principles of Bible Interpretation.*" Between those two you can get quite a ways in your own pursuit in the areas of "*The Knowledge of God.*"

Yesterday morning I chatted with you as to the attainment - how to get there. Of course there are many facets, many aspects. You understand that. I had mentioned to you a right attitude. There are smart-alecks. Now there're not likely to be here in a morning group like this. There probably would be some in the evening. I mean, that would be true anywhere - that snobbish kind of attitude.

As I told you yesterday, the Lord deliberately withholds certain truths from some people and gave you the scripture for it. I had mentioned also with you: Psalm 25:14, "*The secret*" or as I told you yesterday from the French, "*The intimate communion of the Lord is with them that fear him.*" Now what you can do here in your own pursuit since we don't have time of course, is to take your concordance, if you have any, and look up passages on the fear of God. Study the fear of God and see how that applies to us, and then consider that "*the intimate communion of the Lord is with them that fear him.*"

I think you have a bookstore here in this church. I think they would most likely sell Cruden's Concordance of the Bible. Nowadays they have a thin one on India paper about this thick. Well, that is just about a must. If you do not have such a concordance it's worth the investment. It's worth its price in gold whatever it is. If you're interested in pursuing this area on your own, and I hope you are. I say that this morning, not tonight because tonight I imagine we have much more of a mixed crowd.

In II Chronicles 30:22 we have an area that I want to touch on very briefly. This has to do with the teaching of the Word of God.

“And Hezekiah spake comfortably unto all the Levites that taught the good knowledge of the Lord.” II Chronicles 30:22

So then there is such a thing as receiving teaching on the good knowledge of the Lord. We need right, good, sound teaching. Here is a reference that I want to leave with you from Job 33. This is one of those things the Lord had given me in that hotel room that I've already talked to you about.

“If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness.” Job 33:23

Now this would apply perhaps more to the ministry, although all of us have a place in some kind of ministry. But notice the sentiment expressed, interpreters of God, one among a thousand. The idea being that God has interpreters, men and women of God, qualified by God, to interpret God into the lives, the circumstances of the people - one among a thousand. There are many preachers. You can get them in the Woolworth's bargain basement almost, but having eloquent preachers and having skilled interpreters of God are two vastly different things.

There is a great need for us to pray that God will raise up interpreters, men and women qualified by God, to interpret God, to make people understand God and to relate God and His Word to their personal problems so they know how to walk with God in peace while they are in a world of confusion. Now I said that to emphasize the need of the Word of God coming to us. Now we can study the Word, but whatever channel God uses, we do need to be rooted and grounded in the Word of God.

Last night I closed with a rather, I think you would agree, unusual experience. I told you last that tonight I would give you the scriptural basis. I am personally very strong on having a scriptural foundation in the Word of God for our experiences. Otherwise things are too unstable, too risky. Notice something in Daniel 5, which to me since that hotel visit, has been a great jewel of truth. The Lord had brought it to me and I'll share it with you this morning.

“Forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel.” Daniel 5:12

I'll put it this way. This is not overstated. Among other things, Daniel had a ministry of dissolving of doubts. This in Daniel is written in Aramaic. A literal translation from the Aramaic reads that Daniel had the dissolving of knots. You might not appreciate this as I do, but to me here I have one of the jewels of truth that are most precious to me for years. Well, the Lord gave it to me and He did it for a purpose. I might or might not mention the purpose. Dissolving of knots-k n o t s. Let's put it this way.

Once upon a time our girl Norma was a little girl. She was such a little tike or what have you. She wanted to put on her shoes. Mother wanted to help her. You know just a little thing. *“No Mummy, I can do it myself.”* She did it all right. She made two hard knots. When she wanted the shoes off, she couldn't get them opened. I remember her saying, *“Mummy, will you unknot my knots?”* I never forgot that.

There are so many people with knots in their lives - k n o t s, (spelled out) knots, lives that are knotted, lives that are so knotted that the people cannot unknot them. They cannot find the solution to their problem. People sit in the congregation before a preacher or teacher. Some of them have such knotty knots with a cry in their hearts, *“Oh God! Let the speaker say something that will unknot my knots, that will shed light on my problem, that will help me to see, that will give me the solution.”*

Whew! It's not simply preaching, oratory and all. Oh no! But interpreters of God, those who have learned to know God, at least to a degree, and are able to take God, as it were, and put Him into their secret problem. Even you can receive something like that from the Lord, where the Lord uses you in a little area of truth He has made known to you. You visit somebody, or somebody visits you, and you have a word from the Lord and they say, *“Oh now I see.”* You become an un-knotter of knots.

I told you the other day; I had the French ministers in a castle in the Pyrenees Mountains in southern France. There were only 18 ministers there, just from a little region in the Pyrenees. They had this old castle and they were sitting there in a semi-circle. I sat at a table like this with them for a week, just 18 men. Sometimes there have been up to 3,000, other times you have a dozen and a half.

I was sitting there teaching. I forgot what the subject was. In front of me sat a Frenchman. Tears started to trickle down his cheeks and I wondered in my heart, *“What am I doing? Am I hurting the man or saying the wrong thing?”* You just don't know.

After the service he came up to me and said, *“So you are that American.”* I wondered what I had done did! (Laughter)

I spoke through my interpreter, and he told me the story. This man had a friend in northern France, also a minister, who two years before this visit had a very serious problem. I do not know what it was, had no idea. I visited in France, Rouen to the north of Paris. As he told me, this friend of his had such a serious problem and nobody could help him. He decided that he was going to engage in four weeks of fasting and prayer, if it took that long, to get an answer from God.

A friend of his said, *“Say, there's an American here to speak. Come over and see what he has to say.”*

“No,” the man said, *“I have a problem. You know what it is. Nobody has been able to help me. I'm going to go on praying.”* But the man persuaded him to come.

Now this man in the South whose friend he was and knew the whole story, said to me through the interpreter, “*So you are that American that helped that brother up in Rouen.*” I knew nothing about it. Then he told me that this brother had this serious problem, whatever it was, and I knew no more than this mike. He came to the service and said to this friend that did the crying now in my meeting, “*Just think, God sent an American over here to speak on my problem for one hour and a quarter. I have got the answer.*” To this day, I couldn’t give you the faintest idea what it was.

What was it? Well, by the aid of the Spirit I unknowingly interpreted God there to somebody that had a knot nobody could unknot but God. You don’t need to tell me (I know that much) that there are so many people with such tight knots that they’re beside themselves, and God is looking for you and me to know Him so well that He can give us a word interpreting God unknotting somebody’s knots. Here I’d like to take you to Isaiah 50:4, just in reference. I wish I could get into that, but you have some of it in my notes on Isaiah 50, where the prophet speaks of Jesus as though Jesus were speaking. Look here. I’m just giving you a cue. That’s all I can take time with.

“The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary (and I’ll give you the Revised Version): The Lord God hath given me the tongue of them that are taught, that I should know how to sustain with a word him (or her) that is weary. (Here’s the secret if you read on) He wakeneth morning by morning, he (that is the Father) wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned.” Isaiah 50:4

Those of you that took my notes, you have this expounded in the subject on the “*Call of God.*” The secret of Christ’s ministry - just let me hand it to you. The Father awakens Jesus every morning to give Him what He should say, how to say it, to whom to say it, when to say it. Now hear this, as though Jesus speaking, “*The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak.*” God taught Jesus how to speak. “*A word,*” that’s the substance of what to speak. “*To him that is weary,*” that’s to whom to speak. In the Revised: “*that I should know how to sustain.*” What a ministry, folkses, of sustaining somebody with the right word at a time of great need! That I should know how to sustain with a word, not a sermon. People are fed up with sermons. Who wants sermons? We need bread, we need life, we need help, we need God to sustain with a word.

I was in the hospital seven years ago and had surgery for cancer. Things were like this: iffy. The Doctor told Mrs. Beuttler and later told me, “*I didn’t think you’d pull through.*” Well, I knew the chances were slim.

I was lying there. Oh was I sick! One of our former graduates in school visited me. He was in the ministry. He sat there and said, “*Well Brother Beuttler, tell me, what medicine are they giving you.*” I told him. He says, “*Oh, you know I was in the med core in the army and know something about that.*” He said it very ominous. “*I know somebody else*

that had the same operation and they gave him the same medicine and he died anyway.” (Laughter) Actually it was the Lord laid it on His tree. I was really finished.

I think it took about two years or so. I was going downhill steadily, and I left the office in the school one day and went home. Now I had a real call to go overseas, and I lay on the floor for about two hours. Mrs. Beuttler was over at her office in the school doing her work, but I said nothing. I went home alone. I lay there on the floor and knew this was it. I tried to figure out how to write my letter of resignation so they could get a replacement. I just couldn't go on.

I lay there and said, *“Father, isn't it a pity. There's so much to do overseas.”* I could not tell you how many requests I get for teaching overseas. I had a letter from Ceylon, *“Please come. You are God's gift to Ceylon.”* That's how they wrote. I've been there numbers of times. I laid it before the Lord and said, *“Father, isn't it a pity, so many opportunities for teaching Your Word to teach them that they might know Thee, and here I've come to the end of the road.”* It really looked it. The Doctor didn't think I'd make it. He told me that after I'd made it. I laid it before the Lord and said, *“Father, I have only one little trip left. I won't need a passport. I won't need a Pan American ticket. I won't need a visa. It's just a little trip a few miles up to Red Hill or some such place. Don't You think it's a pity with so much to do for the kingdom.”*

I lay still for quite awhile completely reconciled that this was it. You know you get reconciled to things. You make peace with it because you've got to. You have no options. Finally I said, *“Father, I want to tell You something, if You want me to do some more traveling for You, You simply have to do something for me. If not, I'm finished.”* I saw nothing, felt nothing, heard nothing, received nothing. I simply realized, causally like, that I appeared to feel all right. I said, *“Beuttler, you seem to feel all right, why stay lying on the floor?”* (Laughter)

I got up and went back to the office. I had a snap in my step and went back to work. I was leaving for a 40,000-mile round-the-world trip within 4 weeks, and I've been traveling ever since every year a trip around the world and sometimes an extra trip besides.

Coming back to this brother, *“Well, Brother somebody else got that medicine and died anyway.”* Now that was not the word Isaiah talks about. You know how people talk (in a sarcastic voice), *“So you don't feel good? Better examine yourself and see whether there is somebody hanging around in the woodpile. You have to look after that skeleton in the closet.”* Of all the things they can bring up.

That I should know how to sustain with a word, not to condemn with a word, but to sustain, uphold, undergird with a word, to unknot somebody's knot. You don't have to go to Bible school to be a preacher. This is open for all of us. The knowledge of God is for all of us. We can be little ministers in our own church, or going to the hospital with a word from the Lord. *“Oh Lord, help us to be un-knotters of knots, to help people with*

their knots.” Never mind the beautiful sermons. They’re not usually doing it. It’s a word, interpreters of God, one among a thousand. That’s how the Word put it.

We must move on. In Psalm 34:8, I want to give you another little truth. There we read, *“Taste and see that the Lord is good.”* Now I’m making a statement to you here that I do not make in the evening. This is the only time I’ll make it. I kind of like to think that folk who come out in the morning - I know others would if they could - there must be really something there for folk to bother to come out. It cannot be solely because we get in air conditioning for a few hours and are more comfortable than in our homes. I don’t think that would be the deciding motive.

“Taste and see that the Lord is good.” May I say that there are some truths we learn only through experience. We can never really know certain truths without prior experience. Now I know the theologian would tear that down, but we let him tear away. Look here. I think I can give you a valid rationale.

I get to the Far East just about every year. Singapore is about my second home anyway. When I get there, or any such area, but let’s say Singapore. One of the first things I like to do is look for fruit that they call mangos teens. It’s not always in season though. For those who were in the service over there may know what I’m talking about. I do not mean mangos, I’m speaking of mangos teens. They are about my favorite fruit. (That’s a Beuttlerism-flavorite). They are round about the size of a walnut and if they’re in the refrigerator, chilled not ice cold, but chilled on a hot day in Singapore. Whew! Singapore is hot year round. And you’re in there with a basketful of those things that big. Yum! And you break the shell open, it’s sort of maroon like, reddish brown. Inside there are white slices, segments of snow white meat. The closest similarity would be a tangerine. You take them apart like you would the slice of a tangerine and eat. Yum! What a flavor! Can you taste it? I can.

“Well Brother Beuttler, what do they taste like?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Can’t you approximate it?”

“Impossible.”

“Well, how will we know the taste?”

“You have to eat some.” In other words you have to get the experience. Once you eat them, have the experience, you’ll say, *“Umm, now I know what you were talking about. Where is the rest?”* You can eat a basketful and the more you get, the more you want. Oh are they good refreshing, umm. I can’t tell you how they taste. You will never know what they taste like until you eat some.

There is a spiritual knowledge, which cannot be acquired apart from the experience - taste, partake, participate and see. Not see and taste, but taste and see. You learn from experience some of these things there, the deliciousness of the knowledge of God. There are areas you get only through the experience.

You may ask, “*Well, where do we get the experience?*”

I can't give it to you, but there is Somebody who can, and if you pursue in meditation, reading, contemplation and response to the area in the notes on “*Waiting For God*” and “*Seeking God*,” there is your way. I'm pointing these things out so you know where to look for things that tie in with this particular subject.

“*Taste and see.*” We won't get into this at all, but part of this subject has to do with the presence of God, which I touch on tonight a little bit, but do not develop it. For instance: The presence of God is: a shelter, bread, abode, a home. The presence of God as a home would take an hour by itself. The presence of God as a home is where we live in the presence of God day after day in the home of the presence of God.

This appreciation of the home of the presence of God comes largely through experience. We have the truth in the Word of the home of the presence of God, but its delightfulness, its restfulness, its pleasure, its tranquility - the tranquility of the experience of the home of the presence of God takes experience to appreciate it. Then we know what it is to dwell in the home of the presence of God while your husband raises Cain in the house and scares the daylights out of everybody. (Laughter) It's a shelter.

Let's see what we'll take next. I'm going to take you to Revelation 3. I'm developing neither of these things for the sake of covering more in the expectation that I'm dropping enough of a seed so that this word, this seed, will get planted in your heart, and after I'm gone it'll do some growing and bear some fruit, some real fruit, not artificial fruit.

Some of you might remember a British teacher by the name of Donald Gee. Some of you might remember some of his writings. When he was a boy he wanted to raise tomatoes. The vine grew but the tomatoes didn't. He was so, so disappointed that his mother had pity on him. Every morning he walked out to see if tomatoes were on his vines. His mother had pity on him so she decided to buy a nice tomato and tie it on with a string. Little Donald Gee went out to see about his tomato and came in rejoicing. He told his mother that he had grown a tomato.

He took her out to look and took a second look and saw the string. Now I'm not talking about attached fruit. I'm talking about real fruit. If you take these things and plant them in your heart, take them before the Lord, water them with the Spirit with devotion, these things will bear fruit long after I'm gone. That's what I'm hoping for.

“Behold I stand at the door and knock.” Revelation 3:20

I'm taking you here, or trying to, into one of the great secrets and the areas of perhaps our most frequent failings in these matters. By the way, I'm going to take you here into some experience, but only tonight will I give you the Biblical basis so that this morning, if you can, take me for granted. The reason I do it that way is I do not want to Biblicate this morning. Tonight the time does not permit such duplication. Tonight I'll give the Biblical basis for such manifestations. This morning I merely describe and show what is what, tonight you'll get the foundation.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock." Bear in mind we are dealing here with a truth where perhaps most people's failure occurs. As we go along you will see why. *"Behold I stand at the door and knock."* The Lord took me aside one night with this passage and while I always had heard it preached for the sinner, the Lord let me know this has nothing to do with the sinner. This is not for the sinner, except secondarily. It's primarily for the saint. The Lord is really speaking here primarily to Christians.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock." What the Lord is seeking to do here is to visit His people. Now I cannot take time to speak to you on the Lord's visits. I have two messages on that. I merely state here that the Lord seeks to visit His people. There are times when the Lord wants to visit you and me. That's one reason why David said, *"What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him."*

After I'm done here we're going to Oakley. If any of you should happen to be there, I expect to speak once on "The Lord's Night's Visits." He's a great visitor, especially by night. "The Lord's Night's Visits" - what He does, why He does it, how we are to respond when He visits us by night. I cannot tell you when I'll be speaking on it, but I'm sure it's coming up in some meeting.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock." He wants to do something for us. When we go visiting somewhere, normally speaking, we knock at the door: rap, rap, rap. Of course nowadays we have the bell. We have one at home, we have a gong. Somebody comes to the door and pushes the button and off it goes. You know right away somebody's at the door and wants to come in. But here in this passage, it's used as knocking.

There is such a thing, folks, as the Lord announcing His presence. There's some much here, I'm frustrated how far I should go. I'll give you a little. There are times when the Lord knocks. Let me bring it to you from personal experience. It will be the simplest.

Quite some years ago the Lord had given me such a hunger (I told you that), and I'd be up by night to sit in His presence by sheer faith or otherwise. After awhile the Lord began to call me. I told you that, a touch of a hand, singing, what have you, but this is what began happening. I was sound asleep when next to my ear; I heard a knocking-rap, rap, rap, rap-just as clear as could be. I have gone to the door already to see who stood there when it was so close to hear.

After awhile I discovered that there are times when the Lord actually knocks. Tonight I'll give you the scriptural basis clearly. I discovered, rap, rap, rap, rap, many times. I'd

hear the sound of a knocking or the sound of the telephone ringing when nobody was there. I've heard Him walk past my bed, saw Him disappear at the foot of the bed, but what wakened me was the sound of the rustling of His garments like the rustling of the leaves of a tree in the wind. It's the same as knocking. *"I stand at the door and knock."*

Now that can be abused and I'm not asking you to ask the Lord, *"Oh Lord, knock for me."* Please don't do that. Don't ask the Lord for any specific experience. Don't do it. By no means ask the Lord to duplicate something for you that He has done for me, although He has done it in some people's lives, but you must not ask for it. If you have a desire for these things, for the Lord to make Himself known, you simply ask the Lord, *"Lord, Oh I'm hungry. Do a new thing for me. Somehow Lord, I want more of You. I want more from You. I want to know You more."* Don't say, *"Lord, walk past my bed, do this or do that."* Leave that to Him. God deals differently with different people, but the principles will be the same as in my case, and I know in many other people who have told me.

Rap, rap, rap. That thing developed to such a fine point where I could tell from the manner of His knocking what He came for. He has come already like this: rap, rap, rap (loud rapid knocking). I knew what it meant, *"Get up quick, hurry up."*

He knocked one time that I recall so softly, so tenderly, I could tell from the way He knocked
- softly, tenderly - I could tell He came as a lover just to spend a little time in fellowship. That's all.

It often reminded me of a nurse in the hospital when I had surgery quite some years ago. I was in a semi-doze around midnight, but I heard somebody tiptoe into my room and whisper, *"Reverend, are you awake?"*

I heard it and said, *"Yes, I'm awake."* It was the nurse.

She said, *"May I come in and talk to you?"*

I said, *"Sure you may come in."* But she came in so softly. Apparently if I was asleep, she didn't want to wake me, but if I wasn't quite asleep, she wanted to talk. And I said, *"Well, come on in. You want to talk? Sit down."*

She said, *"We're not allowed to sit on the patient's bed. I'll just stand here if it's okay."*

I said, *"What do you want?"*

She said, *"Reverend, what do you have that I need and haven't got?"* Then we had a conversation, but I never forgot that soft, barely audible tiptoe.

That night the Lord came, shall I say tiptoe, rap, rap - softly. It was so tenderly I can't describe it. You'd have to experience it. It's remarkable. At times from the way He comes, I can tell what He wants, not always.

You see, I teach these things in many countries and people have said to me, "*Brother Beuttler, now I know, now I know!*"

And I answer, "*Well, what do you know?*"

They say, "*I had that and had such a presence after I awakened, but I figured, 'What was that knocking? It must be my imagination.' But now I know it was the Lord.*"

I answered, "*It sounds like it. The next time it happens again, you just get up and say, 'Lord, I'm here.'*"

I mentioned in one place how the Lord once in all my lifetime called me by name, Walter. He did that only once. I had wished that for many years, but He never did it. I never asked for it, didn't blame Him. And I related that one place and an old lady came up afterward. She was all giggled up, "*Brother Beuttler, now I know, now I know.*"

"*Well, what do you know?*"

"*The Lord called me by my name. I didn't know it was the Lord. When you mentioned it, then I realized it was the Lord.*"

I said, "*The next time He does it you'll know who it is.*"

She cried, "*Yes, praise the Lord!*" See what I mean?

You know in this type of teaching, one often brings by the help of God, confirmation for experiences people have already had, but heard no teaching, have no scripture and wonder, "*Am I cookoo? Was that thing real? I told Sister So and So about it and she said, 'You better be careful. You're going off the deep end.'*" So they reject it.

Finally they get some teaching and find the thing in the Book and say, "*Ah! Now I see. There is such a thing.*" Now they're being stabilized in the Word and instead of throwing their experiences away and agree with the critics and the wreckers and what have you, they say, "*You can say what you like, but I know there is such a thing. Here it is, look at that. I found my experience in the Book.*" Sometimes the Lord helps me put a little foundation, a scriptural foundation under people's experience so they can't be shaken from it by people who don't know anything about the Lord and aren't interested in having anybody else know very much either.

"*Behold I stand at the door and knock.*" In one word this phrase simply means "*attention.*" The Lord knocks in other ways. Please do not take advantage of this now and say, "*I think I heard it.*" No, no, no. Don't strain for anything like it. Seek Him and

if perchance He does it that way, you'll recognize it. If not, don't worry about it. I think the Lord has reasons why He works with some people one way and with other people another way. I think our type of personality is a factor in that, but that's another area.

I'll give you another way. Supposing you wash dishes, or clothes, or what have you. As you are washing dishes, you feel a sudden - I'll leave the sudden out because it might or might not be sudden. You feel a drawing stealing over you, a drawing to pray, an inner something you know you ought to stop washing dishes and give yourself to prayer. That's His knocking too. Conviction can be His knocking. A song can be His knocking. He's done that with me many times by using a chorus to let me know to be on the alert for prayer.

I was going to West Africa one year on a Pan American overnight flight to Dakar, a non-stop flight. The flight was only partially filled. I was sitting over by a window. A lady was sitting on the opposite side by her window. I was sitting there and a chorus began singing in my spirit. The Lord uses this often. Very faintly it sang, "When He calls me, I will answer." You know the chorus. That sang over and over. At first I paid no attention. Then I realized, "*Oh! That's His knocking.*" As though the Lord were saying, "*Beuttler, I'll be around soon so be ready.*" Then it subsided. There was no more, but I had been notified of an impending visit and I knew it.

So I was sitting there. We were waiting for supper. This lady over there motioned over to me. Obviously it was an invitation to have dinner with her. You know the hours are long and people like to visit. I'm not a socializer by nature, but I might have gone over because of the length of the trip. I got the signal all right, but before I responded I just evaluated a bit. I thought, "*Beuttler, you had this chorus just a little while ago, When He Calls Me, I Will Answer, and if you go over and have supper with the girl, you're going to be socially engaged. If the Lord calls on you now that you have been notified, it would be very difficult to say, 'Well Lady I'm sorry, I have to go over there and have my prayers.'*" That would be awkward. When I didn't react, she got the signal and got somebody else for supper. They were there all evening. That could have been me.

I had started my evening meal when the presence came and I got a spirit of prayer and intercession. I finished my meal quickly and just sat there like this in the corner as though I had a little after-supper doze, but I was busily engaged in communion with the King. The Lord has often given me that chorus, "When He Calls Me, I Will Answer," and for me it's the notification, "*Don't get absorbed, don't get involved or preoccupied*" (occupied yes, but not preoccupied). So when you're alerted and that presence very faintly steals over you, you are ready.

I spend hours on a plane in prayer. Let's say from Honolulu to Sydney, Australia - quite a distance, or from New York to Honolulu, a 10 1/2 hour non-stop flight, or New York to Buenos Aires, a 9 1/2 hour non-stop flight. I spend hours sometimes in prayer, in intercession and fellowship. On many an occasion there was notification beforehand, "When He Calls Me, I Will Answer."

I was on a night flight from somewhere to somewhere. You know you get tired of sitting there, but I had had the chorus, “When He Calls Me, I Will Answer,” so I knew. The Lord had put me on notice. Well, you get tired sitting around and I like to walk up and down the galley there and landed back at the kitchen with the hostess. I like to talk a bit, “*Where are you going? Where have you been? What hotel does Pan American put you up, or whatever it is?*” You get to talking, but I had notification.

We were back there talking, “*How do you like Hong Kong? Have you ever been over to Macau?*” That kind of thing. Very faintly, very faintly the presence of God crept over me, but I had been alerted. I was alerted in my seat already, but I didn’t know when it would come. Very faintly I noticed a presence in my spirit, very slowly it began to intensify, so I said to the girl, “*Well, I guess I better go back to my seat.*” I went back to my seat, sat there and here it was. “When He Calls Me, I Will Answer.”

Folkses, this is the Life of Riley, only Riley doesn’t know anything about this life. “*Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man*” or any person. In one word this means opportunity. The opportunity is given to all. The opportunity is given to you this morning by the very fact that you are here and hear this Word. God also speaks by His Word. His Word is His knocking also.

“*If any man hear my voice.*” In one word this is recognition or identification. I’ll break it up for you. “*If any man hear.*” Some people do not hear. They hear words, but do not hear with their heart. Here you have something in I Kings 3. “*God came to Solomon in a dream by night.*” Think of it folkses!

Incidentally He did that with me once, only He didn’t make me an offer, He gave me a warning. God came to me one night and sat next to me just like a tender, but serious Father. He sat to my right. I recognized Him as my heavenly Father, yet I couldn’t tell you what His face looked like, but I recognized Him. I can’t explain. He put His left arm around my shoulder like that (demonstrated). He looked me in the eyes as I looked into His. I couldn’t tell you what He looked like, but I looked into His eyes. He had His hand over here on my shoulder in a dream by night. All He said is this -- -- -, and I went -- -. I knew.

“*Well, what was that?*” That’s my secret. I don’t tell everything. I knew. I can rightfully say that the Lord appeared to me.

What would you say if the Lord would say to you, “*Ask what I shall give thee?*”

“*Oh Lord, just wait a minute. I’ll have to write up a shopping list. I want a new Rolls Royce...Oh! There’s so many other things I want, I don’t know where to begin.*”

Oh no! First of all the fact that God said to Solomon, “*Ask what I shall give thee*” is eloquent testimony to the fact that God could trust Solomon to ask for nothing which would be incompatible with Solomon’s love for God, or which would displease Him in

any way. God would not dare to say to most Christians, “*Ask what I shall give thee.*” God couldn’t afford to do that for the outlandish things they would ask.

I know one lady who told me that God was going to give her another husband. They had six lovely boys. Yes, the Lord’s going to give her another husband. She got rid of him and got another husband, but not from the Lord.

And Solomon said, “*Give thou thy servant an understanding heart.*” I’m sharing with you a jewel of truth very briefly. In the Hebrew it reads, “*Give thou thy servant an hearing heart.*” It’s also translated, “*Give thou thy servant a heart that harkeneth.*” Can you beat that?

God’s saying, “*Ask what I shall give thee.*” And all Solomon asked for was a hearing heart. That was a spiritual man. He had a true sense of true values according to God’s standard of reference and priorities. As far as I’m concerned, Solomon could have asked for nothing greater in the Old Testament. He asked for the bestest thing. Salvation wasn’t provided. The Holy Ghost wasn’t given. The next best thing was the ability to hear from God. And if a person knows what it is to hear from God, what more can they ask. What greater thing can they ask after they’re saved and baptized in the Spirit? That’s a prayer for you and me. I’ve prayed it many times. Many times before I’ve gone to bed I’ve prayed, “*Father, give thou thy servant a hearing heart.*” And what I mean is, “*As I go to sleep, help me to hear You if You call. Help me not to miss You if You want something.*”

One morning very early I was awakened with the presence of the Lord, but there was something terrifying about it. Oh! There was something troubled about this presence. I recognized it was the presence of the Lord that awakened me. I could not explain the awesome aspect of it. That’s not a good word, but I can’t think of a better word right now. I sat bolt upright in bed wondering what could this awful something mean, this disturbed presence. I said, “*Father, is anything wrong?*”

In front of me stood the word this big, Baghdad, and I knew. I was going to the Far East. I was routing through Baghdad. I wanted to stop in Baghdad, go down to the ancient city of Babylon, the city of Ur of the Chaldees. It’s still there, but in ruins. There’s hardly anything left. I wanted to visit the Tower of Babel, some of which is still there. I knew that it would take me only about 2 1/2 hours by train from Baghdad down to the junction where the train stops at the ancient ruins of the city of Ur, Abraham’s city. I wanted to make a visit there and the Lord negated, “*Baghdad is wrong.*” So I cut Baghdad out.

I do not know to this day why God was so disturbed about my making a stop at Baghdad. It could be that it could have risked my life because they are disturbed areas. I do not know, but Oh! “*Give thou thy servant an hearing ear.*” Help me not to miss you if You call, or if You softly walk up to my bed and Your presence brings about my awakening. Help me not to miss You.

“If any man hear my voice” - identification, recognition. So often people don't know it's the Lord. This is a case of recognizing the Lord. Now I cannot take time with the recognition of the voice of the Lord, but there John 10 should help you where he speaks about the sheep being able to differentiate between the voice of the true shepherd and the false one.

“If any man hear my voice and open the door.” That is response. Here is where we fail. What does it mean by opening the door? It means responding. You're washing the dishes and you get the presence. What do we do? *“Oh yes Lord, You want me to pray. I'll tell You something. If I stop right now my suds will go un-suds, and my water will get cold. I'll hurry up and finish the dishes and as soon as I get down, I'll be there to pray or I'll go to the hospital and visit that sister.”* By the time you're ready, the thing has left and you get nowhere.

The Lord took me through a real series of experiences here in training when He would call at the oddest times. Now He doesn't do that as often, but He knows I would respond. Here is where we fail, and open the door. I'll give you one case and then I'll just have to stop.

Years ago when they were small, I had promised my girls a fishing trip on a Saturday out on Long Island. Because I'm always out ministering, so it was very, very seldom that I would be home on weekends. Well, I had made a weekend free and said, *“All right girls, we're going to go fishing.”* We were out on the Island. We were getting ready when suddenly I get a presence just before we left for fishing. I knew what the Lord meant. I just knew it. You learn these things. It meant, *“You go upstairs to the attic. I want to talk to you.”* I just knew it. So I said, *“Girls, we'll have to wait a few moments. Jesus wants to talk to Daddy.”* That was all right.

So I went upstairs and said, *“Father, here I am. What do You want?”* There was no answer. I said, *“Father, we're going fishing and the fish aren't running all the time.”* You have to tie your fishing in with the tide you know. *“Lord, it's a little late, what is it?”* Not a word!

Little Norma called up, *“Daddy, when are you coming?”*

I said, *“Right away, just a moment.”* Then I said to the Lord, *“Father, will You please hurry. What do You want?”* There was no answer. I came down and went up again. I got nothing yet I knew the Lord had called me upstairs. Well, to make a long story short, we went anyhow.

I said to Mrs. Beuttler, *“I think maybe I was mistaken.”* I wanted to be mistaken, so we went fishing, or started to go. I drove slower and slower and she said, *“Why do you drive so slowly?”*

I said, *“Because the Lord wants me back in Grandma's attic.”*

She said, *“Well, why don’t you turn around?”*

So I told the girls and I’ll never as long as I live forget the look of our little girl Norma, the disappointment in that look. She said no words, but I could never forget that look. We turned around. I said, *“Girls, I’ll go upstairs and in just a few moments we’ll leave again.”*

I went upstairs and said, *“Father, I’ve obeyed You. I’ve even turned around. What do You want?”* There was not a word.

I came down and told Mrs. Beuttler my predicament and she said, *“Maybe you’re not supposed to go fishing.”* Well I knew that by that time, but didn’t want to admit it. So she said, *“Supposing I take the girls swimming and you stay home.”*

I said, *“Okay.”* I went up, and she was down getting ready to leave. While they were still there I said, *“Father, if You will hurry up and speak quick, I can still go fishing.”* He wouldn’t say boo, not a sound.

I heard her leave with the old car. You know the old gearshift. I could hear them turn around the corner and go down the road. I said, *“Father, do You hear that? Now I cannot go fishing even if I want to.”*

And the Lord spoke, *“Desire spiritual gifts.”* Now I desired fish. He said, *“Desire spiritual gifts.”* I knew instinctively what He wanted. He wanted me to write an article for The Pentecostal Evangel on *“Desiring Spiritual Gifts.”*

I sat down and began to write. The Lord poured that thing in, it came so fast like an assembly line belt, I could hardly get the words down fast enough - no punctuation, just put the words down. Spelling? Oh, never mind. I just wrote it down and these words just kept coming and coming. I wrote, they came, I wrote, I wrote, I wrote all the way through and there it was, the bell stopped and the thing was done. I had to finish it up, correct the spelling, correct the grammar, put in punctuation. The Pentecostal Evangel published it.

I received a letter from the west coast, *“Dear Brother Beuttler, You’ll never know what your article has meant to our church. We’ve had so much trouble here in this area. When your article came, we read it to the church and it solved our problems. Thank God for what you wrote.”*

Now the point is this: I had in mind a fishing trip. I didn’t want to disappoint my girls, but *“Behold I stand at the door and knock.”* I want you upstairs. *“If any man hear my voice, and open the door,”* and respond. Here is where we fail. The Lord knocks, He speaks, He convicts, He draws, He calls us for a desire, and we have more important things to do. There is where failing to open the door, we miss the feast that would follow. The Lord really can call you at an odd time purposefully, because He wants to

know, "*Lovest thou me more than this.*" Are you more interested in My visit than in this thing? The Lord put me to a real test with that.

Have you ever seen on TV the Sinking of the Titanic? There are two versions, one I like, the other I don't care for. The one I like, I like the ending when the Titanic stands at an angle already going down. Here are about a dozen and a half or so people in a group on the sinking, slanting deck, and that ship slowly goes down with those people standing in a circle singing, "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee," and gurgle, gurgle they're gone. Amen't I wicked? I just like that version where they're going under singing "Nearer My God to Thee." I cry when I see it and it makes me happy that I'm sad. (Laughter)

I waited for that picture again on TV for years. My sister-in-law calls up and says, "*Walter, the Titanic is on.*"

I said, "*Good.*" Here comes the Titanic. "*That's it, that's the version.*" And here comes a presence, unwelcome visitor. Have you ever watched a TV show when somebody came to visit you and you wished they had come some other time?

Oh did I have a struggle! I wanted to see that picture, so I thought, "*I know what I'll do - watch and pray.*" I'll watch with one eye and I'll pray with the other, and I took in that picture. I just love that picture, period. I like sea disasters and things like that. I had such a conflict. Finally I said, "*Beuttler, haven't you learned yet.*" And I took Beuttler by the neck and shut the thing off and let him miss, "Nearer My God to Thee," and traded that in for really "Nearer My God to Thee." This is where we fail. "*And open the door, I will come into him, and sup with him, and he with me.*"

I have given you only some fragments, and kept you later than is good for you or for me, but I hope you got a few things, at least a direction in which we need to move into this area of the true knowledge of God.