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Subject: Death Is Loud

Posted by [GWB](#) on Mon, 05 Dec 2011 05:10:47 GMT

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My son lost a dear, childhood friend this past week. It was standing room only as many were crammed shoulder to shoulder at the service. I knew him as a young boy. I was taken back as I listened to all of the memories about him from so many. Around sixty people stayed at the cemetery until he was totally buried. The funeral home said they had never seen anything like it.

It seems he grew to be a selfless, loving, and compassionate soul. He gave so much and asked for nothing in return. By the outpouring of people who knew him, he had obviously touched hundreds of people in our small town.

He went to be with Jesus; he died. He ministered life and love at the drop of a hat while on this earth. With the tributes, I am quite sure there had to be times he did not feel like being loving, but from the sound of it, I believe he did it anyway. At that point, he died then too. He died to his wants and needs and gave of himself. Did he have a mighty ministry? No. Did he brag about what church he went to and spew theology to those he knew and met? No. He simply lived life. He did not judge, he just embraced.

I was convicted. This young man's life made me ashamed. I knew that he had a revelation about how important it is to love people. The point is, he walked it genuinely. I did not hear what mighty faith he had, although we are all given the measure of faith. What he had was mighty love.

The testimonies of his love to others touched my heart to the core. It was a punch in the stomach, losing this young man in the prime of his life. It was a punch in the stomach to witness how unconditional love can effect so many.

I learned that when Oral Roberts had the healing ministry, people asked him how he got the faith to walk out and be used by Jesus in such a powerful way. Brother Roberts said that before he went out to be used so mightily, he asked Jesus to give him love for the people. He asked for love, not faith.

I am learning what the Word means when it says, "Faith works by love." Galatians 5:6

I know what faith is. I know how to pull things down from the Throne of God and see things manifested. I know how to, by faith, war in the spirit and command demons to leave. I know how to believe for revival. Now, is my faith perfect; hardly. I could brag about a lot of things as to how I have walked by faith. However, after this past week, I now realize that God is telling my heart, "So what!"

Yes, God was faithful to meet me, in the past, in my walk of faith. But I believe He is now calling me to go deeper; a Deeper Life In the Spirit. He wants all that I do in life to be motivated by love, first and foremost. Then, secondly, do the believing and operating in the spirit.

This young man's life spoke volumes to, quite possibly, thousands from what I hear. We will never know. God knows and that is all that matters. His dying out to himself was loud and clear to all of the people he had embraced in his lifetime. He gave of himself in order to love others; so did Jesus, and so will I.

May he give me the grace and mercy to do so. May my life be loud with death to self. Most importantly, may my life be loud with love.

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