

I've never felt so useless in my life. Bent over at the bedside of a 19 year old, he began to tell me his story. As with most stories told in the hospital, his was not a happy one. He told me he grew up in a 'Christian home,' but then abruptly, he told me, "My father died when I was 16." As he went on telling me his story, I began to weep. Not willing to allow himself the same reaction, he began to rip out his facial hair until he began to bleed.

He had been brought to the hospital after passing out and was awaiting open-heart surgery. What I saw in him that day terrified me. It was a picture like I had never seen before, a living picture of Josiah Grauman without Christ. Without exception, everything he told me that day was me, save one thing, the hope of glory. May God continue to humble me in showing me where I would be without His grace, how unworthy I am of it, and how daily I am indebted more to it.

Unfortunately, his story gets worse. I knelt down beside his bed and began to tell him my story, recounting to him the manifold comforts that God has bestowed upon me. II Cor. 1:4 states that it is for this very reason that God comforts us, so that we will be able to give that same comfort to those in our same circumstances. If there was ever a person whom I would be able to comfort, to relate to, to understand, and meet at their level, it was this man. Yet the moment I began to share with him, with tears, the good news of Jesus Christ, I learned a valuable lesson. I am useless, or incapable, to give true comfort on my own. He asked me to leave, and left himself later that day AMA (against medical advice) without the surgery that he needed. I have not heard from him since. May God be merciful to his soul.

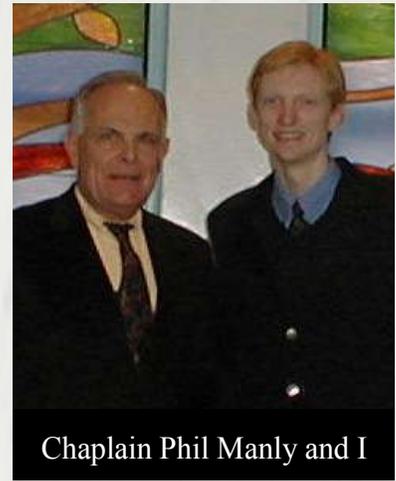
I write to you, dear friend, because I work with many people every day just like this man, who are in desperate need of God's grace. I beg your prayers, for me and for them. For me, that God would give me the grace to be a faithful witness to that precious Gospel which has inherent power to save anyone who believes and to comfort those who already do. Also pray for them, that the Holy Spirit would work within their souls to use the message spoken by His servant to be effective.

To Him be the glory forever,

Josiah

Not all hospital stories are this sad. God has often been pleased, by His mercy, to encourage the brethren and save souls from sin, and by His grace your servant will joyfully recount them to you. In fact, the next day, a Spanish speaking man called for me with this question, "I'm afraid I'm going to die, and I want to ask God for forgiveness, but I don't know how, can you help me?" God was indeed gracious to his humble request.

If you would like to remain on this mailing list or become more involved in His ministry, please either email me: [josiah@grauman.com](mailto:josiah@grauman.com), or simply drop the reply post-card in the mail. I would be delighted to hear from you.



Chaplain Phil Manly and I

By the grace of God, and a little mercy from the faculty at The Master's College (missing much class due to open-heart surgery, I certainly needed it!), I graduated May 2002 with a degree in Bible. Although I desired to immediately begin working as a hospital chaplain, learning Spanish was a greater necessity.

After two months in Mexico and a few months with the Rios family, a Hispanic family I lived with in LA, it was time...or so I thought. The day before I would have begun seminary and working full time at the hospital, I was hospitalized due to a leg injury and left incapable of working for six months. (I was able to finish some seminary courses by correspondence while immobilized and am currently taking classes again).

In God's perfect timing, Phil Manly's prayers were finally answered as I began full time at LAC-USC Med.Center (General Hospital) July of 2003. Chap. Manly has been serving at LAC for 31 years as a faithful minister of God, and it is my great delight to be working along side of him.