



# CONNECTED

April-June, 2026

## LEARNING TO BE CONTENT

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### I Still like Good Signs

Settling in an undeveloped land and building a civilization is not comparable to showing up in a post-industrial nation and signing up for benefits.

*Learning* is on-going; and I'm there, especially when it comes to being *content*. It is obvious from Paul's statement in **Philippians 4:11** that "*contentment*" is not innately within us; it is a "*learned*" skill. By nature, we're restless, discontented. The grass seems to always be better on the other side of the fence: "*I can't wait until I get big!*" "*Remember those good-old days?*" *Keeping up with the Joneses. If. If. If. Always chasing dreams.*

Sometimes, I think I have *arrived*, and then I remember how it was when I could stand and walk without constant pain, when I didn't have to wait a few seconds to think of the word I needed, when I didn't tire so quickly and everything wasn't so hard. Yes! I'm painfully aware that *learning to be content with whatever state we're in is on-going*. As we pass through the seasons of life, the *state we're in* is always changing; and that will continue until we mortally die.

Oh, what a victory it is to live in the present, to thank God and count His blessings every day, to not live in the past or in the future. Life is now, right now; and it will always be

that way until we die! Beware lest Satan sour you on where you are!

For Mrs. H and me, life is so rich and fulfilling. Oh yes, we have a few thorns, rainy days and valleys; but there are so many roses here, so many opportunities to live for and represent our great Master and King of kings. I've noticed that without rain, beautiful places turn to deserts and valleys can be the most fertile and productive places on the planet.

We're one-fourth of the way through 2026. God has kept me busy preaching funerals, helping lots of great people who have needed a little guidance and encouragement here and there and writing books. On February 2, *The Week They Killed Our Lord* was published on Amazon. Except for a bit more editing and proofing, I've finished *Commentary on Genesis, What We Believe and Why 3* and *That One-Day-a-Week Job*. Hopes are for all of them to be on Amazon by the end of the summer.

I have been blessed to conduct my *Basic Bible Truths Training Seminar* at [Northeast Baptist Church](#) in Southlake, Texas. Bro. Philip Conner is pastor there. Lord willing, this spring I will video this seminar which will

soon become a permanent part of the new *Basic Bible Truths YouTube Channel*: <https://www.youtube.com/@BBTstudies>. I have also been blessed to preach at my home church: [Northwest Baptist Church](#) in Houston. Look forward to preaching at [Midway Baptist Church](#) in McKinney, Texas on Sunday, April 19.

Lord willing, in May Mrs. H and I will *pass go* one more time. I'm still learning to be content with Him and His provisions. I pray that I will never live long enough to lose sight of how good God has been to us for the whole trip.

It was the end of the day when I parked my police van in front of the station. As I gathered my equipment, my K-9 partner, Jake, was barking, and I saw a little boy staring in at me. "Is that a dog you got back there?" he asked. "It sure is," I replied. Puzzled, the boy looked at me and then towards the back of the van. Finally, he said, "What'd he do?"

**GOD IS LOVE!**

### “SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD”

As a young preacher, I was highly intimidated by many of the preachers who in my life, especially the older ones. H. Frank Fort could spit out Scriptures like a Gatling Gun. Kermit Johnson was a natural expositor. Nick Michalinos was so cool and collected. Don Warren was an ultimate authority. Charles Thomas was heart and passion personified. Al Locke could preach a whole sermon in less than 20 minutes. J. D. Johnston was like a train coming down the tracks; by the time he got to the end, I wanted to stand up and shout “*Hallelujah.*” All of them were experts in the Bible, effortlessly and seamlessly weaving truths into a clear and beautiful crescendo.

I’m the stuttering kid from deep East Texas. No glamour. No oratorical skills. Not handsome. No training and no degrees. I had never even read the whole Bible, and didn’t know how to spell hermeneutics. I didn’t know there was such a thing as expository preaching, and I thought apologetics mean you needed to apologize. Green? That’s an understatement. All I brought to the table was a willing heart. Yes! I was intimidated! BIG-TIME.

In October 1964, God made me the pastor of the Eleventh Street Baptist Church in Beaumont, Texas. I had already been in the ministry for 11 years. Thankfully, those dear and highly-forgiving East Texas people had *cut me a lot of slack*. They tolerated my wrinkles, warts and other such things, and let me grow.

I remember a crisis moment in my life. I came to grips with the fact that I was not in the same league with my hero elders. I *didn’t have it*, and I couldn’t compete with them. For me, the raw materials just weren’t there. I was embarrassed at myself. I was on my face before the Lord. I knew God called me to preach, but it seemed like He got the wrong guy. Satan was really messing with my head. This was back in 1967-1968, about the time I ran head-on with an 18-wheeler.

As I lay flat on my back in that hospital bed for 4 months, I faced my inadequacies. I’ll never forget that time when I came clean with God, and admitted that He’d have to do it. If I was going to make it in the ministry, He’d have to do it. I had nothing to offer. I remember telling Him that I couldn’t preach like those great men. I couldn’t sing or play the piano. I didn’t have the looks or the charisma. I told our great God that I could and would work just as hard as any of them. I could and would love people with a true heart just as much as they could. I would be the little boy who had only a lunch, and I would give it. All of it!

Few passages have touched my heart like **Mark 14:8**. Mary came to Jesus and poured the best she had on Him. Mary broke the box; she could never get back the precious ointment. She gave all she had. Oh, the words of Jesus: “*She hath done what she could!*” Anybody and everybody can do that. It may not be as good as what somebody else does, but God doesn’t measure us by other people. All He expect of us to do is what we can, but He expects every one of us to do that. Routinely!

I’m so glad I gave my life to the Lord doing what He wanted me to do. I’d jump at the privilege to do it again.



“I personally remember visiting several of Adolph Hitler’s concentration camps, described as freedom camps. The entry gates bore the slogan Arbeit macht frei – *Work sets you free.*”  
Erwin Lutzer

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“I can’t believe I got fired from the calendar factory. All I did was take a day off.” - Anonymous

His name was Tim. He has wild hair, wore a T-shirt with holes in it, jeans and no shoes. This was his wardrobe for his entire four years of college. Tim was brilliant; kind of profound and very, very bright. He became a Christian while attending college.

Across the street from the campus was a well-dressed, very conservative church. They wanted to develop a ministry to the students but were not sure how to go about it. One day Tim decided to go there. He walked in with no shoes, jeans, his T-shirt and wild hair. The service had already started. Tim started down the aisle looking for a seat. The church was completely packed. He can’t find a seat. By now, people were really looking uncomfortable, but no one said anything.

Tim got closer and closer to the pulpit. When he realized there were no seats, he just squatted down right on the carpet.

By now the people were really uptight; the tension in the air was thick. About that time from way at the back of the church a deacon began slowly making his way toward Tim. The deacon was in his eighties, had silver-gray hair and a three-piece suit. A godly man, very elegant, very dignified, very courtly. He walked with a cane. As he slowly walked toward this boy, the people were saying to themselves that the old deacon couldn’t be blamed for what he’s going to do. How could a man of his age and background to understand some college kid on the floor?

It took a long time for the old man to reach the boy. The church was utterly silent except for the clicking of the man’s cane. All eyes were focused on him. No one seemed to be breathing. The minister couldn’t possibly preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do.

And now this elderly man dropped his cane on the floor. With great difficulty he lowered himself and sat down next to Tim and worshipped with him so he wouldn’t be alone.

Everyone choked with emotion. When the minister finally gained control, he said, “*What I’m about to preach, you will never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget. Be careful how you live. You may be the only Bible some people will ever read.*”

*Happy 250<sup>th</sup> Birthday to the United States of America*

## THIS IS AN EXCELLENT BOOK ESPECIALLY FOR SERIOUS READERS

### *Uncle Tom's Cabin*

By Harriette Beecher Stowe

Audible

Brilliance Audio

September 22, 2015

ISBN: 9781501273049

How do you put a wheelbarrow load into a thimble? I feel quite inadequate to give you a proper glance of this powerful book. At place after place as I moved through this book, I found it impossible to read with a dry eye.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin* is about the damnable institution of human slavery, and how it played out in the United States of America, but it is MUCH more.

There were humane and compassionate slave owners. Sometimes, freed slaves didn't want to leave their masters; yet there were cruel, merciless slave owners who inflicted upon the slaves they owned evil and cruel treatment of the most heinous imaginable varieties. In Ms. Stowe's book, Simon Legree is the icon of evil, cold-hearted, satanic slave owners. During the reprehensible years of slavery which stand as a reproach to the United States, slaves were abused and humiliated in every imaginable way including sexually. Families were ripped apart. Large numbers of slaves were beaten and whipped, many to death. In plantation homes and in cotton fields, many slaves were literally worked to death. Few slaves lived to be very old, and most who did bore broken limbs and deep scars from whips, clubs and mauling by vicious dogs. Black girls were often sex slaves. The sons and daughters of black couples were ripped away at weaning or shortly thereafter, groomed to be high-dollar slaves at slave auctions and sold like livestock and property to the highest bidder. Like animals, in the eyes of the law they were considered property. A slave owner could treat a slave as he pleased without repercussions; and that included killing the slave.

As always, money ruled. Slave owners made money off *free labor*. Slave traders, who were some of history's cruelest and most heartless people, were in it for the money. They bought and sold slaves without regard for the feelings of the of the poor humans whose lives were being ripped apart. These slave traders and many owners beat and whipped slaves into submission. With the backing of the law, they controlled slaves with cruelty and fear. Slaves had no legal protection. Any slave who resisted or attempted to escape and got caught was beaten mercilessly, often to death. There were actually businesses which specialized in whipping slaves. Simon Legree bragged that he'd break every slave and use them up until they died, then buy new and better slaves to take their places. The biggest and most infamous slave market was at New Orleans, Louisiana. Many of the biggest plantations were in the south, and the dread of slaves was that of being sent "down south." To them, it meant being tortured and worked to death. A few slaves were willing to risk their lives to be free, and attempted to escape to Canada. Not many succeeded. Many slaves hoped to escape by dying which they viewed as their only hope of escape.

The real issue of slavery was its sanction and support by United States law. Though most white Americans thought black people had eternal souls, they also thought black people were inferior to white people, a sort of sub-white people. This was not only the thinking of southern white American, it was also the thinking of northern white Americans. They adamantly condemned slavery and southern slave holders, but most of them didn't want blacks in their lives. Prejudice was rampant throughout the United States. Without success, many southern Americans, including preachers, sought to justify the institution of slavery. The vast majority of pro-slavery people could not, in their own consciences, justify the abuse and misuse of black people. The money they made off slavery made them hold onto the institution. Even "good" slave owners were prone to look the other way as slaves (even their own) were horribly abused. They didn't directly carry out the abuse, but they empowered others to do so; yet they didn't consider themselves guilty of injustice and evil wrong-doing. Slaves had no recourse. They were trapped in an evil system. Their owners had complete mastery; and if they fought back or tried to escape, the law treated them as criminals.

God, the Bible and Christianity are squarely in the middle of this picture. Where is God when such unspeakable atrocities persist with the full support of law? Why do innocent, God-fearing people (multitudes of blacks were godly people) suffer and die at the hands of ruthless, brutal, godless people? What can one man or one lady do in face of such nation-wide evil? Harriett Beecher Stowe did not ignore or sidestep these and other thorny but vital questions. In the words of her characters, she debated these matters. In their own words, she gave slave owners and traders opportunity to justify themselves. She allowed the oppressed to answer the hard questions.

Ms. Stowe also allowed real, true Christians to speak their hearts. Over and over, the hero of the book, who is Uncle Tom, provides the Christian answers and stance. The influence of Uncle Tom was profound and far-reaching. He was a true servant of God whose words and godly lifestyle under the worst of circumstances touched hundreds of souls including those of his own family, his fellow hopeless slaves, his benevolent master and his absolutely ruthless master. Uncle Tom won the respect and support of all he touched along his miserable journey of slavery all the way to his death and grave. In the face of unthinkable cruelty Uncle Tom did the right thing. When he could have avenged his antagonists, he didn't. When he could have escaped, he didn't. He believed God allowed him to be where he was, and chose to stay where God put him, trusting God to sustain him in as he died a horribly death by beating while forcibly removed far from his wife and children.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin* is historical fiction. Ms. Stowe developed the story based on actual people and accounts. It portrays a very vivid and realistic picture of how it was in America during its ugly era of slavery. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is an American story, but it's a far bigger story of real, life-changing Christianity. It is heartbreaking and deeply touching. Everybody ought to read this book. It is well-written, revealing, informative and compelling. It is a classic which illustrates the power of the pen which is still mightier than the sword. This book played a huge role in bringing an end to slavery in the United States of America. I highly recommend *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

## NOW A BASIC BIBLE TRUTHS YOUTUBE CHANNEL

For more information or questions contact:



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405-294-7374

Pastor Travis Jones and the Highland Baptist Church of El Reno, Oklahoma have launched a YouTube channel:

<https://www.youtube.com/@BBTstudies>.

Already, the 6 one-hour *Basic Bible Truths* lessons are there. Last spring, Adam Seeley, Jace Wideman and Phil Habertzettle drove to my home in Houston and video-recorded the lessons as I taught directly into the camera.

Please pray that God will use this tool to reach many needy souls. Especially to your lost friends, spread the word that this resource is available. The church family at Highland will be there for those who might need to reach out to a live voice. My email is [lesterhutson@gmail.com](mailto:lesterhutson@gmail.com). Soon, the

*Basic Bible Truths* training seminar will appear here.

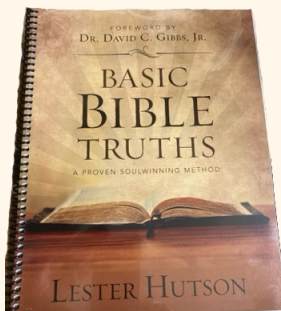
## NOW AVAILABLE ON AMAZON: *THE WEEK THEY KILLED OUR LORD*

*The Week They Killed Our Lord* is a systematic and moving look at Jesus' last week in a mortal body. The book is not only scholarly and candid; it will touch your heart. The outlined studies are loaded with Scriptures which make the Crucifixion week flow naturally and become alive. Readers will feel very much like they were there watching it happen. The maps of Jerusalem capture Jesus' movements.

This devotional study chronologically follows Jesus through His last week of earthly ministry. It begins in Bethany and explains where Bethany is and why Jesus was there. You will see why Judas Iscariot and the Jewish leadership hated Jesus and wanted Him dead. You will be impressed that Jesus knew exactly what He faced yet went forward. You will follow Him on His Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem and watch Him keep the Passover. You will go with Him to Gethsemane where He prayed and was betrayed. You will watch Him endure two unjust trials, grieve as you watch Him in the Death Game and go with Him to the cross where He died on Wednesday. Yes, there is evidence to prove He died on Wednesday, not Friday. You will be surprised at His burial and feel the ecstasy of His resurrection. At the end, you will come to grips with the question of who killed Jesus. The final chapter brings readers to the bar; what does this great work of God for lost sinners mean to you?

A day-by-day chart detailing *The Crucifixion Week* from a Jewish perspective is included. This chart is based in part on an excellent one-page chart by scholar and artist Eddie Atkinson. There is also a section which details the seven annual Jewish feasts.

The 13 chapters in this book are ideal for teaching, preaching or simply preparing your heart to more fully appreciate the great work of God on behalf of sinners.



You may have heard about the old country preacher who opened one of his wife's chest of drawers while she was in the town. To his surprise there were 11 large eggs and \$10,000.00.

When she came home, he asked her about the eggs and money. She explained that through the years she'd made a habit of putting an egg in the drawer for each of his poor sermons.

Man! He felt great that there were only 11 eggs there after 40 years. "Where did you get the \$10,000.00?" She said, "Oh! Every time I got a dozen eggs, I sold them and kept the money."

Yea! We've all know about such things.

The Week They Killed  
*Our Lord*



Lester Hutson