

# One Nation Under God - Walk Across America

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## The Bottle

By Jim Shaner

There were two brothers who lived about two hundred miles apart from each other. One brother was poor and lived alone in a cabin on a mountain without a telephone. The younger brother lived alone in a modest house in suburbia, had a modest car and made a modest income as a handyman. One day, the younger brother received a letter that his brother was very sick and needed a very costly medicine to survive. Upon reading the letter, the man set out to buy the medicine for his brother, who had no health insurance. The medicine came in a small black bottle with ten doses. His brother only needed one dose to survive, but the man could not buy just one dose separately. In order to purchase the medicine, he had to sell his house, his car and most of his belongings.

Then the man with very little cash, food or water set out on foot to his brother's cabin. During the afternoon of the first day, he spotted a very ill man sitting on a park bench. After inquiring about the man's illness, he learned that the man had the same disease that his brother has. Therefore, he asked the ailing man to reach in his backpack and take one dose of the medicine. The man carefully pours the medicine in a small measuring cup that came with the dark colored bottle and then drank from the cup. The medicine instantly healed the man. They rejoiced together and then the cured man took him to his house and made a delicious meal, which they both shared. Then the younger brother set out again to reach his older brother. That night while sleeping under a tree, the younger brother encouraged by what he saw, just hoped that he would reach his brother in time.



On the second day, several people along the way upon hearing the brother's story gave him water and food. In the afternoon, a woman who was also ill with the same disease was barely walking along the road. Again, the younger brother allowed the woman to take a drink of the medicine and again healing took place instantly. This time the woman gave him a sum of money that permitted him to stay at a motel that night.

The scenario repeated itself each day as the man journeyed towards his brother's cabin. As the man walked through the countryside, over hills and in valleys always during the afternoon, he would see an ailing person with same sickness. Some of the people were children; some were elderly; some were rich and some were poor. They received total healing, and people provided food, water and shelter for the night for the traveler each day. During the afternoon of the ninth day, a large hill loomed ahead with the roadway winding its way over the crest. At the base of the hill, there was one more person that required healing. After the medicine cured the man, the man told the voyager that he should not walk up the

winding road over the hill. There was an abandoned railroad tunnel through the hill. "Take the tunnel. It will make your way straight. Upon reaching, the other side there will be a house on your right. They will put you up for the night," informed the man to the traveler.

The next morning, the younger brother from the bedroom window could see the mountain where his brother's cabin was located. After eating a hearty breakfast, he set out again, this time with a bounce to his steps. At the base of the mountain, he noticed two children, a boy and a girl, crying on a porch of a small white-framed house. Then he questioned the children why were they crying. The girl answered that their aunt, who was in the house, was dying. As the man entered into the house, the loathsome smell of death permeated the air. The woman lied in a fetal position on a bed. Her hair was matted and eyes were a milky white. Her skin was pale except for her limbs covered with boils. "We heard stories of how your bottle can heal people. Please save our aunt," the little girl cried.

Now there was a dilemma. The man could give the final dose of medicine to the woman, who had numerous diseases and let his brother die; or he could leave and heal his brother and if his brother had already succumbed to the disease, he could hope to return to bottom of the mountain to heal the woman. For the first time in years, he took the backpack off, knelt, closed his eyes and prayed. "Lord, show me what to do."

When he opened his eyes, he saw that the little girl had taken the bottle out of his backpack, poured a cup of medicine and before he could prevent her, she poured it into the mouth of her dying aunt. This time there was no instantaneous cure and the man began to weep. Then the man noticed a change in the air. The aroma of flowers replaced the smell of death. The woman's hair became flowing. Her cheeks became a rose color. Two beautiful blue eyes replaced the two milky white orbs. The boils on her arms and legs quickly vanished. The healed woman stood, smiled at the man. As she placed the bottle into his backpack and told him, "Go quickly and heal your brother. He needs you."

The man left and tried to hurry up the mountainside. Questions crammed his mind. Is my brother still alive? Is there any medicine left in the bottle? Will half a dose or just a teaspoon of medicine heal my brother? By the time his brother's cabin came into view, his stomach was turning. He saw his brother's face through a dirty windowpane, before opening the front door. Tears began flowing down both their faces by the time he stepped inside the cabin. "It's good to see you again, bro," the older brother declared.

"Yes, it's good to see you too," the younger brother answered as he removed the backpack and sat it on the wooden table by the chair which his brother sat. "In my pack, I have a bottle which has a little bit of medicine. Please take the last of it. It may heal you."

The weakened man slowly opened the flap of the backpack and pulled out the black bottle. To the younger brother's amazement, his brother poured the medication into measuring cup, completely filling the cup. Soon shouts of joy filled the air and echoed into the valley below. The totally healed brother danced with an unspeakable joy. Before they shared a meal together, the older brother placed the bottle into his brother's backpack.

As the news of the man's healing traveled up and the down the valley, everyone rejoiced and a feast was proclaimed. The next day most of the people of

the valley including the healed woman went up to man's cabin with food, gifts and musical instruments. A good old time fashioned party ensued with square dancing to a dance caller and a team of fiddlers. As the party was winding down, the younger brother spotted the healed woman. "May I please have a word with you in private?" he questioned.

"Yes, you may. Follow me," she replied. The she lead him up a narrow path to a large rock outcropping that overlooked the valley below. As she sat on the rock that was higher than they were, she motioned to him to sit and said, "Have a seat. I believe that this might take a spell. What do you want to know?"

During the afternoon, the man wondered why the party was for his brother and not for this woman who was also healed. Therefore, he carefully stated his question. "Why does everybody love my brother so much?"

Her eyes sparkled as she answered, "Your brother is a very good man and helps everybody. If there were a leaking roof in the valley, he would mend it. If a calf were sick, he would nurse it back to health. For the last two years, I was blind. Before he took ill, he would come to read to me for an hour each day. That's the kind of man that your brother is."

"There is one more question. The medication is only supposed to cure only one disease. You were blind and apparently had other problems, but you were totally healed. I don't understand."

"You underestimate the power of prayer. Two weeks ago, the doctors said that I had very little time to live. Although I was blind, my hearing was very acute. Most people assumed that it was my time to die except my niece and nephew. I would hear them on my porch praying for God to heal me. Then they heard that there was a man, who had a bottle that could heal people, was coming this way. They waited for you outside. God also heard your prayer, 'Lord, show me what to do.'"

"How can that be? I did not have time to do anything. Your niece did what I should have done."

"No, she showed you what you can still do."

"How can that be? The bottle has to be empty."

"Is it? Let's go back to the cabin."

He noticed that her smiling face was radiant as he reached for her hand to help her stand. They held hands along the path back to the cabin without talking. As they reached the cabin, his brother was thanking a couple for their kindness after most of the valley people had left. He opened the door of the cabin for her and they both entered. She noticed his backpack in a corner of the room. "Take out the bottle and open it," she directed him.

He opened the flap and gently lifted the bottle. After exhaling a deep breath, he deliberated turned the cap and removed it. "It's full. How can that be?" he questioned.

"Your bottle is incredible. It can heal more than just diseases. It has so much power, more power than you can understand. It's getting dark; I have to leave, now. Please come see me tomorrow."

"Yes, I will," he responded.

That night as he lay on a couch to sleep, he kept thinking about her. He realized that he was falling in love with that beautiful but mysterious woman in the valley below. After having lunch with his brother, he quickly walked down the

mountain, picking flowers as he went. Upon reaching her house, he knocked on her door, and when she opened it, he handed her a bouquet of wild flowers and then kissed her on the cheek.

“Thank you. What did I do to deserve this?” she responded as she placed the flowers into a vase and then took one flower and inserted it into her hair.

“You made me think that there is more in life than just a day to day existence.”

She smiled and said, “You make me feel the same way even though we just met. There is more you need to know about me. Four years ago, I was engaged to be married to a very wonderful man. Two days before the wedding day, he was killed in a farming accident. I became very scornful, mad at the world. Though others tried to help, I withdrew into a shell. Except for my niece and nephew, I was afraid to show love. When I became blind, I heard others say that it was God’s judgment on me. Your brother was one of the few, whom I allowed to help me. He was always kind to me even though I was not always nice to him. Now I met you; I feel I can love again. Thank you.”

“Perhaps the bottle can heal more than diseases. Perhaps it can heal the brokenhearted.”

“I know it can. I love you.”

Two week later, they were married in a small white frame church in the valley. The older brother was the best man. The nephew was the ring bearer, the niece was the flower girl and the whole valley attended. After the wedding, the newly married couple left with the groom wearing a backpack with a black bottle inside. The bride with a single flower in her hair held his hand as they walked down the road out of the valley. There were many people in the land including the broken hearted, who needed healing. Therefore, they went.

In his story, the bottle signifies the Bible, the Word of God, a wellspring of living waters that never goes dry. The bride signifies the many of the world who are hurting and need the healing touch from our Lord. God has given us all a mission to reach the lost and hurting. As with the younger brother, some of us need to be led to *the rock that is higher than I*, to find our mission.

Jesus asked people to come to him. Then He told the same people to go. Today in America, we go. We go to work. We go to the mall. We go to the movies and we go to church. We go in cars traveling 15 to 75 miles per hour. We seldom notice the people whom we pass by. Perhaps, just perhaps, we should take the time to walk through our neighborhoods, our towns, and our cities. Perhaps then, we Christians would hear the voice of the lost, the needy and the broken hearted.

This is dedicated to Rick and Jane McKinney of Harrison, Ohio, Walk to Reclaim America. Presently, they are prayer walking from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C.

To learn more about the One Nation Under God –Walk Across America, go to our web site, [www.walkacrossamerica.info](http://www.walkacrossamerica.info).

God bless,  
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Total miles walked of the American Discovery Trail - 613 miles  
Number of prayer walkers - 52 prayer walkers  
Number of people praying for America - 42,916 prayer warriors