



Gary Wadding

Veteran's Day doesn't receive the attention of some other holidays although there are still small gatherings here and there. Sadly, most of the people who attend these events are veterans themselves, or widows of veterans. They remember one another, but not many others give them a thought.

On July 4, a friend invited me to be his guest at the NASCAR races in Daytona. Wayne happened to be a former driver, so he knew a lot about the prerace activities. He took me to an area with long lines of fans waiting to get an autograph from the various drivers. We also noticed four men sitting nearby at tables just like the drivers, but with only a couple of people around them. We approached, discovered who they were, and never went to back to the drivers again. For this 4th of July race, NASCAR brought four Congressional Medal of Honor recipients to be part of the festivities. Wayne and I are both Vietnam veterans, as were these four men. We missed the driver autographs, but were felt personally honored to spend our time with four modern day heroes instead. We talked about shared experiences, memories, etc. We thanked them for their actions which saved the lives of so many people. It could have been our lives, and we knew it. Wayne and I had a great time, but I wish more people understood who were the real heroes at that event.

Just as these brave men were ignored by the vast majority of people at Daytona, many men and women are coming home from military service today with little fanfare because they arrive in small groups while the war still goes on. Please do everything in your power to seek out these wonderful people and express your appreciation to them in some way, even a simple "Thank you". It will mean more to them than you might expect. To all of you veterans, thank you for your willingness to stand up for freedom in our nation and in others. You are all heroes to me. God bless you.

When I was a kid Veterans Day was called Armistice Day. It celebrated the end of WWI on Nov 11, 1918. Obscure historical records reveal a very tragic element of that armistice. After three days of deliberations, the armistice papers were signed in a railway car at Compeigne, France at 5:05am, Nov 11; but they couldn't just declare that the war ended that very minute. The news couldn't be transmitted across Europe that quickly. They didn't have high tech communications like we have today, so the war continued for six more hours. During that period, many young soldiers lost their lives needlessly. At 11 am, one man stood up in celebration, only to be shot dead

# GOD'S HIGHWAY

because the others hadn't heard the news. He died because although leaders wanted to get the news out, but they couldn't do it quickly enough.

If the mothers and fathers of these young men could have done so, they would have run across all of Europe and given their own lives to carry the word to every fighting unit in every army, the news that the war was over and nobody needed to die.

As a Christian, the parallel for me today is obvious. Jesus Christ has defeated Satan, death and Hell on the cross of Calvary. Nobody needs to go to Hell again; but the word has to get out so people can sign up for this great salvation. Somebody has to carry the news to those in danger. That's the reason CMA exists.

As Christians, our spiritual exercises can become an end in themselves. People can be members of the finest church in the land, and enjoy themselves, forgetting that churches exist to reach out with the gospel to those who don't have eternal life in Jesus Christ, the greatest Hero who ever lived. People can attend church meetings and rallies regularly, and forget the reason for meeting. It is so we can channel all of our energy to take the Good News to all before one more person stands up in ignorance, and falls dead, killed when he could have had eternal life. Nobody has taken the Good News to them and they are dying for lack of a messenger.

I was born on Armistice Day, when I was born the first time. I was born again spiritually when a faithful man of God, a hero, brought me the Good News. I'm so glad that he was faithful. I want to be called faithful too. I want to bring you this exciting news of Jesus' offer of salvation, as we ride together down God's Highway. Freedom isn't free, and neither is Salvation. Both came at the expense of a Hero.

