

LORD'S SCHOOL OF PRAYER
A SON'S PRAYER
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.]

We're going now to the prayer of a child of God in Matthew 6:6. Remember the Lord talked about the prayer of the Pharisee, the prayer of the heathen. Now, He makes a contrast.

“But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.” Matthew 6:6

I told you yesterday that a few years ago during the wee hours of the morning, the Lord had drawn my attention to this remarkable chapter. As I sat before the Lord, He brought to me, shall I say, a ten-fold revelation of the heavenly Father contained in these passages. I'm going to commit another unpardonable sin. I'm going to read the ten-fold revelation from my notes that will make it succinct, but merely the actual revelation, not any explanation.

We have here in this verse a revelation of:

- 1) The Father's distinction
- 2) The Father's expectation
- 3) The Father's direction
- 4) The Father's intimation
- 5) The Father's exhortation
- 6) The Father's omnipresence
- 7) The Father's observation
- 8) The Father's disposition

9) The Father's admonition

10) The Father's assurance

I'll come back to these. I'll comment on most of them this morning. Bear in mind again the Lord had just talked about the prayer of the Pharisees and the prayer of the heathen.

Now He said to them, "*But thou.*" Here we have the Father's "*distinction.*" The Father differentiates between the prayers of the hypocrite, the prayers of the heathen and the prayers of His children. The idea being: inasmuch as God's children have a different relationship to God, their prayers are likewise expected to be different. The Father takes the position: truly as His children, we are not going to pray like the hypocrite, we are not going to pray like the heathen. We are naturally going to pray like a child of God.

Here the Father makes a differentiation, a distinction, "*But thou.*" In other words, your prayers are different. They are differently motivated, have a different objective, a different method, a different basis. There is bound to be a distinction between the true child of God, and the hypocrite and the heathen. We won't go into a child of God also being hypocritical.

"*When thou prayest.*" This is the Father's "*expectation.*" Notice it does not say, "*If*" thou prayest, but "*when*" thou prayest. The Father takes for granted that His children communicate with Him. It's not a matter of mere option, not if thou prayest, in case you perchance pray. No, it's when you do. The Father expects that you and I, as His children, communicate with Him. So, here again is this aspect of the heavenly Father who looks to you and me to pray, even for our needs.

We read in James 4:2b, "*Ye have not because ye ask not.*" The Father expects that we ask. Yesterday we observed the scripture, "*Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.*" Well, why does God expect us to ask if He already knows what we need? Yet we're told, "*Ye have not because ye ask not.*" Again, why ask if He already knows?

The implication is when we pray for our personal, material necessities of life, we are not praying in order to inform God. We are praying in the first place because we have an honest desire, and not a mere wish. God has three specific reasons for asking us, or expecting us to ask, even though He knows what we need, and I'm using my notes here:

- 1) To keep us aware of our dependence upon God whom we would otherwise take for granted and even forget, days without number.
- 2) To enable God to demonstrate his goodness and faithfulness to us, which would otherwise remain unrecognized.
- 3) To satisfy his heart by our thankful expression of praise for his bountiful and benevolent care.

God wants to keep us aware of our dependence upon Him. Supposing God would not have instituted the principle of prayer. Supposing He simply throws our way everything we need without our asking. We would lose every sense of our dependence on God. We would take God so for granted that He wouldn't even get any credit for supplying our needs. God does not like to be taken for granted, so He moves through the avenue of prayer to keep us in a constant realization that we are dependent upon our heavenly Father.

Furthermore, we would not recognize His faithfulness, His goodness, His kindness. We just wouldn't recognize it. We just wouldn't think of it. But when you pray and you get, there is in our hearts a recognition of the fact of the goodness of God. And you know, God's awfully nice. I think we have the nicest God anybody ever had. I'll tell you something.

I had gone to Europe; Oh I don't know how often. It was always the North Atlantic Route: New York - London, New York - Amsterdam, New York - Zurich, New York - Paris, what have you. It was always the same routine.

As a child in Germany, I was always fascinated by the Azores. Don't ask me why. It's just a queer notion I had. In my earlier years of traveling for the Lord, the airlines did not have service by way of the Azores for tourist class passengers. Now I'm not a tourist, but I travel tourist class when it's available, so I always had to use the Northern Route and could never make even a refueling stop in the Azores. It's crazy, but I just had something about the Azores. I wanted to see them.

One year I was all set, had my ticket: New York, Zurich, Rome with Swiss Air, and felt in my heart, in my spirit in here (pointing to stomach area) that I was in the center of the Lord's will.

My heart is up here, but you know the Bible heart usually isn't the blood pumping station; it's the center of our personality, our true self. Our true self lives in these bodies. These bodies are merely the bungalow. That's why Paul could say, "*Absent from the body, present with the Lord.*" These are bungalows. What you see up here is not Beuttler. That's his bungalow. He lives in there. Umha. Absent from the body, present with the Lord. I see only your bungalows. I see one right down there, a bungalow that could stand a little roofing. (Laughter)

Well, I felt in here a real (what shall I call it) peace, tranquility, assurance (that's the word I wanted), an assurance that my schedule was right in the will of God, New York, Zurich, Rome. Lo and behold, after all this, I picked up the Philadelphia Inquirer and saw a caption, "*Airlines opening up the Azores for tourist travel to Europe.*"

I thought, "*I could have gone by way of the Azores.*" I knew it would be the same fare. "*Oh my!*" And I went back to my heavenly Father. I'm talking about His goodness.

I said, "Father, did You perchance read the Philadelphia Inquirer?" That's how I pray. Amen't I strange? Don't pick that up for your grammar. You'll get a zero. "*Father, did You perchance read the Philadelphia Inquirer?*" Well, He didn't say anything. Of course I know. Don't be a smart theologian now. We're down here where we live. I said, "*Father, for so long I had wanted to stop in the Azores, and now I've missed it. Would You mind if I changed my route and went by way of the Azores, Lisbon and over there?*"

And the Lord gave me such a witness (shall I say-this is hard to explain), assurance as though saying (He didn't say but I understood), "*Well, if you'd rather go by way of the Azores, that's all right by Me, it makes no difference.*" So, I changed my ticket. After I had known I was in the perfect will of God the other way, He let me change it. He's not a Pharaoh. Once God knows He can have your cooperation whenever He wants it, you'd be amazed what freedom God will give you.

One year I could not make up my mind whether to go to Africa or South America for a summer. I said, "*Father, I don't which place to go.*" And the Lord somehow gave me something that I could go where I wanted, so I went to both places. (Laughter) It was all right with Him. Oh, God's awfully nice.

When I came back in the fall I told my class that at NBI because I was all, as my girl used to say, "*All giggled up,*" over the goodness of the Lord. Lo and behold, I told them how God let me change my ticket and we had a message in tongues, interpretation, which said something like, "*God is pleased when He sees that he can please His children. For God loves to please His children and rejoices in their pleasure.*" Just like a good pop pop, a good father, just like a good daddy. When He saw how tickled I was when He let me switch my ticket, then He was tickled because I was tickled. So we were both tickled, and the whole class was rejoicing.

I'll tell you; God's a wonderful God. We don't have to be so complex in our approaches to God. Here I'm thinking of the prayers I heard in New Guinea. That's north of Australia, if your geography's poor. I'll never forget their prayers. They were pretty standard. The people are simple, extremely primitive (talk about primitive!), and I heard them pray. They use pigeon English. They have a very, very limited vocabulary. This is under Australian control. This is a poor area really on the island of New Guinea. They pray, "*Oh, Papa God, You nice fellow upstairs.*" They have no word for heaven, so they use upstairs. "*Oh, Papa God, You nice fellow upstairs, Me no am any good, but You, nice Papa God.*" Oh! I got thrilled when I heard those prayers time and time again. That's where you have communion service out of a coconut shell.

If we didn't pray, how would we recognize the goodness of God? Furthermore, how would God receive the satisfaction of His heart when He sees that we appreciate what He is doing for us? That is why, as far as I can see, God asked us to pray even though He already knows what we need. There may be other reasons, but this is what I see-the Father's expectation.

“Then enter into thy closet.” This is the Father’s *“direction”* that we should do our praying in a secret place where we are unobserved, undistracted, undisturbed. Now here you have to watch something. Jesus here is now principally talking not about collective prayers in church. Don’t say, *“Brother Beuttler said we should all go alone, so why do we have public prayer meetings.”*

Well, we do get alone, but that is only one side of the coin. You know it’s amazing what people say about preachers, and Bible students about teachers. When I hear a student in school testify, *“Brother Beuttler said,”* I have turned cold wondering what’s coming. Very, very seldom do they ever repeat what I really said, so I want to be careful here that you do not get me wrong to your own hurt.

Down at school one day, I took a bath. I do take a bath at least once a year, you know. The next morning I had chapel. While I was sitting in the bathtub, the Lord gave me a message for next morning’s chapel service. Now that happened only once. I told the students because I like to share with the students how God works, because as you observe the working of God in other people, you learn the ways of the Lord from the way God is dealing with others. So I shared that.

About two years later, one of our presbyters from New England came to school, *“Brother Beuttler, I want to see you.”* I could tell from the tone something was up. *“What are you teaching in this school?”* he asked.

“Well, what I’m supposed to,” I answered.

“Are you supposed to teach the students that the only way to get a message is by sitting in the bathtub?”

I said, *“Wh Wh What do you mean?”*

He said, *“We have one of your graduates, and whenever he wants a message for his church, he sits in the bathtub. When we heard about it, we challenged him and he said, ‘That’s Brother Beuttler’s teaching’.”*

It wasn’t my teaching at all. I related one incident, and it happened only once in my 32 years in school, and at no other time. So we’re dealing here now in the context of our material necessities of life. Bear that in mind.

As you go through the chapter, you will find Jesus has very much on His mind our food, our Coke Cola-let’s say drink and our clothing. Now there are prayers that should only be prayed in private. This does not do away with public prayers so just bear that in mind.

There is a need for going into the closet. Now the closet, of course, is simply here intended to be a secret place where we are alone, undisturbed, undistracted, unobserved. We don’t want to have our devotions observed by other people. That is not always easy.

It depends on our home conditions, but very, very often it's amazing how we can find a place to pray.

I was in Philly walking the street. I got a heavy spirit of prayer and I didn't want to keep walking. I thought, "*Where will I go to have a time of prayer?*" There was a subway station nearby. I got myself on the subway train in the last car in the last corner and rode all the way down to Snyder Avenue, all the way up to North Philadelphia, all the way back, all the way north several times until the thing lifted. Then I went on my way. I was in the secret closet.

I was shopping in Gimbals in Philly. I had a shopping list and was half done when I got a spirit of prayer. "*Where should I go?*" I went up to the telephone booth on the sixth floor, took the receiver off, sat on this little stool there and had a great time talking into that telephone, but I didn't put a coin in. I had a wonderful time of prayer. I was in the secret place. If anybody walked by they might have said, "*My, that fellow has an earnest conversation.*"

"*Go enter into thy closet.*" We need a place of seclusion. While I'm at it, we can find a secret closet of prayer in the midst of a public concourse, on a plane, in a hotel lobby. Walking the streets in a crowd, we can withdraw in our spirit into our own little cathedral, and though people are all about us, in there our spirit is withdrawn in communion with God.

"*And when thou hast shut thy door.*" Now this is the Father's suggestion or "*intimation*" that we really need to make a conscience effort to be undisturbed. When you have children in the house, if the door is open, they run in and out. If the door is shut, there is a better chance for complete privacy. Sometimes you have to escape the telephone. Well, you take the thing off, or as I have in my study, I have a gadget to shut the thing off. When I want to pray, I turn off the phone. It is shutting the door, making a conscience effort, at least as far as we can, that we're going to be undisturbed and undistracted for the time of our devotions. That's often easier said than done, nevertheless, the effort ought to be made.

Now we come to the crux of the whole thing that I want to take time with here.

"*And pray to thy Father.*" Notice what Jesus did not say. He did not say, "*And pray to thy God.*" He said, "*And pray to thy Father.*" This is an important distinction. While I think I know what some of you are thinking, let me tell you something, or at least try to. Jesus did not say, "*And pray to thy God.*" When it comes especially to our personal needs, clothing, food, money, drink, the personal necessities of life, it is far better to pray to the Father than it is to pray to God.

Umh! Now here the theologians could raise a big question, "*Well isn't God and the Father the same person?*"

Of course He is, but there is a difference just the same. The difference is this, and try to get this because it is crucial to what I'm trying to get across. God is the God of all people. God is the God of saint and sinner alike. God is the God of Hitler, Mussolini and all the rascals in the world, and the Mafia and all the rest of the scum of the earth. God is the God of all people. They do not recognize Him as such, but He's God just the same.

BUT, He is the Father only of those who believe; therefore God has an obligation to us, His children, which He does not have to those who are not His children. We as His children have rights, privileges in relation to the heavenly Father, which the sinner doesn't have. What Jesus is saying here is that our prayers, prayers for our personal needs, ought to be based on our personal relationship to God as our heavenly Father. He is our Father. As such, He has obligations. As children, we have privileges. He grants us special attention and discharges His obligation to us, not because we are in need, but because we are His children.

So Jesus said, "*And pray to thy Father.*" Now this relationship has all sorts of connotations. It also means that the heavenly Father will discipline us because we are His children when He doesn't discipline the others. He'll punish them eventually, but He doesn't discipline them. You and me, He takes out into His woodshed, and figuratively speaking, does what our parents used to do, give us some extra special education on a strategical part of our anatomy. (Laughter)

In fact, that's what's missing today in America. It's this discipline and related things that are missing in America that are dragging this country down exactly to where Rome and Greece went in her day. This country's on the decline. We're going the way of Rome, the way of Greece. I don't think you can stop it. There are many things.

I was a youngster in Germany and a rascal. I had a friend and we went out to a meadow that belonged to a widow. We knew she had a nice cherry tree, and we went up her tree stealing cherries. She came along and saw us and said, "*You bad boys. Will you get off this tree?*"

It was: pick another cherry, dangle it so she could see it, open the mouth, drop it in, spit the pits down. What could the poor thing do? She walked away and I heard the voice of a man that sent chills down my spine. My Father was in the habit of Sunday morning walks, and he happened to come this way.

Later, I learned this widow gave him a bag of cherries to take home to his children, and then said, "*Mr. Beuttler, would you please go over to that tree. There are some bad boys up the tree stealing my cherries.*" And he came over and saw his son up the tree. I was up a tree all right! (Laughter) He was some disciplinarian. I knew what to expect if he'd catch me. We came down.

Well, I was quick I guess. Anyhow, he didn't catch me and I ran. Pop Beuttler ran also. Now he didn't bother the other boy. The other fellow got away Scot-free. How come? I was his son. He had a responsibility toward me, not the other one. Incidentally, we ran

for some two hours over hill and dale. (Laughter) We ran through a brook, we went over fences and hedges. I looked back: Pop Beuttler was coming. He was an officer in the German army. He could run, but I was young. I could run too. Finally I guess youth had it over age and he was left behind and I was huffing and puffing. But I knew what to expect. I had to come home sometime. (Laughter)

So I fortified myself with wooden boards in a strategical place. I got home and he took away my fortification out of my trousers. That man gave me a beating that all the kids in the neighborhood came together and stood in front of the house, and my Mother finally had to intervene. I thought he'd kill me dead.

The kids had a good time with me every day I went to school for weeks to come, "*Ha, Ha, you sure got it.*" And I did. I never forgot it. The other fellow got away free. How come? My Father had no responsibility toward him. I was his son.

So God has responsibilities. We have privileges. It's His responsibility, also of course, to supply our need. Students, if you will get this: *To come to God for your personal needs on the basis of your personal relationship as a child to a father.*

One year my little girl, Norma, came along and showed me her shoe. She said, "*Daddy, did you ever see the hole in my shoe?*"

I said, "*No Norma, I didn't know that.*"

She asked, "*Don't you think I ought to have another pair of shoes?*"

"*You sure do need a pair,*" I answered. Now I'm behaving myself here, but sometimes I take my shoe off and demonstrate the whole thing, but I don't know how you'd take it.

Now this girl did not take the shoe and hit me over the head with it saying, "*Hey Daddy, I need a pair of shoes. Hey, need a pair of shoes, need a pair of shoes.*" Do you ever hit God over the head with His promises, "*Now Lord, You said in Your Bible. I'll quote it for you. Now God You got to...*"

I think I would have said to my girl if she had done that is, "*Honey, you do need a pair of shoes, but while we're on the way, let's stop and see a psychiatrist.*" A child doesn't come to a father like that, "*Hey you, I want something to eat. Hey you...*" Oh no, no, no.

Have you ever heard people pray? (Spits on hands getting ready for combat) How do you pray to a Father that cares? Our heavenly Father is a good Father. Some earthly fathers don't care I know, but that isn't what we're talking about. "*And pray to thy Father.*"

You know, I had it hard in the United States when I first came. If it hadn't been for God intervening in my life, I wouldn't be here today. I was alone in New York, had no job, no friends, did not know the language, had very little money and had only a little change

left. I had a gun, not to kill people, but to defend myself in case I needed to, and to commit suicide in case I didn't make it. How would you like to get off a boat as a young man of 20, no friends, no job, no language, little money, two suitcases on your hand, an umbrella under your arm, "*All right Beuttler, swish, get going.*" How would you like that? That's what happened to me.

I got in such despair I stood on the Brooklyn Bridge at the edge over the East River. I climbed up that railing, had a gun on this side with 6 bullets in it. I was going to lean over and then shoot myself. By leaning over, I'd fall down into the river just in case the bullet didn't work quite right.

I heard a voice. I wasn't saved, but I heard a voice, "*What will your Mother think when she hears that?*" I felt sorry for my Mother and put the gun in my pocket, walked across the bridge into Brooklyn and found a job in a German machine shop. That was a close one. There already, while He was not yet my Father, He knew someday I would be His boy and saved me from shooting myself on the Brooklyn Bridge. It's quite a story. This is only a fragment.

You come to Him as a Father. He cares. So I had it hard as I said. I was working in New York. One day I had no money to buy any food. I was saved now. Always I went to a certain restaurant and got a nice meal for \$.50. This is in the 1920's you see. I couldn't go, I was hungry, and had no money. I said, "*Father, I'm going to talk to You. You are my heavenly Father. If I were Your boy, I would give him something to eat. Now Father surely, You're not going to let Your boy get hungry. If You were my boy and I were God, I'd give You something to eat.*"

So I said, "*Father, I'm going to go to the restaurant without money, and I'll sit down and order my meal.*" Now I'm not recommending this. Don't you blame me if you do this, or get the school in reproach, but that's how I was disposed. "*And Father, I believe You're going to somehow pay for my meal, maybe let me find a half a dollar on the way.*" Now this is no recommendation.

As I walked out of the door, the telephone rang. A lady called from the church, "*Brother Beuttler, have you had supper?*"

"No," I said, "*I'm just on my way to the restaurant.*"

She said, "*You're just on your way to come right over here. We have chicken noodle soup, sauerkraut and pork. How about it?*"

"*I'll be right there. Thank you, Father.*" My Father cared. You know this thing works. I could tell you so many incidents, but I'm going to concentrate on one.

I came to NBI. It was EBI in 1939. We had a pastorate, but finances were very low. In school we earned only \$10.00 a week. I had to provide my own accommodations. We had to get a little camp cottage that we had to buy. We were as poor as a church mouse.

We were so hard up. I had a topcoat that was about ten years old, and believe you me, it looked it: long button holes, frayed all around the edges, real shabby. I was so ashamed.

I was dean of men at the same time and I didn't look well dressed at all. When I went for a walk on the campus, sometimes some of the girls in particular came my way, I went their way. I was so ashamed of that coat that I went through the meadows, through the grass, walked around them in a circle. They'd say, "*Good morning, Brother Beuttler.*"

I'd say, "*Good morning, girls,*" but they didn't know I was too ashamed to pass them for fear they'd see what a shabby coat their teacher was wearing.

One day I went to Philadelphia in that coat. Next to me sat a preacher with a nice new coat, the coat I liked. Um! That was it for me. I looked at it. I knew him well. I felt it and said, "*Say brother, you got a nice coat there. That's all wool isn't it?*"

"*Yep,*" he answered.

"*My that's a nice coat. Where did you buy it?*"

"*Bonds, Philadelphia.*"

"*Oh, mind telling me what you paid?*"

"\$25.00." \$25.00! That was way out of my reach. And I prayed, not out loud so he could hear it. I wasn't praying for his coat.

Have you ever heard people pray for other people's things? I was in the Philippines one year and had one of these white nylon shirts, these sport shirts. You know you don't wear ties there. It's too hot and humid. One of the preachers prayed, "*O Lord, make Brother Beuttler give me his white shirt.*"

Well, God didn't answer because he wasn't praying to Him. He was praying to me, and I didn't answer because I didn't think he had any business to pray for what I had.

I prayed in my heart. I withdrew into the secret closet in the cathedral of my own spirit. Do you know you carry a cathedral around here? I go there a lot, to the cathedral in there where the Presence of the Lord is. There you worship. And I said in my heart only, "*Father, will You take a look at his coat and then look at mine?*" That's how I pray. Well, I gave Him an opportunity to make a comparison. Now don't be a smart theologian here and say, "*Who are you? God doesn't have to look. What's the matter with you?*" Well, you leave me alone. There's only one Beuttler, and I've often thought that's one too many, but I'm here and God's been nice to me.

So I prayed again and said, "*Father, won't You give me a coat just like his?*" I prayed only in my heart, no more, no less, "*Won't You give me a coat just like his?*"

A few days went by. I received a letter from a businessman. He had never written me before nor since. He wrote something like: *“Dear Brother Beuttler, God has prospered me in my business and I felt the Lord would have me share with you some of my prosperity so I’m sending you a check for \$25.00.”*

What do you think I did? I went to Philadelphia to Bonds, to the men’s department, went through the topcoats and oops, here it was, my size. There it was, just like his. That’s my Father. Who is your Father?

“And pray to thy Father.” Now then, I’ll give you the rest. We have a few minutes left. I’ve told this story in I don’t know how many countries the world over. These national pastors get such a thrill out of it because they are in their own needs.

I came back to the States and told this story in a church. I don’t remember what subject I was speaking on, but anyhow, I told it there. I guess it was something like this. To my surprise, who sat in back of the audience, but the brother who originally sent me the check?

He came up to me after, all-aglow. He said, *“Brother Beuttler, I’m so happy that the Lord has made that check such a blessing all over the world to those national pastors. I never knew it would turn into anything like that. But I was thinking. Now that is some five years ago. By now it must be time for a new coat. Prices have gone up, so Brother Beuttler here is \$50.00 for another coat.”* That’s my Father! For telling the story all over and making it a blessing to these people, my heavenly Father saw to it that I got a second coat out of it. The man was so happy, he wanted to give me a second coat.

“And pray to thy Father.” Do you ever spread your needs out before the Lord, a bill, a problem, a personal need that you have? *“Father.”* Do you ever show Him your worn shoes, your worn clothing, *“Father, look at this suit. It has had its day. Father, I would like to ask You for a new suit.”* It is amazing what the heavenly Father will do. *“And pray to thy Father.”*

Now I have almost ten minutes. Good, let’s see what we can do with another point. Back to the same verse, of course.

“Pray to thy Father which is in secret.” The other day I spoke to you on the manifest Presence of God, the enveloping Presence of God, the awareness of the Presence of God. Now here comes the other side of the coin. We don’t have to feel the Presence of God to know that He is with us.

“And thy Father which is in secret.” I don’t walk by feeling, I walk by faith. I have lots of feeling. I revel in God’s Presence, but there are times when God withdraws it. It doesn’t make any difference, then I have the Word, *“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”* When you go to the secret place, you may not feel like praying. It may feel like God is a million miles away. Don’t start out right away with your shopping list, drop on

your knees and say, *“Oh God, I need #1, #2...in Jesus Name, Amen.”* That’s not prayer, that’s parrot talk.

You know what the Lord’s Prayer teaches us? That real prayer does not begin with petition. *“Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.”* Take a little time for worship before you present your shopping list. *“Father, I thank You for Your Presence.”*

“Father which is in secret.” Now I cannot finish this. I’ll have to start this over again tomorrow. *“Thy Father which is in secret.”* Often, before I present my needs, and even say it out loud, *“And thy Father which is in secret.”* I assure my own heart that my Father is present. It also says, *“Thy Father which seeth in secret.”* Then, when we have assured our hearts of His Presence, irrespective of feeling. God is not with us because we feel Him to be with us. God is with us because He says He is with, and He said He is with us because He is with us. It’s a sheer act of faith. Then we proceed.

One day early in school two girls came to my office to say, *“Goodbye.”* Some just walk out on you, others have the decency at least to say, *“Brother Beuttler, I’m leaving and want to say goodbye.”* Some just walk out like cattle, and perhaps some are. They came to say goodbye.

I said, *“Why school has only started. What’s happened?”*

They said, *“We can’t find God.”*

“You can’t find God!”

“No, we can’t find Him.”

I said, *“You better sit down a minute before you leave. What’s the trouble?”*

They tearfully said, *“When we first came to school, we knew we were in the Lord’s will, and we had such a wonderful Presence. But the last couple of weeks, we don’t even know where God is. We must be out of His will.”*

I said, *“That’s a funny one. The fact is you’re already in God’s education, in God’s school of faith. God’s already leading you on.”*

“Well, we want to feel His Presence. We want to find Him.”

I took them to Jeremiah 23 where it says, *“Do not I fill heaven and earth?”* I said, *“Will you read this scripture?”*

They read, *“Do not I fill heaven and earth?”*

I asked, *“Now, where is God?”*

They said, *“I don’t know.”*

I said, *“Will you read it?”*

“Do not I fill heaven and earth?”

I asked, *“All right, where is God?”*

“I don’t know. I’m still looking for Him.”

I said, *“What’s your room number?”*

They answered, *“123.”* They were roommates.

I said, *“Is your room a part of this earth?”*

They answered, *“Well yes, I guess so.”*

“Well if God fills heaven and earth, doesn’t He fill your room?”

“Yes, I guess so.”

I said, *“You girls go right back to your room. God is waiting for you. He’s already there.”*

They went back. One stayed and graduated later. The other one left anyhow and went home.

“And pray to thy Father which is in secret.” When we pray, we assure ourselves that He’s there, be assured that He hears, assured that He sees.