

The Gospel Unashamed

"From the cowardice that shrinks from new truth, from the laziness that is content with half-truths, from the arrogance that thinks it knows all truth, O, God of Truth, deliver us."

A Controversial Newsletter "The Printed Voice of Summit Theological Seminary"

~ All articles are written by Terry Carter unless otherwise stated ~

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Terry Carter, Editor

"Weep Not for Me."

-- by Brenda Barker

She made her way into the quiet room, noticing her friend resting in the hospital bed on his side, which had been set up by the comfort care group.

Family and friends took turns staying with him, yet that day for 2 hours she needed to sit until another arrived. His legs were somewhat drawn and as she quietly drew closer, he halfway opened his eyes. He drifted in and out of sleep, so she took a seat on the wooden chair at the end of the bed to keep a watch in case he awoke and would need attending.

After a while she noticed his feet had become dry due to dehydration, so she arose and took the bottle of lotion setting over on a side table. Taking a portion of it in her hand, she began to rub it on his feet.

As she did so, she remembered the passage in Scripture of Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, who anointed Jesus' feet after their meal.

She smiled thinking of the similarity. Mary was a friend of Jesus who ministered to Him during His ministry. This woman, too, was this man's friend and ministered to him during his ministry.

Then her hand froze as she completed the passage in her mind and realized what Jesus replied to those who had rebuked Mary for anointing His feet. It struck a chord

in her heart for Jesus had said that **she was doing it for His burial.**

Immediately, tears began to fall as she looked at her friend and knew that he was not far from leaving this earthly life and she, too, was preparing her friend for his burial. Noticing that some of her tears had fallen upon his feet, she quickly wiped them away.

Jesus had made a significant impact on Mary, Martha, and Lazarus' lives and Mary was showing her appreciation in return. It was an act that Jesus never rebuked her for, nor had us forget.

I am the woman in the beginning of this story and the older man was my boss, mentor, and best of friend, George L. Faull. Now I do not wish to represent George as Jesus or myself as Mary but simply sharing the scene that my mind envisioned at that time.

George made a huge impact on my life and other people's lives in so many ways. Spiritually, emotionally, financially. He was a listener, a teacher, motivator, brother, father, lover of the Gospel and God's Word, and of people.

His integrity was steadfast, he cared about people's souls, and he himself was a happy soul who loved and enjoyed life with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face. We thought of him as a modern-day Tom Sawyer.

His generosity was one that many did not know about unless you were

the recipient of it, and then he did not want it told. He was just pleased to help others in need or to further God's work. He was thrilled when he knew he was able to make a difference.

George had many talents for which God used him. He planted churches, was a great preacher and teacher of God's Word, began a prison ministry, started Summit Theological Seminary, wrote many commentaries, created tracts, postcards, flyers, brochures, PowerPoints, articles, business cards, charts, recordings on CD's, cassette tapes, VHS's, DVD's, MP3's, and so much more. He is still with us in his material, literature and is in every fiber of many congregations, meetings, homes, camps, and here at Summit.

He never wanted glamorous or expensive things that were showy, and he loved the beauty of God's world around him.

One evening I remember seeing him sitting outside his office in a folding lawn chair watching the sky with delight as it was preparing for a storm. Lightning would periodically flash and scatter across the canvas in the sky and after a large flash of shattered lightning he excitedly exclaimed, "Wow, *no display of man's fireworks can match the lightshow God's giving us tonight.*" Once again, giving glory to the Lord.

He enjoyed the character of older model cars, getting a good bargain, fishing, fried chicken, ice cream, old

time radio songs, classic westerns, telling his many jokes and puns, and going to flea markets.

He dreamed of one day having a small log cabin on a private pond or lake. But he mainly loved meeting new people and often found ways in restaurants or stores to share the knowledge of the Lord or answer Bible questions in some manner, even if illustrating on a napkin.

He was never afraid of preaching the Word, no matter the subject. George told me, *“Why should I be afraid to preach the Word? If God said it, then tell it.”* Yet he did it in love and respect trying to guide people to a better Spiritual walk for Christ.

George made requests not to have his name used on buildings as he did not wish to have attention drawn to him – it was always about drawing people to the Lord and the work at Summit, not himself.

In his last 2 weeks, several people took turns ministering to George as his needs began to grow in more demand due to his lack of strength, eating, and swallowing. He never gave up, though, still wanting to “get up”, but not having the stamina to remain sitting, yet his kidney function continued to decline.

I will remember that day at George’s feet and wondered how Mary must have felt. It did not hit home with me until I quoted in my mind the passage and what I was doing for George was also preparing him for his burial.

Never had a passage of Scripture come so close to hitting home, except again, George was not Jesus and I was not Mary, whom the apostles rebuked.

It would be just 2 weeks later that Mr. Faull was called from this life at 3:30 a.m. on the Wednesday morning of February 24th, 2021 with his son, Todd Faull, by his side.

The loss we feel is great and my mind goes back to the time of Jesus

after His death and what great heartache it must have been for those who knew and loved Him. Jesus had made such a difference in their lives and now He had departed.

Although the Lord was gone, He had trained and prepared several to take the baton and carry on with the work to be done. Jesus made an impact on lives.

George Faull, too, has taught, trained, and prepared many along the way and now it is our turn to take that baton and keep running the race with patience for the Kingdom’s sake.



I will remember what George told me during his wait for the Lord to take him when I became saddened that he would not be with us much longer. He quoted from the passage in **Luke 23** and what Jesus told the people and women as He made His way to His impending death: *“Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children...”*

Yes, weeping is part of our healing and although we will mourn for a time, we know that George was faithful until his last breath. This brings us comfort and why we do not weep for him but rejoice in his graduation!

Info Preceding His Passing:

January 13th, 2021 Brother Faull found an orange sized lump on the left side of his neck/shoulder. His local Dr. had a CT scan done which he then referred him to his oncologist.

On January 25th, 2021, his oncologist set up appointments to have a biopsy on the lump, PET scan to see

at what stage his multiple myeloma was, and lab work. George received a call that afternoon from his oncologist who wanted to admit him immediately into the hospital as his bloodwork revealed he was in the renal (kidney) failure stage.

George made the decision to remain home as he did not want dialysis for treatment. He knew if he went to the hospital or a nursing home, he would be isolated as a covid patient and unable to see family or friends.

He was in good spirits, had set his house in order and stayed mainly in his apartment. His left shoulder and neck sometimes gave him pain and he had been tiring easily but received visits when he had the strength.

He appreciated the thoughtfulness of everyone who poured out their hearts in emails, cards, visits, and phone calls. He did his best to contact people to tell them he loved them and to give them his good-byes. He was ready to go to the Lord as he said to several pointing to his fireplace mantle, *“I’m dying... but I have all my ducks in a row”!*



**In Loving Memory of
George L. Faull – 80 Years Old
April 3rd, 1940–February 24th, 2021**

