

# I A COVID-19 VA Sermon

What do you think of clergy who lived through the bubonic plague and never addressed it pastorally with their people? We are precisely in that situation today with ministry in "the Coronavirus era" – the pandemic, perhaps the worst disaster to have befallen humanity since the Great Plague of 1347 to 1350, where close to one-third of the population perished. A third of the world came down with the Spanish Flu a hundred years ago, with 675,000 in the United States. The last one to hit the US was the HIV epidemic.

Mother Teresa, who established an AIDS hospice in New York City and an AIDS home in San Francisco, believes that "God is speaking to us through this disease." What might God be saying?

The church has always called on its members to "love one another," to love "because God first loved us." Indeed the marvel of the ancient world was, "Look how these Christians love one another." When the doctors fled Rome during an epidemic, the Christians went in and risked their lives and health. This was noted by the survivors who then became Christian.

But these words sometimes seem to promise a reward, a benefit for all this loving behavior. Not anything tangible, of course, but the joy of knowing we are responding rightly to our fellow creatures, a kind of soul-satisfying fullness of spirit. While all this is true, we often forget to warn our congregations of love's darker side - a side which, when experienced, can stun and shatter us with its unexpected force. Love's power to wound, to injure both those giving and receiving love, is more than a result of broken romances - it is an enduring theological issue for the church.

The wounding power of love has always been a part of the church's memory - recall the many meditations on the Five Wounds of Christ. Yet today's church stumbles on the new crisis, which joins love and suffering together so vividly: the pandemic. Even as the Son of God came down to earth, became human, loved, and cared for us, tending us like the "good shepherd," Jesus "caught death" from us, suffering and dying because he risked the vulnerability of love.

When the church loses sight of its own genetic heritage of wounding love, it becomes just one more modern institution trying to decide how to handle the crisis. The church must be able to do more than post brochures on using soap and nervously do away with signs of peace and restrict communion. It is time for Christianity to get Christian; it is time for our churches to discover Christ. Without a basis in faith, the church can move no further along than human institutions.

The church should be on the front lines of the AIDS battle. We must step forward to educate and inform about AIDS and its prevention while realizing that any disease that makes us look into the abyss of sex, disability, disfigurement, and death is bound to make people nervous and fearful. Thus we must fall back on our historic ability to find God's compassion and our salvation, on the other side of love's wounding power.

The fact that you may have already dealt with the topic from the pulpit does not mean that now everything is over, and you can dispense with the issue. The pandemic represents the perennial issues of accepting people regardless of who or where they come from, of taking risks for God, of transcending barriers for the sake of the gospel. COVID19 is not just a medical problem; it is a vital theological problem. This "molecular equivalent of the nuclear bomb," must be matched by an ecclesiastical equivalent of the peace movement - an epidemic of disease must be met by an "epidemic of compassion."

As Pastoral Theologian Snow says: "This is one of those things, those rare things met seldom in life, which one must either get to the heart of, dive into the middle of, or ignore completely. You can't flirt with it, fool with it, be clever about it. Either you have to pretend that it is not there, or else that if it is there, it has nothing to do with you - or you have to choose to address it seriously, and then only after you have let it speak to your own undefended heart" (Mortal Fear: Meditations and Death and AIDS [Cambridge, Mass.: Cowley Publications, 1987] 1).

What is so frightening about this? The worse that can happen is that we can die horribly. The same thing every service member is aware of when they take their oath to defend their Country. The second worse thing is that we can become disabled. Working here at the VA, I know that neither of these things is the worse thing. The worst thing is death, followed by Hell. I will always remember when a spinal injured victim in a VA told me. He was an alcoholic. He was crossing a bridge coming from a liquor store with a bottle in a bag from which he was carrying, and he had a bottle in two of his pockets. A group of young (I am having trouble finding the word, they weren't in the gang yet) came up to him and started roughing him up. Seeing a police car, they threw him over a bridge. He didn't hit the water; he hit a sidewalk and broke practically every bone in his body, including sections of his spine. He was brought the VA and months upon months of surgeries, physical, spiritual and mental therapies he returned to a home, where he has assistance in ADLs (Activities of Daily Living like dressing, eating and toileting). He is supporting himself not on Social Security Disability but making a living as a motivational speaker. What doesn't defeat us makes us stronger, as we say in the military.

This is why our doctors, nurses, and staff who rush in like soldiers do in a battle, to fight the war against disease and will be fighting COVID 19. They illustrate the greatest of Christian values, and they may not be Christian. But as Jesus says in Matthew 25, when we visit the sick, we visit Christ. We will then be welcomed into the Kingdom of heaven.

We also know that the moment of our death and how it occurs is in God's hands. If God doesn't want us to die, we won't. If God knows that suffering is good for us, we will suffer. God loves us and sometimes uses tough love so that we can die and rise to new life with him in heaven. That is the best that can happen.

II

It was the deciding round of play of the 1983 U.S. Open golf tournament. A player named Larry Nelson was tied for first place. But then he hit a difficult situation. His approach shot to the sixteenth green left him sixty-two feet from the hole. His fans groaned. In the world of golf, sinking a sixty-two-foot putt is about as likely as a hole-in-one.

Larry Nelson paused for a long moment. Then he raised his head, sized up the terrain, and stroked his ball. It rolled downhill for a spell, then up an incline, then down another slope, and up another, and finally it curved, and then *Ker plunk!* into the hole it went. Some called it the shot of the year.

Bolstered by this magnificent putt, Larry Nelson went on to win the tournament, his first victory following a two-year slump.

One of the reporters who flocked to get his comments after the tournament asked him if he had been praying during the match, especially before that fateful putt. "Yes," Larry Nelson answered.

"Were you praying you'd make the shot?" the reporter asked. "No," Nelson said. "Well, then, what were you praying for?" asked the reporter. Larry Nelson's answer should help all of us. He replied simply, "Peace."

Is there anyone in this room who is not, one way or another, seeking peace--peace in our hearts, peace in our marriages, peace in our relationships with other family members, peace in our work?

Of course, some of us seek peace from some unusual sources. One woman said her therapist told her the way to achieve true inner peace was to finish what she started. She took the advice to heart. She said, "So far today, I have finished 2 bags of chips and a chocolate cake . . . I feel better already." Well, they don't call it "comfort food" for nothing. However, there are better ways to find peace

Even though we are undeserving of it, we can have this peace because of what Christ has done on the cross of Calvary.

Now a word of caution should be spoken at this point. **The peace that Christ gives is not a passive peace.** That is, some people are at peace because they ignore the needs of those around them, as well as the needs of their community and world. "What, me worry?" is their attitude. That is not the peace that Christ is talking about.

There is a story that comes out of World War II. Japanese war planes were headed toward Pearl Harbor where they would make a devastating attack. Before these two planes made it to Pearl Harbor, though, two American soldiers stationed on an island in the Pacific spotted them on their radar and reported this fact to their commanding officer, a young lieutenant. The young lieutenant gave the report a few minutes thought and concluded that what these soldiers had seen on their radar screens must have been American planes from California. "Don't worry about it," he said.

"Don't worry about it." Well, they should have worried about it. We don't know how many lives might have been saved if they had worried about it enough to go into action. "Don't worry about it," turned out to be a terrible bit of advice. (2)

There are some things that we should worry about. Jesus saw the money changers in the temple taking advantage of worshippers, and he worried about it to the point of driving them out into the streets.

Jesus worried about people who were lost in their sins and he gave his life in our behalf.

On another occasion he said, "I have not come to bring peace but a sword."

There are some things that Christians ought to worry Christians about. If the increasing number of violent deaths from acts of violence in our own land does not bother you, then may God have mercy on you.

If the disintegration of family life in our nation doesn't bother you, then something is missing in your spiritual life.

There are problems over which every Christian ought to have a deep and heavy burden. There is a time for moral indignation and strong remedial action. There is a difference between having God's peace and being an insensitive clod caring only about yourself! In the words of Patrick Henry, "Gentlemen cry, 'Peace, Peace,' and there is no peace." In a self-centered generation we must continually be on guard that our desire for peace does not cause us to ignore our responsibilities as soldiers of the cross.

We also know of another woman who needs peace. But before that a story of another woman.

A woman whose car was stalled at an intersection. The hood was up, and she flagged McCasland down to help. "I can't get it started," she said. "but if you jiggle the wire on the battery, I think it will work." McCasland grabbed the positive battery cable and it came off in his hand. Definitely the cable was too loose. "The terminal needs to be tightened up," he told her. "I can fix it if you have some tools." "My husband says to just jiggle the wire," she replied. "It always works. Why don't you just try that?" McCasland paused for a moment, wondering why her husband didn't ride around town with her so he would be available when the wire needed jiggling. Finally he said, "Ma'am, if I jiggle the wire, you're going to need someone else to do it every time you shut the engine off. If you'll give me two minutes and a wrench, we can solve the problem and you can forget about it." Reluctantly, she fumbled under the front seat and then extended a crescent wrench through the window of the old car. As he tightened the battery terminal, it occurred to McCasland how many times he had tried, in his own life, to get a "quick fix" from God. "I have this problem, Lord, and if You'll just jiggle the wire, things will be OK. I'm in a hurry, so let's just get me going again the quickest way possible." But God doesn't want to "jiggle wires," does He? He wants to take the time necessary to deal with our real

problem and fix it. To get the long-term solution to the pressing needs in our lives requires a complete surrender to God and a willingness to proceed on His terms. We must cooperate with Him in whatever it takes for as long as it takes. As the lady drove away with her tightened terminal, McCasland stopped for a moment and asked the Lord to say "No!" the next time he asks God to just jiggle a wire. (1)

Our story today is about another lady who needed more than just a wire jiggled. The setting is a village well. Like a small town post office, the village well was a popular place where people gathered every day to draw water. People would come and share the news of the day. They would linger as long as necessary to hear the latest happenings. There were times when visiting teachers or preachers would address the people at the well. The well was the center of activity in the ancient world. Women would gather water from the local well early in the morning before the heat of the day or they would wait until after the sun set to draw water. We are given a clue that something was wrong in this woman's life when we note that she came to the well at the hottest time of the day, a time when she was sure no one else was around. Apparently this woman had a difficult life and felt she would be better off if she drew her water after all the others were gone.

This particular well was known as Jacob's Well. It held special memories for the people; it was the ground that Jacob had bought and on his deathbed had given to his son, Joseph. It was believed that Jacob had dug the well. Both Jews and Samaritans held special memories of this place. It was located at a fork in the road making it an ideal stop for travelers as well as a perfect spot for social gatherings.

As Jesus and his disciples were traveling through Samaria they stopped to rest at this fork in the road. Jesus sent his disciples to look for food while he rested at the well. It was midday and it was hot. There was no one around the well as Jesus sat down to rest. In a few minutes, however, this woman approached. She went to the well carrying a water jar to fill. Expecting to find no one at the well she must have been surprised to find Jesus resting there. If she was surprised to see him, she must have really been shocked when he spoke to her. In Jesus' day men were not permitted to speak with women in public. A man could not even talk with his wife in public. A rabbi or teacher such as Jesus certainly would not talk to a woman in public especially a woman such as this one. First of all, she was a Samaritan and secondly, she was a woman of doubtful reputation.

But Jesus was tired from traveling. He was weary, hungry and in need of rest. We like to think of Jesus as always on the go, somebody who never got tired - teaching and preaching, always healing the sick and feeding the hungry. Here we find Jesus tired and hungry. A Samaritan woman comes to draw water and Jesus senses something is wrong in her life. Speaking out of the depths of his concern for her he offers a word of hope. He offers her "living water."

**HE BEGINS BY HELPING HER SEE HERSELF IN A NEW WAY.**

The longest recorded conversation of Jesus with any person is with the Samaritan woman at the well. Jesus asks her, "Give me a drink." The woman is shocked. It was common knowledge that Jews did not share cups or bowls with Samaritans. The unnamed woman is surprised and questions Jesus. Jesus replies, "If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that is saying to you, 'Give me a drink,' you would have asked him, and he would have given you living water."

As is often the case in John's gospel there is some level of misunderstanding in their conversation. Jesus is talking about new life, eternal life, and the woman thinks in practical terms. She replies to Jesus, "Sir, you have no bucket, and the well is deep." Still, at the mention of "living water" she perks up. There was a legend about Jacob drawing water from the well and the water bubbled up, hence living water. The unnamed Samaritan woman asks Jesus, "Are you greater than our ancestor Jacob, who gave us the well, and with his sons and his flocks drank it?" We are given a clue to Jesus' identity here. He is greater than Jacob because he is able to give "living water," so in Jesus' words "those who drink of the water that I will give him will never be thirsty."

Naturally the Samaritan woman asks Jesus for some "living water," so that, in her own words, "I may never be thirsty or have to keep coming here to draw water." In her way of thinking not only would she never be thirsty again, but she would never have to face the humiliation or scorn from the other women because she would no longer have to go to the well. She would have this "living water," and she could experience some peace in her troubled life. But Jesus needs to do something else for this woman. He tells her, "Go, call your husband, and come back." There was only one problem. She claimed she had no husband. Jesus knew the truth and confronted her with it. The woman responds, "Sir, I see that you are a prophet."

Jesus felt her pain. The woman did not want to talk about it so she changed the subject. She began talking about the differences between Jews and Samaritans. "Our ancestors worshiped on this mountain, but you say that the place where people must worship is in Jerusalem." We see a glimpse of faith in this woman. The woman states, "I know the Messiah is coming." Jesus replies, "I am he, the one who is speaking to you."

Just then the disciples return and are somewhat surprised to find Jesus speaking with a Samaritan woman although they had been with Jesus long enough to have expected this. Jesus confronts the woman at the well, so she can see herself in a new way. As a result of this conversation the woman is changed. She leaves her water jar and heads into town to tell other people that she has found the messiah.

Just as we are confronted with our sinful past, so was the woman at the well. Jesus offered her the gift of new life. Jesus confronts each one of us and when we face the truth about ourselves we too are changed. We too realize what we've been missing. Jesus offers us the gift of new life.

AFTER WE HAVE MET JESUS AND CLAIM HIM AS LORD OF OUR LIVES, THE NEXT STEP IS TO TELL OTHERS THAT WE HAVE FOUND THE MESSIAH. That's exactly what the Samaritan woman did. After her encounter with Jesus she went into town to tell other people, "Come and see a man who told me everything I have ever done! He cannot be the Messiah, can he?" And perhaps the most amazing thing of all is that the townspeople believed the witness of the woman and followed her back to the well to meet Jesus.

This gives us a model of evangelism. "Authentic evangelism," writes George G. Hunter, "flows from a mindset that acknowledges the ultimate value of people " forgotten people, lost people, wandering people, up-and-outers, down-and outers " all people. The highest value is to love them, serve them, and reach them." (3)

"Then the woman left her water jar and went back to the city." The woman would be back. The woman who shied away from people because she wanted to avoid their scorn was energized to tell others, the very people who had hurt her, that she had found the Messiah.

In 1979, Lee Strobel's wife became a Christian and she invited her husband to church with her. Lee is a journalist with legal training. He professed atheism. He observed great positive changes in his wife once she gave her life to Christ. Once shy, her faith had brought her out of her shell. So Lee agreed to attend a service with his wife. He was astonished by the way the service "seemed to hit me where I was at." That morning the sermon spoke to him. The pastor even used illustrations about motorcycling which Lee liked and could identify with. Lee made an important discovery, "The church could be relevant, that it could have implications for my life today." The people in the church were wonderful to him. They took his questions seriously, they responded non-defensively and more importantly non-judgmentally, and they didn't pressure him. They gave him time to reflect at his own pace. He discovered the genuine faith of the people in that church. "They believe this stuff!" he later wrote.

Lee's wife helped him come to a faith that he could claim as his own. "That's when I committed my life to Christ," Lee said. "At that point I had to be taken by the hand with someone saying, `This is your next step.'"

The townspeople discovered Jesus only because of the unlikely witness of the woman at the well. The people were intrigued with her testimony and wanted to see this special man for themselves. They came and met Jesus and they believed in him. "They asked him to stay with them; and he stayed there two days."

"And many more believed because of his word," John tells us. The townspeople said to the woman who was responsible for bringing them to Jesus, "It is no longer because of what you said that we believe, for we have heard for ourselves, and we know that he is truly the Savior of the world." Jesus had done more than jiggle a few wires in this woman's life, hadn't he? He had shown her herself as she really was and offered her living water. How about you? Is it time to quit asking God to "jiggle a few wires." Is it time to ask Him to give you living water as well?

### III

If only I could move to a new town and make a new start, then I would be happy. If only I could change jobs, buy a new home, find the right man, get through college, have enough to retire, then I would be happy. If only I had this...if only I could find that.... Looking for happiness in all the wrong places.

Will Rogers said that now and then he grew tired of the same old surroundings. Then he would wish for a new place to live and work. He said he would pick some city that sounded attractive. Before he moved, however, he would subscribe to the leading newspaper in his proposed new home and read that newspaper for thirty days. Rogers declared that he would always decide not to move. The news from where he planned to live was no better than the news where he was. (1)

Will Rogers was right. Happiness rarely comes from a change of locations, or a change of mates, or a change of situations of any kind. It is amazing how many people go through life looking for happiness in all the wrong places.

Take this woman at the well. She was a scarlet woman. Five times she had walked down the aisle to be married. Now she was living with a man without benefit of matrimony. Is that the kind of life she would chosen for herself? It's doubtful. She was clearly searching. Searching for love, acceptance, security, happiness. Somehow she was searching in all the wrong places. People do that.

PEOPLE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS IN THE ACCUMULATION OF THINGS. Clare Booth Luce was one of the most remarkable women of our time. She had everything most people could yearn for. There is an interesting story about when she was appointed United States Ambassador to Italy. She located in that historic land a beautiful seventeenthcentury Italian villa. She established her residence there. Soon after moving in, however, she began to notice that she was deteriorating physically. She was tired. She lost weight. She had little energy. In general her physical condition got worse and worse.

Of course, she sought medical aid. After a period of intense testing it was found that she was suffering from arsenic poisoning. But from what source? Every one on her staff was given further security checks. It was soon established that each had impeccable credentials and could surely be trusted. None of her staff were trying to poison her. Where was the poisoning coming from?

Finally they found the cause. On the ceiling of her bedroom were beautiful designs of roses ornately done in bas relief. They had been painted with a paint that contained arsenic lead. A fine dust fell from these roses. Completely unaware of what was going on Mrs. Luce was being slowly poisoned in her bed by this fine dust falling from the ornate roses on the ceiling.

One does not expect to be poisoned by one's idyllic dream home, of course. Neither can one hope that such a home will of itself bring happiness. Some of the loneliest places on this planet are the

magnificent homes of the rich and famous. We all know that, but still we dream. If only we could move to a new house...buy a new car...If only I had some new clothes....Some people search for happiness in the accumulation of material possessions.

**OTHERS SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS IN BELONGING TO EXCLUSIVE GROUPS.** We have all heard of the Ivy League colleges. Perhaps some of us were fortunate enough to have attended one of these superb schools. It so happens that the so-called Ivy League colleges have little or no ivy on their walls anymore. Why not? They found that the ivy was destroying the mortar of their buildings. The pride of tradition is too expensive if it is bought at the expense of the needs of today and tomorrow. (3) All over the world, however, we see people clinging to traditions at the expense of today and tomorrow. Tradition gives us our identity, tells us who we are. Tradition sets us apart. "How is it that you a Jew would ask a drink of me, a woman of Samaria?" asks the woman at the well. "Why are you being so nice to me? You're a member of a sorority. I'm working my way through school." "Why are you trying to come in here? This is a private club. No Jews allowed." "What's that old clunker doing in this parking lot? Can't you see all the BMWs and Volvos?" There are some people for whom happiness is belonging to an exclusive group that separates them from others.

Of course, we all want to belong. We all want to be accepted. There is an amusing story about business superstar, Lee Iacocca. Iacocca's real name is not "Lee" but "Lido." Can you imagine the disadvantage a name like Lido Iacocca might be for a man selling cars in the Southern part of the United States where there are very few persons, traditionally, from ethnic backgrounds? Iacocca understood the problem. So when he was working in the South he changed his name to Lee. He did more than that. When he appeared before sales groups, he jokingly turned his name around. He said he had a strange first name, Iacocca. But he had a fine old Southern last name, Lee. Who in the South could be prejudiced against someone with the same last name as the great Confederate general, Robert E. Lee? Iacocca was immediately accepted (4)

We all want to belong. Nothing wrong with that. Unless we get our kicks using our group affiliation to look down on others. Some look for happiness in the things they own and the groups they belong to.

**SOME OTHERS LOOK FOR HAPPINESS IN THE THINGS THEY ACCOMPLISH.** Some people have an inordinate drive to succeed. Country singer Dolly Parton is like that. Dolly comes from a poor Sevier County, Tennessee family of 19 children. A fan in her TV audience once asked her why she became so successful when so many from similar circumstances did not. Dolly answered, "I never stopped trying and I never tried stopping." She was asked another time what would have happened if she had not had musical talent. She answered that she simply would have fought her way to the top of some other field. People who know her say she was not exaggerating.

Some of you remember the name John Havlicek, or "Hondo" as he was called. Havlicek played in more basketball games when he was with the Boston Celtics than any other player in professional history. And he went full speed in every game. It is estimated that running about 6 miles per game, Hondo ran the equivalent distance from Houston to San Francisco and then back past St. Louis in his career. How did he develop such stamina?

When Havlicek was a boy in Ohio his friends had bicycles but he did not. When they rode their bikes, he ran to stay up with them. It was a lot of trouble, but he developed remarkable ability to keep running. Later that ability paid off. Our society honors such commitment with fantastic rewards. We appreciate persons who have a drive to succeed as long as they do not succeed at the expense of others.

In the cartoon series, **CALVIN AND HOBBS**, cartoonist Bill Watterson makes Calvin an exaggeration of what parents see in their kids and kids in their parents. Hobbes is a stuffed tiger to whom Calvin's imagination is always giving life.

Calvin and Hobbes are sitting under a tree. Calvin asks Hobbes, "What do you think is the secret of happiness? Is it money, power, or fame?" Calvin adds, "I'D choose money. If you have money, you can BUY power and fame. That way you'd have it all and be REALLY happy. Happiness is being famous for your financial ability to indulge in every kind of excess."

Hobbes replies, "I suppose that's ONE way to define it."

Calvin adds, "The part I think I'd like best is crushing people who get in my way."(5)

For some people, that is what it is all about. They are wrong. Happiness is not to be found in the things we accumulate, the groups we belong to, or even the things we accomplish. All we have to do to know this is true is to look at the lives of those who have all these things.

THERE IS ONLY ONE SOURCE OF TRUE HAPPINESS. THAT IS TO CENTER OUR LIVES IN GOD. Jesus said to the woman at the well, "Every one who drinks of this water will thirst again, but whoever drinks of the water that I shall give will never thirst..." (RSV) And that's true. THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD ARE GOD'S PEOPLE. That is where we find our identity. We are His children. That is where we discover security. He will never fail us. That is where we find love. No one loves us like God loves us!

There is an apocryphal story about a young man named Philo. According to the story, Philo was the only son of Pontius Pilate, the Roman official who ordered Christ's crucifixion. Even before Philo was born, Pilate had great ambitions for him. Pilate wanted a son who would one day be a great respected military leader, a son who would make him proud. When Philo was born, however, Pilate's pride was dashed. Philo was born sick, weak and permanently crippled. Throughout the years Philo was growing up, he was the object of his father's hatred and bitterness. "You're not the son I wanted," was Pilate's constant reminder to his broken son.

As soon as he was old enough to leave home, Philo left the palace of his father and wandered alone in the countryside. There he heard of a Galilean who went about preaching love, healing the sick and lame, and feeding the hungry. Philo sought out Jesus. Jesus healed him, not only physically but spiritually and emotionally. Philo was even able to forgive his father for making him feel like a failure as a son for all those years.

From then on, Philo followed Jesus wherever He went, and it is said that on the day God's only Son Jesus was crucified, Pilate's only son Philo was at the foot of the cross, weeping over the death of his Lord and Friend. Philo, like millions of persons since found his happiness in Christ. (6)

St. Thomas Aquinas told of a man who heard about a very special ox and determined to have it for his own. He traveled all over the world. He spent his entire fortune. He gave his whole life to the search for this ox. At last, just moments before he died, he realized he had been riding on that very special ox all the time.

You are searching for happiness, perhaps? Look no farther. Look no farther than your own heart. Open your heart to God through His Son, Jesus Christ. He will give you living water. You need never thirst again.

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1. Eric Ritz

2. James E. Carter, A SOURCEBOOK FOR STEWARDSHIP SERMONS (Nashville: Broadman Press, 1972).

3. David W. Richardson



4. Norman King, THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES (New York: Prentice Hall Press, 1987).
5. Bill Watterson, YUKON HO!, 1989, Universal Press Syndicate. Cited by Norm Lawson.
6. Ron Lee Davis, HEALING LIFE'S HURTS (Dallas: Word, 1986).