

Me . . . I'm a preacher, serving the Lord, fighting sin and poverty, not fire. My ministry, for 24 years, has been working the streets. Jesus told His disciples, "The harvest is plentiful; the workers are few" Matthew 9:37, 38. "Bearing one another's burdens, and thereby fulfill the law of Christ" Galatians 6:2.

As I was leaving home recently, going out shopping, I was undecided which way to go, north or south. At the intersection, I went south.

Driving along, I heard the wailing sirens of fire trucks. As they went speeding past me, I noticed it was the rescue truck of my son's engine company. I knew he was working a 24-hour shift.

They turned into the shopping center I was going to, and stopped outside one of stores. The paramedics rushed in with all their gear. As I walked to the window and looked in, I saw my son working on a woman. There was a small pool of liquid by her head, could have been blood, not sure what it was. She was not moving; her body was lifeless.

My son was in charge, very calmly giving orders to the other men. I could see there was trauma to her head. My son and the other paramedics were ministering to her life support. I believe our beloved Jesus guided me there that day to witness, for the first time, my son caring for a life.

Spiritually, that is what we are supposed to be doing as Christians—witnessing to the lost and unsaved, setting the example and bearing the burdens of others.

As she lay there, I prayed for her. I wondered if she was saved, or whether God would allow her to live so she could be saved. She was airlifted to the trauma center. I do not know what happened to her.

I've seen my son in action on two other occasions. Several years ago I called the paramedics to be taken to the hospital with severe kidney stone pains. It was late afternoon on a Saturday. They rushed me into the emergency room. As they were testing me, I was thinking needed to get ahold of my son to let him know where I was. Eventually I was placed in a room.

Thinking I still needed to call my son, I fell asleep under the medication. The following morning as I awoke, the nurses were taking me down for more tests. I still had not called my son. I was sitting in a wheelchair in a hallway, not knowing where I was, when I looked down this long hallway. Not having my glasses at the time, I saw this person pushing a gurney. He looked like my son. When I yelled his name, he turned and looked towards me and yelled back, "Dad!" He left the gurney with his partner, and started running towards me. I was so relieved to see him. While in the hospital, I was diagnosed by several doctors with

severe end stage cardiomyopathy. They gave me two to five years to live. They said there was nothing they could do. That was back in September 2006.

After my stay in the hospital I was released, and told to report to the doctor's office the next day. They gave me a bunch of pills to take. I had a friend drive me to the doctor's office. As the nurse was checking me, I felt faint and lay down on the floor. As I lay there, panic hit in the office. I heard yelling, "Call the paramedics!" The doctors lifted me up and put me on an examining table. I told them my son was coming. They must have thought I was delusional. I repeated it, "God told me my son was coming." A few minutes later, my son, responding to the call, walked in and said, "Dad, what happened?" As they wheeled me out back to the hospital, my son was checking my vital signs. I knew what the problem was. I took all those pills without anything to eat. I knew I was going to be okay.

Then, on a Sunday morning at 6:30 a.m., the fire alarm went off in my apartment building. I live in a high rise public housing. As I lay in bed, I heard sirens coming closer. I got dressed and went outside. The parking lot was filled with fire trucks. A small fire had broken out on the fourth floor. People were evacuating

as the firemen did their thing. My apartment is on the first floor near the entrance. I went back in to eat breakfast and get ready to go to church. Suddenly I heard a knock on my door. I thought it was the firemen coming tell me to get out, but guess who? I opened the door to find my son in full gear with a smile on his face. I had never seen him dressed like that, ready for battle.

Are you ready for battle? Are you making a difference in the world?

We as brothers and sisters in Christ need to do more than just go to church on Sunday. Sinners go to church. The Lord was showing me we need to excite the Christian body. We have been going backwards instead of forwards. We need to get back to the basics. The greatest commandment is to love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind. The second is like it, you shall love your neighbor as yourself. Matthew 22:37-40

Can you honestly say you love your neighbor as yourself? Or does Isaiah 29:13 apply to you? “. . . People worship me with their mouths and honor me with their lips. But their hearts are far from me, and their worship of me is [based on] rules made from tradition.”

We need to change our ways. The world and country we live in today is

filled with SIN: violence, evil, hatred, wars, illicit sex, greed, murder. We have become an ungodly nation. “Jesus is our only hope and answer to the world’s problems.” 2 Chronicles 7:14 says, “If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their SIN, and will heal their land.”

If you want your life to change, confess your sins to the Lord, be sincere, pray this prayer of salvation, and trust in God.

Father God, I come humbly before You
in the name of Your Son Jesus.

Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.

I believe Jesus died for me, and God
raised Jesus from the dead.

Please forgive me of my sins.

Lord Jesus, come into my life
and save me,

give me wisdom and guidance,
lead me into all truth and righteousness.

Thank You, Lord, for my salvation
in Jesus’ name. Amen.

JESUS LOVES YOU

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Pre-press preparation by Carol Kinsley,

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Printed by Old Paths Tract Society,
Shoals, Indiana

Greetings in the name of Jesus,



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My father was a volunteer fireman. My son is chief of a volunteer fire department, and teaches fire courses at the Fire and Rescue institute in addition to working as a firefighter/paramedic full time.

My grandson is following in his father's footsteps, already qualified to fight fires, just waiting for his 18th birthday.