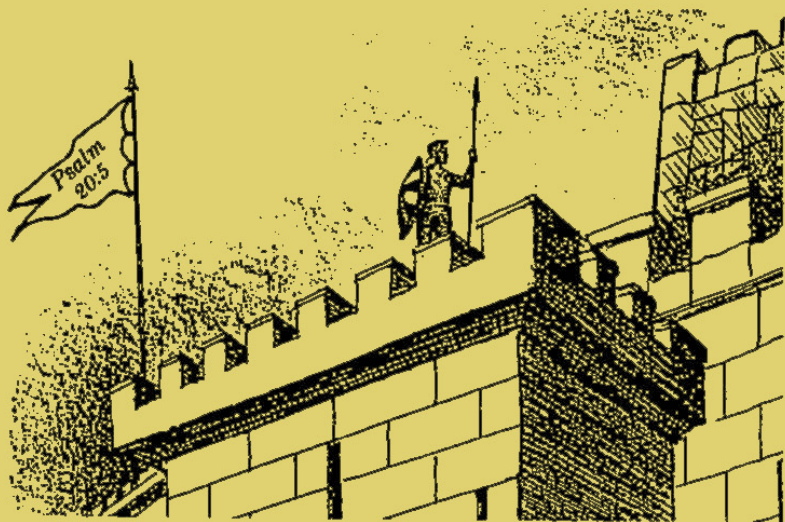


# The Watchman on the Wall



Wayne Murphey



# **The Watchman On The Wall**

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# Chapter 1

The stars were shining brightly and the night air was balmy out on the open plains. In sight was the outline of a great walled city. Creeping silently toward it was one well-skilled in the careful art of stealth, for even the guards which were posted on the outside of the wall at night failed to detect his approach. Near the entrance to the city he paused to observe one of the guards. When he saw movement and knew that the guard was fully alert, he crept on until he found a watchman who was softly snoring. With a light step he skirted the sleeper and scaled the wall. Once inside the city he hastened on his way with confidence and purpose.

Traversing several of the side roads, he eventually turned in at the house of one named Redeemed. The shadowy visitor slipped over a backyard fence and then dropped through a window into the bedroom. Softly sidling up to the bed, he placed his hand on Redeemed's mouth, awakened him and whispered his name. Redeemed's eyes registered great surprise upon seeing the stranger but the intruder motioned him to silence and waved him outside. "Above all," he whispered, "don't awaken your wife."

Upon entering the courtyard, Redeemed inquired, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"Not so fast," replied the stranger. "First, let me assure you I simply want to talk with you. I know you very well for I have seen a file on you that a certain person keeps. For the sake of conversation

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

you may call me Self-interest. Concerning my point of business, I want to talk with you about your job.”

“My watchman job?” questioned Redeemed.

“Exactly so,” replied Self-interest. “Has anyone told you lately what a fine job you are doing?”

“Oh, I’m sure that they have, but I can’t really recall any particular instance of it.”

“Didn’t anyone compliment you last month when you caught the enemy sneaking up the wall?”

“Well, everyone seemed to be real happy about it,” returned Redeemed.

“Listen,” said Self-interest, “you are due some respect around here. No one else has sounded as many alarms as you have and I doubt that even the Commander could have done as well as you did on that last enemy.”

“Now just a minute,” bristled Redeemed, “I have nothing against the Commander. He is both good and competent. I owe everything to Him. He not only rescued me from the enemy once, but all of my training and talent for the watchman job came from Him. He is the one who trained us all in the technique of watching. Before every watch He has a session in which He gives words of advice and encouragement to those who are ready to go on duty. It is in sessions like these that He teaches us how to detect the enemy. When we see something that is suspicious, we have to discern whether it is supposed to be there or if it is the enemy’s doings. If we sound the alarm without a just cause the Commander is very unhappy, for it causes much confusion in the city and is counterproductive, but if we fail to sound the alarm and the enemy

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

comes in and someone loses his life, we must stand accountable for it. You see what a great responsibility lies on a watchman? And there is no one more qualified to be Commander than He for He has experienced all the tests of a watchman and has proved faithful in them all.”

“Hold your tongue a minute if you would,” interrupted Self-interest, “I never meant to disapprove of your Commander, I want to talk about you. I just think that you should begin taking note of your accomplishments. When you walk down the street don’t you notice the worship in the eyes of the children as they follow you? Even they recognize your greatness. Doesn’t it bring to mind the many times that you looked up to the watchmen and decided that someday you would work for the Commander?”

“I hadn’t really thought of it, but guess you are right,” said Redeemed, “I have accomplished a great deal for the Commander.”

“Of course you have,” returned Self-interest. “Now look, I have to be going, but I want you to think about what I have said. I will be back before long and we will discuss it further.” Self-interest then climbed the fence and was gone.

Redeemed in deep thought, quietly returned to his room, unaware of his wife’s wakefulness. As he eased himself onto the bed the voice of his wife penetrated the darkness.

“Who was that, Redeemed?”

“Oh, just a man wanting to talk,” he answered, uneasily.

“Just a man wanting to talk? At this time of the night? There is something suspicious about this. If I were you I would report him to the Commander first thing in the morning.”

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

“Well, I don’t know,” Redeemed returned, “It is rather strange, and yet everything that he had to say was true. I don’t see any reason for a big alarm. And I did rather enjoy the conversation. I think I will let it go this time.”

Redeemed attempted to sleep, but he was troubled by what his wife had said. Why had the stranger awakened him in the middle of the night to discuss such a matter? Unable to sort it out, Redeemed dozed off into a fitful sleep. If he had only been able to see the stranger’s face in the full light, he surely would have recognized him as one of the enemies that the Commander had often warned the watchmen of. His true name was Pride.



## Chapter 2

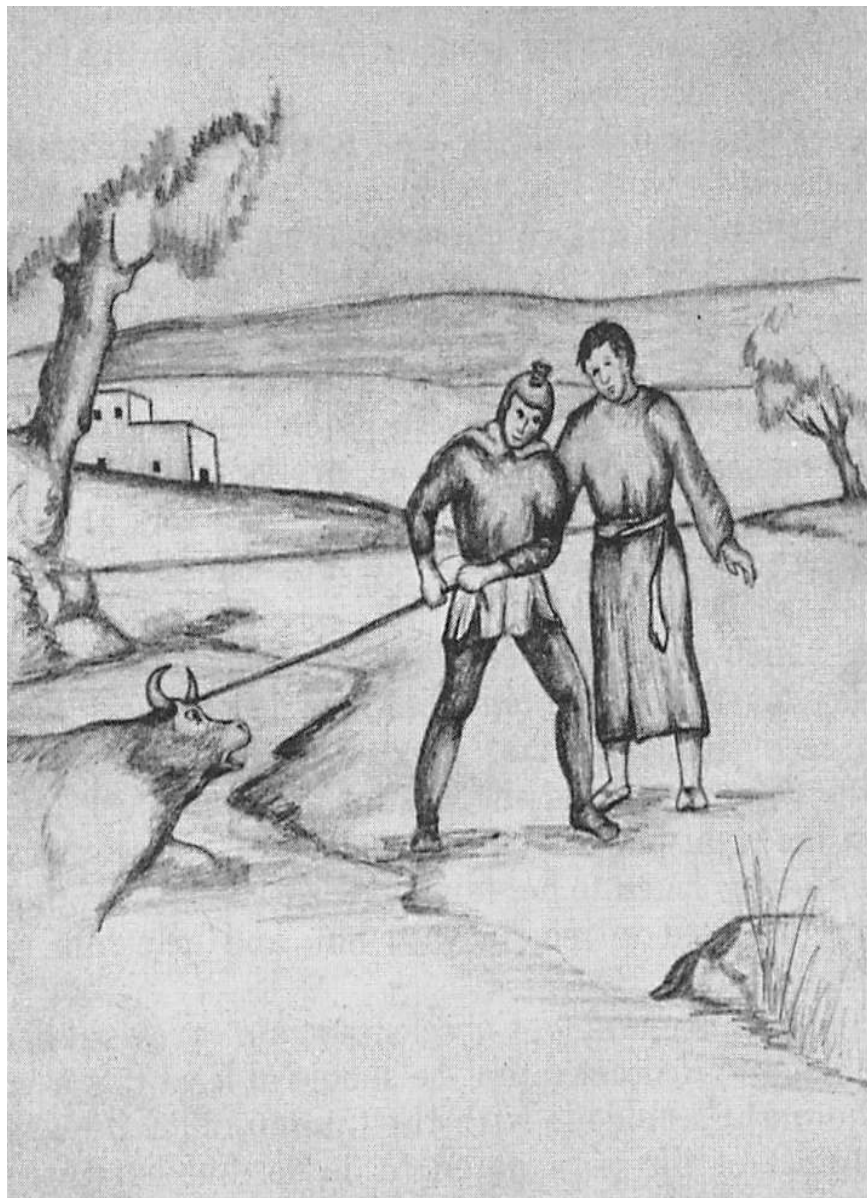
Redeemed awoke the next morning with a troubled heart. He realized that something was wrong, but could not focus his mind on what it was. Then he recalled with clarity his late night visitor. He arose, dressed and went into the kitchen where he found his wife. One look at her troubled face told him that she too was disturbed.

Perhaps it would be well to properly introduce Redeemed's wife. Her name was Conscience. She had a very significant childhood, having been raised in the household of the Commander. Frequently in the evenings she had had the privilege of listening to the Commander as He expounded vital and eternal truths to those who stopped by to listen. Through these sessions she developed an admiration and love for the Commander and His family. She was able to absorb the knowledge that she would need to establish a sound and happy life.

Often as a boy, Redeemed and Conscience would play together and a fondness grew between the two. It seemed natural that they would be partners for life. Even as a child she was his guide and kept him on the right path. To his credit, he was usually very faithful to listen to her faintest wishes. So it was that she promised to remain with him and help him in good faith.

On this morning, Conscience again expressed her opinion to Redeemed that he should at least talk over the night's episode with the Commander. He was almost of the persuasion to do so, but

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL



## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

hesitated saying, “I must be sure of what I am doing. I would feel very low indeed if I should report it and there is nothing to it.

That is true,” responded Conscience, “but I cannot help but feel you would be right in doing so. You know that we should feel free to talk everything over with the Commander, and as I have promised to stand by you and help guide you aright, I felt obligated to express my feelings about the matter.”

“Perhaps you are right,” said Redeemed, “and I mean no offense to you, but the Commander has said that you are not infallible. However, I promise to give your suggestion some close consideration and it just may be that at the pre-watch meeting this morning I will have opportunity to privately mention it to the Commander.” With that he gave his wife a kiss and started down the street with his heart lighter than before.

He soon fell into company with several other watchmen and as they wended their way through the streets, they passed the time discussing the various attributes of the Commander.

Passing the banks of the river that supplied the city its water, they discovered a fellow citizen struggling to free his ox which was mired in the mud. Sweating and struggling, the fellow citizen vainly attempted to extricate the ox. Redeemed was touched by the situation, and turning to the others said, “Go on to the meeting and I will see what I can do to help our fellow brother. Although I will be late, I will come when I can.” With these words he quickly set about the task before him. It was more difficult than he had realized, but with the combined effort of the two, the ox was finally standing on solid ground. The indebted expressed his thanks, but Redeemed reminded him that they were all unprofitable servants and he considered it his privilege to be able to help. “After all,” he

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

commented, “if the Commander had been here I am sure He would have done the same.”

Redeemed observed the soiled state of his clothing and quickly turned toward home. By the time that he was clean and making his way back to the meeting place, he heard the tolling of the bell signifying the beginning of his watch. He continued toward the wall, climbed the ladder and took his post of duty. The watchman going off duty nodded cheerily to him and called out a greeting.

Redeemed leaned against the wall, felt the warmth of the sun’s rays and wondered what the day might hold.

## Chapter 3

Redeemed focused his eyes on the plains, sweeping them from one side to the other and occasionally to the hills beyond. He was meditating on the goodness of the Commander and particularly sweet were the thoughts of the time that the Commander had rescued him from the very clutches of the enemy. It happened when he was a young boy. He had begun gazing off in the distance and dreaming of what it would be like out on the plains. Finally one day he decided that he would see for himself. Much to the consternation of Conscience, he set out. She plead and begged him not to go, but he ignored her warnings and purposed to go anyway. He soon encountered some men who were very kind to him at first and offered to help him explore the territory beyond. After several months of wandering, however, he suddenly came to the realization that the excitement and pleasure of his journey was gone and that the men had no intention of letting him return home. They began to abuse him and he was powerless to help himself. He realized then that they were the enemy that the Commander had often warned about.

His attempt to escape one night and return to the city was unsuccessful, and finally he fully realized his helplessness. It was at this point that he began earnestly desiring help. He knew that his only hope was the Commander. One day he succeeded in getting a message through to the Commander, offering an apology for wandering away and then requesting deliverance. In a short time the

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

Commander came with a mighty force, routed the enemy and safely carried him back to the city.

Redeemed's musings were interrupted by the watchman nearby who commented, "You sure did miss a good meeting this morning. The Commander's words were very inspiring. He said that we should always have a true love for our brethren. He explained that this is how people will know that we are His men, because of our fervent love for each other."

"That sounds very interesting," said Redeemed, and he began to muse upon the thought.

The day progressed and nothing much of interest occurred. However, a rumor surfaced and passed down the wall that one watchman reported to duty that morning without his spear. "How can that be?" thought Redeemed, "If he were as good a watchman as I, that never would have happened." Then he stopped short. "I wonder what I am thinking! That isn't like me. Anyone can make a mistake. Since the Commander has often told us not to judge each other, but to be merciful, I had better forget it and get back to my watching. It is liable to be me in trouble next."

One day followed another and Redeemed passed through the normal routine of each. The late night visitor, Self-interest, did not return for some time, but one night, Redeemed was again awakened. Self-interest motioned him into the courtyard, saying, "I want to compliment you Redeemed. You have served the Commander well." Redeemed was slightly uneasy at the apparent compliment, however he continued to listen. "I am on a tight schedule tonight and haven't much time, but I want to share a piece of vital information. Do you remember the watchman who forgot to bring his spear to the job with him?" This incident was easily called to mind by Redeemed and he nodded assent. "Well," and here Self-interest lowered his

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

voice, “there is something else wrong with him. You need to keep your eyes open and you will discover what I mean.”

“What do you mean?” questioned Redeemed, “What am I to look for?”

“The only thing that I can tell you,” replied Self-interest, “is that he is not nearly as good a soldier as you and there is something subversive going on against your Commander.” With this startling statement, Self-interest was gone.

This was such a very shocking revelation that Redeemed stood in the courtyard for several moments in a daze. When he finally shuffled into the house, the voice of Conscience came to him, “What are you going to do now?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” he replied. “Let me think on it and we will discuss it, perhaps in the morning.”

Redeemed slept very little that night. Thought after troubled thought ran through his mind. As the first rays of the sun lightened his room, he arose, prepared for work and took his seat at the kitchen table. Conscience entered to prepare his breakfast. “Well, have you come to the conclusion?” she asked.

“Yes, I have decided what I am going to do. I am going to keep my eyes open as I was warned and discover this subversive activity. I feel that this is my duty.”

“But why don’t you just tell the Commander about it and let him handle it?” reasoned Conscience.

“Can you not think of the hero that I will be if I am the one to expose it!” returned Redeemed. “I will be admired by many and the Commander will think especially well of me.”

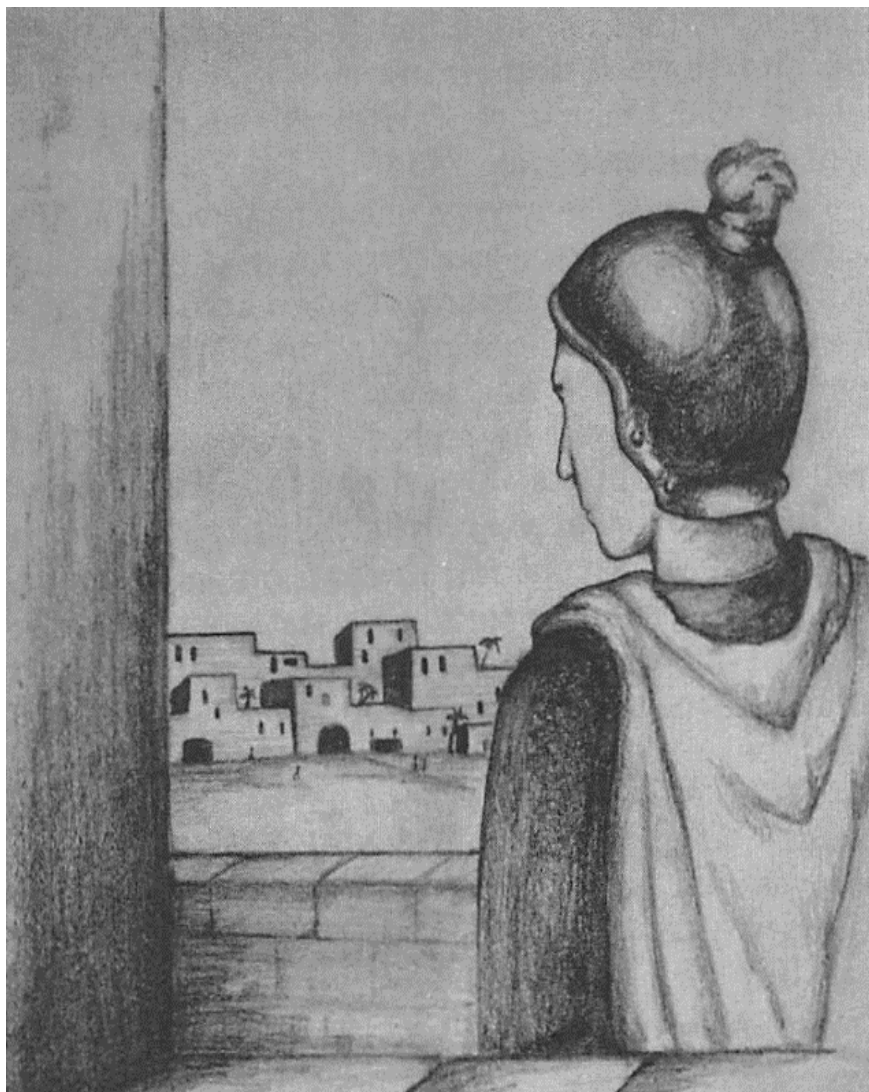
## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

Conscience sadly shook her head and said, “Somehow this does not seem right. I think you are doing wrong.”

“I have made up my mind,” replied Redeemed, and with these words he arose and departed for watch.



## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL



## Chapter 4

Redeemed lagged behind in his walk that morning for he wished to avoid the company of his fellow workers. He attended the pre-watch meeting, but his mind was not on what was being said. He was thinking of the late night revelation.

As he mounted the wall and assumed his post of duty, he scanned the plains, but his heart was not in it. Toward noon he went to the water station and as he talked with the attendant, he drew a deep breath of the cool air and enjoyed being out of the hot sunshine. His eyes wandered over the city from the advantage of the height of the wall. Redeemed was again impressed with the beauty of the city, having often extolled its virtues to others. He was deeply aware that he had never seen its equal for situation.

Then something attracted his gaze. There on a little knoll inside the city, stood the house of Persecuted, for so was the name of the watchman whom Self-interest had indicted. As Redeemed beheld the house, it renewed his wonderment about the meaning of the message of the previous night.

Redeemed thoughtfully returned to his position on the wall, but his gaze was now riveted on the house of Persecuted. He fell into deep meditation and spent the entire afternoon gazing inside the city. By the end of the shift, Redeemed had arrived at some conclusions. He felt assuredly that Self-interest meant to make him aware of the peeling paint and unkept appearance of Persecuted's house. It did not look nearly as nice as his own, Redeemed reasoned. Surely

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

Conscience would have protested if he had allowed their dwelling to get in such a shape.

Redeemed could very distinctly remember the Commander's advice about how the inhabitants of the city should represent it well so that those living outside would admire its beauty and wish to become occupants.

The evening was spent in a much more comfortable state of mind, for no longer was there a mystery to puzzle over. The next problem was to consider what action to take and how to make the case against Persecuted a public issue.

The problem was temporarily cast aside by the arrival of another visitor that night. Redeemed was expecting Self-interest and when a figure appeared and beckoned through the bedroom window, Redeemed readily entered the courtyard. "It is good to see you, Redeemed," said the visitor. Redeemed was taken aback, for this was not Self-interest.

"Who are you, and where is Self-interest?" inquired Redeemed.

"My name is Desire. Self-interest was unable to come tonight and asked me to appear in his place. I must say, your perception is very keen to have so quickly grasped the meaning of the hint which my kinsman left you last night."

Redeemed was astounded at this comment and asked, "How did you know about that? I have told no one.

Desire laughed and replied, "I am connected to quite an intelligence system. However, let me announce my business. Have you considered the position on the wall that Persecuted has? He is

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

on the west side of the wall and you must face the glare of the sun each morning.”

“Well, that is true,” agreed Redeemed, “but it is no great matter.”

“Then why are you developing squint lines around your eyes?” asked Desire. Redeemed wondered how

Desire could see squint lines in the dark, but the thought was worth considering, he mused.

As Desire climbed the fence, Redeemed watched his cloaked form disappear from sight. If Redeemed’s gaze could have penetrated the cloak, he might have recognized Desire’s real identity: Envy. But, much to his own hurt, he remained ignorant of this fact.

Redeemed had no sooner re-entered his bedroom than Conscience declared, “You are surely headed for trouble now.”

Redeemed did not feel like hearing anything from Conscience right then and snapped, “Why don’t you just be quiet. Sometimes I wish I hadn’t married you. You are always interfering with what I do.” Although the room was dark there was plenty of moonlight to show the hurt that crept into his wife’s eyes. Redeemed really didn’t think he meant what he said, but not knowing just what to say he sought to spend the remaining night hours in sleep.

## Chapter 5

The next morning it seemed that the sun was unusually bright. Redeemed had much trouble focusing on the plains and wondered if something was wrong with his eyes. He would really rather be watching Persecuted's house anyway, so the day was spent with his back against the wall, his eyes on Persecuted's house, and his mind on the troubles of the city.

Desire became a regular visitor to Redeemed's house, and much of the time was spent in discussing Persecuted; the influence that his unkept house was having on the morale of the city and what could be done about it.

Since the night of Desire's first visit and when Redeemed had spoken unkindly to Conscience, she had been very quiet and had little to say about what was taking place. In one way this brought peace to Redeemed and yet in his heart he knew it was not peace, but silence.

Redeemed realized that he was not as happy as he used to be. His interest in watching for the enemy was nearly gone and he was constantly in a turmoil over what could be done about the problems of the city. He didn't feel as innocent as before and the pleasure that he once had in thinking about the Commander had diminished. However, he decided that perhaps this misery was just a disadvantage of his job and he would have to bear all this for the common benefit of the city.

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

After many days of dwelling upon his troubles, Redeemed felt he could contain them no longer. One morning, after the pre-watch meeting when everyone else had gone on to their post of duty, Redeemed sidled over to the Commander and hesitantly inquired, “Commander, why is it Persecuted has the west wall all the time and I have to face the sun on the east wall?”

The Commander gazed at Redeemed with a look of sadness in His eyes and replied, “Redeemed, why do you question and concern yourself with what your fellow servant is doing. Just follow my commands for you. Have you not considered that Persecuted must face the sun in the evening when it goes down?” Redeemed really hadn’t thought of that and he wondered why Desire had failed to mention it, but still he was not satisfied.

Then came the night when a third visitor was introduced into Redeemed’s life. Desire appeared and with him was a companion whom he introduced as Aversion. From what Redeemed could determine he thought that Aversion looked like he was kin to Desire. Well he might have thought this, for Envy and Hate are not very distant in relationship.

As time progressed Aversion and Redeemed had some heart-to-heart talks. The day finally came when Redeemed had very little use for Persecuted. It seemed that something rankled inside of him every- time he saw Persecuted, his family, his house or anything belonging to him. If Redeemed had consulted the Commander, he would have been informed that his rankling was caused by a canker in his breast. Sad to say, Redeemed did not spend much time anymore talking with the Commander, unless he was trying to ferret out information that he could use against Persecuted.

Redeemed’s mind was many times focused on Persecuted rather than the Commander at the pre-watch meetings. However,

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

one morning something that the Commander said caught his attention. This is the exhortation that the Commander gave: “Men, in order to be good soldiers, you must be calm in the midst of the battle and have confidence in my leadership. One time I had a soldier who when just a boy, killed a bear and a lion. That was quite a feat for such a youth, but it was a type of training and preparation that I was putting him through.

‘Then one day a real test came. An enemy soldier who was a towering giant challenged my soldiers. All of my troops cowered back except this youth. He felt confident that my Spirit would be with him and that he would be victorious. As my soldier walked forth to the battlefield, the enemy made many abusive comments and mockingly described the harm he purposed to do. Neither was it idle boasting, for the giant was very capable of accomplishing everything he said. My soldier replied, ‘Let all know that the true Commander does not save by the sword and spear: for the battle is His and He will give you into my hands.’ This knowledge is what sustained him in the conflict. He knew that with my training and help he was ably prepared and he went forth in confidence and killed the enemy soldier. (Redeemed wondered at the Commander’s purpose in telling this. It surely must be for Persecuted’s benefit, he thought. Persecuted doesn’t seem to possess much courage. He would probably defect to the enemy at the first sign of battle.)

“This is a battle that all of you have enlisted in,” said the Commander, “but remember, you are not in this battle just for the sake of fighting. If you are, you might as well return to your homes. You are in this battle because you have a cause at heart; you seek a good retirement and wish to see righteousness prevail here and now. It is not hard for me to tell which of you have joined just for the fight, because you are constantly at odds with someone else. I will

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

not have anyone in my army who is a freelance fighter. You are not fighting your own little battle, but we are all in this together. I will not keep anyone in my employ who is fighting for the approval of men. These kind of people will fight for the enemy if they think it will bring the most praise.

“Above all, watch, stand fast in your confidence and belief in me, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your filings be done with love. Now go out and face the day at your post of duty with calmness. Don’t let the drudgery of the daily watch deceive you, for the enemy is there and we must be alert.”



## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL



## Chapter 6

Fortunately for Redeemed, he finally reached a point when his eyes were opened to the deception that he had been led into. It is to his credit that he was honest-hearted enough to recover for there are many who become completely entangled in the snare that the enemy has set for them. Though they may realize that things are not as they used to be, they are not honest enough to seek help.

We find Redeemed on this morning mounting the wall to begin his watch. He walked to his post of duty to relieve the night watchman and as was his usual custom asked how things went through the night. The watchman was leaning with his back against the wall and staring off into the city in a deep study. Redeemed's question penetrated the daze of the man, and he started forward in surprise. "Is it time to go off watch already?" he asked. "I must not have heard the bell."

"What were you thinking of?" inquired Redeemed.

"Oh, just something that I heard," he returned. With that he hurried off down the wall.

"I don't believe he'd known it if the enemy had come and taken the city," Redeemed grumbled to himself.

Toward mid-morning, as the sun was beaming hotly upon him, Redeemed left his post for a drink at the water station. On the way he was forced to step over the legs of three watchmen who had their backs to the wall and were gazing off into the city. "Exactly what is going on here?" Redeemed wondered. "No one is really

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

watching for the enemy.” This frightened him and he spent the rest of the day carefully guarding the plains.

Upon returning home that night Redeemed commented to his wife about the watchmen he had observed that day. Perhaps it was because Conscience detected some real concern in Redeemed, (for she had for some time been silent upon this subject) that she said, “Redeemed, you are guilty of the same thing.”

Redeemed started in surprise and asked, “How do you know?”

“Because,” she answered, “for some time now when I would pass the wall you would be looking off into the city. If you would be honest with yourself,” she continued, “you would admit that something is wrong here. It is really becoming quite evident. If the enemy can influence the watchmen to quit their post of duty and focus on the city, the enemy can make a major raid and catch us napping.”

Redeemed made no comment, for he was not quite ready to admit that he had been wrong in all of his thinking concerning Persecuted. At any rate, Conscience’s words stirred him deeply. He left the house and spent the rest of the evening walking the streets in deep meditation. Finally, as dusk settled in, he passed a wooded area which he entered. Throwing himself upon a fallen log he began to pray earnestly. He had reached a point where he no longer thought of anyone’s deficiencies but his own.

It did not take him long to decide that the proper thing to do would be to go to the Commander and make a full confession. He arose with purpose and set out. It would be unfair to say that he did not have any battle with the spirit of pride, but he gave no room for it, neither argued within himself about his decision.

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

When Redeemed turned up the path that led to the Commander's house, the moon was casting enough light for him to notice a familiar figure standing before him. It was almost as if his visit had been anticipated. As he approached, he detected a great tenderness in the Commander's eyes. Redeemed fell at His feet and the touch of a kind hand upon his shoulder sent a thrill through his body. Not a word had been spoken and yet something sweet passed from one spirit to the other.

Redeemed began pouring out his heart to the Commander, beginning with the first visit of Self-interest. There were so many happenings, and so much confusion in his own mind, that it was difficult to reconstruct it all.

After he had faltered through what he could explain, the Commander gently took up the narrative. "My son, let me tell you what has occurred. That first visitor was an enemy called Pride. Before Pride talked with you, you were innocent of your accomplishments in life. That is the way that I intend for all of my followers to be. Pride is a leaven that will work in your whole life. Once it starts, it poisons you throughout. It lifts you up above your companions, the ones you really need to stand by your side. Pride will ultimately lead you to hate both your companions and me.

"The enemy used Pride that you might be defeated yourself and also to cause havoc among your brethren. The enemy took advantage of your job and used it for his purpose. He had you watching on the wrong side of the wall. The things that you see on this side of the wall are domestic affairs. The things that you see on the other side of the wall are military affairs. I am the one who has founded this city and made it beautiful, and it is my duty, not yours, to maintain it. I have given you the job to make sure that no enemy comes to take the citizens away. This is a very important job. I do

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

not belittle the importance of domestic affairs, for one that is careless in domestic affairs will be careless in war. However, you cannot instill this carefulness into others as I can.

Here the Commander paused and began once more. “A man casts seed into the ground. He watches daily, waiting for the seed to spring up and grow. However, he doesn’t know how it will grow, for the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself. When I forgive a person of their wrongs and plant a seed of everlasting life in my Father’s Kingdom, it defies human understanding. It is like the wind that blows. We cannot grasp it nor contain it, and neither can a man literally take hold of my Spirit. Nor can he say who will have it or who will not, for it is given to whom I desire and it is not understood by man.

“As this seed grows, first just a blade will show above the ground. As the man watches over his garden he is anxious that it should grow and bring forth something that he can see, something tangible. He may be very tempted to grasp the blade and attempt to stretch it a little, but this is vain. He cannot force growth. He understands that the earth brings forth fruit of itself. After a while the plant will put on the ear. By this you can see that there are great possibilities for it. Then in time there is a maturing and full corn comes into the ear. This is the fruit that the planter desired for it to produce.

“Those who live in this city are the little plants that I speak of. It is my desire that they would grow and produce love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. These are the things that each individual must strive by my help to produce in their lives. But just as you cannot make the plant grow, neither can you make others produce these fruits. If you were to make Persecuted paint his house, it might still be messy on

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

the inside. This is where my part comes in. I know and understand all that is happening in this city, whereas you can only judge what takes place by what you see.

“I am sure that you recall the times that I have admonished the watchmen to judge not that you be not judged. Let me enlighten you regarding how this principle works. It is to your credit that you have come to me before an open confrontation between you and Persecuted took place. You had already found a cause against Persecuted, formed a dislike for everything concerning him, and began to work on the problem of how to make it a public issue. If you had not come to me tonight it would have been but a matter of a short time before you would have had a visitor whose true identity is Gossip. However, he often goes by the name of Concerned. Gossip would have influenced you to whisper your conclusions in the ears of your friends. It would not have stayed a secret for long for your friends would have spread it far and wide. Persecuted would have heard it and it would have become open talk. It would only be natural that Persecuted and others would have looked critically at your house and found it was not spotless. Persecuted may have had the grace not to openly contend it, but in his mind and in others you would not be without blemish. Always keep in mind that you cannot use your own judgment and come out of the situation clean.

“I am striving and doing all I can to present all of you someday to my Father as a blameless people and you must not interfere. I gave you a wife that was well-trained and also I have given you my Word and Spirit. These things should make you bear the fruit that I wish. As you bear fruit, I enjoin you to give my Word and be an example in domestic affairs and then leave the growing to me and them.

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

These words of truth pierced deeply into the heart of Redeemed. As the Commander lifted him to his feet, He assured him that all was forgiven. It seemed a great load was gone. Redeemed felt as he did before Pride appeared.

Wiping the tears from his eyes Redeemed said, “Truly those were words of great wisdom and I clearly see my place as a watchman, but what am I going to do about Pride, for I know he will surely return.”

“The Commander answered, “Since you have acknowledged your waywardness and received my forgiveness, you are in a position to do away with Pride.” With that he pulled from an inner garment a sword and handed it to Redeemed. It was a rather ugly weapon and nothing much to be desired. “Take this,” said the Commander, “for it is a trusty sword that will deliver you out of many difficulties. Its name is humility. It will not be long before Pride returns. Take this sword and my Word, and my Spirit will be with you. If you are determined, you can win the battle.”

“But what about Envy and Hate?” asked Redeemed. “If you will get rid of Pride, Envy and Hate will not return,” assured the Commander, and with those words ringing in his ears, Redeemed set off for home.

## Chapter 7

Redeemed turned homeward with gladness and relief in his heart and yet he felt a dread of what would surely transpire. He knew that he had reached a point where he must defeat Pride or remain his slave, perhaps forever.

Conscience met him at the door and he related the evening's happenings. She was greatly relieved at the course that he had taken, and gave him much encouragement for the task that lay ahead. "What are you going to do with Pride after you kill him?" she asked.

Redeemed's eyes lit up as he declared with relish, "I will invite all my friends over and describe my great victory. They will probably ask me to be a captain in the army because of my experience. Above all, I will exhibit to them the sword, humility, and let them know that no one else possesses one like it."

Conscience shook her head sadly and said, "I can see now that Pride has influenced you greatly."

"What?" questioned Redeemed. Then he was silent as a knowing look came into his eyes. "You are right," he said in a small voice. "When Pride is dead I will quietly bury his body and the only way anyone will know that he is dead is by observing my life."

It was late by this time and Redeemed hurried to prepare for Pride's visit. Not wanting to be caught unaware or sleeping, he did not retire to his bed but remained fully clothed and alert by the back fence.



## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL



## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

Toward midnight he heard a rustling outside the enclosure and sensed that someone was stealthily approaching. “How much trouble I would have avoided if I had been this alert and watchful the first night that Pride paid a visit,” Redeemed thought.

Sure enough, Pride was scaling the fence. He was easily identifiable to Redeemed since his talk with the Commander. Pride walked purposely to the bedroom window and peered in. Redeemed drew near and declared, “Here I am, Pride.”

Pride whirled about in surprise. “So you know my name,” he said. Then his eyes fell upon the sword that Redeemed held tightly in his grasp. “I see you have been to the Commander. No one else could have given you that sword but Him.” It seemed that the mere mention of the Commander brought fear into Pride’s eyes.

“You are right,” replied Redeemed, “and I have decided that this will be the end of you.”

“Now just a minute,” quivered Pride, “let’s not be so hasty about this. Just step aside and I will go back over the fence and leave you alone.

“No,” Redeemed answered, “I am going to conquer you tonight.”

When Redeemed spoke these words Pride seemed to fairly swell with passion. “Alright,” he said, “I’ll see if you mean what you say.” With that, Pride pulled a sword from beneath his cloak. Its appearance struck terror to Redeemed’s heart as Pride lunged suddenly toward him.

Pride seemed vicious and tireless in his attack. Redeemed was sorely tried, yet determination held him in the fight. Their struggles brought them up against a wall of the city that ran nearby

## THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

and which Redeemed had often heard the Commander refer to as the Wall of Salvation. Tired, bruised and bleeding, Redeemed leaned against it for support. Pride sensing Redeemed's great fatigue, and his own opportunity, gathered his strength and made a dash at Redeemed, intending to run him through with his sword. Just as the blade neared his breast, Redeemed groaned and in utter desperation prostrated himself on the ground. Although this was a humble act, it was the means by which victory over Pride became a reality to him. Pride's sword struck the wall forcefully where Redeemed's heart would have been if he had remained on his feet. A surprised expression appeared on Pride's face when he realized he could not remove it, so deeply was it embedded in the wall.

Redeemed lifted his eyes when he heard a frustrated bellow from Pride. Realizing what had happened, his courage revived and he leaped to his feet and dealt Pride a death blow, declaring of a truth, "My salvation is of the Lord."

Weary and greatly humbled, Redeemed disposed of Pride as he had promised Conscience. Making his way through the woods toward the house, he found Conscience waiting for him at the door. He fell into her arms with the realization that their life together would be much sweeter since he had made his peace with the Commander and destroyed Pride. With a genuine gratefulness for his deliverance, Redeemed purposed to guard more carefully his own heart and commit the citizens of the city completely into the care of the Commander.

**The End**









