

Copyright 2001 By Lucille King
All Rights Reserved and Duplication
Of This Publication Is Forbidden,
Except For Personal Use

* * * * *

Digital Edition 10/22/2001
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *



A COVENANT WITH GOD

By Mrs. Paul E. King

From the September 25, 1983 Sunday School Beacon

Jeremy glanced through the partially-opened dorm window to the wooded lot beyond the school's parking lot. A song arose in his heart and he was thankful; truly thankful!

He looked at the paycheck..., his first..., since coming to Bible School for the second semester, and then he raised his head and gave thanks to God.

"Let's see now," he said softly aloud to himself, "tithe, twenty dollars..."

"Hey! Did I hear right?" Richard Botma asked. Richard was Jeremy's roommate.

"Oh, you scared me, Dick! I didn't know you were within a hundred feet of home base, namely here; our room."

Standing over Jeremy, Richard said, "What's this thing about twenty dollars tithe? You know you didn't make two hundred dollars."

"Right. I mean no, I didn't make two hundred, Dick. But I'm still going to give the Lord that much. At the least! I guess I should say tithe and offerings."

"But you can't do it, fellow! You know you can't. By the time you pay your school bill, plus money for gas and doing your washing at a laundromat, you'll be broke. Flatter than a pancake. Broke! You won't have a dime left for anything . . . no hamburgers or pizzas, and no Famous Recipe fried chicken either. Whew, I can't operate like that; I've got to have some money in my wallet. What if something were to go wrong with your car?"

Jeremy smiled. "God got me out of more than one hard place, Dick. He'll not fail me when I need Him. Never! Not so long as I put Him first and foremost. He said, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you! He can't go back on His Word; not ever.'"

"I still believe He gives us a head on our shoulders for more purposes than merely wearing a hat and getting haircuts for us men. He put a mass of brain in there; He expects us to use it."

Jeremy laughed good naturedly. "I'm sure trying hard to put mine to good use. But in Mr. Hood's Greek class, well, sometimes I don't know..."

"What I'm telling you isn't Greek, Pal; it's plain understandable, very-explainable English and it makes sense, good sense. God doesn't expect us to give everything we make away."

"No need to become anxious over that, Dick. Most folks I know scarcely give anything away. If they only knew the joy they're missing!" Jeremy added

with a far-away look in his eyes, wondering just what it would take to "loosen" his roommate up and get him to giving.

He liked Richard. He really did. But he had made the discovery, shortly after they were assigned the room together, that Dick was about as tight as the bark on some trees. He almost had the impression that money was the good looking fellow's god. Everything he did seemed to pivot around the dollar and everything he discussed and talked about was on money. No matter what the subject of conversation, Richard had a way of weaving the greenbacks into the mainstream of conversation and to keep said subject the main subject or topic.

Jeremy felt sorry for the woman he'd marry some day. If he was as close-fisted (where his wallet was concerned) with her as he had proven himself to be with everyone and everything, the little lady was sure to have a miserable life with him.

It was a sadly disturbing fact. Richard was one of the best-looking guys in the school. Girls seemed to fall all over him, as the saying goes. In other words, he had the pick of the girls' dorm. It didn't seem to affect him though, not make him "big-headed" or haughty . . . not in the least. This was commendable.

"Like I was saying Jeremiah," Richard continued, using the prophet's name, like he always did when he got upset with his roommate, "God just doesn't expect for you to be broke like you are most of the time."

"Say! What makes you think I am flat broke? You're a poor bookkeeper. God always sees to it that I have a few shekels to rub together in my pocket."

"Chicken feed! Who cares for that?"

"It's the pennies that add into nickels and the nickels into dimes; the dimes into quarters, the quarters into 50-cent pieces and finally, the greenback emerges," Jeremy teased.

"Sure. I know that. But who can buy anything with a mere few coins these days? So forget this nonsense about paying tithe while you're here at Bible School. Isn't it enough that we're preparing ourselves to work for God! I

just can't believe that He expects any struggling Bible School student to give Him ten percent of everything he earns!"

"Then you're telling me you don't believe the Bible, Richard. In essence, this is what you're saying."

"No. You're saying that, not I.. I merely stated that I couldn't believe an understanding God would expect any struggling Bible School student to pay his tithe."

"And yet God's Word tells us explicitly to 'Bring . . . all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it' {Malachi 3:10}. This is Bible, Dick. No way one can say that isn't plain."

"But that was for Old Testament times. We're living in a different era."

"Not really. Jesus told the scribes and Pharisees, when speaking to them concerning certain things, that they ought to pay tithe, etc. {Matt. 23:23}. I'd like to tell you something, if you have time to listen, Richard."

"Sure, go ahead."

"It's about my grandfather. He's still living, but is well advanced in age. In his early years, he learned that the Canadian government was offering large tracts of land to young men who were willing and brave enough to pioneer the far Western provinces. He accepted the offer, completed the legal formalities necessary to make the land his, then headed west to his new holding.

" 'Standing there,' he told us, 'with the virgin soil beneath my feet and the blue sky above my head, I made a covenant with God.'

"He asked God for His blessing on the new undertaking and promised Him that of all He would give him, he'd give God a tenth of it back.

"When grandfather and grandmother had established their home, he made a wooden box and set it in a place of honor. It was the Lord's treasure . . . the Tithe Box.

"God prospered them, he said. There was always money for that box. They kept their vow to God. Other men who had taken up land the same time as he, left, until not one of them is there anymore. Yet my grandparents are still there on the land, which has increased both in extent and value, and their children are all settled in homes of their own, near their parents--my grandparents. God has greatly and richly blessed these two wonderful and very dear people. But, like Grandfather always says, 'God is a covenant keeping God!' And I say a big Hallelujah to this. I, too, made a covenant with God, Dick. I mean to never break it."

"It sounds good enough, Jeremy; but it isn't practical for our day."

"It's the most practical thing in the world. I marvel that you're attending a Bible School, believing the way you believe. Time and again, it has been proven that 'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty' {Proverbs 11:24}. The very next verse says, 'The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.' Truly, Dick, you just can't out-give God. I've proven it time and time again. 'The tithe is the Lords.' And He shall get every single dime and penny that belongs to Him. Plus a lot more."

"Well, I guess that's that! But don't come begging from me when you're in a bind."

"Have I ever begged from you? Or anybody, Richard?"

"Well, no . . ."

"God's children aren't beggars; they don't have to beg: He supplies all their needs according to His riches in glory. This doesn't mean they get all the Famous Recipe fried chicken they may crave or want; but their needs are met. Bless His Holy name!"

"You'd make a great lawyer, Jeremy . . . a convincing lawyer."

"Not a lawyer, Dick: a witness for Jesus. Why don't you try what God's Word says? I promise, it works. He's so reasonable: Just ten cents out of every dollar ! Imagine it!"

"Thanks," Richard replied as he left the room. He had some thinking to do. Yes, thinking. And praying, too.