

THE POWER OF THE NAME

Hheavy rains in a South American village near a river crossing stranded a group of missionaries traveling by wagon. The village was home to a saloon where many local men were hopelessly addicted to the liquor that robbed them of their money, health, and dignity.

One of the missionaries was particularly moved by the pitiful condition of the drunken men. For several mornings she watched as one pathetic old man, bleary-eyed and in rags, stumbled toward the open door of the saloon.

Finally, she felt compelled to speak to him. "Why are you killing yourself with this drink?"

"Why?" Machuana answered, "Why? I don't want to . . . I hate it! But I can't help it!" To which the missionary replied, "But you can help it; you do not have to go on drinking!"

"No," said the poor man, "once I tasted it I could never be free again, never, never!" And he began walking away.

Again she pleaded with him to stop drinking. He said, "Why do you waste your talk? There is no help for me—there is no doctor on earth that can help me."

"Oh, yes, there is! There is One!" the missionary said; and then she told him of Jesus, that loving One who came to earth to live and die for us, and who healed all the sick who came to Him, and whose saving power is still available today.

As she continued to talk of Jesus, Machuana stood on the muddy road and listened. Suddenly straining with eagerness, he interrupted: "Is it true, missus? Take me to this doctor! I will give him all I have, only take me to him!"

"No, Machuana, this Doctor doesn't ask for money, but only for people to ask Him to cure them." But now came the problem—how to prove to this drink-ruined man that he could ask the unseen Christ to heal him. She prayed the Holy Spirit to help her reach him. Then she was led to read to him, word for word, the story in Acts of the lame man to whom Peter and John said, "***In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.***" And how that man was perfectly healed, and that same Jesus would heal Machuana if he asked for it.

The blessed Spirit carried the message to

Machuana's heart as he listened and believed. At last he said, "Tell me the Name again!" And she told him, "Jesus." Then he said, "How must I ask Him?" The missionary said, "Right here we can ask Him," and they knelt down on the wet grass by the side of the wagon.

Just then the sun broke through the clouds and shed its light upon that poor, ragged alcoholic who was kneeling with his face buried in his hands, seeking forgiveness. In a few broken words, for her heart was almost too full for speech, the missionary asked that God would glorify His Son Jesus, and show His mighty healing power to this desperately needy life. Then the old drunken sinner said out loud, "Great Doctor, make me well!"

As they rose he repeated, "What is the Name again?" She told him, "Jesus!" Away he went, murmuring, "Jesus, Jesus." That afternoon the wagon party moved on.

Some weeks later they returned to that same village. A woman approached them and said, "Missus, are you the one that spoke to my husband? Oh, what did you do that caused him to be healed from the evil drink?"

Then the man came up—such a transformed face! He said, "It is all true, missus, all true what you told me. My wife wanted to know, but I didn't know if I could tell her." Evidently he felt that the wondrous power was too sacred to speak of and might be withdrawn if revealed.

"Oh, yes!" the missionary said, "tell her everything." "Then, wife," he said, in an awed whisper, "it's a Name, just a Name," and turning, again he asked, "May I tell her the Name?" As the missionary nodded her assent, he breathed rather than uttered the Name: "Jesus."

Machuana related to the missionary that after leaving her that day, all he had done was to say that Name to himself, and the craving for liquor went away, and his mouth felt "clean like a little child's."

"Once, the old sickness came on me again. I felt it burn in me. I wanted to drink; but just as I was halfway to the saloon, I called out three times, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' and the sickness left me at once. My body felt cool and I turned back; and so, wife, you see, it's the Name of Jesus that healed me."

Oh, blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! For that Name stands eternal in its saving power. It is for you and it is for me to lay hold of. Then, whoever you are, agonizing under the cruel power of drink or any other sinful habit, you may rejoice and say with old Machuana, "I am healed through the power of the Name of Jesus!"

Gospel Tract Society, Inc.

PO Box 1118 Independence MO 64051

www.gospeltractsociety.org

This ministry maintained by the gifts of God's people.

