

**Show Me Now Thy Way**  
**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.]

In these evenings I expect to speak to you on the presence of God, and particularly what I would call the manifest presence of God. Thank God, God is pouring out His Spirit all over the world. It is amazing how many people, different denominations in the world, experience a fresh move of God. What I see here, and I see it every year as I go abroad, that God is giving to other denominations what many Pentecostal people have experienced, and I'm thinking particularly of the traditional Pentecostal folk. What many of them are turning their back on today, the other groups are receiving. It's a marvelous move of God, as you well know, throughout the world.

**“And Moses said unto the Lord, See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people; and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight. Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, shew 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. And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. And he said unto him, If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.” Exodus 33:12-15**

I find this Moses to be a most remarkable man. I find the Book of Exodus to be a most remarkable book, particularly now with reference to the revelation of the ways and nature of God. This prayer of Moses, I have prayed many times. It is remarkable all the more when you consider the spiritual state of Moses at the time. For instance, we read in the very same chapter, verse 11, *“The Lord spake unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend.”* Think of it! That simply means, at least to me, that God spoke to Moses, with Moses in fact, intimately as a man speaks unto his friend.

Now a friend will tell a friend what he does not tell everyone else. Friends very often have secrets between each other, and God spoke to Moses as a man speaks unto his friend. Think of it! And yet, notwithstanding that remarkable, intimate relationship of Moses to God, he still prayed, *“Show me now thy way that I may know thee.”* Why this man knew God already, but he wanted to know God still more.

One year I was giving a chapel message in school on seeking God, the need for seeking God, how to seek God, conditions for finding God, etc. One of the teachers challenged

me and said, “*Brother Beuttler (and he was quite critical), Why do you tell these students to seek God when they have already found him?*”

I said, “*I’m not exhorting them to seek the Lord because they never found Him, but because they need to find Him some more.*” There is no end to God’s disclosure of Himself to our hearts.

You know there is a passage in II Chronicles 26:5 that says, “*And as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.*” That’s my motto, incidentally. “*As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.*”

When you read through the chapter, you will find it says, God helped him; God helped him greatly; he was strengthened greatly; his name spread abroad; his name spread far abroad. The king became well known because of his success, and the secret of it was the fact that, “*As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.*”

Now there’s a warning in there: It says, “*As long as he sought.*” There came a time when he no longer sought the Lord. His heart became filled with pride and he died a leper.

This Moses knew God, and yet he wanted to know God even more. The Lord knew Moses face to face. In Deuteronomy 34:10 we read, “*And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face.*” Think of it! God knew Moses face to face. God had a personal acquaintance with Moses, and Moses had a personal acquaintance with God. And yet this man said, “*Show me now thy way that I may know thee.*”

In Numbers 12:8 there was a dispute. Miriam and Aaron had talked against Moses. They were criticizing him for the Ethiopian woman, which he married. Now I do not know whether Moses made a mistake or not, but I do know that it was none of the business of Miriam and Aaron.

Have you ever noticed there are people in this world (not here, I know that!) that mind everybody else’s business but their own and forget theirs? (Not here, so don’t get mad at me!) Miriam was one of them. They were two, what I would call butt-in-skies. They butted into other people’s personal affairs, and the Lord heard it.

The Lord challenged those two, and then said of Moses, “*And the similitude of the Lord shall he behold.*” Now that word similitude is variously translated such as, and the form of the Lord shall he behold; the likeness of the Lord shall he behold; the shape of the Lord shall he behold. Think of it! I do not want to go into that area as we’ll get too far a-field, but the fact remains that the shape of the Lord (not the material shape, we know that), but the shape, the form of the Lord shall he behold. Yet this man who had such a relationship with God that God said, “*I’m going to let him see my form.*” He couldn’t see His face, but the rest he could see-His back, His hands. That he could see. Yet this man prayed, “*That I may know thee.*”

You know what? A true personal knowledge of God begets a desire for still a greater knowledge of God. There is no end to this.

In Psalm 24, using a French translation that I discovered in France, "*And the intimate communion of the Lord*"...the idea being God will give His intimate communion to those who fear Him. Moses had intimate communion with the Lord, and yet he prayed, "*Show me now thy way.*"

Notice there are two things here: 1) Show me now thy way, that is, the way you do things, why You do them, where You go, why You go, and 2) That I may know thee. He wanted to know God's ways. He wanted to know God. In answer to his prayer, God let this man into the secrets of the presence of God.

Speaking of the Lord's way: Do you ever watch the way the Lord works? You learn so much about God if you just watch the way He operates. I'll tell you something.

One year, Hattie Hammond and I had a convention in Washington. The church put us up in the Ambassador Hotel, so evenings after the last service we would go down to the coffee shop, have some poached eggs, English muffins and talk, talk past midnight.

One night she said, "*Brother Beuttler, I must tell you something.*" And I never forgot it. She said that she was out in Springfield, the A/G headquarters as you know. There was a huge Ambassador's Rally. Because she's well known, they asked her to sit on the platform with the other dignitaries, satellites, galaxies-ministerial galaxies! She was sitting there and a young fellow from the Christ's Ambassadors was the speaker. She said there was a huge attendance, a number of thousand.

She said, "*You never heard as bad a harangue and nonsense as that young fellow preached that afternoon to that huge congregation. It was awful. All he did was tear the A/G into shreds. Nothing but criticism, he told his audience all that was wrong with the Assemblies of God.*" (Rightly or wrongly, that's beside the point.) When he got done, the power of God fell on that audience. Hands went up and they were praising the Lord all over the place, and Hattie was dumbfounded.

She said, "*I was so dumbfounded I didn't know what to think.*" So she said to God, "*God, how can You bless such a harangue as we had to listen to this afternoon? Now Brother Beuttler, I want to tell you something. The Lord answered me and said, 'I'm not blessing one word of all he said. I'm pouring the Spirit of rejoicing upon My people to help them forget everything he did say.'*" So God took His eraser and erased.

I never forgot that and I say, "*Beuttler, if the power ever falls when you get done preaching, there could be more than one reason!*" In fact, I was speaking in chapel at NBI one year-had a real anointing, and I said something I should have never said.

"*Under the anointing?*" you ask.

“Yes.”

“How can that be?”

“Well, I don’t know how, but I do know it be!” It can be, something gets in. There was the river with a dead cow floating down. How can that be? Well, I said something I should have never said. It was true all right, but there are a lot of things true that shouldn’t be said. While I was saying it, I knew I was making a mistake. The anointing didn’t leave, but this thing got in.

Your mind can be just as quick as a computer, and my computer went ahead. While I was talking and faster than I could say it, I thought the thing through while I was saying it. I questioned myself, “Should I stop and correct it or what to do?”

Quicker than lightening the thought went through my mind, “No, half the students won’t be listening anyway, so they won’t get hurt; and for the rest, if I try to explain it, I only draw attention to it and then they will remember it.” So I went right ahead. That went like this, and I had the answer, if you know what I mean.

When I got done with my statement, we had a beautiful utterance in tongues and interpretation. It was exquisite! The students were shouting their ears off almost. I knew what happened. God used His eraser! That wasn’t blessing the statement I had made, it was erasing it. God has wonderful, wonderful ways of working. “Show me now thy way.”

Oh that we would (I say “we,” I don’t know you people, but I say “we” because I have to put it that way.) Oh that more of God’s people would be more willing to learn the ways of the Spirit. You see because in our day we’re in the intellectual trend that is gradually whittling away at the things of the Spirit of God - and don’t you kid yourself! It’s so.

We had visiting in school a John Wright Follett, and he preached for about 3 hours. You could listen to him all morning. The whole school had to stop for him, and it was worth it. When he got done, he had given us a tremendous feast. At the end of the feast there was a message in tongues (not lengthy at all) and an interpretation, very simple, so simple you could wonder, “What for?”

One of our lady teachers, a good teacher, but tended to be critical in the things of the Spirit, said within herself (she told us later), “Why do we have to have a message in tongues after such a big feast, and then just a simple little truth that doesn’t compare with what we just had?”

And the Lord answered her, “Because I have babies in this audience who didn’t get one thing out of all he said. I have to take care of the babies, the children as well as the mature.” So the Lord sent His milk bottle or some baby food, some Pabulum for a few babies there who couldn’t get anything else out of anything that man said. But then the Lord sent them a little portion. Oh! “Show me now thy way, that I may know thee.”

We're dealing here with a man who already had a marvelous relationship with God. I envy Moses.

Now notice what God answered. It takes us back to Chapter 33. "*And He said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*" Moses, at this juncture, appeared to have been troubled or disquieted in his spirit, apprehensive. He had to lead these people into the Promised Land. He knew they were a stubborn people to be sure. There were dangers in the way. There were vipers. There were scorpions. He knew he had a job on his hand. Apparently he wanted some kind of a helpmeet, a companion because he said, "*You did not let me know whom you will send with me.*"

And then God answered and said, "*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*" Here we have the presence of God as a companion. I could not tell you, I could find no words to tell you how I appreciate the companionship of the presence of God. The Lord gave this to me once, "*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*" I travel all over the world, every year to all areas, the remotest places I get to, almost always alone, but not alone. There is that presence!

One year I went to France and as always I pray something like this, "*Father, don't You let me go unless You go with me.*" That's my standard prayer before I go. I do not want to go without His presence. And I was going to Idlewild (now JFK) in New York and stopped in New York City, walked down 5th Avenue to take the bus out to the airport. On the way down 5th Avenue, I said in my heart, "*Father, please don't let me go unless You go with me.*" Right in here (pointing to stomach), words came.

You may think me funny, but you can think what you like. I got over that long ago. As far as I'm concerned, this is the area where the Spirit of God lives, where our spirit is, where the Spirit of God is felt. That is where I get things from God; that's where you get His leading. This is where you have the peace. Now God leads in other ways, but this is one of them.

And right in here (stomach area), there came these words, "*When you arrive, I will be waiting for you.*" Um Yummy! Isn't that deliciousmous? Oh, Brother Beuttler, that's not in the dictionary. Well, I know that, but it's in mine. It's Beuttler's dictionary-deliciousmous. "*When you arrive, I will be waiting for you.*" You see folkses, this thing is real. It gets realer all the time.

I arrived at Oley Airport next morning, and it was raining cats and dogs, pitchforks, sauerkraut, lima beans, succotash, everything came down. Oley Airport was just like a lake with heavy drops. It poured. I stepped off the plane; stepped on the concrete all covered with water, and folks, there was the enveloping presence, a strong sense of the Lord's presence all about.

He had been waiting for me. He didn't wait in the waiting room, He couldn't wait that long. He had to get out. And when I stepped on the concrete, there was the presence. Oh! To me those things are so deliciousmous, super deliciousmous!

Speaking of this companionship, to me, it's the life. It turns an airport into a cathedral, if you know what I mean. And I get to many of the world's airports and sit out many an hour, but oh how often that is a cathedral of worship, fellowship, communion, the garden of spices with my Beloved.

I was making up an itinerary, and I wait on the Lord and have a map on my desk of the world, not to find out how to get there (I know how to get there), but I look over it and want to get a confirmation in my spirit. So I was there and I was sure of the itinerary: Green Lane (Philly, of course), Los Angeles, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore. After Singapore, I didn't know which way to go. I couldn't make up my mind.

I was sitting on the floor with the map on my bed. I put my hand on Singapore and said, "*Father, I know I could go down to Australia, to Perth, over to Melbourne, Sydney, come up through the South Pacific or what have you, with no problem.*" Or I could go on westward, but I wanted to move in the Lord, you see. So I was sitting there for quite awhile.

Do you know what I mean when I speak of sitting before the Lord, waiting for the Lord like David? David sat before the Lord. That's where I get things; that's where you get things, not by running, but by sitting. I spend hours on a plane, trans-Pacific flight, hours sitting there waiting on the Lord: airports, hotel lobbies, what have you - love it. I sat there.

He heard what I said, "*Father, I just don't know which way to go.*" And lo and behold, here it came, "*I will meet you at the Pyramids.*" That was it. I knew what He meant, because in coming from the Far East to Europe, I used to like to come by way of Cairo, go out to the Pyramids. There's a hotel there, the Meina House, \$3.00/night, air conditioned, nothing sophisticated, very, very simple, nothing fancy, but clean and 5 minutes walk from the Pyramids.

So I knew what He meant by, "*I'll meet you at the Pyramids.*" In other words, you go westward. That's what it meant to me. You know, you learn to understand what the Lord means. That comes with it. I knew what He meant - go westward. That tour meant India and what have you.

The day came when I was on an Air Indian flight to Cairo, and I had arranged to make about a three-day rest stop, sit in front of the Sphinx where there is a rest house. You can have coffee and Coke Cola.

You know Coke Cola is omnipresent, don't you? That's true. A thousand miles up the Amazon there's Coke Cola; the Arabian Desert, Coke Cola. They've got the secret. A challenge to Christianity, isn't it?

I was on the way to Cairo and very early in the morning (about 3:30 I would say), we were approaching the airport out in the desert. They were beginning to let down, and I

was watching the lights of Cairo coming up at a distance, and I thought, “*I wonder where He’s going to meet me.*”

I figured it would be down at the rest house. I’ll go down there after I check in a hotel, have a cup of coffee, Coke Cola or something; sit there, watch the Sphinx, the Pyramids, wait on the Lord and while I sit there He’ll be coming, but He didn’t.

I was watching the lights of Cairo coming up when suddenly there was the Lord’s presence, “*I will meet you at the Pyramids.*” He came out to meet me. Shall I put it this way, “*We rode in together.*” The nice enveloping presence of God. I hadn’t expected it on the plane, but suddenly there was the awareness of His presence. “*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*” What a marvelous thing we have in this wondrous presence of God.

I was ministering on an island in the Far East, and we had a wonderful seminar with the national pastors - a wonderful week. The Spirit of God Himself even dismissed us at the end. The missionary that led the service said, “*Now let’s stand and we’ll dismiss this wonderful seminar.*” There was a message in tongues, interpretation, the Spirit of God Himself pronounced the dismissal. It was one of the most exquisite things.

And yet, there was a missionary there who had no use for me, or my type of ministry. You know, not everybody likes everybody. I’m not liked by everybody. Some preachers would rather give me rat poison than an offering to send me on my way. But that’s all in the game. We all get that! The one missionary didn’t care. He was in and out, in and out of the meetings, and I couldn’t figure out what was wrong. Later on I learned that his wife ran away with another woman. She was a lesbian. No wonder I didn’t go over!

Well, they took me to the airport, and my heart was down. Oh! I was down in spirit, because of these people’s attitude. I stayed with them, but I had a companion. And I was walking out to the Indian Airlines plane to go up to Calcutta. I know my heart was down; I know my head was low. I was so depressed in my spirit. Usually I look around and wave goodbye. This time I didn’t, but folkses, as I walked out to that plane, my cabin bag over my shoulder as always, all of a sudden, there was a word in here (stomach area), “*And the prophet Jeremiah went his way.*”

I was thrilled. That doesn’t mean God equated me with Jeremiah. God forbid! But what He meant was, “*Son or Beuttler (I don’t know how He thinks of me or what name He calls me-He never called me by name), never mind.*” Jeremiah went through the same opposition of his fellow prophets, and finally when he had no more to say, he went his way. “*And the prophet Jeremiah went his way.*” That thing so strengthened me. To me, to this day, it has become a source of food when I meet with hostility, not often, but you meet with it. You go your way in the Lord. You have a companion, “*My presence shall go with thee.*” I don’t know what I’d do without it.

Quite a few years back I went to South America to Rio de Janeiro, then down to San Diego and over to Valparaiso, and my younger girl (and I’m very attached to my family)

was small. Wife took me to the airport and she had Norma on her arm. I was sitting on a TWA Constellation (They didn't have jets then.) by the window and looked out. I saw that little girl weep; her whole body shook with weeping. She was on Mother's arm, her head was on Mother's shoulder and that girl just wept, that little body just shook. Well the plane started to move. I watched and could tell Wife was saying to Norma as she put her chin up, "*Look up, Daddy's leaving.*" And that little girl's body kept shaking; her little hand waved goodbye; her head turned aside; she didn't want to look. It was awful.

That thing went on the inside like a hot knife. I literally took hold of my chin and pulled my head over and said, "*Beuttler, don't look.*" I held my head there and kept it from looking until the plane turned and I couldn't see anymore. But you know, that thing stayed within me like a burning sword.

Down in Rio, I was up very early. The flight left at 5:00 a.m. The night before I changed clothes, shirt, what have you, had handkerchiefs, different pieces of clothing and there was a note: "*Dear Daddy, I love you very much. Come back soon.*" I put on a fresh pair of socks; there was a note, "*Dear Daddy, why do you leave your little girl? I'll be waiting for you.*" There must have been a dozen or so notes like that. Whenever I went for something, here was a little note. And it got to me.

Believe it or not, between Rio and Sao Paulo, I wept like a baby. I wept, I was so homesick, I didn't know what to do with myself. I looked out the window, watched the mountains so the hostess wouldn't come around and say, "*Dear sir, what seems to be the trouble? Can I help you? Will an aspirin do?*" I wept against the window so they wouldn't discover me.

In Sao Paulo there was a Pan American DC 7. I knew that flight left for New York and I almost panicked. I could have yelled, "*Get me my luggage, I'm going home.*" I said to myself, "*Beuttler, you're not going home boy. You just pull yourself together.*"

Well we left and got to San Diego tired (and I'm leading up to something). It was a long flight and a bad night. They put me on a choo choo train to Valparaiso. I thought they'd take me home and put me to bed and let me continue later. This was an all night ride. There we went, chugga ta chugga ta chugga. I was so homesick and so tired. 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. There I was.

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, to Uruguay, to Paraguay, to Brazil, to 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”* - the companionship of the presence of God.

I suppose you understand what I mean by this presence. I’m aware of God’s omnipresence, but I’m not speaking of His omnipresence. I’m speaking of his, what I would call, His personalized or localized, His personal presence; an awareness of the sense of the presence of God. It’s a marvelous thing with us wherever we are to be able to enjoy that marvelous touch of God’s presence.

I’m not saying that I always have it, but it is, in general, a mode of life. I depend on it very, very much, especially in travel. So the presence of God here is a companion, God’s response to Moses’ prayer, *“Show me now thy way, that I may know thee.”*

Now I’ll take you to Psalm 31:19. This is also something that has been exceedingly precious to my own heart for many years:

**“Oh, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.”** Psalm 31:19

Now surely in this town there never is any strife of tongues! But you get to some places where there is strife. I’m glad you agree with me. *“Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion (in a shelter, in a fortress) from the strife of tongues.”*

Folkses, this presence of God, this awareness of that presence, that presence that makes you feel like saying, *“Praise the Lord! Oh God’s real!”* I hope you understand. That becomes a shelter, a shelter in which, by which, we are shielded, saved or protected from the impact of the sharp words spoken by sharp tongues of hostile people. Any preacher knows how it feels to have the sharp tongue hit them like arrows, and they can get into your spirit and do an awful lot of damage. The presence of God becomes a shield.

This happened to me when I first started ministry in France. God had laid a message on my heart, but there were some refrigerators in the audience, especially among the leaders.

Then I said, *“Well Lord, if that’s Your purpose, that’s Your privilege. After all, You’re God. I’ll preach what You gave me come what may.”*

I started out and had a nice audience Sunday morning with a lady interpreter. Her husband was dead against me, against all Americans. There was a strong anti-American feeling in France at the time.

While I spoke, about 10 minutes, I felt in my spirit that somebody in the audience had the throbbing of the Spirit to give an utterance in tongues or prophecy. I didn’t know which. I got it in here (pointing to stomach area). I could feel in here the Spirit of God trying to

use somebody in the audience. Nothing happened, so I said to the lady, *“Will you tell this audience that someone has an utterance from the Spirit and should give it.”*

She said, *“Oh Brother Beuttler, we’re not doing that in France. We never interrupt a speaker. The Holy Ghost doesn’t interrupt Himself.”*

I said, *“Sister, this is not an interruption. This is partnership in the Holy Ghost. Will you tell them?”*

She said, *“Oh Brother Beuttler, we never do that in France.”*

I said, *“Will you tell them? We’re going to do it now. How about it?”*

She grudgingly said, *“All right. The brother says, ‘Somebody has an utterance from the Spirit and should give it.’”*

A lady stood up and gave a beautiful, powerful utterance in tongues and a man stood up and gave the interpretation. In the interpretation God bore witness to the fact that He had sent me to France. He bore witness to the word of God that had been spoken and asked the folk to accept the word, which He was sending in His Spirit. It went on...

Hands went up and shouting all over the place, and I heard some cracks in the refrigerators, *“Glory to God, Glory to God!”* I heard somebody down there and thought I knew the voice. There was the pastor, hands up, tears literally rolling down his face shouting, *“Glory to God! Boo hoo, boo hoo, Glory to God!”*

And that man came over, threw his arms around me and said, *“Brother Beuttler, God has sent you to France. We want you to stay as long as you can.”* He wept on my shoulder like a baby, and the other refrigerators and iceboxes behind him all melted and were as warm as could be.

Without exaggeration, as a result of that meeting, God opened up all of France to ministry and French North Africa. I’ve been there numerous times, and France has become one of my major fields.

This man who was so against me said one year, *“Brother Beuttler, wouldn’t your family like to come with you sometime?”* I went back to be their national convention speaker for I don’t know how many years. They had the family over also, sent us into Africa and paid all our fares. This man who was so hostile became the strongest Beuttler factor in France. That’s how God turned him around, but in the crisis, had sustained me by the enveloping presence of God as a shield.

I was in France last summer. They asked again for this summer and the following year. I can go anytime I want. The field is wide open. They treat me and the family like a king. That’s how God turned that man around. So much so, one year I was there and they said, *“Brother Beuttler, how about the convention next year?”*

I said, *“No, I’m going to Tokyo.”*

They said, *“Couldn’t you stop in France first? We’ll adjust the date of the national convention to suit you.”*

I said, *“No, I’m in school and will go straight to Tokyo.”*

He said, *“Well, pray about it.”*

I thought, *“I have nothing to pray about. You can pray if you want.”*

They had me in a hotel and that night the Lord awakened me again with his presence and a scripture, just a phrase, *“And they waited not for the counsel of the Lord.”* I knew at once what the Lord meant. Do you see what I mean by the presence? It guides you and is with you; it speaks. That’s how we move in God.

So I knew what He meant, *“You said ‘No’ to those brethren before you asked Me whether I wanted you to go back to France.”*

So I said, *“Well Lord, it isn’t practical. You don’t go to Tokyo by way of Paris. It’s too far around, takes too long.”*

I wouldn’t say now that the Lord spoke to me here, but I think He at least caused me to remember something. I knew there were flights from Paris to Tokyo over the North Pole to cut off that long route around India. It’s a shorter cut, although expensive.

That came to me and I said, *“Lord, I suppose I could do it by going over the North Pole, but that isn’t practical cost wise.”* And I let it go at that, but I felt the Lord wanted me to go.

So the next day, the same man, who had formerly been so hostile, said, *“Brother Beuttler, did you pray?”*

I said, *“No, I didn’t pray, but I got the answer anyway.”*

He said, *“What’s the answer?”*

I said, *“The Lord wants me to come, but I can’t understand it. It isn’t practical.”*

He asked, *“Why isn’t it practical?”*

I answered, *“There won’t be time to go to Tokyo around India, and to go over the North Pole is too expensive.”*

My ticket was already over \$2,000, and that's quite a bit. So he asked, "*How much is it going to cost?*" I didn't know but agreed to find out and meet him later on in France after I found out in Paris. So we arranged to meet in Marseille and he asked, "*Did you find out about the fare?*"

"*I found out all right, and it would cost an additional \$500, which isn't practical,*" I answered.

He said, "*Brother Beuttler, if you're willing to speak at our convention, we're willing to give you the extra \$500 to take you over the North Pole to Tokyo.*" That's what they did. And this was the man who was so hostile saying, "*I wish I had never let Beuttler into my church.*" He's one of our best friends to this day. The Spirit of God turned him around completely.

Coming back to Moses to kind of wind this thing up. "*Show me now thy way, that I may know thee,*" and God giving to this man this wonderful reply, "*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*" Friends, this manifest awareness of the presence of God is a wonderful companion going with us wherever we go. I owe this companion so much.

I was walking on the street of Tunis with my interpreter and had that nice little presence, the glow. Do you know what I mean by the glow? That glow of His presence. Mmmm! My! He's so real! It wasn't strong, but it was noticeable.

We walked along and all of a sudden this glow (very difficult to explain) turned into a very strong alarm. It's inadequate to explain but it's the only way I can put it. Such an alarm that it so alarmed me that I jumped to my right. I simply took a leap to my right without knowing why. I'm not as leapy today as I was then, but I took a leap, not knowing why.

As I did, a young Arab brushed my left shoulder with his right one, and he had a dagger, an open switchblade in his hand. From all appearance, he was ready to knife me from the back for whatever purpose, when my companion saw him and gave me the alarm of imminent danger, and I jumped away from his knife.

Those were the days when the Arabs cut the throats of the Frenchmen left and right. While I was in Algiers at that time, there was a busload of Frenchmen driven by an Arab driver over a bridge. The man turned the bus on the bridge, stopped crosswise. Two cars with Arabs followed in the back, got out and cut the throats of every Frenchmen in the bus. Those were the days when any Westerner was in great jeopardy.

From all appearances, this Arab tried to use his knife on me and my companion warned me. He tried a second time, but by that time we were alert and saw him approaching again. When he saw that, he went off. "*My presence shall go with thee*" as a companion and as a shelter to shield us from the venomous attack from all sorts of people that are stirred up for no reason or whatever reason. We have the presence of God as a shelter, as a shield to keep the arrows from penetrating into our soul and thereby destroy us.

*“Show me now thy way, that I may know thee,”* is a good prayer.