THE GREAT SELLOUT

by Mrs. Paul E. King

Dorcas carried the books which she'd gotten for research from the library to a table near a window that looked out over a pond where a fountain spouted water into the air and mists sprayed the beautiful pink water lilies that grew and bloomed in profusion in the water. It was her favorite spot in the library. Especially so when research bogged her down and seemed to dull her senses: A five minute period away from the books, watching the
water, the lilies, and the spouting fountain, and she was ready to tackle the research sources again.

She was deeply engrossed in writing and taking down pertinent information for her thesis when a familiar voice crashed through her intense studying and for a brief moment she left off reading and scanned the area around her. Then, just as quickly, she was back to the work at hand, writing, reading, searching.

Again she heard the voice. This time she saw where Gayla was. She sighed, feeling the pain and sorrow and hurt as fresh as if it had just happened. Gayla, her one time best friend. Gayla, the young people's leader in their church and the Sunday school teacher for the six and seven-year-olds.

Dorcas felt devastated. Over and over the scripture verse repeated itself to her -- "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 14:12).

Gayla was so outgoing; so full of promise and excellence until she met Professor Nelson at the business college where she was enrolled. At first, his attention and attraction to her was ignored. But his persistence, along with his good looks and his charisma, soon won out and they began dating steadily.

"It's dangerous, Gay," Dorcas warned her one day when they had lunch together. "Risky business; very risky, indeed."

"Oh Dorcas, I'm not serious. Lymon's fun to be with. He seems to see the funny side of everything. Honestly, I don't believe I've ever laughed so much in all of my life."

"But God's Word, Gayla, . . . what are you going to do about the not being unequally yoked together in the Bible?"

There is no neutral ground, dear friend. It's a clearly forbidden thing -- 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?' (II Corinthians 6:14). I know you know the verse every bit as good as I; but I quoted it as a reminder," Dorcas said.
"Like I said, Lymon's fun to be with, and I'm certainly not thinking of getting serious over him, Dorcas," Gayla replied, laughing.

"It's dangerous Gayla. Very, very dangerous. The devil's snares can look so appealing and attractive. . . ."

"Snares? Oh my dear, dear Dorcas, this is just a fun thing. I'll be careful, I promise."

With tears in her eyes, Dorcas remembered having said, "The way to avoid the enemy's snares is to run from them; don't toy with them. Oh Gayla, I'm so concerned over this... this unholy alliance with. . . ."

"I'm old enough to take care of myself," Gayla had replied as she got to her feet and walked away, adding quickly, "Thanks anyhow, Dorcas. You've always been my best friend. Don't smother me though. I'm having more fun than I've ever had."

Smother her! Dorcas thought now, as that lunchtime conversation replayed itself back to her. Smother Gayla! The thought was ridiculous; Gayla was more the smothering type. She, Dorcas, was the quiet, shy one. Perhaps the mere fact that she had been so very vocal with Gayla -- poignantly so -- had shocked her.

Gayla began to avoid her after that conversation, and she skipped so many church services until their pastor, after pleading with her and calling on her and praying with her, was forced into having a vote taken for a new young people's leader. Randall Storm was voted in and was making a wonderful and spiritual leader.

Dorcas felt tears come to her eyes. The pages blurred before her vision now. Gayla had sold out completely to go whatever way Professor Lymon Nelson steered her. She had sold her once-priceless Pearl of Great Price for the glittering, gaudy, transitory pleasures of life; baubles of no permanent or lasting value. She became a part of a generation that dismissed ethics and morality as "restricting." It was now easy for her to criticize and downplay ethical standards and moral statutes, declaring them to be confining to the "enlightened" and the "liberated." They were "inconvenient" to a life-style that desired total freedom.
The church was wrong, so Gayla stated and declared. Lymon Nelson's philosophy of freedom was right on target. To Gayla, true moral and ethical principle was killed. It was dead.

Dorcas shivered with fear as she mused tearfully upon her friend's great sell-out. How could she have done it? she asked her silent heart. Gayla knew what God's Word said about the backslider in heart. How well her friend knew!

Maybe that was the trouble, Dorcas thought. Yes, without any doubt, it was the trouble -- "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways . . ." so stated Proverbs 14:14. Gayla once knew and experienced God's more perfect way, and by turning her back on these things of righteousness and holiness and uprightness she had opened her heart and mind wide to the professor's modern philosophy and to his wicked, ungodly beliefs and teachings. She was now filled with her own ways. She had lost her mooring.

To her deceived way of thinking, there were no absolutes.

Dorcas groaned inwardly as the rapid declension and changeover of her once dear friend came before her anew, with hearing Gayla's voice. First, Gayla's sense of modesty fled like dry leaves in a late autumn wind, as she "traded" off her garments that were pleasing to God for tight, sensual mini skirted delights of Satan. And of the professor. Together, the two of them took weekend vacations to a nearby lake or resort and within a very short time they were sharing an apartment. And all without any apparent shame or embarrassment. And seemingly no remorse whatever.

Dorcas buried her face in her hands and wept. She had tried to reach out to her friend with love and compassion and bring her back, but Gayla always had an excuse or a reason why the proposed get-together would be an impossibility. Consequently, there was no getting together.

It cut deep, this seeing her friend going down the very road which once she had feared and walked clear of. Gayla now reminded her of a ship without a rudder and a boat without a sail -- she was tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness . . ." (Ephesians 4:14). She now loved darkness rather than light, because her deeds were evil (St. John 3:19).
"Oh, Gayla, Gayla! " she cried in a whispered tone. "How could you do it? How? You're putting the Savior to an open shame, and you're crucifying Him afresh and anew again by your sinful living. Come back! Come back; dear friend,"

Dorcas knew something of the pressures exerted by the unbelievers in the classroom; she herself, had several teachers who constantly made light of her old-fashioned beliefs and of her moral values and "rigid principles," as they expressed her belief in sin and in the living God.

How thankful she was that she had been sanctified wholly years ago and that the precious Holy Spirit within her had been doing what Jesus said He would do -- "He shall guide you into all truth." Her heart was fixed, settled and established in Christ. God's infallible, unchanging Word was the final Authority. The only Authority!

Suddenly Dorcas realized that, with the ever-increasing pressure of Satan and his myriad helpers in the form of sinful, perverted humanistic teachers and people, she must buckle God's armor on more tightly. More strongly than ever, she must cling to the moral principles and convictions that opposed any form of media or teaching/preaching that would undermine or attempt to destroy what God valued and declared. She must be spiritually alert and stay aware of the subtle yet powerful philosophies and ideologies that seemed to be almost everywhere anymore.

Tears flowed from her eyes. "O God," she cried from her inmost being, "keep me; continue to give me solid footing even though Satan may push at me from all sides. In the midst of moral looseness, ground me more solidly than ever in moral firmness. And Lord, strengthen my spiritual backbone. . . ."

Dorcas became aware of the Lord's presence: It was so real! Then, softly, like a benediction, came God's Word, "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world" (I John 4:4).