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THE HERALD

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The Morning I Heard the Voice of God

By John Piper

Let me tell you about a most wonderful experience I had early Monday morning, March 19, 2007, a little after six o'clock. God actually spoke to me. There is no doubt that it was God. I heard the words in my head just as clearly as when a memory of a conversation passes across your consciousness. The words were in English, but they had about them an absolutely self-authenticating ring of truth. I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that God still speaks today.

I couldn't sleep for some reason. I was at Shalom House in northern Minnesota on a staff couples' retreat. It was about five thirty in the morning. I lay there wondering if I should get up or wait till I got sleepy again. In his mercy, God moved me out of bed. It was mostly dark, but I managed to find my clothing, got dressed, grabbed my briefcase, and slipped out of the room without waking up Noël. In the main room below, it was totally quiet. No one else seemed to be up. So I sat down on a couch in the corner to pray.

"Come and See"

As I prayed and mused, suddenly it happened. God said, "*Come and see what I have done.*" There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that these were the very words of God. In this very moment. At this very place in the twenty-first century, 2007, God was speaking to me with absolute authority and self-evidencing reality. I paused to let this sink in. There was a sweetness about it. Time seemed to matter little. God was near. He had me in his sights. He had something to say to me. When God draws near, hurry ceases. Time slows down.

I wondered what he meant by "come and see." Would he take me somewhere, like he did Paul into heaven to see what can't be spoken (2 Corinthians 12:3-4)? Did "see" mean that I would have a vision of some great deed of God that no one has seen? I am not sure how much time elapsed between God's initial word, "Come and see what I have done" and his next words. It doesn't matter. I was being enveloped in the love of his personal communication. The God of the universe was speaking to me.

Then he said, as clearly as any words have ever come into my mind, "*I am awesome in my deeds toward the children of man.*" My heart leaped up, "Yes, Lord! You are

awesome in your deeds. Yes, to all men whether they see it or not. Yes! Now, what will you show me?"

The words came again. Just as clear as before, but increasingly specific: *"I turned the sea into dry land; they passed through the river on foot. There they rejoiced in me — who rules by my might forever."* Suddenly I realized God was taking me back several thousand years to the time when he dried up the Red Sea and the Jordan River. I was being transported by his word back into history to those great deeds. This is what he meant by "come and see." He was transporting me back by his words to those two glorious deeds before the children of men. These were the "awesome deeds" he referred to. God himself was narrating the mighty works of God. He was doing it for me. He was doing it with words that were resounding in my own mind.

A Holy Moment

There settled over me a wonderful reverence. A palpable peace came down. This was a holy moment and a holy corner of the world in northern Minnesota. God Almighty had come down and was giving me the stillness and the openness and the willingness to hear his very voice. As I marveled at his power to dry the sea and the river, he spoke again: *"I keep watch over the nations — let not the rebellious exalt themselves."*

This was breathtaking. It was very serious. It was almost a rebuke. At least a warning. He may as well have taken me by the collar of my shirt, lifted me off the ground with one hand, and said, with an incomparable mixture of fierceness and love, "Never, never, never exalt yourself. Never rebel against me."

I sat staring at nothing. My mind was full

of the global glory of God. *"I keep watch over the nations."* He had said this to me. It was not just that he had said it. Yes, that is glorious. But he had said this to me. The very words of God were in my head. They were there in my head just as much as the words that I am writing at this moment are in my head. They were heard as clearly as if at this moment I recalled that my wife said, "Come down for supper whenever you are ready." I know those are the words of my wife. And I know these are the words of God.

He Still Speaks

Think of it. Marvel at this. Stand in awe of this. The God who keeps watch over the nations — like some people keep watch over cattle or stock markets or construction sites — this God still speaks in the twenty-first century. I heard his very words. He spoke personally to me.

What effect did this have on me? It filled me with a fresh sense of God's reality. It assured me more deeply that he acts in history and in our time. It strengthened my faith that he is for me and cares about me and will use his global power to watch over me. Why else would he come and tell me these things?

It has increased my love for the Bible as God's very word, because it was through the Bible that I heard these divine words and through the Bible I have experiences like this almost every day. The very God of the universe speaks on every page into my mind — and your mind. We hear his very words. God himself has multiplied his wondrous deeds and thoughts toward us; none can compare with him! I will proclaim and tell of them, yet they are more than can be told (Psalm 40:5).

And best of all, they are available to all. If you would like to hear the very same words I

heard on the couch in northern Minnesota, read Psalm 66:5–7. That is where I heard them. Oh, how precious is the Bible. It is the very word of God. In it God speaks in the twenty-first century. This is the very voice of God. By this voice, he speaks with absolute truth and personal force. By this voice, he reveals his all-surpassing beauty. By this voice, he reveals the deepest secrets of our hearts. No voice anywhere anytime can reach as deep or lift as high or carry as far as the voice of God that we hear in the Bible.

It is a great wonder that God still speaks today through the Bible with greater force and greater glory and greater assurance and greater sweetness and greater hope and greater guidance and greater transforming power and greater Christ-exalting truth than can be heard through any voice in any human soul on the planet from outside the Bible.

Misplaced Amazement

This is why I found the *Christianity Today* article “My Conversation with God” so sad. Written by an anonymous professor at a “well-known Christian University,” it tells of his experience of hearing God. What God said was that he must give all his royalties from a new book toward the tuition of a needy student.

What makes me sad about the article is not that it isn’t true or didn’t happen. What’s sad is that it really does give the impression that extra-biblical communication with God is surpassingly wonderful and faith-deepening. All the while, the supremely glorious communication of the living God which personally and powerfully and transformingly explodes in the receptive heart through the Bible everyday is passed over in silence.

I am sure this professor of theology did not mean it this way, but what he actually said was, “For years I’ve taught that God still speaks, *but I couldn’t testify to it personally*. I can only do so now anonymously, for reasons I hope will be clear” (emphasis added). Surely he does not mean what he seems to imply: that only when one hears an extra-biblical voice like “The money is not yours” can you testify *personally* that God still speaks. Surely he does not mean to belittle the voice of God in the Bible which speaks this very day with power and truth and wisdom and glory and joy and hope and wonder and helpfulness ten thousand times more decisively than *anything* we can hear outside the Bible.

I grieve at what is being communicated here. The great need of our time is for people to experience the living reality of God by hearing his word personally and transformingly in Scripture. Something is incredibly wrong when the words we hear outside Scripture are more powerful and more affecting to us than the inspired word of God.

Let us cry with the psalmist, “Incline my heart to your testimonies” (Psalm 119:36). “Open my eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of your law” (Psalm 119:18). Grant that the eyes of our hearts would be enlightened to know our hope and our inheritance and the love of Christ that passes knowledge and be filled with all the fullness of God (Ephesians 1:18; 3:19).

O God, don’t let us be so deaf to your word and so unaffected with its ineffable, evidential excellency that we celebrate lesser things as more thrilling, and even consider this misplacement of amazement worthy of printing in a national magazine.

FUNNIES

A man showed up late for work. His boss said, "What happened?" The man said, "The clock woke everybody but me." "How could that happen?" "Well, it was set for seven, and there are eight of us in the house!"

The farmer was swindled so many times by the local car dealer, that when the dealer wanted to buy a cow the farmer priced it to him like this: Basic cow, \$200. Two-tone exterior, \$45; extra stomach, \$75; product storage compartment, \$60; dispensing device, four spigots at \$10 each, \$40; genuine cowhide upholstery, \$125; dual horns, \$15; automatic fly swatter, \$35; Total, \$595.

A bent-over lady hobbled into a doctor's office. Within minutes she came out again, but miraculously she was standing as straight as could be. A man in the waiting room who had been watching her said in amazement, "My, what did the doctor do to you?" The old lady replied, "He gave me a longer cane."

Johnny: "Mom! Come quickly! I've knocked the ladder down outside!"

Mother: "Well, don't tell me. Tell you father."

Johnny: "But he already knows. He's hanging from the roof!"

A man approached his neighbor. "Joe," he asked, "will you need your golf clubs Saturday?" Joe said, "I'm playing golf all day." "Good. Then you won't need your lawnmower."

For more than a year, a man had eaten in a small restaurant whose sign read, "Mary's Home Cooking," but never once had he seen Mary. Finally his curiosity got the better of him and he said to the waitress, "I'm been having lunch in here for a long time, and Mary is never around. Where is she?" "She's just where the sign says she is," the waitress answered, "Home cooking."

A sudden spring blizzard hit Colorado Springs, and within a few hours roads were blocked, power lines were down and many people were stranded without food or heat. Soldiers from nearby Fort Carson spent endless hours bucking heavy drifts to deliver supplies. When someone remembered an elderly lady who lived by herself in an isolated cabin, a young Army officer volunteered to make the trip on skis to see if she needed anything. The snow had drifted so high that he could hardly find the house. Clearing a way to the door, he found it opened by a perky, bright-eyed little woman. "I'm from the Red Cross," he began, "and we were wondering...." "Young man," she interrupted, "I'm sorry you've had to come way out here in this weather, but I just can't afford to give to your organization this year."