

It was about 12:00 p.m. on August 15, 1933.  
On a rainy day at the entrance of the  
the railroad cars and a man of power and  
for money. He was a leading capitalist  
business, with a large and powerful  
and political. But only he had been  
a special adviser to the President, and  
of the chief men in the White House, with a  
reputation for unscrupulous business.

### PRIDE

At that moment, however, his face was  
in his hands, for he was looking forward  
against the coming storm, and he was weeping  
unconsciously. It was not that he had lost  
a member of his family; it was not that his  
business was in ruins; it was not that he  
had been rejected; it was not that he had  
contracted an insupportable disease.

### P.F. JENSEN

The reason for this was that for  
the first time he had understood what he was  
really like, and for the first time he had  
taken a step towards God. The man was Christian  
again, though he had not been in the water  
before.

That evening he had come to the home of a  
friend, Mrs. Phillips. Phillips had recently  
become a Christian, and Jensen had sensed a  
great change in him. He wanted to know more.

### "THE CHRISTIAN FAITH"

The Phillips knew where to begin with Jensen.  
He read him a chapter from C.S. Lewis' famous  
little book "Mere Christianity" on trials.  
It is a book, says Lewis, which has been the  
chief cause of misery in every nation and  
every family since the world began. Other

It was about 10.00 p.m. on August 12th 1973. On a country road at the outskirts of Boston, in a parked car, sat a man of power and influence. He was a leading Washington lawyer, with a long and successful career in law and politics. Until recently he had been a special adviser to the President, and one of the chief men in the White House, with a reputation for unscrupulous toughness.

At that moment, however, his face was cupped in his hands, his head was leaning forward against the steering wheel, and he was weeping uncontrollably. It was not that he had lost a member of his family; it was not that his finances were in ruins; it was not that he had been rejected; it was not that he had contracted an incurable disease.

The reason for this deep emotion was that for the first time he had understood what he was really like, and for the first time he had taken a step towards God. The man was Charles Colson, infamous for his part in the Water-gate scandal.

That evening he had gone to the home of a friend, Tom Phillips. Phillips had recently become a Christian, and Colson had sensed a great change in him. He wanted to know more.

Tom Phillips knew where to begin with Colson. He read him a chapter from C.S. Lewis' famous little book Mere Christianity on Pride. '... it is Pride', says Lewis, 'which has been the chief cause of misery in every nation and every family since the world began. Other

vices may sometimes bring people together: you may find good fellowship and jokes and friendliness among drunken people or unchaste people. But Pride always means enmity - it is enmity. And not only enmity between man and man, but enmity to God.

'In God you come up against something which is in every respect immeasurably superior to yourself. Unless you know God as that - and, therefore, know yourself as nothing in comparison - you do not know God at all. As long as you are proud you cannot know God. A proud man is always looking down on things and people: and, of course, as long as you are looking down, you cannot see something that is above you.'

As Colson heard these words he was thunderstruck. His life and his values began to flash before him. 'Now, sitting there on the dimly lit porch,' he writes in his book Born Again, 'my self-centred past was washing over me in waves. It was painful. Agony. Desperately I tried to defend myself. What about my sacrifices for government service, the giving up of a big income, putting my stocks into a blind trust? The truth, I saw in an instant, was that I'd wanted the position in the White House more than I'd wanted money. There was no sacrifice. And the more I had talked about my own sacrifices, the more I was really trying to build myself up in the eyes of others. I would eagerly have given up everything I'd ever earned to prove myself at the mountaintop of government. It was pride - Lewis's "great sin" - that had propelled me through life ...'

He goes on: 'Of course I had not known God. How could I? I had been concerned with myself. I had done this and that, I had achieved, I had succeeded and I had given God none of the credit, never once thanking Him for any of his gifts to me. I had never thought of anything being "immeasurably superior" to myself, or if I had in fleeting moments thought about the infinite power of God, I had not related Him to my life. In those brief moments while Tom read, I saw myself as I never had before. And the picture was ugly.'



It was just after leaving Tom Phillip's house that Colson had to stop the car while he wept. And yet, strangely, these were not merely tears of remorse. The puncturing of his bloated pride was, he found, the way to God, and thus joy unspeakable. He cried tears of sorrow and joy. The chief purpose of your life is to know God; what holds most people back is what held Colson: that they do not even begin to know themselves.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH  
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