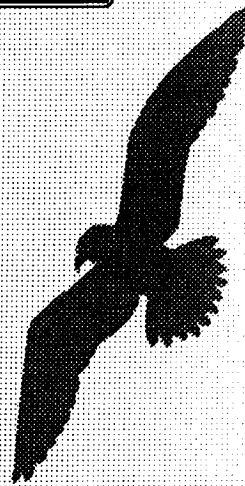


*'They shall  
mount up...*

# ON EAGLES' WINGS

*... with wings  
as eagles."  
Isaiah 40:31*



## AERY NUGGETS

### **My Times Are In Thy Hand**

My times are in Thy hand,  
Father, I wish them there:  
My life, my soul, my all, I leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

My times are in Thy hand:  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified:  
The hand my many sins once pierced  
Is now my Guard and Guide.

—W. F. Lloyd

Dear Fellow Puzzler,

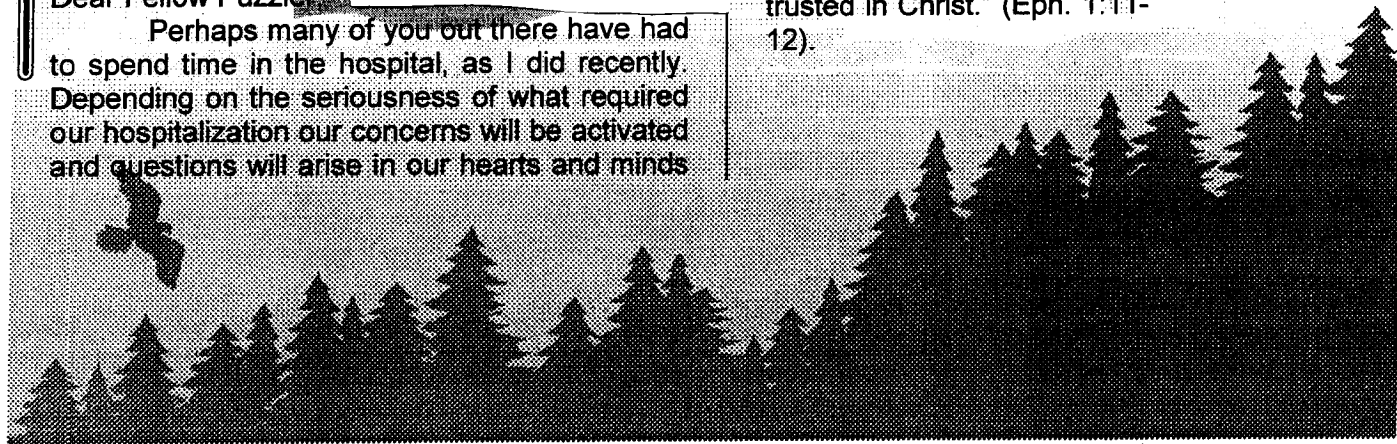
Perhaps many of you out there have had to spend time in the hospital, as I did recently. Depending on the seriousness of what required our hospitalization our concerns will be activated and questions will arise in our hearts and minds

as to the outcome. Hopefully we, in dependence on the Lord, will ask the question, "What am I to learn from this experience?"

At the beginning of my recent two week hospital stay, the Lord sent a staff member with a reminder from Psalms 31:15 that, "My times are in thy hand." It was a real comfort to think on the truth of these words and to realize that nothing could take place without coming through Him.

Notice too that it doesn't take two hands of the One Who created the heavens and the earth, to control the circumstances of our lives, to carry out His will for us. We are protected by His care, for He promises that His sheep, "shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John 10:28).

Jesus could attest to the fact, while here on earth, that He was working, in the words, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work" (John 5:17), and so we can view all the vicissitudes of life as our "times" and through which He "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will" that we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ." (Eph. 1:11-12).



Don't we see the various ways He uses to accomplish His desired ends in Psalms 23:2 & 4 in the words of one of His sheep, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures [contentment]...Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death [trials]..." How good in the latter testing to note that the presence of the Lord is recognized—"Thou art with me."

The apostle Paul gave his insight into the trials and persecutions he was passing through by telling the Corinthians (2 Cor. 4:17) "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, **WORKETH** for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," showing the intended benefit of his times in the Lord's hand.

"My times" makes this a personal matter that the psalmist puts before us, and "are in His hand" shows the Lord's personal interest and concern for each individual who will look to Him. No putting it into another's hand—angel or otherwise. "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. 2:10). Regardless of how He works, "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Rom. 8:28).

This workmanship in us is accomplished by:

1. The mercies shown to us—"Let us now fall into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great" (II Sam. 24:14).
2. Trials--(Natural causes) "Fire, and hail; snow; and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word" (Ps. 148:8). (Physical infirmities) "And lest I should be exalted ...there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure" (2 Cor. 12:7).
3. Attrition (by or help from others) "Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword: from men which are thy hand" (Ps. 17:13 & 14); or, "As ye know how we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children" (I Thes. 2:11).

Now lest I give the impression that a hospital stay is necessarily a fearful experience, mine was not. The nurses, aides and other help were all so kind and congenial, and I sought to show forth a Christian demeanor, in fact was able to speak of the Lord's things to a couple of those who ministered to my needs.

Our loving Father does not explain His working ahead of time nor His desired end and thus I addressed you as "Puzzler," knowing that no doubt, about unpleasant "times" in your life, you

have wondered, "Why did this happen to me?" While at the time there seems to be no answer, I Tim. 3:16 seems to explain why it is so. "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness," but shall we never know? I Cor. 13:12 seems to intimate a time of unfolding. "For now we see through a glass, darkly: but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." What a day that will be!

Some might be tempted to ask, Is His hand large enough to handle the times of so many people? Yes,—"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span?" (Isa. 40:12).

Let's think of some uses the Lord made of His hands:

"Is not this the carpenter?" (Mark 6:3).

"Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand and touched him [the leper] and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean." (Mark 1:41).

Jesus "took them [little children] up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them" (Mark 10:16).

"He poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet" (John 13:5).

"He shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." (John 20:20).

One more reference to "My times," and this one an evident pleasant working of God's hand. Several weeks ago I arose from bed feeling so much different, better that is, from how I had felt the night before—some physical but mostly mental. Of course, many of you have been praying for me, so maybe this was your answer. **Thanks for caring!**

Sincerely in Christ,

*Leslie L. Winters*

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

For address correction or free new name addition,

write to:

Leslie L. Winters

or

Christine Albury