



# The Tri-Cities Edifier

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## THE ETERNAL CHERNOBYL

Kenny Chumbley

At the end of April, I caught a flight out of Chicago, headed for Russia. After getting on the plane, a Dickensian-worthy snowstorm occurred — “it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing” — (and this, just three days before the first of May!), delaying departure.

It was late in the evening of the next day when I finally caught up with Kenny and Dewey Marrs in Moscow. Kenny and Dewey have been to Russia many times. This was the fifth trip I had made there in company with Kenny, to spend time studying with some Russian saints we’ve come to know and love.

As it was still the first day of the week, we three worshipped together in the hotel and the next morning traveled 200 miles south to the old Soviet city of Orel, where we spent a truly wonderful week with those of like precious faith.

When I returned home, I heard about a miniseries on HBO chronicling the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. I well remember when the accident happened, because it occurred on my birthday. I remember getting up that morning, turning on *Good Morning, America*, and for the next few hours watching reports of the tragedy.

As the miniseries was advertised as a realistic depiction of the event, I decided to watch it. For the first time, I learned that the exclusion zone — the area that received the greatest amount of nuclear contamination — extended 750 miles in every direction from the reactor. I googled to see how far Orel was from Chernobyl and found out it’s 282 miles away as the crow flies, well within the exclusion zone (a side effect of my time there is that I no longer need a night light).

One of the most dramatic moments in the series involved a somber meeting between some Russian nuclear workers and Valery Legasov, the scientist brought in to fix the problem, and Boris Shcherbina, the minor Soviet minister placed in charge.

The meeting was called because the burning nuclear core was about to reach some water tanks located underneath the pile. If the heat of the meltdown reached the water in the tanks, a hydro-thermal explosion would occur that would destroy the other reactors at the site, resulting in a nuclear holocaust that would leave Europe uninhabitable for 100 years.

The government was asking for volunteers to go into the reactor, get underneath the core, and open valves that would allow the water to drain out of the tanks, thus minimizing the chance of another explosion. (As an incentive, the government offered a yearly stipend of 400 rubles—a little over \$6 in today’s currency.) Every worker in the room knew it was a suicide mission and for the longest time, no one said anything.

Finally, one worker incredulously asked why any of them should volunteer. A long, torturous silence followed. And then, Shcherbina spoke up. “You’ll do it because it must be done. You’ll do it, because nobody else can . . . because if you don’t, millions will die.”

Another long, torturous silence followed. And then three men—men willing to die to save a continent—volunteered.

In Gethsemane's plea to be saved from the hour (Mk. 14.35), and in Golgotha's prayer, "Why have you forsaken Me?" (Matt. 27.46), the unspoken but unarguable answer was, "**Because you must**" (Lk. 9.22), "**Because no one else can**" (Rev. 5.2-5), "**Because if you don't, a world will die**" (Jn. 3.16-17, Rom. 5.17-19).

When He heard this, the only one who could be the sacrificial lamb volunteered.

And a world was saved. via -Feed The Flock via *Prairie Paper*



## There is Nothing for Me to Do

- by Don Deffenbaugh

I am amazed at the number of people in the church who complain that there is nothing for them to do. By this they generally mean that the elders have not given them a specific assignment. Does this excuse them from not being active in the greatest cause on earth? No!

Every member must realize that the Lord has already assigned them specific duties like helping to restore brothers who have been caught in any trespass (Gal. 6:1) and bearing one another's burdens (Gal. 6:2).

Each one of us is under the commission we call great (Mk. 16:15, 16) and hence we need to be sharing the Gospel with one and all. Why should anyone have to give this to us as a specific assignment? The Lord has already done it.

Take a look at the judgment scene in Matthew 25:3 1-36 and note that we are to feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, visit the sick and imprisoned. Do we need an assignment from the elders to do these things? I think not since our judgment is to be based upon our doing them.

What about taking the time to offer an encouraging word to that person or persons you know who needs an encouraging word? There are those in the hospital, rest homes, or who are confined at home who would be helped if you would visit them. Why would any Christian need a specific assignment to be a genuine helper in such cases?

"But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. 13: 16). via *The Electronic Beacon*