



That they may teach the
young women ...

A Mother's Heart Cry

Marcia Zimmerman

I look and behold a terrible thing in our generation ...

The people are being destroyed for lack of knowledge. Where once they gave attendance to reading Scripture and “meaty” teaching, they now read romance novels, humanistic devotional books filled with fluff, and enjoy being excessively entertained by the flickering blue light of the screen of amusement.

Where once they gathered for daily prayer and exhortation, they now rarely talk to each other during the week and gather on Sundays for a scant hour of weak worship. When wholehearted individuals try to practice real encouragement and admonition, the majority of their peers respond in “woundedness” and anger. They focus mostly on relationship at any cost, and their gospel is a social one.

My heart is broken as I listen to multitudes of voices, all proclaiming that they speak the words of God, but in reality, many are deceived. Many false prophets sway the weak and unsuspecting, teaching them to deny the one, true God by mixing religions as their belief and practice. My eyes run like rivers as I see tragedy after tragedy in my family, the congregations I have been involved in, and in the broader “church” around me ... as one by one my friends and family choose mixed religion over “true religion and undefiled.”

I listen in horror as young people who claim identity in Christ defame Him by cursing and dishonoring their parents ... and then I sink to my knees in utter despair

as young people are encouraged, yea even aided, in their rebellion—by those who claim to be followers of Jesus.

My heart turns to a river of tears as many women around me choose Jezebel over Sarah ... they believe the lies of feminism and pluck their homes down with their own hands. I watch in dismay as women blaspheme the Word of God by shaming their husbands, by refusing to let their husbands lead their homes, and by not keeping the children’s hearts while their husbands are away from home working long hours to earn money to pay the bills incurred by their wives’ expensive habits. My tears flow as I sit alone at midnight and cry out to God to spare these mothers who do not love their children, who spend their days resenting the interruption of small children, refusing to have a vision for their children’s eternal souls.

I pray for God to spare them despite their “godless” regard for their own souls and the souls of their children. And I pray that these dear little ones will desire God, and that someone will come to share the Gospel passionately and accurately with them so they are given the Truth that can set anyone free who comes to God.

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In shocked disbelief, I heard someone declare that it is better to just play with the children than to “stuff the Bible down their throats.” In great sorrow, I watch as children grow up destitute of the knowledge of the most important Person in the entire world from the Book that can enlighten the eyes. Many parents are throwing away the good with the bad of the generation before them. My heart cries out for them to be converted so that they may have to give to their children.

In deep sadness I observe fathers who care more for the riches of this world than for their own souls and the souls of their wives and children. The family altar is sacrificed for longer hours of work. Children’s hearts are not guided because the father is too busy working to pay attention. Entertainment takes the place of time alone with God, thus there is no vision for the future of their family.

My heart cries out in anguish to God as I behold a great company of people who have a form of godliness without the power thereof ... who teach for doctrine the commandments of men ... whose young people wander in darkness, starving for the manna from Heaven ... and in my anguish I cry “Oh, Lord! Send us people who will preach the cross!”

Then I remember the rich man and how he pled from hell for someone to go and warn his brethren. He was told that if his brethren did not hear the prophets, then of what use was it to send someone else? And I weep at the thought: what if that is us? What if we have rebelled against the prophets and the Word of the Lord all these years, and the Lord has turned us over to our own devices?

What if????

In my distress, I cried unto the Lord and He heard me and delivered me. Like a great light, His Word was simply and accurately presented to me by those who have also seen and responded to the Light of the World, Jesus Christ, our Ransom. I looked unto Jesus and cried out in sorrow for the years I had wasted in sinful, foolish pride. He restored unto me the joy of His salvation! Oh glory! My life has never been the same. A great weight has been lifted from my soul and in its place there has come a great calm amidst the waves of false religion.



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The eyes of my understanding were enlightened, and as I follow the light of truth year after year, I am finding the Way of LIFE—abundant life, eternal life in Jesus Christ. As I follow, the Way becomes steeper, with fewer and fewer fellow travelers to accompany me. But as I climb, the fellowship with my Father becomes sweeter, and I cannot live without it nor compromise it for anyone or anything.

In my journey to heaven, as I walk this vale of tears, there have walked by my side those travelers who have kept their garments white ... few they are, but how refreshing and strengthening is our fellowship.

These are they ...

- who love the Lord with all their heart
- who love their neighbors as themselves, regardless of who they are or what they have done
- in whose tongue is the law of kindness
- who do not bow the knee to Baal, the false gods of humanism, amusement, or wealth
- who love the Word of the

Lord and seek daily to mine the gold from its pages

- who love to fellowship with others of like precious faith
- who daily make their calling and election sure
- who love to speak often with one another the full counsel of God
- whose conversation reflects eternity in their hearts
- who have the anguish of lost/apostate souls stamped deeply on their hearts
- who are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ and recognize its power to save many
- who refuse to compromise on any principle of God’s Word
- who love their children and deny their own selves daily to live God’s truth and teach it to their children (Fathers pray, and value and teach God’s Word to their families. Their earthly jobs are not nearly as important as the souls in their households. Mothers delight in filling their place, created by God. They follow

their husbands' leading, being the joyful mothers of children, keeping their souls while their husbands are away at work, faithfully serving their families. Youth fear God and bow themselves willingly under the yoke of the authority they have been blessed with by God Himself. They have a vision for growing in the grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and delight in doing His commands. Homes of these families reflect the glory of God as these overcomers walk in the Way.)

- who would rather pray than to fill their spare time with _____(things of little value)

My heart is comforted whenever I am privileged to meet fellow travelers such as these. They are like a breath of fresh air, cold water to a thirsty soul, good news from a far country.

Oh, that many more will seek the Lord while He may be found, and call upon Him while He is near.

Oh, that men would humble themselves and pray and seek God's face and turn from their wicked ways, because He has promised that when we do this:

He will hear from heaven
and
will forgive their sins
and
will heal their land.

Let us stop wasting our time being lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

Let us drink deeply at the fountain of living Water so that from our innermost being will flow rivers of that living water—a faithful witness that Jesus lives!

Let us go out into the darkness and shine with the Light of Truth—to us displayed so that others may know and choose the Way.

Let us allow God to plant holy fear of Him in our hearts so that we will never depart from His Word ... and bring Him much glory.

Be merciful unto us, oh God! Oh, send us Your Truth!

~submitted by one who has in times past
been a hypocrite,
a lifeless "Christian" ...
but
who has been forever changed
by the merciful gift of salvation
through Jesus Christ.
Amen

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