

Never alone

“Now there was a rich man, and he habitually dressed in purple and fine linen, enjoying himself in splendor every day. And a poor man named Lazarus was laid at his gate, covered with sores, and longing to be fed from the scraps which fell from the rich man’s table; not only that, the dogs also were coming and licking his sores. Now it happened that the poor man died and was carried away by the angels to Abraham’s arms; and the rich man also died and was buried.”

Luke 16:19-22 (NASB)

“...and He knelt down and began to pray, saying,
‘Father, if You are willing, remove this cup from Me;
yet not My will, but Yours be done.’

Now an angel from heaven appeared to Him, strengthening Him.

Luke 22:42-43 (NASB)

None of us have ever died before, thus we cannot speak from experience concerning what it is like to die.

Therefore, when the topic of death and dying come up in conversation, we feel an urge to change the subject.

When we hear stories of people dying alone, we find ourselves very distressed for the person. However, we need to read Luke 16 and Luke 22, where both the sheep and his Good Shepherd had angels come to them in their final hour before death.

In the case of our Lord, we are told that the angel was “strengthening Him”.

Then, as we read all the scenes of the Saviour following the angelic visit—up to and including the Saviour dismissing His spirit—our Lord takes captive His captors and dominates every scene.

How unspeakable magnificent He is, that in His apparently weakest

moment He is gloriously sovereign!

Rest assured fearful child of God that you are never alone.

Even in death’s darkest hour angels will gently and lovingly strengthen you to leave behind all your sorrows and escort you from this valley of tears right into your heavenly Father’s throne room.

There all tears shall be gently wiped from your eyes and you will know joy abundant.

Our Redeemer was abandoned on the cross so that His people would never be alone—even in the hour of death.

So be encouraged child of God, you shall have ministering angels by your side to strengthen you to meet every situation in life until finally they gather you up gently to carry you safely into the Celestial City.

’Tis midnight, and on Olive’s brow
The star is dimmed

that lately shone;
’Tis midnight in the garden now,
The suff’ring Savior prays alone.

’Tis midnight,
and from all removed,
The Savior wrestles
lone with fears—
E’en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master’s
grief and tears.

’Tis midnight,
and for other’s guilt
The Man of Sorrows
weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

’Tis midnight,
and from ether-plains
Is borne the song
that angels know
Unheard by mortals
are the strains
That sweetly soothe
the Savior’s woe.

- W.B.Tappen

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