

Peter Marshall though not well known, was the U.S. Senate Chaplain from 1946-48 during the presidency of Harry Truman. He died a sudden death in 1949, when he was still in his forties. He was born in Scotland and was known for his passionate preaching and deep conviction, as well as his picturesque speech. His prayers at the US senate was phenomenal and touched the heart of many. He fitted the calling of a preacher. He was God's prophet and not a people pleaser. This is his story below. I have not given the full story. I have read many of his sermons and been immensely blessed by it. I read this story when I was in my PG course. Once I went to my teacher's room and borrowed this book and read it all through. Later I bought the book in a sale. But I've never forgotten the story.

### **Keeper of the Springs.**

Once upon a time, a certain town grew up at the foot of a mountain range. It was sheltered in the lee of the protecting heights, so that the wind that shuddered at the doors and flung handfuls of sleet against the window panes was a wind whose fury was spent. High up in the hills, a strange and quiet forest dweller took it upon himself to be the Keeper of the Springs. He patrolled the hills and wherever he found a spring, he cleaned its brown pool of silt and fallen leaves, of mud and mold and took away from the spring all foreign matter, so that the water which bubbled up through the sand ran down clean and cold and pure. It leaped sparkling over rocks and dropped joyously in crystal cascades until, swollen by other streams, it became a river of life to the busy town. Millwheels were whirled by its rush. Gardens were refreshed by its waters. Fountains threw it like diamonds into the air. Swans sailed on its limpid surface, and children laughed as they played on its banks in the sunshine.

But the City Council was a group of hard-headed, hard-boiled businessmen. They scanned the civic budget and found in it the salary of a Keeper of the Springs. Said the Keeper of the Purse: "Why should we pay this romance ranger? We never see him; he is not necessary to our town's work life. If we build a reservoir just above the town, we can dispense with his services and save his salary." Therefore, the City Council voted to dispense with the unnecessary cost of a Keeper of the Springs, and to build a cement reservoir.

So the Keeper of the Springs no longer visited the brown pools but watched from the heights while they built the reservoir. When it was finished, it soon filled up with water, to be sure, but the water did not seem to be the same. It did not seem to be as clean, and a green scum soon befouled its stagnant surface. There were constant troubles with the delicate machinery of the mills, for it was often clogged with slime, and the swans found another home above the town. At last, an epidemic raged, and the clammy, yellow fingers of sickness reached into every home in every street and lane.

The City Council met again. Sorrowfully, it faced the city's plight, and frankly it acknowledged the mistake of the dismissal of the Keeper of the Springs. They sought him out of his hermit hut high in the hills, and begged him to return to his former joyous labor. Gladly he agreed, and began once more to make his rounds. It was not long until pure water came liltng down under tunnels of ferns and mosses and to sparkle in the cleansed reservoir. Millwheels turned again as of old. Stenches disappeared. Sickness waned and convalescent children playing in the sun laughed again because the swans had come back.

What ails our heart today. Does streams of living water flow out of our hearts as it once flowed? Or is it stagnant and stinking? It is time we ask the Keeper of our hearts, to cleanse our pooled heart and make it fresh and flowing again.

Jesus said in a loud voice, "If anyone is thirsty let him come to me and drink. Whoever believes in me, as the scripture has said, **STREAMS OF LIVING WATER WILL FLOW FROM WITHIN HIM.**" John 7,37

Let's go back to the SOURCE.