

# Hearts of Love

*Tom & Debbie Tillman "to touch the world for Jesus Christ"*

*A free monthly publication of Hearts of Love Ministries.*

*Volume 26, Issue 03 © March, 2018*

## 25 More Years (at least)!

*Hearts of Love is a non-profit ministry, dedicated to spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ whenever and wherever we find open doors. Our first priority is to glorify God and lead whomever possible to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. Please pray for us faithfully. We need your prayer, and we appreciate it more than we could ever say. Please consider us an extension of your ministry in this world, and support us with your prayer as such.*

***May God richly  
bless you!***

*Tom & Debbie*

Last month's newsletter was about the 25th anniversary of Hearts of Love and our Radio Ministry.

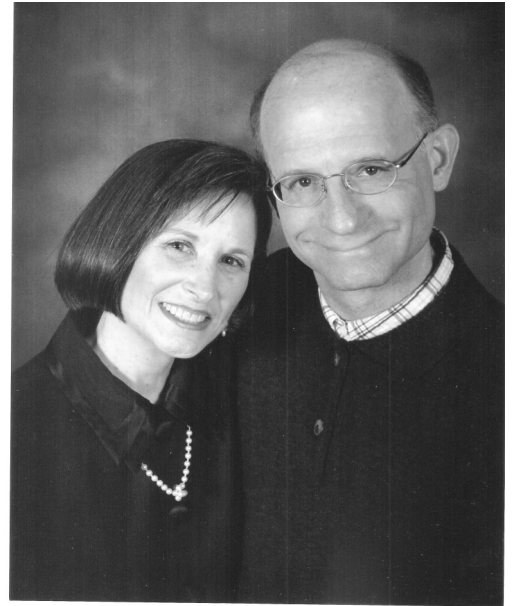
Just after I wrote it I went to the Doctor and discovered my PSA was elevated. PSA is the level of Prostate-Specific Antigen in the blood. It is the first indicator of Prostate Cancer in men. A level considered normal is 0 to 4.0 ng/ml. Mine was 6.8 ng/ml... higher than it should be. The next week I went to a Urologist who checked it again... this time with a 'full' PSA scan which is really two tests. In just that week my 'regular' PSA had gone up from 6.8 to 8.1, another 20% rise. A second test is the level 'free PSA.' It should be above 25%... mine was below 15.

Both readings were cause for concern and together indicated the need for a biopsy... oh goody! Not many things are more fun than that! Just ask anyone who's had one.

The results should have come back in two days. They didn't... not till the following Monday afternoon. That was a looong 5 days in addition to the previous 2 weeks.

Intellectually I understand that prostate cancer is common and treatable, especially if diagnosed early... but emotionally I am a child of the 50's... back when the word 'cancer' automatically meant 'painful death.'

Consequently, my mind and emotions did wander. What if!? What if I have cancer... what if I need surgery... what if I die... what if Debbie becomes a widow... what if she has to do Hearts of Love alone... what if our children and grandchildren lose their father and grandfather... who would finish taking care of



*He has committed to  
us the word of  
Reconciliation.*

*Therefore, we are  
Ambassadors for Christ.*

*2 Corinthians 5:19,20*

my mother... what if I have surgery and go downhill fast and become an old man... what if, what if, what if?

Or... what if I really do die... what is death like... what if I'm wrong about Heaven and Hell... or... what if I've been right about all of it but my life has been such that when I stand before the Lord I don't receive any crowns or eternal rewards... just a 3rd class angel who says, 'Yeah, well... since you're here, come on in... glad you're here, sort of... go over and stand in the corner until your little shack is ready and **don't! touch! anything!**' Some other guy had your shack for a while but he got bumped up a notch when we compared him to you.

Now, let's go back to what I was **really** thinking... I found myself caring more about other people's problems. Those who needed prayer... I began to feel their fear and worry... I began to feel what their loved ones were thinking and feeling. I began to mean it more when I prayed for them... their pain

and worry began to be real for me... but I didn't have pain or worry of my own.

I just happened to have been finishing up teaching on Revelation during this time... chapters 21 and 22... the New Heaven, New Earth and New Jerusalem... streets of clear gold, gates of pearl, walls of all kinds of precious stones... eternal rewards etc... I know what is coming and I'm really looking forward to it... I am not afraid of dying.

I don't have any kind of 'bucket list' to accomplish before I die. There is nothing I feel I have to do or accomplish before I leave Earth. There is nothing I care about seeing and no place I want to go. Everything of this World... even the very best of Earth is only a dim shadow of reality and the unimaginable wonders to come.

I realized that if I knew I was going to die soon, I wouldn't change my life at all... I'm good with standing before the Lord Jesus Christ just as

I am. My only hope of Salvation is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work on the Cross. Nothing I could ever do would make me more acceptable to God... I am completely accepted, loved and wanted because of Jesus Christ... because I am 'in Him.' His shed blood has covered all my sin... I am forgiven and loved.

But what if I *really do die*... what is death like? Here is what I think it would be like... here is what I am expecting if the Rapture doesn't happen before I die... I expect the physical death of a Christian, a true child of God, to be like the blink of an eye... a momentary loss of sight and in the next instant, when we open our eyes what we'll see will be like nothing we could have ever even imagined. The first thing we will see is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself... we will be in His arms... He will be holding us and smiling... and we'll be holding Him. We won't shrink back in fear or shame like we would if He appeared before us now while we are still in our sinful state. Then, in our glorified eternal bodies, we will have no sin, no shame, no fear... only pure joy and peace.

Beyond the Lord Jesus Christ, what we will see, hear, taste, touch and smell will be completely unimaginable now... the colors... the aromas... the sounds... the tastes and textures... no use trying to explain what I try to imagine because the reality will be so far beyond anything we can think.

I don't fear death or dying.

What about the things I would never get to do... what about retiring and growing old with Debbie...

How can I explain this... nothing on Earth could ever be as gratifying or

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fulfilling as having learned to and chosen to... love, honor and be satisfied with the wife of my youth, having her with me as we together seek, first and foremost, to ***finish well*** during whatever time we have remaining. Even if for no other reason, I fully expect the Lord Jesus Christ to welcome me and say, ***'Well done, good and faithful servant... you've been faithful in a few small things... I'll put you over many great things... enter into the joy of your Master,'*** because this one thing I learned and chose to do... to honor my parents and care for them as they were dying, to love and honor my wife and to then do my best to restore every other relationship... especially the ones I had harmed during the time when I was running from the Lord and His call on my life. It was a long 3 weeks. I fully expected the Doctor to call and tell me that I did, in fact, have cancer, even the more aggressive type.

But alas... it was not to be.

He finally called and said, 'I have good news... the biopsy did not show any cancer but it is important to understand... this only indicates that no cancer was found in the biopsy.' They take 12 small tissue samples from the prostate gland. Doing a biopsy is like

filling a swimming pool with dirt and hiding a tennis ball somewhere underneath. Then you take a stick and poke it down into the dirt 12 times. If you find the tennis ball... you've been really lucky but just because you didn't hit the tennis ball in 12 tries, doesn't mean that there for sure isn't a tennis ball down there somewhere.

He will check my PSA again in 3 months. If it is still elevated, we will do an MRI.

After we hung up I realized that I wasn't necessarily relieved. Nothing was different. I hadn't been worried and I hadn't been fearful so there was nothing to be relieved about. I called or texted everyone who needed to know. One person texted back saying, 'God is good,' and the first thing I thought was, 'God is always good.' Whether or not I have cancer, God is good and He is always accomplishing everything that concerns me for my best. If I had cancer, it would not indicate that I wasn't in the center of His will. He is always in complete control and He is accomplishing His will completely and perfectly at all times and in every circumstance.

One last thought... I do admit, I would not have been near so calm and unfazed if it had been Debbie about whom we were wondering concerning cancer.

Right before all this happened, I had just finished a song. It was a real comfort and encouragement to me through this time. Perhaps it will be to you also...

***You are my hiding place, shelter in the storm... kept in Your embrace, You are my home. I am weak and afraid.***

***Darkness surrounds me, worries confound me, still I will trust in You.***

***You bid me come, Your secret place, You're always waiting... as if I'm the only one, into Your arms I run.***

***I'm a child of God and Your eyes are on me; You're with me everywhere I go. You have plans for me, I cannot see, plans for eternity.***

***Life everlasting, loved and chosen, before creation. You'll never leave me, always keep me. I am Your own.***

***Living forever with You. Life everlasting, Kingdom expanding.***

***Reigning forever with You, forever is a long, long time.***

***Forever I will seek Your face. Forever in Your secret place. Forever I will be with You, Forever is a long, long time.***

***You can touch the World for Jesus Christ... Please partner with us in these last days.***  
***The Harvest is Great, but the laborers are few.*** Matt 9:38

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