THE AERIAL VIEW

 We have one of those beautiful pictures of our house and property that was made from an airplane. It sits above my desk in my home office. I enjoy looking at it because it gives a different view of our house than I see on a regular basis. It shows our house, some of the pecan trees, our shop, and our garden. In the corner at the left hand bottom of the picture it says “The Burtram Family, Est. 1990.” The picture is quite detailed in that you can see what part of the garden is plowed and what part isn’t.

 As I looked at the picture today I realized that there is much that is not seen in this aerial photograph. There is not a single person in the picture. No one can tell from the photo how many people live there. You cannot perceive whether the family is old or young, large or small, rich or poor, few or many, or even saved or unsaved. It is an outside view of everything. This picture is beautiful but not very valuable in helping one to know this family.

 I am afraid we take the aerial view when it comes to witnessing and soul-winning. We make many assumptions based on an outside view. Not getting to know people, we miss out on so much by not building relationships. It is easy to pre-determine what type of a person one might be based on their house or their car. Some might judge a person by their parents and in reality the person may not be anything like his or her parents. One must draw closer to a person to tell who they are. The aerial view will not do.

 To make good determinations of someone it certainly helps to pray for that person. Prayer puts us on the same page with God. If we are genuinely praying for someone we are using our Godly character and we are seeking the best for that person from a heart of love. The heart of love rules out assumptions and allows us to invite that person to Jesus if he or she is lost and to rejoice with that person if he or she is saved. Their clothes, their house, nor their family will make a difference.

 I am so glad that folks did not take the aerial view of me before I found the Lord. My dad drove a 1946 Ford pickup truck that did not have one spot of real paint left on it. It was rust. The rear fenders were attached with hay bailing wire. Our house was provided by the farm that my dad worked for. Our clothes were clean but not the best. But people were praying for me. We had a church that loved me. I had a friend that witnessed to me and parents that prayed for me to get saved.

 Whatever you do to lead someone to Christ; make it personal. Do not settle for just an aerial view but get to know them. Learn to love them through the Lord, or better yet, let the Lord love them through you.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram