

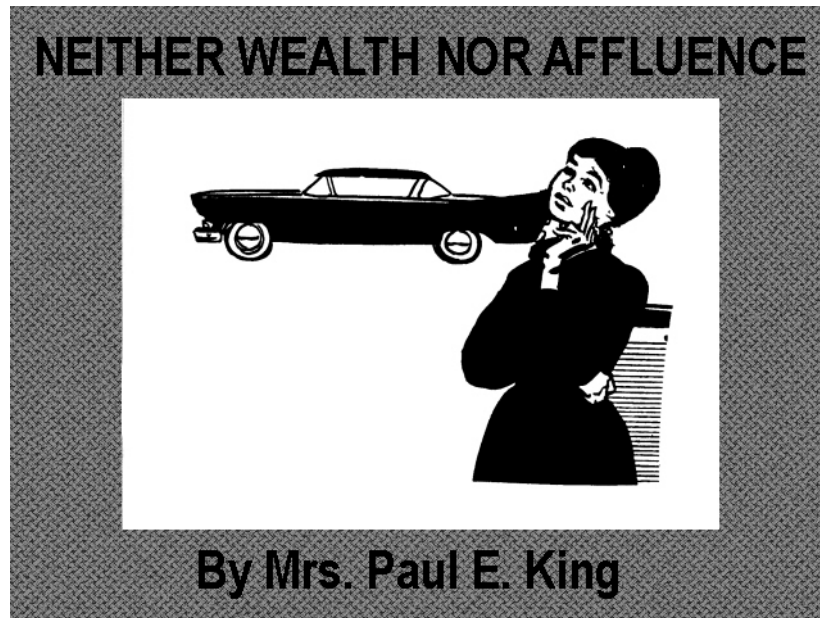
Copyright 2001 By Lucille King  
All Rights Reserved and Duplication  
Of This Publication Is Forbidden,  
Except For Personal Use

\* \* \* \* \*

Digital Edition 10/22/2001  
By Holiness Data Ministry

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sunday School Beacon  
February 13, 2000



**NEITHER WEALTH NOR AFFLUENCE**  
**By Mrs. Paul E. King**

Charlotte Enesley tossed her lightweight sweater on the bed, then gathered Molly up from the floor where she stood meowing, begging to be held, stroked and, finally, cradled in loving arms.

"You're lonely too," the teen stated poignantly. "I know the feeling Molly. Nothing's the same anymore. I guess the changes were more than either of us expected or anticipated."

Tears gushed from the blue eyes and fell upon the silky-smooth hair of the cat. Molly meowed understandingly, it seemed, then settled down in Charlotte's arms.

For a long time they remained thus, the Mender girl staring through the beautifully shaped windows to the expensive and tastefully landscaped lawn, the cat content in her arms, purring out her love and devotion upon her mistress.

Charlotte sat down in a nearby overstuffed chair, her eyes still looking through the windows to the beautifully landscaped exterior. Everything was picture pretty, she mused in sad silence. In fact, it was beautiful: so beautiful that it could have made it into the pages of any of the leading big name garden and flower magazines.

She buried her face in the cat's soft, silk fur and cried, asking, "What's wrong with me, Molly? I'm utterly and totally unhappy. Why? What's wrong with me?"

For answer, the cat merely purred more loudly and snuggled deeper into the arms that enfolded her. Charlotte dosed her eyes, wishing and longing for the little cottage in the small town where all her friends were.

"You're lucky," Kayla had exulted when she learned of the fancy enormous house being built by the most famous builder/architect in the area, for the Enesleys. Charlotte recalled how she winced over the statement. Luck had nothing to do with the house, nor the move; it was something her parents had saved for and looked forward to doing for so long as she could remember. And her aunt. Those were the two factors.

"You're getting up in the world!" Charmaine Kent had exclaimed raising her eyebrows and gesturing meaningfully with her hands.

"Will you still be our friend?" Marguerite had asked sincerely but sadly as she searched Charlotte's face with her great expressive dark eyes.

"You've been the best friend I ever had," she added tearfully and with a catch in her voice.

"Oh, Marguerite, don't be silly; of course I'll be your friend. Forever and ever," Charlotte had replied. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Well . . ." Marguerite paused. "Sometimes, when one moves, it makes a difference. Especially since you'll be moving into that . . . that mansion."

"Oh, Margie," Charlotte had pleaded, "don't say anything like that again. Please. I'll miss you all dreadfully and just because I'll be living in a bigger house will never affect how I feel toward each of you. We've been best friends all our life and it's going to stay this way."

"But we won't be seeing much of you anymore, and we won't be together in school anymore either. Nor in church. Oh, Charlotte, I'll miss you so much. Where will you be going to church?" Marguerite wanted to know.

Charlotte remembered the guilt she felt when the question was asked. For so long as she could remember, she had attended the little white church less than four miles from their home. It was in that church, down at the heavy oak mourner's bench, that she had settled it to take the way of the Cross and to make it into Heaven no matter what the cost. There, at ten years of age, she was soundly converted and shortly afterward, was sanctified wholly. Her entire being -- body, soul, mind and spirit -- was given over to God. She was crucified with Christ and was risen to newness of life in Him.

With a catch in her voice, she had looked her friend in the eyes and said, "I don't know, Marguerite. I wish I did. It bothers me. I asked Dad and Mother the same thing you just asked me, and they said we'd find a church sometime. It was as if this wasn't important anymore. At least not as important as it was before these new plans were implemented and the move was finalized. I wish Aunt Hattie had never given Daddy that big, expensive lot to build on. Oh, do forgive me for saying this, please. It will mean much to Auntie to have Daddy nearby to help her out, now that she's a widow and has no living children. But I feel one must give first place and top priority to things spiritual. I'll really appreciate your prayers?"

"You know you can count on us," Marguerite answered seriously.

"And you all must come and see me as often as you can, God willing. It's only a four-hour drive."

"But that's still too far away!" the girls lamented.

And now, here she was, alone in the big house, trying to get adjusted to the vastness of it all and still not having found a spiritual church to go to.

"Oh, Molly! Molly!" Charlotte cried. "I do wish I was still back in Honeysuckle Cottage and with all those dear, wonderful people at the church. Oh, Molly, Molly. I miss them all so very much."

Molly meowed softly. Charlotte sobbed.

"Well, well, what is this all about?" Mrs. Enesley asked as she came into the room and saw the stream of tears coursing down her daughter's face.

Charlotte looked up, startled at hearing her mother's voice. Grabbing a tissue from the box on the stand beside the chair, she wiped the tears from her face and her eyes. "I . . . I wish we'd still be back in the cottage, Mother, and back in our church."

Clicking her tongue, Mrs. Enesley said, "What a foolish and silly wish! Don't you realize what a fortunate girl you are? There are ever so many young people who would willingly and gladly trade places with you, child. Look at this place; when did you ever live in anything so beautiful and magnificent? When did you ever have, or see, even, a bedroom so lovely as this one is? Why, Charlotte, you don't know how to appreciate these finer, lovelier things your father and I are now able to provide for and give you. What's wrong with you? Snap out of your dark mood and be thankful for this lovely place. It's a bit tiring and disgusting, seeing you crying almost all the time."

Wiping more tears away Charlotte asked kindly, "May I say something, Mother, please?"

"You know you may" came the almost curt reply.

Clearing her throat, the girl began, "I appreciate what Daddy and you have done for me; I really do. This house is beautiful; simply beautiful! It's the

most beautiful house I've ever seen, I do believe. Everything looks like some of the pictures I've seen in magazines, my bedroom included. But Mother, I'm not living for this world and what it can give me, young though I may be. I vowed to the Lord, that night when I settled the question to go through with God, that I would always keep eternity's values in view.

"We never missed a single church service, unless of illness or out of absolute necessity. Here, we don't even go to church. Oh Mother, I feel guilty and . . . and like I'm starving spiritually. I miss the wonderful Christian fellowship of my friends back home."

"You are at home, Charlotte. This is now your home. You will have to learn to adjust to life here."

"But I can't, Mother: I need the church. God's Word tells us that we are not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together with others who follow and worship Christ. I mean to stay true to Jesus and follow Him to the end of my life. This move has opened my eyes to the total inadequacy of riches and affluence to satisfy or bring joy to one's soul. It doesn't do it, Mother: Jesus alone satisfies and supplies the constant flow of joy and inner peace to the soul."

"We haven't restricted you from going to church, Charlotte. There are at least four big, fine looking churches in the very center of our little city, and there's one not too far from this urban area in which we live."

"I want a spiritual church, Mother. I saw a little mission not too far from where the bus stops near that new department store. I checked it out one day last week; I found out it's rather new. They believe that one has to be saved from his sins and sanctified wholly to get into Heaven; the way were been instructed by God's Word, and the way were always believed. But I don't know how to get there. It's too far to walk from here. I wish you and Daddy would go, the way we always did when we lived at Honeysuckle Cottage."

"Your father's new position . . . well. . . ."

"You feel he's expected to attend one of the large, beautiful downtown churches. But Mother, what about Father's and your soul? Gods Word asks what it shall profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul. Satan is trying to deceive and damn our family and, Mother, I refuse to go along

with his scheme and plan. My all is still on the altar of sacrifice; the Holy Spirit still has full and complete control of my heart, soul, mind, body and strength. I'm going to Heaven no matter what the cost may be: my heart is fixed! I'm going through with Jesus!"

Mrs. Enesley was silent for a long time. When she spoke, her voice trembled and tears stood in her eyes. "I'm proud of you," she said. "I'll see that you get to the mission, Charlotte. I may even go along with you." She left the room as quickly as she had entered it.

"Molly! Oh, Molly!" Charlotte exclaimed. "Praise the Lord! God is so good! He does answer prayer! He does! The answer's on the way; the door is opening and light is breaking through the darkness. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Grabbing another tissue from the box, Charlotte let the tears flow. There were tears of joy. She would have to write to her friends immediately, she felt, and tell them to keep praying, that God was answering their prayers that were going Heavenward in conjunction with hers.

THE END