



Monday Matters

June 30, 2014

Rescue the Pershing

A couple of years ago Linda and I visited a horse farm in Georgetown, Kentucky, just

outside of Lexington. It wasn't the normal horse farms one would see scattered around the Bluegrass area. The name of the farm is Old Friends. It is a non-profit thoroughbred retirement center that takes in horses that are no longer racing and appear to be at risk.



Popcorn Deelites

Ferdinand, winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1986, entered stud three years later and then sold to a breeding farm in 1994. In 2002 Ferdinand was sent to slaughter with no fanfare. As a result, one year later Old Friends Farm was started to help rescue such horses. Today the farm is home to over 100 horses that would be at risk of being slaughtered if it was not for this farm.

When I first started college in Chicago, it seemed that two or three Friday evenings each month a group of students would pile into their cars and head off to Madison Ave. where most of the

skid row missions existed. Their purpose was to hold services for those men and women who lived on the streets and help rescue those perishing. The students would lead worship, tell their story of God's transforming power and give a sermon. At the end of the service the men and women were invited to come forward and be rescued from their wayward ways.



I am reminded of the song Rescue the Perishing written by Fanny Crosby **Listen to the song by clicking on the picture below.** Even though Miss Crosby was blind, she was always witnessing about Christ to anyone who would listen; she tried every week to visit the Bowery Mission in New York City, to witness to the lost and homeless. One night at the Bowery she wrote the hymn "Rescue the Perishing," following an experience that she had. This is her account of that experience.

"I remember writing the hymn in 1869. It was written following a personal experience at the New York City Bowery Mission. I usually tried to get to the mission at least one night a week to talk to 'my boys.' I was addressing a large company of working men one hot summer evening, when the thought kept forcing itself on my mind that some mother's boy must be rescued that night or he might be eternally lost. So, I made a pressing plea that if there was a boy present who had wandered from his mother's home and teachings he should come to me at the end of the service. A young man of eighteen came forward and said, "Did you mean me Miss Crosby? I promised my mother to meet her in heaven, but as I am now living that will be impossible." We prayed for him and suddenly he arose with a new light in his eyes, "Now I am ready to meet my mother in heaven for I have found God."



Rescue the Perishing
Marshall Hall and Friends

Rescuing the lost, the perishing, should be the primary purpose of everybody that knows Christ and certainly every church. When we went to the missions in Chicago we encountered people who wanted to be rescued and we would pray with them. Some of the people had had a better life in the past just like those racing thoroughbreds. Others had virtually grown up on the streets and knew nothing better. The good news is that Jesus didn't come for only a certain group of people. He came to rescue anyone who would receive Him. He didn't have a limited area like the 92 acre farm for thoroughbreds. He came to rescue all those who are perishing, He came for each one of us.

The words of the chorus are: ***Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.*** Let us be in the rescuing business.



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