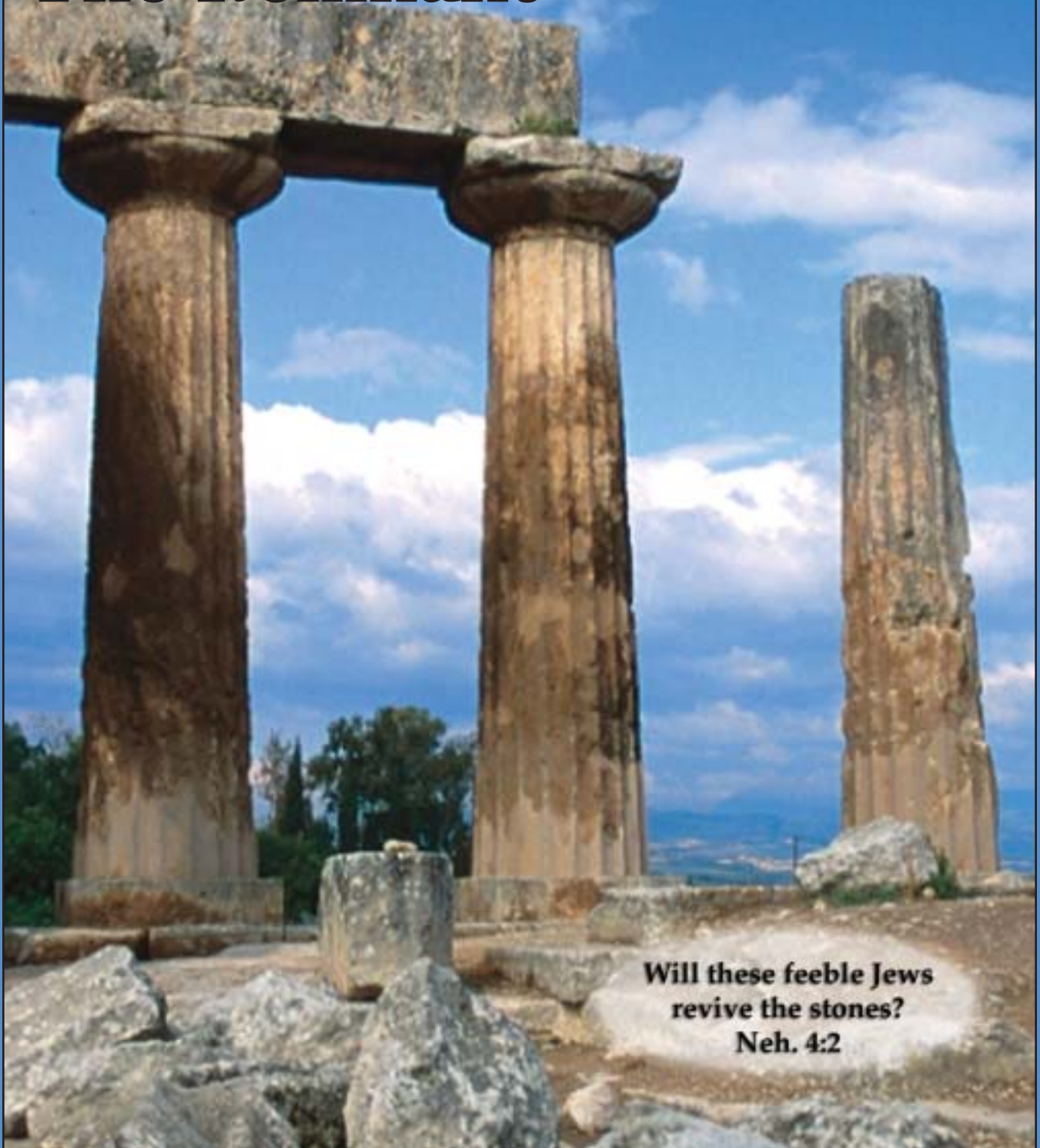


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Volume 8 Number 4

*The Heartbeat of*



# **The Remnant**



**Will these feeble Jews  
revive the stones?  
Neh. 4:2**

*... is Restoration and Recovery*

*The Heartbeat of*  
**The Remnant**

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# The Spirit of

# Nehemiah



*What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves?  
Will they sacrifice? Will they make an end in a day?  
Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish?  
Nehemiah 4:2*

**I** pray that the enemy is saying this about us in these last days.

The heathen spoke these words with an element of fear as they saw the Jews happily rebuilding the walls around Jerusalem. That which they feared came upon them. Those feeble Jews and the God of heaven revived the stones into walls round about the city. These walls became walls of protection from the world around them and their enemies. They became walls of testimony, verifying their

presence among the heathen. They became walls of glory, proclaiming the power and mercy of the God of Israel. My heart stirs within me at the thought of what all of this meant to God and His people in that day.

Nehemiah was the initiator of this beautiful work. I love the determined, broken heart revealed in Nehemiah. In chapters one and two, we see the burden expressed in a colorful display of courage and tears. Nehemiah received brethren from Jerusalem and

asked the normal kind of questions as they visited. He asked about the brethren and the beloved city. As they shared about the affliction of the people and the condition of the city, he was astonished and greatly burdened. He sat down and wept many days, with fasting and prayer. The burden increased and became a prayer that he prayed night and day for four months. Imagine this exercise before the Lord. He was weeping and confessing his sins and Israel's sins for a full 120 days. During this time,



God infused a vision in Nehemiah to rebuild the walls and repair the gates of His beloved Jerusalem. Nehemiah was so grieved. His people were afflicted. The walls of the city were broken down.

They say that it took fifty-two days to rebuild the walls, but this is not quite accurate. It took 120 days of fervent prayer and fifty-two days of labor to rebuild the testimony of Jerusalem and the people of God. This is a good balance for us to follow as we do the work of God. For every day of labor in the kingdom, let there be two days of fervent prayer. I wonder how this would affect our labors for the Lord! It proves to us again that God's will happens as men and women pray it into being.

Then Nehemiah did something more astounding than 120 days of prayer. He brought the burden of his heart before a heathen dictator. This is not a simple task. In those days, a

presence. The king saw this sadness and inquired of Nehemiah, "Why is thy countenance sad?" I like Nehemiah's next move. He prayed to the God of heaven and spoke to the king. Such a beautiful combination guarantees success. He appealed to the king from the burden of his heart and asked for permission to go to Jerusalem and rebuild the walls. The king granted him his request and even provided the money to do the work. What an exciting example of what 120 days of prayer can do.

## God is Jealous for His Testimony

Why would anyone spend 120 days in prayer and risk his life just to build a stone wall? This is no regular stone wall.

**"It took 120 days of fervent prayer and fifty-two days of labor to rebuild the testimony of Jerusalem and the people of God...For every day of labor in the kingdom, let there be two days of fervent prayer. I wonder how this would affect our labors for the Lord!"**

king had the power to have you killed on the spot if he didn't like what you did or said. Nehemiah came before the king with a sad countenance. No one dared to present himself in this manner. Everyone knew that the king wanted happy servants in his

We must consider what this wall stands for if we are to understand Nehemiah's sacrifice. The walls of Jerusalem represent several very significant things in God's economy:

◆ **They offer protection for God's people from the**

**many enemies in a hostile world.** The walls of Jerusalem were so strong that the armies of Babylon had to starve the people out. No enemy can sneak into a city where there is a wall and gates. They have to pass through a gate and pass by a watchman.

◆ **They give a powerful advantage when fighting against an enemy.** When the wall is strong and high, your advantage is about five times better. An advancing army does not stand a chance if they have a wall to deal with.

◆ **They represent the strength and stability of the people of God.** They say to the world around them, "We have been here a long time." Jerusalem today still speaks this same message to all who visit her.

◆ **The wall represents the God of the people who live inside the city.** The glory and strength of the city of Jerusalem brought glory to God. They spoke of His majesty to heathen nations for centuries before the captivity.

◆ **The walls of the city provided a peaceful habitation for God's people.** The next generation could be guided in His ways and prosper.

These issues caused Nehemiah to grieve, mourn and fast when he heard the report from the visitors. The people of God were a reproach among the heathen, and God's

name was profaned by the state of the city. He longed for the day when God's people could sing the song recorded in Isaiah:

*"We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that a righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Isaiah 26:1-3*

## What about Today?

This story is more than just a story of a man's courage and his loyalty to his God. It has many implications that touch us in our modern world. We are now in the age of the New Testament. Christ has come. He was crucified, buried and raised from the dead. God established His church and His individual people as His testimony upon the earth. The testimony of God on the earth is no longer a city, though He still uses Jerusalem to catch the attention of the heathen today. God longs for a people who walk in His ways and testify of His grace by the way they live and the message they preach. He desires to scatter His testimony all over the earth. The New Testament reveals holy churches filled with holy people, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb to be living testimonies of God's glory and power. Where is the church today and where is her testimony?

The church has gone into captivity. Her walls are broken down, and her gates are sunken into the ground. The enemy goes in and out as he pleases. The unconverted have found a comfortable home within her. The heathen look

becomes—God is always working toward recovery. He will have a people who will represent Him rightly. He broods over peoples searching for those who will walk uprightly before Him. He goes to and fro looking for

**"This is very important to remember. No matter how low things get—no matter how distorted the testimony becomes—God is always working toward recovery. He will have a people who will represent Him rightly."**

on and say, "Where is their God?" The saddest part of our modern day story is that she does not even know that she is in captivity. We live in a Laodicean age where the people of God say, "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing." The people name the name of Christ and live like the world lives. They go to church on Sunday morning and go to the beach on Sunday afternoon. The church's divorce rate is near fifty percent, and the youth in the church wear rings in their noses like the heathens did a century ago.

## God is Always Working Towards Recovery

This is very important to remember. No matter how low things get—no matter how distorted the testimony

men to stand in the gap and make up the hedge. He is looking for men who will revive the stones out of the heaps, and rebuild the walls of His testimony.

He always finds some. There has never been a time when He had no one anywhere to be jealous for His cause. Men often felt as if they were the only one left, but it was not so. There will always be men and women with the spirit of Nehemiah. They will be burdened about the state of things and rise up to do something to change it. Are you one of them? God bless you if you are. My heart goes out to you.

There are many holes in the walls of the church. The pillar and ground of the truth is not standing very tall these days. In Nehemiah's day a few leaders and a bunch of willing workers made a big difference in a short amount of time. Let us cast off discouragement, get our eyes off of the enemy and look unto Jesus in these last days. Nehemiah made a sur-

vey of the damage early in the morning and then presented his dream to the people. The Bible says, "The people had a mind to work." Fifty-two days later the wall was complete, and the plans of the enemy were thwarted. Hallelujah!

## Repair the Breaches

There are many breaches in the testimony of the church of America. We are a reproach among the heathen. Many of us have already begun to rebuild,

her youth to the world. This is a great reproach upon God and His people. The beauty of holiness is clearly seen in a generation of young people on fire for God.

◆ **What is separation from the world?** The answer to this question must be redefined in this generation, before we lose everything. The church and the world walk hand in hand, laughing as they go, not knowing what destruction awaits them. Many of us have picked up the trowel and started to make changes that speak clearly

**their first purpose for lesser things.** Wives and mothers, arise. Here is a part of the wall that only you can build. The women of the world look on in wonderment as they watch you build with joy in your heart, and a smile on your face.

◆ **A vibrant walk with a holy God is the need of the hour in America.** We live in a day when everyone is a Christian, but few really walk with God. It is popular to go to church and to wear a cross around your neck. Where, oh where are the people who will walk with God in spirit and in truth? Where are the people who will live with a clear conscience under an open heaven? We need a revival.

**"Are you one of those who sigh and cry over the condition of the church today? Don't throw the stones; pick them up and repair a breach in the wall of God's testimony."**

and others are rising up to help. Where are the holes?

◆ **The testimony of a happy, unified Christian marriage is hard to find.** This is one of the most powerful messages we can bring to a hurting world. With a divorce rate of fifty percent within the church, I would say the walls are broken down. Worse still is that the remarriage rate in the church is about the same. This boils down to nothing less than "sanctified wife swapping."

◆ **Raise up a godly seed as a testimony of God's saving grace.** For two generations the church has lost

to those around us. We are God's people, and we are different.

◆ **Where are the men free from immorality?** There is a big hole in the wall of moral purity. Men and even pastors are falling everyday. Oh, what a sad testimony this is, and how the heathen laugh at this one while they justify their own wicked hearts. We must overcome the lust of our hearts at all cost. God's name is at stake, and our families are being destroyed while we procrastinate.

◆ **Joyful keepers at home speak to a generation of women who have cast off**

There are many more stones that need to be revived and placed back into the wall, but these are a few to help us get an idea of where God wants to go with us. He is always about the business of restoration and recovery. He will never stop. He will always have His people. The question is, who will that be? Are you one of those who sigh and cry over the condition of the church today? Don't throw the stones; pick them up and repair a breach in the wall of God's testimony. □

THE LABORS OF A SINGLE MOM

D. L. Moody's

Home Life

by Denny Kenaston

*"And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth..." II Timothy 2:24-25*

The words of this text beautifully describe the ministry of D. L. Moody. Moody was an evangelist gifted by God to win souls for the kingdom. Although the title "the servant of the Lord" is used quite loosely in these days, we can say that Moody served his Lord, the living God of heaven. His meek and gentle disposition allowed him to persuade tens of thousands of souls who "opposed themselves." D. L. Moody, chosen by God to ride the waves of the Revival of 1859-60, was a vessel prepared for the Master's use. They say he won a million souls through his evangelistic pleadings in meetings all around the world. He established three training institutions for ministers and other Christian workers. A church stands to this day with his name on it in Chicago. Thousands of books bear the name Moody Press, another reminder to us of his influence. The name



Moody is a household name among most Christian's in the English-speaking world. Why? The answer is filled with challenge and insight for all of us who desire to be servants of the King.

R. A. Torrey answered this question at a memorial service in 1923, twenty-three years after Moody's death. The title of his sermon was "Why God used D. L. Moody." He pinpointed seven remarkable reasons as the body of his sermon. Few men knew Moody as intimately as Torrey did. This is what he said.

WHY GOD USED  
D.L. MOODY

- 1 He was a fully surrendered man. It was Moody who heard those now famous words spoken by another preacher, "The world has yet to see what God can do with one man who is totally surrendered to God." It was Moody who said, "By God's grace, I will be that man."



2 He was a deep and meaningful man of prayer. God gave ear to this man's prayers in remarkable ways. In Scotland Moody prayed a prayer in utter brokenness that God would use him to bring revival to Scotland. God answered his prayer on the spot. God swept into the meeting, and all fell on their faces in repentance.

3 He was a deep and practical student of the Word of God. This humble, uneducated man spent hours in the word everyday, and faith stirred in his believing heart continually.

4 He was a humble man. God prepared the way for this humility by ordering the circumstances of his up bringing down lowly paths.

5 He had a consuming passion for the redemption of the lost. Moody preached to souls wherever he went. His life as an evangelist was more than preaching to crowds. One by one he sought them on trains, in boats and walking down the street.

6 He was entirely free from the love of money. Most people do not realize how much money goes through the hands of a man who preaches to thousands of people. This money did not affect D. L. Moody. He gave it away, and used it to further the kingdom, as I mentioned above.

7 He had a definite endowment of power upon him. There was a time and a place when D. L. Moody was filled with the Holy Ghost. This is the secret of his strength. This is the reason for all the other points that I have listed.

These powerful reasons are helpful to us all as we consider our own lives and ministries.

God began to prepare him long before he had a public ministry. God works in so many different ways to prepare His servants for the work He calls them to do. His ways are past finding out, and who can understand them all?

God's mysterious plan for this servant had some very hard circumstances in it. These circumstances only make sense as you look back over the years and realize that God was preparing a servant.

## ***PURITAN HERITAGE***

Seven Moody generations preceded the birth of Dwight Lyman "D.L." Moody. John Moody landed in the area we call Connecticut in 1633. Motivated by the typical desires of the Puritans in those days, he set out to establish a home and to serve his God in freedom. I am sure there were some ups and downs in the generations that followed John Moody's beginnings; however, we still see godliness in the Moody family two hundred years later. This is hard for us modern Americans to imagine, but it is because we have a low vision.

The generations on his mother's side of the family read very much the same way. Betsy Holton's family moved to America in 1630 and settled in the Northfield Massachusetts area. There they lived for two hundred years, serving God in the traditions of the Puritans. The family farm did not change hands for two hundred years according to the biography that I am reading. These two families were pioneers with all the character that develops through a hard working farm life. In addition, they were Puritans with all the convictions and visions of the early settlers of the new land. Mr. Moody looked back on these ancestors with gratitude as he saw traits in his own life that flowed from them.

Betsy Holton and Edwin Moody were married in 1828 in the living room of the old Holton family homestead. They enjoyed a happy, loving marriage, and God gave nine children to their union. Edwin Moody provided for the family in the same way that all the men in the Moody family did for generations: They were masons. They built stone houses, brick houses and fireplaces all over the valley where they lived. This happy life continued for about thir-



teen years, until providence changed the Moody home and destiny forever.

## ***THE SCHOOL OF POVERTY***

When Dwight was four years old, his father died very suddenly. The family had plenty up until this time, but everything changed overnight. This providential change in events left Mrs. Moody a poor widow with seven children and twins on the way. The family debt was large with no provision for unexpected death. Only the house survived the creditors. At first glance this looks like a tragedy hard to understand, but providence is often that way. I can only imagine the hard-working business minded man that Dwight might have been. He had all the abilities to become a prominent man in his community with plenty of material things to enjoy. God had other plans for him, his family and his struggling mother. One million souls were at stake, and no hardship was too great for the sake of them. Mrs. Moody lived to see providence unveiled before her eyes as thousands flocked to hear her son preach the life-changing gospel of Christ. I am continually amazed at how many of God's servants are trained in poverty. God even sent His only begotten Son into the setting of poverty for training and preparation. We can learn from some wisdom here. The blessings wrought by poverty were many in Moody's life. I want to name a few of the more evident ones for our learning.

- From day one they were dependent upon God for everything. When the creditors took even the firewood away, the Moody's only had one option: pray and trust God who knows the needs of the fatherless and widow. The children stayed in bed to keep warm until it was time to leave for school, and Mama prayed. Uncle Cyrus Holton arrived with a load of wood to warm the house and the hearts of the whole family. We only need to use our imagination to see

how many times God provided for them in ways like this. The oldest son was only twelve when Father passed away. Most of us Americans know very little about trusting God for our daily needs, and our children will pay for this—you can be sure.

- They did without most of the time during the early years after Father died. They had to say "no" to their flesh dozens of times in a week, and this was very good training for a fruitful Christian life. Clothes were worn and mended repeatedly. Shoes were a luxury, and the simple things in life delighted the children who had little. Moody was always sympathetic to those in need. This compassionate heart is what won so many souls over to the Master. Somehow we must find some ways to teach our children to do without, even if we have to create them.
- The food was simple and very basic. Of necessity they ate the same thing many times in a month. This would go down hard with our spicy American taste buds, which demand dozens of different kinds of food to be satisfied. When Dwight came to his mother and complained about the food he received while boarding at a neighbor's house, she sent him back to keep his agreement. The complaint was worthy—nineteen consecutive meals of cornmeal and milk. Maybe we should simplify the palates of our children and teach them to be content with plain foods.
- He had to bear the yoke of manhood early in life. The boys had to go to work much earlier than most of their peers. The needs demanded that they leave home at age ten and work for local farmers all week. They returned home for the weekend and for church. I know that most of us would look with pity upon a boy burdened with such responsibilities at such a young age, but look what it produced. We are influenced by our soft society more than we realize. As I see it, we do our children a great favor if we order their lives with self-denying responsibilities.

Are you a wealthy family? Do you have a storehouse that is full with most anything at your fingertips? Most Americans are rich, but we don't know we are. This is a very dangerous position to be in because of the many snares involved in riches. If you are rich, I encourage you to live way below your available income and give the rest away. Your children will bless you for such a decision when they get older. It is possible to be a millionaire and have no one know it.

### ***A GODLY, DETERMINED MOTHER***

Dear Betsy Moody is one precious example of perseverance to every mother reading this article. She is an example to every single mom who longs to raise children for God without a father. "Trust in God" was her simple creed. This is also the Bible's simple, underlying message. She could not give her children a theological education like some we have studied, but she had the reality of that theology. This is far more important. I do not know what kind of religious life the Moody home had before her husband's death. The historical records are strangely silent about those first thirteen years. It is very possible that the tragedy of her loss and the desolation of her situation brought her to this blessed reality. She lived to see the full scope of her son's ministry as she died only three years before he did at ninety-one. Imagine how she felt as she reflected in her old rocking chair, looking back on the hard times. She remembered the times when she was almost ready to quit and God sustained her to keep going. Now it all makes so much sense, but then it was often dark and cloudy. She followed the patterns and convictions of her Puritan ancestors when it came to raising the children. Let's look at some of the practical methods that she used to mold a "servant of the Lord."

### ***FAMILY DEVOTIONS***

Mrs. Moody followed the example of her Puritan ancestors and gathered the family together each morning to read and to pray. The Moody home had only three books, but they were the most important ones to have. They were a large family Bible, a catechism and a devotional book of inspiration and prayers. With these the children received instruction in holy things. On Sunday evenings it was a family tradition to gather in front of the fireplace as mother read books from the church library. They made it, though things were far from ideal, and Dwight was weak on Bible knowledge when he left home. God was training a humble, lowly minded servant who stood in amazement when the crowds came out to hear him. He was training a servant who would not touch the glory.

### ***SOLID CHURCH LIFE***

Shortly after Mr. Moody passed away, Betsy enrolled the children in the Sunday school of the local church. This proved to be a great blessing to the family in more ways than can be named. The widow and the fatherless are to be under the care of the church, and Pastor Everett was quick to bring the family under his care. For a single-mom family, this is necessary. Godly men as role models provide needed examples when there is no father. Missing church was not an option for young Dwight even though his youthful heart would have longed for play after much work through the week. The family brought lunch along and stayed all day, attending two preaching services and the Sunday school. Moody looked back on the influences that he received during those "Sabbath day" assemblies with fond memories. It was here in the local Sunday school that Moody got his first taste of gathering others for

Bible teaching. He often brought other children along for the classes. I am sure that Pastor Everett had no idea whom he was training when he encouraged young Dwight to go find some others to bring with him. Moody was not actually converted until after he left home, but it is evident that this pastor had much to do with the transformation of D. L. Moody.

### ***STRICT DISCIPLINE***

Mrs. Moody believed in the old fashioned way of training children. A kind, loving heart to guide, and the rod to use when guidance did not bring the proper response were her methods. I was blessed to find that she was slow and careful in her discipline, taking the time to instruct while she spanked. Moody recalled the time he told her it didn't hurt and commented, "That was the last time that it didn't hurt." Betsy kept the children away from evil influences, and the children did not go play away from home. She always invited the neighbor children to the Moody house for fun and frolic, to keep them from the evil.

Although Moody always reflected affectionately upon the discipline his mother gave him, he never spanked his own children. I think we can glean something here for our own homes. Moody had two very different types of school-teachers that made an impression on him. The one was stern and demanding, giving many spankings; the other was kind and loving and gave none. Moody must have evaluated the two and decided love and grace works better than law and judgment. This choice affected the next generation of Moody children. How sad. Balance is the lesson we can learn for our homes. The Bible way is a balance of both. Our hearts should overflow with love while we guide our children into obedience and at times spank them. If we are out of balance, our children may react to that imbalance and go too far the other way.

### ***PRACTICAL RIGHTEOUSNESS***

This is the realm where Mrs. Moody's simple faith excelled. Down to earth, everyday righteous living was her greatest strength. This is the area we lack most in today. We stand in great need of the common wisdom of right living. We American Christian's are full and running over with theology, and running empty with practical living. Lord, help us learn from this poor widow woman. What did she teach them during the twenty years that each one lived under her roof?

- She taught them by example and precept to give when you do not have enough for yourself. This happened many times at the Moody home. When a tramp came by or another need came to her ear in the community, she gave to the needy. Imagine the impact that this had on the children. They knew there was very little bread in the house. Then God, who is the Father of the fatherless, topped off the lesson by providing bread enough for all to eat. Let us trust the Lord and give before the eyes of our little ones. They are taking notes as the days of home life pass by.
- She taught them to seek first the kingdom of God in the midst of much want. These verses are easy to believe in a land of plenty, but what about the destitute? The children learned first hand that God was their Father and that He cared for His own.
- She taught them by precept and example that there would be no complaining in the Moody household. Consider the depth of this lesson and the impact it had on the children. They lived in poverty. There were many things to complain about. The wolf was continually at the door, and yet no complaining was allowed in the house. She knew that complaining leads to bitterness, and bitterness leads to more poverty with evil deeds standing beside it. "In every-

thing give thanks,” was the rule of the house.

- She taught them the dangers of judging their neighbor. This task had some real challenges for them because they often received wrong at the hand of uncaring neighbors. The widow and the fatherless are the responsibility of the Christian community, but they are often the most neglected and despised. This happened many times during the first years of desolation. Mother guided the children through these learning experiences with righteous zeal. The children heard the words, “We will not judge our neighbor” many times when neglect was very evident.
- She taught them to be independent, to make it on their own. There was no welfare spirit in the home. The neighbors did not owe them anything because God was in control. You may react at first to the word independence. In the midst of poverty, it is one of the highest qualities of character. She taught the family to rise up in faith with works and meet the needs with determination. This was Moody’s strongest point of character all his days in the ministry. A wise God and a wise mother worked together to instill this in him.
- She taught them the sanctity of a promise. “Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay.” This instilled a carefulness of words in all the children. When Dwight found himself in the midst of hundreds of requests, he was slow to say “yes” because of mother’s training about promises. Many times she made the boys go back and keep the promise given in a moment of weakness. We could use a good dose of this kind of carefulness and commitment in our day.
- She taught them about the day of rest. They called it the Sabbath in those days and practiced it very much as the Jews do. The day of rest began on Saturday evening and ended on Sunday evening. Everything changed on the Lord’s Day. Life slowed way down, and the hearts of the children turned toward spiritual things all day. This is very different

from our modern day Sunday when everyone is playing, buying, selling and catching up on the work around the house. Have we lost something? I think we have.

- She provided a warm, affectionate home life for them. Fifty years later Moody was still reflecting with joy upon the home fires that burned in Mother’s home. It drew him like a magnet repeatedly. Though they lived in poverty, she filled their humble dwelling with the thing that means the most but costs the least—love. This tender mother gave herself in love to her children. They knew this, and it drew their respect and even adoration.

## CONCLUSION

Don’t you just love this dear saint? I do. My heart’s respect rises up to bless her as I bring this article to a close. She is an example to every single mother who longs for godliness in her children. She passed on to her reward at the ripe old age of ninety-one. The words of her grandson seem fitting here at the end. He described her funeral service with words that crown her legacy. He said, “Her children and her children’s children and an entire community rose up to call her blessed.” As for me, I am one more voice that joyfully rises up to call her a blessed woman and a dear mother in Israel. □

This study came from  
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**N**o heart but that of a parent can know the strange conflict of emotions—joy and awe—as the new mother takes into her arms for the first time that little bundle of life. As she gazes into the eyes of her babe, she must, if at all serious-minded, feel a sense of grave responsibility in that she has been entrusted with the greatest of tasks. Jointly with the father she is to shape this immortal soul into a thing of beauty or baseness; into a force for good or evil; and towards a destiny in heaven or in hell. Every act of her life from this moment is a chiseling influence upon that piece of living marble. She is the sculptress of a soul.

The thought is by no means a new one. Many authors, both in poetry and prose have used various pictures to convey the same sentiment. To Bessie Chandler in this poem, it was the pruning of the gardener.

### Soul-Gardening

“O, my child, my pure and perfect man-child,  
With the light of heaven in your eyes,  
And your yellow hair like glory resting  
O'er a face so angel-sweet and wise!

O my child, I hold your hand and tremble  
When I think of all that you must meet  
On the way, where there is naught to guide you  
Save my clouded eyes and stumbling feet.

Is the gardener not appalled and daunted  
When he sees but leafless twigs, and knows  
That within the bare brown thing there slumbers  
Waiting for his waking hand, the rose?

So I fear from fingers all unskillful  
Some rude touch your perfect growth may mar;  
If the pruning knife slips but a little,  
You must carry all your life the scar.

O, my child, unknown, unconscious currents  
Meet and mingle in your young warm blood!  
So, God help me, when your soul shall blossom,  
And-God help me should I blight its bud."

The same thought is again expressed by a well-known writer, J.H. Hunter:

"The other day I saw a barricade erected on the sidewalk around a newly-laid piece of cement that it might have time to dry and harden before being used by pedestrians. But some-

**"No orator, no singer, no artist-worker, is to be compared with the mother who is carving the image of God in the soul of her little child. No mother needs long to go out of the household, as if that were an obscure place. 'The Gate of Heaven' is inscribed over every humble family."**

one had inadvertently 'put his foot in it.' We have all seen these clearly defined footprints in the sidewalk, made when the cement was soft, and hardened at last into an indelible print to remain for all time. It was not a mark placed there maliciously, on his own business that he did not heed anything else beside but left a mark that remains. The hard surface tells nothing more of his coming and his going save that one marring print that will endure as long as the sidewalk itself.

"There are many souls in the world that bear the marks of blundering feet. How easy it is to leave a mark on a young life by a blundering foot. It is not a deliberate wound that is inflicted. Just some slighting remark, some expression of a youthful idea or ideal, the faith or exuberance of youth made light of, a generous love thwarted by someone intent on airing his own views and too ignorant of the sensitive, plastic nature with which he deals to know that he is leaving a lifelong scar. Ridicule, an example of irreverence, a coarse jest, may leave a disfiguring mark on some soul

that time will never efface. Let us take heed to our blundering feet lest we fall ourselves or, worst of all, cause another to stumble."

Sad to say, some parents do fail in their God-entrusted task. Such tragic failure is graphically expressed in the following poem:

### As the Twig

"We, the youth who shock you so,  
Ask, 'How much did you help us grow?'  
You gaze at us with astonishment.  
Where were you when the twig was bent?  
If you wanted saplings tall and straight,  
Why did you wait? Why did you wait?  
You gave us bread. Did that atone  
For the days and nights we were left alone?  
You laughed our heroes from their height  
And left them worthless in our sight.  
They lost their standards in the dust;  
Their weapons dulled with bitter rust.  
And when we asked for God, you turned  
Our answers back with doubt that burned.  
We watched you tempt the hand of fate.  
The world plunged into war and hate  
In mockery of brother-love;  
Nothing on earth, nothing above!  
You blame us for skirting danger's brink-  
We want to feel, for we dare not think.  
Who asks good fruit from a well-grown tree  
Must take the time for husbandry."

-Gertrude Ryder Bennett

While walking around a garden one day, a child was asked why he thought a certain tree grew crooked. "S'pose somebody must have stepped on it when it was a little fellow," was the thoughtful reply.

We pass from this sobering thought of the danger of marring that precious thing in our hands to that of the inspiring task that is ours. We may know that He who has entrusted into our hands the noblest and most enduring of all labours, will grant the vision to plan and the skill to shape.

To every mother comes the call to be  
An adept in life's finest artistry-  
To mould a plastic to a great design  
That will remain forever strong and fine.

The work God gives to motherhood alone  
Is like in beauty to His very own;  
Which is to bring forth life and make it whole  
By weaving all Himself into each soul."

In no field of activity can man or woman  
leave such a lasting monument as when he or  
she seeks to impress the mind of a child.

"What if God should place in your hand a  
diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sen-  
tence which should be read at the last day, and  
be shown then as an index of your own  
thoughts and feelings? What care, what caution,  
would you exercise in the selection? Now, this is  
what God has done. He has placed before you  
the immortal minds of your children, more  
imperishable than the diamond, on which you  
are about to inscribe every day and every hour,  
by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your  
example, something which will remain, and be  
exhibited for or against you at the judgement  
day." -Dr. Payson

### The Planter

"One man ploughed an open field  
And planted winter wheat:  
His labour lasted a year – until  
The harvest was replete.

Another wanted his work to endure  
His lifetime through, and so  
He planted a tree of oak, and then  
With pride he watched it grow.

Another planted for eternity  
And with diligence and manner mild,  
He planted a true and noble thought  
In the heart of a little child."  
-Wilma Burton

"If you write upon a paper, a careless hand  
may destroy it.

"If you write upon parchment, the dust of  
centuries may gather over it.

"If you write upon marble, the moss may  
cover it and the elements may erase it.

"If you engrave your thoughts with a pen of  
iron upon the granite cliff, in the slow revolving

years it shall wear away, and when the earth  
melts your writing will perish.

"Write them on the heart of a child. There  
engrave your thoughts and they shall endure,  
when the world shall pass away and the stars  
shall fall, and time shall be no more. For that  
heart is immortal and your words written there  
shall live all through eternity." -Anonymous-

### Building Temples

"A builder builded a temple;  
He wrought with grace and skill-  
Pillars and groins and arches  
All fashioned to work his will.  
Men said, as they saw its beauty,  
'It shall never know decay.  
Great is thy skill, O builder;  
Thy fame shall endure for aye.'

A teacher builded a temple  
With loving and infinite care,  
Planning each arch with patience,  
Laying each stone with prayer.  
None praised his unceasing efforts,  
None knew of his wondrous plan;  
For the temple the teacher builded  
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,  
Crumbled into the dust;  
Low lies each stately pillar,  
Food for consuming rust.  
But the temple the teacher builded  
Will last while the ages roll;  
For the beautiful unseen temple  
Is a child's immortal soul."  
-Unknown-

"No orator, no singer, no artist-worker, is  
to be compared with the mother who is carv-  
ing the image of God in the soul of her little  
child. No mother needs long to go out of the  
household, as if that were an obscure place.  
'The Gate of Heaven' is inscribed over every  
humble family." □

*This beautiful testimony was shared with John and Anna Weaver at the Syracuse, New York Curriculum Fair. It is one of the many testimonies they receive as they travel. When John shared it with me, I thought we all needed to read this amazing story of God's love. Think of it. Fifteen minutes before this dear old lady passes on into eternity, she trusts in the Lord to save her soul. Hallelujah! I wonder how many of us would have given up on this bitter woman. Oh, the power of God's love—it reaches to the lowest places of humanity. -Brother Denny*

## Foot Washing Opens a Hard Heart

*By Love, Serve One Another*



**I**t was a quiet winter's night in the small village of Wilson. My husband and I, with our six children, had been in our new country home just one year. The move from

the city with all its hustle and bustle to the farmlands just outside the village had a calming effect on the family. All six children were sound asleep, and my husband was relaxing

after a hard day's work. I decided to take a walk outside around our old home, which dated back to 1860. The owners before us had raised five children here, and now, our hearts were full of some the same dreams and visions.

I will never forget that night. The snow was gently falling in huge flakes. There was a quietness that amazed me as I remembered the noise of living closer to the city. Everything was still and beautiful. Everyone else around me was enjoying the warmth of their homes. I felt as if the world outside was all my own. Nature always did have a way of moving my lips to praise the Creator who fashioned it all so perfectly.

As I talked to the Lord with my heart overflowing with gratitude for all He had done in my life, I asked Him a question that was burning in my heart, "How can I be a light in this little town of hurting people who are lost and without the treasure that I carry within me?" The holidays were coming, and our emphasis was now on giving rather than receiving. My



prayer was for the Lord to use me, an unworthy vessel, and make a difference in the life of someone else. Little did I know how quickly that answer and opportunity would arrive.

A neighbor down the street called one evening just two weeks after my little prayer meeting with the Lord. She called with a request that would change our lives forever. She mentioned how she had noticed that I was always home and that the children didn't attend the public schools. She also noticed that the older girls were so helpful hanging laundry in their pretty, long dresses. She wondered if we could help her next-door neighbor. Her neighbor was an elderly woman widowed for thirty years. The widow had seldom left her home and now desired to die in the comforts of that familiar place.

The widow Dorothy, approaching her nineties, was terminally ill with cancer. She was not favorable towards visitors; however, she was at the point where she needed full-time care. Everyone else in the neighborhood was either working full time or just not available.

My eldest daughter Heidi and I were delighted at the invitation and immediately began making plans. Heidi would be the first to begin caring for Dorothy, as I needed to keep the home going with schooling and care of the younger children.

At the start Dorothy was displeased that a nineteen-year-old girl would be staying with her. She felt that

teenagers were trouble and should be seen and not heard. Heidi's love for life and cheerful disposition were obvious, and Dorothy would have to put up with her. As the days turned into weeks, Dorothy seemed to grow more receptive. Dorothy was astounded to find out that Heidi's interests in cooking, sewing, quilting and needlework were her interests as well. Was it possible that such an old-fashioned girl still existed in this day and age? Surely all teenagers were self-centered and interests were hair, clothes, malls and boys. Thus a relationship between Heidi and Dorothy had begun. Soon, she was allowing Heidi to go through the "forbidden" attic to retrieve sewing supplies, materials and an unfinished rug made from wool coats.

The holidays were now in full swing all around us. My husband had graciously offered to take my place in the evenings so that I could spend nights with Dorothy. By the end of the first week I was feeling discouraged. Dorothy preferred Heidi and wanted nothing to do with me. Faithfully each night, my husband would encourage me to continue in her care, reminding me to give and not expect anything in return. I decided that I would give my best to the very end. After all, isn't that what Christ did for me?

Nights were long with the ticking and chiming of several old grandfather clocks. As I watched Dorothy sleep, I would often pray that somehow I could introduce her to

the one who died for her, Christ Jesus. One morning after serving breakfast, I sat reading my Bible as Dorothy nervously changed the channels on the television. She was irritated with me and directed me to attend to other jobs around the house. I kindly submitted. It was her home and I would respect her wishes. From then on, Bible reading took place only when she was sound asleep. One afternoon, Dorothy awoke as I was reading. In a cynical tone, she asked me what was so interesting that I would desire to read the Bible so often. I explained that the words contained in the Bible had become a way of life for me.

Later that evening, as I dusted and looked at old photos set on untouched desks, sadness overwhelmed me. I noticed the unhappy faces and not one photo of a single child. I could barely keep from crying, wondering what Dorothy's life had been like. A great compassion and love for Dorothy swept over me. A visit from the neighbor who asked us to stay with Dorothy revealed her past. She was only seven when her father walked out of a church service with her and promised to never again set foot in another church. Her mother passed away leaving her as an only child with an angry, harsh father. Dorothy became an atheist with a bitter heart towards life. She married a man just like her father, an atheist. She chose to remain childless as she felt she was doing a favor by not bringing

life into a hateful world. Now I could understand her pain. I had so much love for Dorothy I felt I would burst. This could only be a taste of what my Lord felt for lost Dorothy.

Now that Dorothy was immobile, I would slip into the kitchen where she couldn't see me to kneel and weep bitter tears for her soul. I prayed for some way to break through the walls around her heart, erected through years of bitterness and hatred. Time went on and for some reason she found me to be very funny. I was very amusing, even entertaining. She allowed the entire family to come in to her home and sing a few holiday songs. Seeing our younger children made her smile. Dorothy loved music. She would sit and listen to me play "As the Deer" on her piano repeatedly. Yet something was still missing in our relationship. How could I open Dorothy's heart to receive the gospel?

That evening, as I was preparing tea, a thought entered my mind to wash Dorothy's feet. She had often complained of sore feet, but didn't like her socks off due to crooked, unsightly toes. As I prepared for the right moment to suggest a foot washing, the doorbell rang. It was our neighbor friend who got wind that I was going to wash Dorothy's feet. She had come with a vibrating foot washing machine in hand to do the job. How I struggled that evening as repeatedly the Lord said "No" to the machine and "Yes" to the way demonstrated in John chapter thirteen.

Finally deciding to be bold, I filled the old basin I conveniently found in the kitchen. As I knelt down before Dorothy, it was as if she couldn't refuse. I began to tenderly wash her feet. When I glanced up to see Dorothy's face, tears were running down her cheeks. "Why are you doing this?" she asked.

I replied "It is Christ in me who washes your feet, because He loves you so very much."

Never before had I considered literally washing someone's feet. I had read it many times in the Bible, but my eyes were not opened to the principal of humility behind the act of foot washing. I cannot say whether the work done in my heart that night was less than what was done in Dorothy's heart. From that moment, everything changed. It was as if a door had been opened, and I now had a way into her heart. I was allowed to read scripture at her bedside. Dorothy and I walked through Roman's road together, yet no decision was made.

Later that week, I was home when the call came from Heidi. Dorothy was having difficulty breathing. I knew her time here on Earth was almost up. I rushed to Dorothy's praying all the way "Lord, finish this work You've begun." As I held her hand, I asked her, "When will you open the door of your heart and let Jesus come in? He is still knocking." With tears running down both our faces she said she was ready. I was honored to hear those precious words of repentance and

brokenness as she asked for Jesus to save her soul.

Within fifteen minutes, Dorothy was gone. She breathed her last effortless breath, and she was gone. She was now meeting her Savior for the first time. I could rest now, as I knew Satan had lost and Christ had the victory. I would see Dorothy again one day.

As time passed, I would often question the act of foot washing. Was it really for today? Had it broken through to Dorothy's heart or was it all in my mind? Thanks be to our Lord, for he answered my questioning heart through "The Remnant." I was visiting a friend who introduced me to this soul-stirring publication. I had to have this wholesome reading for myself, so I called for a subscription. There on the cover of my first issue of *The Remnant* was a beautiful picture of foot washing. As I gazed upon the picture and read the article, the answer came. The Lord was confirming in my heart that it is for today, and it certainly had made a difference in Dorothy's life. I bring my sincere thanks to the Lord. He inspired Matthew Weaver to put together a photograph of a most beautiful act of humility.

John 13:14 "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

*Because He Lives,  
Gretchen Zielski  
Wilson, New York*

□



# Dethrone the King

## *Dying to Self*

When you are forgotten or neglected or purposely set at naught, and you don't sting or hurt with the insult or the oversight, but your heart is happy, being counted worthy to suffer for Christ—that is dying to self.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your advice disregarded or your opinions ridiculed, and you refuse to let anger rise in your heart or even to defend yourself, but take it all in patient, loving silence—that is dying to self.

When you lovingly, patiently bear any disorder and irregularity, any impunctuality or any annoyance—when you come face to face with waste, folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility—and endure it as Jesus endured it—that is dying to self.

When you are content with any food, any offering, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption by the will of God—that is dying to self.

When you never refer to your self in conversation, or to record your own good works, or itch after commendation, when you can truly love to go unknown—that is dying to self.

When you can see your brother or sister have his or her needs met and can honestly rejoice in spirit and can feel no envy nor question God, while your own needs are far greater and in more desperate circumstances—that is dying to self.

When you can receive correction and reproof from one of less stature than yourself and can humbly submit inwardly as well as outwardly, finding no rebellion or resentment rising up within your heart—that is dying to self.

*by Bill Britton*

# Heaven's Patriot

by G. H. Lang



“**T**he Biblical term ‘the kingdom of heaven’ does as clearly denote an actual empire as the term ‘the United States of America’ speaks of an actually existing state; the local difference being that the latter is divided from England by a stretch of water, and that the former is located in the heavens. Of that heavenly empire God is the Sovereign, and hence it is also called ‘the kingdom of God.’ Of its angelic rulers, officers, subjects, and soldiers, and their doings, Scripture speaks positively and largely; as well as its administration and of its dominating influence over the affairs of men and nations on earth....

“It is a fundamental principle of citizenship that allegiance is to the person of the king. It therefore follows that whoever makes a formal act of submission to a given sovereign, does thereby accept citizenship under his authority, and thereby abandons any former citizenship held.... This, even though it be but little understood, is precisely what takes place in the process that is theologically termed ‘conversion’ or ‘regeneration,’ or more popularly ‘salvation.’ The essence of the heart process termed ‘faith’ (by which is secured the saving efficacy of the Redeemer’s atoning death, carrying with it a free pardon for past rebel-

lion) is an act of submission to the sovereign authority of Jesus Christ as the Lord; because ‘if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord (the manifest equivalent of the declaration of allegiance to a sovereign), and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead (to be the Prince and Savior and Judge – Acts 6:31; 17:30-31), thou shalt be saved’ (Rom. 10:9). Of those who thus do homage to Jesus Christ as Lord it is written the ‘God delivered us out of the authority of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of his love’ (Col. 1:13). Could there be given a more exact statement of the legal process of denaturalization and renaturalization? As a simple matter of fact and experience those who thus sincerely submit to the authority of the Son of God are the subjects of a distinct change of nature, by which they become consciously liberated from past servitude to sin, and really emancipated with the freedom which belongs to the citizens of the kingdom of God...

“Upon faith being exercised in Christ, a man is ‘born anew:’ for ‘if any man be in Christ there is a new creation’ (2 Cor. 5:17). His inward nature is wholly changed, by the creating within him of a new nature, which is the divine nature, imparted by God the Holy Spirit (2 Peter 1:4) and this nature has God’s realm, the heavens, as its native place; and ‘except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God’ (John 3:3). Henceforth, if the instincts of



this new nature be allowed normal play, the man feels as definitely and instinctively attached to that supra-earthly country as he formerly did to the land of his first birth; and by as much as God is supreme, and is, as to His being, spirit not matter, and heavenly not earthly, so does the divine and spiritual and heavenly triumph in the affections of the new born man, and bind him effectively to that realm of the universe rather than to this.

“Peter...describes his fellow disciples as ‘a chosen race,’ a ‘holy nation,’ and speaks of them as living ‘among the nations (Gentiles),’ and therefore as being a distinct race and nation from those other nations; and he beseeches them to behave consistently with their status as ‘sojourners and pilgrims’ on earth (1 Peter 2:9-12). Paul, addressing those Christians who lived in, and had formerly taken an integral part in the life of, one of the greatest mercantile centers of the eastern Roman world, Ephesus, reminds them that as Gentiles, that is, members of the non-Jewish nations, they, before their submission to the Lord Jesus, were ‘alienated from the commonwealth of Israel’ (the only nation with which God has ever had formal relations) and ‘strangers of the covenants of the promise’ made to the ancestors of the Jewish race (the only covenants given by God to a nation). But upon their coming to peaceable relations with God, by accepting His terms of peace (namely, a royal pardon for past rebellion, secured by His Son,

through His death, rendering to divine justice the requisite satisfaction for the world’s offences – 1 John 2:2), and by their thus submitting to the authority of God in Christ, they that ‘once were far off’ from God, ‘had been made nigh;’ so that they were no more ‘strangers and sojourners’ but had become ‘fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God’ (Eph. 2:11-22). Thus he who is not Christ’s disciple is a ‘stranger’ and ‘alien’ as to God’s Kingdom, but upon his declaring allegiance to God’s King, he ceases to be a ‘stranger’ and becomes de facto a ‘citizen’ of the Kingdom, and a member of God’s ‘household,’ that is, of that circle in the kingdom which is nearest to the Sovereign...

“The Christian is called to be a pilgrim and stranger. He must suffer quietly the present discomforts and risks of being out of gear with world’s mighty machinery, national and international. Nor need he at all regret the disconnection; for the huge machine, which has ever required ceaseless tinkering to keep it running, is now obviously panting, straining, and groaning at the breaking point, and its collapse and wreckage cannot for long be prevented. Christ’s follower is to ‘set his mind on the things that are above, where Christ is, not on the things that are on the earth’ (Col. 3:1). He is to ‘set his hope perfectly on the favor that is being brought unto him at the revelation of Jesus Christ’ (1 Peter 1:13), not upon the delusive hopes and dreams

of men that they can themselves evolve a golden age for this burdened earth. No one can be both a pilgrim passing through a given country and a citizen of it. In relation to this present world system we cheerfully adopt the former status. To the end of his sojourn the right-minded alien, wherever he may be, will do his utmost to benefit those about him; but his activities must be conditioned by his alienship.

“The heart of an alien should be set on the things of his fatherland, where are his sovereign, his home, and his permanent estates, and should not be ‘set’ on the land where is only a stranger and sojourner.

“The words *paroikos*, (sojourner), *xenos* (stranger), *allogrios* (alien) with *apallotrios* (alienated) are all technical terms for one of foreign birth living for a time in a country of which he is not a citizen, even as *politēs* and its cognates describe one who is a free citizen of a state or city. It is therefore not possible to miss their force as denoting an actual empire, of which the Lord Jesus Christ is really the Sovereign, and in which His true followers are legal citizens and who, as a consequence, are not authorized by their Sovereign Lord, the King, to render allegiance to any other sovereign or state. As a result, the disciple is styled an ambassador (2 Cor. 5:2), since his principal business among men is to represent to them Christ and His claims. Now an ambassador is never a citizen of any state save that which sends him.” □

# The Fam

Where can you communicate while you eat?  
Where can you enjoy real fellowship sweet?  
Where can you laugh with friends who are neat?  
At the table.

Where can you pour out your heart and soul?  
Where can you explain what is taking its toll?  
Where can you share your vision and goal?  
At the table.

Where can you dialogue and sift through ideas?  
Verbalize thoughts and yet still be at ease?  
Discover new subjects to debate if you please?  
At the table.

Where can your hearts be knitted as one?  
Where can you yarn and old stories be spun?  
And feel accepted so you don't have to run?  
At the table.

Where can your children learn to sit still?  
Acquire eating habits that won't make him ill?  
Be taught good manners of which some have nil?  
At the table.

Where to imbibe values and ethics for life?  
Learn to eat correctly with fork and knife?  
Observe how "to father" and be a good wife?  
At the table.

Where can you reveal God's ways to your kin?  
Teach them His Word will keep them from sin?  
And to follow God's laws is the way to win?  
At the table.



# Family Table



Where can you encourage your children each day?  
And boost the confidence of these “jars of clay”?  
Give counsel that will keep them from going astray?  
At the table.

Where can you make your house feel a “home”?  
With a lovely warm ambience and happy tone?  
From where your children will not want to roam?  
At the table.

Where can you show love to God’s special “flock”?  
Feed those who come to your door and knock?  
Even those who don’t know God can be their Rock?  
At the table.

Where does God love His presence to fill?  
Where does He want His blessings to spill?  
Where does He want restless hearts to be still?  
At the table.

Dear father and mother, look again at your table,  
Family meals together will make your home stable!  
Make it a priority—your God will enable!  
Sit at your table!

Written by  
Nancy Campbell

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# Keep Thy Heart With All Diligence

*Proverbs 4:23*

My friend, the choices that you make,  
The many things you do...  
Decisions, though they may seem small,  
End up defining you.

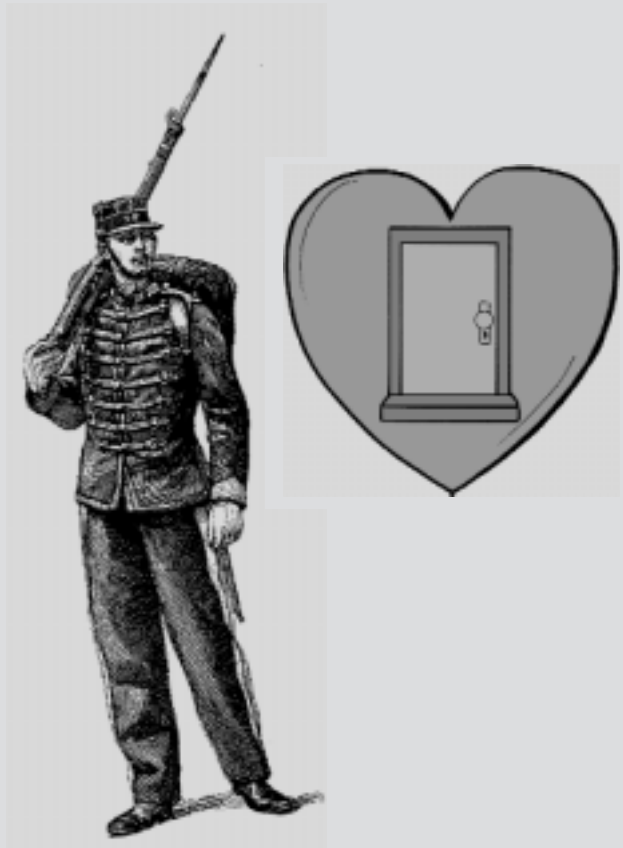
The books you read, the things you buy,  
The places that you go...  
You face decisions every day;  
You answer "yes" or "no."

Each choice you make is like a seed;  
That seed will surely grow;  
For what you plant within your heart  
Takes root within your soul.

That angry word when caught off guard—  
An accident?—Oh no!  
It just exposed the heart's true state,  
Laid out for all to know.

"But, that's not really me," you say.  
Oh no? Then may I ask,  
Where did it come from—truly, friend—  
If not behind the mask?

Can words or thoughts or actions come  
From where they've never been?  
For what goes in comes surely out;  
This is a proven thing.



The secret pleasures you delight in,  
On which your spirit feeds,  
Those things which occupy your thoughts  
Will soon show forth in deeds.

What you will do when no one sees  
Is who you really are;  
And like a mirror actions will  
Reflect the state of heart.

You make a choice—that choice makes you—  
A law of life that stands.  
So think about each choice, my friend,  
When you are making plans.

And so that heart of yours, beware,  
And diligently keep.  
For issues that pertain to life  
Will flow from out of it!

*Written by Sarah Raber  
Salesville, Ohio*



# Reacting or Responding

by Loyal Martin  
Philadelphia, NY



**A**t first glance these two words may seem to mean the same, and doubtless they can be used interchangeably; but each word has its own connotation, and I have chosen these to express two different approaches to the situations we

face in life. When God's Spirit controls a man, it enables him in every circumstance to respond in obedience to the voice of God rather than to react in the flesh. Much damage is done to our lives and to the testimony of God in the earth when we fail to respond

in faith with a love for the truth in every circumstance.

The Spirit-filled man is possessed by the One who has all wisdom and power. It is possible for him to walk through life with a calm confidence because he has faith in his God. In every situation his heart turns in quiet trust and dependence to the One who created and sustains him. God's grace and glory are in his life as he responds to his God. Is there a blessing? He thanks God for it. Is there a fear? He commits his life to God. Is there success and victory? He glorifies God. Is there failure? He accepts the consequences, learns from the experience, and God turns even that into a testimony for His glory. His whole life becomes a process of growing in the knowledge of God, and responding to God's provision for him.

At times Christ is presented as a zealot who reacted to the religious leaders of His day, but this is not really a true picture of Him (Matthew 23:1-3). He is God's perfect example of a Spirit-filled life.

Psalm 1 describes this man so well. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

In contrast to that is the man who walks through life depending on his own wisdom and abilities. He has no anchor in God so the different situations in life invite the reactions of his flesh. He is "like the chaff which the wind driveth away." He "shall not stand," and his way "shall perish."

The tragedy of this is the destruction it causes in the life of the individual. He sees excess or an imbalance in someone. Immediately he determines that he will not repeat the same mistake. But because his confidence is in his flesh rather than in God and the wisdom of His Word, he swings to the opposite extreme and ends up with a result that can be worse than the effects of the initial mistake. The history of humanity

is filled with examples of such disastrous behavior, and too often we can relate to it in our own lives.

The issue may be how to train children, or the exercise of authority, or something more trivial. We may react to the faults of our parents, church leaders or other brothers and sisters. But the effects are not always desirable.

God wants to save us from this pendulum and establish in us a pattern of life that demonstrates a steady growth in His truth. He wants to bring us to the end of ourselves. He wants to establish our hearts in a thirst for His will, to a faith-filled dependency upon Him and a ready obedience to that which He shows us that He may be glorified as He works in us both to will and to

do His good pleasure. The end result of this life is far more beautiful, satisfying and enduring than a life that is lived according to our own foolish whims.

God has given to us fellow brothers and sisters to balance our lives. Not one of us is complete alone. Rather we are members one of another that makes up a body for God to dwell in and manifest His will to a fallen humanity. When we have an attitude of humble submission to God's plan and open our lives to other believers allowing them to help us, we are saved from many tears of grief because of fleshly reactions or hasty decisions. May God be glorified as we respond to Him. □

## ANNOUNCING...

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### HOPE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

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**October 13-20**

#### Teachers:

Keith Daniel • Ken Lowry  
Denny Kenaston

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Emanuel Esh

*For more information, call 1-800-227-7902*

## Correction!

Oops! The verse below should have appeared below the title of *The Dangers of Drama*, page 24 of the May/June 2002 Remnant.

*"Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." II Corinthians 4:1-2*



# Konkomba Testimonies

by Daniel Kenaston



*“The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.” Psalms 145:9-12*

I have shared about our ministry in past articles using a triangle to diagram the double burden that we carry in our hearts as we labor here among the Konkombas. First, a burden to stand in the gap between the God of heaven and the Konkomba people, communicating truth to the people and interceding on their behalf to our mutual Father. Secondly, a desire to stand between our tribe and all of you, who far away, pray, give and care for what happens here in Konkomba-land. We want to provide a link of information and heart sharing about the Konkombas so that you can in turn complete the chain by interceding for them in the throne room of heaven. We recognize that as the Konkombas will not know about Christ until they are told, so you also will not be able to grasp the burden and heart of the work here unless you are told (though it would be wonderful for some of you to view it first-hand!). My burden in this article is to link you with a couple of testimonies that I trust will be a blessing to you. These are Konkomba testimonies, slightly adapted for readability. They give a glimpse into the work that God is doing in the hearts of many of our people here. As the above verse says so well, His tender mercies are over all His works, even His work among the Konkombas! My prayer is that as I share these words with you and make known to the sons of men His mighty acts in Ghana, you will be encouraged to speak of the

glory of His kingdom and talk of His power!

The first testimony is from a young man from a village near Bunbonayili. In the last two years he has gone from being a pagan idol-worshiper to a joyful Christian who regularly goes out to other villages to share the good news of the Gospel. His is a young faith, but it is a tried faith none the less, as he has had many difficulties and hard choices since he chose to follow Jesus. He regularly stands alone to obey God's word while living among idol worshippers. There is no way for me to portray his simple but radiant joy as he recounts these words to me, but suffice it to say that his smiling face stands out among his tribesmen like a light. Here are his words:

All of my life until recently was spent in all kinds of sin and wickedness. I grew up watching my father make sacrifices to the spirits, and I followed in the same path of darkness that my people have always walked in—making sacrifices to the idols, strictly observing the taboos of our

family fetish and going to the juju doctor for "medicine" for any specific problem or sickness we had. We always said *Uwumbor* (the Konkomba name for God) when making any offering to our fetish. We knew that he was the "big god" somewhere, but we knew nothing about him or how we could know him.

Because we did not know God we did many evil things.

The thing we enjoyed the most was to go to the market, eat pork and drink sorghum beer until we could hardly even walk back to our village. It is not only I who was doing these things; in fact, most of my people are following this path even today. Our only desire was to get enough from our

farms to allow us to continue enjoying our sin. We did fear death, and the possibility that someone could throw a death curse on us frightened us and made us go to the juju men regularly for protection.

About three years ago, I began to experience pain all over my body. It seemed to move from place to place. The problem with the sickness was that I could not farm. With my wife and small child eating

from my work, we soon began to suffer for food. I went to all of the juju doctors in these villages and spent a lot of money so that they would cure my sickness, but in the end the pain was still moving in my body, and I still could not farm. Since my sickness was not going, I decided to travel over to the border with Togo because most of the powerful doctors are in that area. I stayed for a long time and went to many big juju men. They all gave me things to eat or to wear on my body to cure the sickness, but in the end my money finished, and I still had pain.

While I was following juju, God was making a different plan for me, because He knew that there was nobody who knew God's Word in my village. So He sent me far away so that I could meet people who knew God and who could show me the path to find Him. A little while before I came back to my village, I met some Christians. They told me that I should burn my juju and pray for God to heal me. After trying so many things without any help, I was ready to listen to them. I burned some of my juju and decided to try and see if God would heal me. I did not really change right then, but my eyes were starting to see another path, and I was very interested to know God's Word. I began to pray every day for God to heal me and also that He would help me to change from my sin. During this time I came back to my home village. I was told that in my absence a white man had come to stay in Bunbon and was preaching to

**"We always said Uwumbor (the Konkomba name for God) when making any offering to our fetish. We knew that he was the "big god" somewhere, but we knew nothing about him or how we could know him. Because we did not know God we did many evil things."**



the Konkomba people. Since my village people were trying to send me for more juju and my mind wanted to know more about God's side, I was very happy to hear this news and started going every week for Mr. Daniel to preach to me and pray for my sickness.

Mr. Daniel questioned me and then told me that God does not want to heal me as I am still holding juju in my house; God wants me to know that it is not juju power that helps me. He explained many things to me about how I should follow God and how I have been making God angry through my sin. When I thought on it all, I knew that it was time for me to actually remove myself from my idols and fetishes and believe on God and Jesus. When I first heard God's Word by Togo side, I wanted to follow God if He healed me. Now I decided that even if God does not remove my pain it is still better for me to obey the One who made me than to continue to follow Satan's side. So one day when I went home from Daniel's house I gathered all of my juju and idols and took it outside to burn. Some of my village people saw what I was doing and came over to try to stop me, begging me not to burn my fetishes because I would die. I did not mind them because I knew that my heart was now changing to follow God. I burned my things while they stood and said that I am now a crazy man because of what I have done. In my heart I was happy and did not feel any fear, and I only started to pray

even more that God would heal me and help me to follow his path.

Mr. Daniel showed me a Konkomba man whose village is close to mine who had been following God for several years, and we agreed to meet often so that he could teach me more of God's Word.

All of this happened about six months ago. During the last months I have been learning much about God and Jesus and the way we can believe and have eternal life. My old way of life is now changed to a different way, and the sins I was doing are all gone. I have also started to go around to some of the villages in my area to gather the people and preach to them. When I do this I always tell them of how I used to be and how Jesus has changed me. Many of these people know me and have seen that there is a change in my actions. Some of them are starting to do as I have done and are following God's Word, but some are not happy and say that I am a crazy man because of what I am doing. To me it makes no difference. I used to walk up and down to villages so that I could find beer to drink; now I am always walking to different villages to

**"Many of these people know me and have seen that there is a change in my actions....I used to walk up and down to villages so that I could find beer to drink; now I am always walking to different villages to preach!"**

preach! My wife is happy because of the change in my life, as I do not get drunk and beat her or shout at her for being slow to cook my food, but she has not really believed in Jesus for herself. I am trying to explain things to her so that she will also follow me to obey God. I know that soon she will!

Farming season started two months ago and God is giving me strength to work again. One day recently I met Mr. Daniel and he asked about my health. I told him that the day before I raised 300 yam mounds (many strong men can not raise more than 200!) and both of us thanked God for how He is healing me. I know that God has not healed me only to farm but also so that I can preach in our many villages who do not know God at all. I am trying to do all that I can to thank God for what He has done for me—sending pain to my body so that I would hear His Word while looking for juju to cure me, and then changing me to be a Christian and a follower of God!

It is a problem to me that I cannot read, but I listen to others read the Bible and try to remember so that when I am in the villages I can bring the

verses out to my people. At least I can tell them about my life and how Jesus has healed me and saved me. Satan still tries to remove me from Jesus sometimes, but when he comes to talk to me I just enter my room and pray loudly to Jesus. Then my heart is happy because I know that I will never go back to my old life again. No one can pull me away from Jesus, and though my people tell me I am crazy, I know that I am free and happy on God's road.

These words are the story of how I left my sin and juju to follow Jesus' path.

The second testimony comes from a somewhat different source, but it is no less inspiring when you consider God's calling and purpose at work in this young man's life. Our role in his life has been in the area of training and discipleship, as he came to know Jesus three years ago while attending school in a town several hours south of us. We praise God that He allows us to work together with Him and others to accomplish His plans in the lives of individuals. He is from the opposite end of the spectrum compared to the story above—a highly privileged young man who was chosen out of a large family to become the *kalachi* or educated one. Rather than using his education to pursue wealth or politics as one of the few highly educated Konkombas in this area, God is impressing on him the need of his people to be set free from spiritual darkness.

**Praise God, this young man is heeding the call of God and is turning a deaf ear to the lesser (though louder) voices that call for him to be "successful." It is a joy to our hearts to observe him picking up the burden of ministering to his people, as will be evidenced by the excerpts I am picking out of a letter he sent me. He wrote the letter in response to a conversation in which I challenged him to find out God's plan for his life and follow it rather than allowing the desire "to be something" among his people to dictate his future. Hopefully these paragraphs pulled from his letter will communicate the call of God that is on his life and also his resulting responsiveness to it.**

Dear Daniel, I am grateful for the chance to write you this letter. With God, things are getting better here, and I know He will make the same thing possible in Bunbonayili and its surroundings.

Daniel, in fact, may God forgive me for opposing His will for my life in the last months and in my thoughts for the future. I am very worried for my Konkomba tribesmen

who do not know about God and the truth that Jesus Christ died for them. There is one thing that comes into my mind regularly, and that is that I grew up to see all of my people worshipping idols and we never heard about God's Word in all of our villages. Somehow, God made it possible for me to know that Christ died for me and that I should live my life to please Him and worship Him only. It is therefore in my vision to spread the same good news to my fellow Konkombas and to all others who do not know Him.

I have gone far in school compared to most Konkombas, and many people are insisting that I should continue, but the question that I must ask myself is what was God planning for me when He created me and allowed me to hear about Him in such an unusual way? He allowed me to hear His Word far away from my home village because there were no Christians at that

time in my area. People will always tell us to become as big and successful as possible, but Jesus says in Matthew 28:18-20 that we should go everywhere and make disci-

**"Daniel, help me in prayer so that I shall do God's purpose for my life and also serve others as Jesus did, not counting myself too big or educated to help poor villagers, but ready to humble myself and suffer so that many of my people can know Jesus and salvation in particular."**

ples. If this is what Jesus tells us then why should I let my heart's desire prevent me from doing God's work among my own people? I know that in our last discussion it was Jesus' spirit who was speaking to me through you. I thank God for revealing His lovely words to me as well as his plan for my life. I Timothy 4:14-16 tells us not to neglect or push aside the spiritual gifts that God has given to us, and I am resolved to move forward to fulfill God's plan for me.

Daniel, help me in prayer so that I shall do God's purpose for my life and also serve others as Jesus did, not counting myself too big or educated to help poor villagers, but ready to humble myself and suffer so that many of my people can know Jesus and salvation in particular. Philippians 2:5-8. Certainly Jesus had to come down more than I will ever have to in order to care for and then die for us. As the verse says, I want this mind of Jesus to be in me!

Stay blessed until we meet next week for more discussion as far as God's work is concerned. I will be ready for any words, encouragements or commands that you will have for me as far as evangelism is concerned. I end here with many greetings to you and your family and loved ones and special greetings to your wife.

I think the letter gives a pretty clear view of his desire to serve God. If there were any question of whether or not he was ready to translate this vision into real labor

among his people, the two months or so since I received this letter have certainly put to rest any doubt. He has clearly demonstrated a willingness to suffer on the trail with me, going in and out of various villages preaching together and also good initiative in starting a Bible study group in a new village all on his own. Every time I meet him his face is radiant and his heart ready to learn more about how to minister to his people. I am taking him along with me on some of my treks into the villages and we are enjoying this working and learning together time. He has been an answer to our many prayers for these kind of young men, and we are begging God for many more who will lay aside their dreams of greatness in order to help their people to see the light of the gospel.

Well, dear ones, I mentioned at the beginning of these testimonies that we feel keenly our responsibility to keep you informed and able to pray specifically for the needs of the Konkomba people and for us as we minister to them. I've never shared testimonies from the work here in quite this way before, but I hope that you will be blessed and encouraged through the lives of these two men who have found the same Jesus that we have and want to serve Him among their Konkomba tribesmen. God is at work here. The living proof that these and many others are to God's transforming power in Konkomba lives has been a

real source of motivation and energy during the discouraging times that we sometimes face. I trust that you will connect with your Konkomba brothers here through hearing a little of their lives and will be encouraged to pray more for a powerful move of God to bring this tribe into the kingdom of God's dear Son. God is raising up people to minister here, both local and from abroad, and is beginning to raise up those who will commit to praying until God transforms the Konkombas from a looked-down-upon, idol worshipping tribe into a joyous army of the redeemed who will testify with their mouths and lives of the power of God to revolutionize a group of people! I invite and beg you to be a part of this work through picking up the burden of this lost tribe and carrying it daily in prayer to the throne room where all of our prayers for this tribe are being noticed and stored. Thank you for your faithfulness in prayer and for your willingness to take the Konkombas, as we have done, to be your own people. God has promised that Konkombas will be around the throne; may we draw from this promise courage to go on when it seems that the fulfillment is long in coming. May we also be motivated to do our part so that God's great plan may be fulfilled in our generation.

*Yours among the Konkombas,  
Daniel & Christy Kenaston and  
Family*

□

# Book Review

by Andrew Weaver

## The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life

by Hannah Whitall Smith



Since its publication 130 years ago, this book has remained a favorite among Christian readers. Unlike many books written in that period, the language is very simple and uncomplicated, and you will find it a pleasure to read. *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life* is an invitation to live the Christian life as God intended us to—in victory and joy. The author refers to this as the “life hid with Christ in God” and shares many of her own experiences of learning to live this life.

Her preface gives an excellent introduction to the book:

What I have to tell in this little book is no new story.... Many times it has been lost sight of, and the church has seemed to fall into almost hopeless darkness and lifelessness. But the “secret” has always been preserved by an apostolic succession of those who have walked and talked with God. The truths I have to tell are not theological, but practical. The book is sent out in tender sympathy and yearning love for all struggling, weary souls, of whatever creed or name; and its message goes right from my heart to theirs.

The first chapter explains how the author came to see that Christians were meant to be full of a joy that would attract unbelievers to this life in Christ:

A keen observer once said to me, “You Christians seem to have a religion that makes you miserable. You are like a man with a headache. He does not want to get rid of his head, but it hurts him to keep it. You cannot expect outsiders to seek very earnestly for anything so uncomfortable.” Then for the first time I saw, as in a flash, that the religion of Christ ought to be, and was meant to be, to its possessors, not something to make them miserable, but something to make them happy; and I began then and there to ask the Lord to show me the secret of a happy Christian life.

Speaking of the life of alternating failure and victory that so many have accepted as normal, the first chapter asks:

But *is* this all? Had the Lord Jesus only this in His mind when He laid down His precious life to



deliver you from your sore and cruel bondage to sin? Did He propose to Himself only this partial deliverance? Did “enabling us always to triumph” mean that we’re only to triumph sometimes? Does being “saved to the uttermost” mean the meager salvation we see manifested among us now? Can we dream that the Savior, who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, could possibly see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied in such Christian lives as fill the Church today?

In the very outset, then, settle down on this one thing, that Jesus came to save you, now, in this life, from the power and dominion of sin, and to make you more than conquerors through His power. Can we, for a moment, suppose that the holy God, who hates sin in the sinner, is willing to tolerate it in the Christian, and that He has even arranged the plan of salvation in such a way as to make it impossible for those who are saved from the guilt of sin, to find deliverance from its power?

**In the chapter “How to Enter In” the author sums up our responsibility in two steps:**

First, entire abandonment; and second, absolute faith. No matter what may be the complications of your peculiar experience, no matter what your difficulties, or your surroundings, or your “peculiar temperament,” these two steps, definitely taken and unwaveringly persevered in, will certainly bring you out sooner or later into the green pastures and still waters of the life hid with Christ in God.

**A later chapter speaks about some difficulties involving faith:**

Your idea of faith, I suppose, has been something like this. You have looked upon it as in some way a sort of thing — either a religious exercise of soul, or an inward, gracious disposition of heart; something tangible, in fact, which, when you have secured it, you can look at and rejoice over, and use as a passport to God’s favor, or a coin with which to purchase His gifts. And you have been praying for faith, expecting all the while to get something like this; and never having received any such thing, you are insisting upon it that you have no faith. Now faith, in fact, is not in the least

like this. It is nothing at all tangible. It is simply believing God; and, like sight, it is nothing apart from its object. You might as well shut your eyes and look inside, and see whether you have sight, as to look inside to discover whether you have faith. You see something, and thus know that you have sight; you believe something, and thus know that you have faith.

It seems strange that people whose very name of Believers implies that their chief characteristic is that they believe, should have to confess that they have doubt. Most Christians have settled down under their doubts, as to a sort of inevitable malady, from which they suffer acutely, but to which they must try to be resigned as a part of the necessary discipline of this earthly life; and they lament over their doubts as a man might lament over his rheumatism, making themselves out as “interesting cases” of special and peculiar trial, which require the tenderest sympathy and the utmost consideration.

Just as well might I join in with the laments of a drunkard, and unite with him in prayer for grace to endure the discipline of his fatal appetite, as to give way for one instant to the weak complaints of these enslaved souls, and try to console them under their slavery. To [both] I would dare to do nothing else but proclaim the perfect deliverance which the Lord Jesus Christ has in store for them, and beseech them...to avail themselves of it and be free. Not for one moment would I listen to their despairing excuses. You ought to be free, you can be free, you must be free!

**Another chapter is entitled “Difficulties Concerning Failures” and it begins thus:**

The very title of this chapter may perhaps startle some. “Failures,” they will say; “we thought there were no failures in this life of faith!” To this I would answer that there ought not to be, and need not be; but, as a fact, there sometimes are, and we must deal with facts, and not with theories. No safe teacher of this interior life ever says that it becomes impossible to sin; they only insist that sin ceases to be a necessity, and that a possibility of continual victory is opened before us. When a believer, who has, as he trusts, entered upon the highway of holiness, finds himself surprised into sin, he is tempted either to be utterly

*continued on page 35*



# Precious Letters from Our Readers

**W**e thank God for the many letters of counsel and encouragement we have been receiving. It is the only way we can evaluate our progress. Keep them coming. Our desire is to foster a free flow of edification, inspiration and burden from us to you, and you to us. This way we can pass some of the blessings on to the others who are reading. We would love to hear from you in any of the following ways:

- ▣ A meaningful lesson in family devotions that you can pass on to other fathers.
- ▣ A testimony for *The Blessing Corner* of God's blessing in some area of obedience.
- ▣ A question that can be answered to the edification of all.
- ▣ An area of spiritual growth, obtained by one of the exercises suggested in the magazine.
- ▣ A word of encouragement or counsel about *The Remnant*, or any section of it.

*Waiting to hear... --The Editors*

My dear friends in Christ at Charity,

I thank you so much for the Remnant and the Mission Newsletter. How blessed and fed I have been through those publications. I yearn for such solid Bible teaching at the church my husband and I attend. Because of the lack of strong Bible teaching, I am "starving to hear the Word." I so desire solid food, but all we get is watered down milk. Your publications certainly fill the gap.

Please pray for us that we may seek a fellowship of believers where the Word is taught and followed. Pray too for our current fellowship, just newly formed, that the Spirit will move and set everyone on fire for the Lord.

Thank you for being a solid rock for me where I can be fed and read of other like-minded Christians. I have grown from reading your pub-

lications and hearing your various tape sets. What a blessing! I have gleaned so much. May God continue to bless your ministry. The hurting world so needs your ministry. How the hurting need fed; how they need the Lord! Thank you.

*Alexandria, OH*



Dear Remnant,

I want to take this opportunity to encourage you to continue on faithfully in your noble work. Our home has been so blessed this winter by the issues of this magazine. I am a happy new mom, and all the home histories have been a real challenge and encouragement. I am so thankful for this kind of material. The pages of faith, brokenness, commitment and evangelism have also been such a blessing here. Keep up

the good work. May your efforts be blessed.

*Mrs. Daniel Miller*

P.S. I love the covers on the magazine. They really speak the Bible and are so inspiring. My prayers are with you.



Dear Charity,

Greetings in the name of our wonderful Lord and risen Savior, Jesus Christ. How precious Jesus is to me.

Before I go any further, I would like to thank all of you for your wonderful testimony and the light you show forth. You are as a rainbow in the midst of a stormy world. I pray for you and your ministry often, asking God almighty to shine through you more and more. And let me tell you, He has answered that prayer over and over!

I love to read the Remnant, especially the *Blessings Corner* and the letters from believers around the world. The teaching sections are unlike anything I have ever seen, save the Bible itself. One can certainly tell the authors are practicing what they preach. They are filled with the Holy Spirit. Other than the Bible, these articles are the most scriptural based pieces around. Thank-you for making them available to me.

I also would like to send a big thank you to those Christians who help support the ministries at Charity. There are many of us who cannot afford to help money-

wise. We do hold you in our prayers though!

Thank you again for allowing God to use you!

Dundee, MI



Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

Greetings sent to you from Zimbabwe, Africa and in the name of our soon coming Lord and Savior of this world!

First, I would like to thank you so much for sending me the Remnant for the past five years. It has really made that tremendous difference not

only to me but also to all the people I share the magazine with. Every section (topic) in that magazine is just so inspiring and challenging. I know that I am not the only one who has found joy, love, truth and peace through your magazine. May it continue to be a real blessing!

May the Almighty richly bless all of you as you labor for Him. Be assured that you are not doing it for men but for Him and your reward is awaiting you in Heaven. Thanks a lot!

Your sister in Christ,  
Jane Nzvingwe  
Zimbabwe

*continued from page 33, The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life by Hannah Whitall Smith*

discouraged, and to give everything up as lost; or else in order to preserve the doctrines untouched, he feels it necessary to cover his sin up, calling it infirmity, and refusing to be candid and above-board about it. Either of these courses is equally fatal to any real growth and progress in the life of holiness. The great point is an instant return to God. Our sin is no reason for ceasing to trust, but only an unanswerable argument why we must trust more fully than ever.

We are not preaching a *state*, but a *walk*. The highway of holiness is not a *place*, but a *way*. Sanctification is not a thing to be picked up at a certain stage of our experience, and forever after possessed, but it is a life to be lived day by day, and hour by hour.

The chapter "Bondage or Liberty" shows clearly the vast difference between a life of grace and life under the law:

Here are two men who neither of them steals. Outwardly their actions are equally honest; but inwardly there is a vital difference. One man has a dishonest nature that wants to steal, and is only deterred by the fear of a penalty; while the other possesses an honest nature that hates thieving,

and could not be induced to steal, even by the hope of a reward. The one is honest in the spirit; the other is honest only in the flesh. No words are needed to say of which sort the Christian life is meant to be.

So deeply is the idea that the Christian life is a species of bondage ingrained in the church, that, whenever any of the children of God find themselves "walking at liberty" they at once begin to think there must be something wrong in their experience, because they no longer find anything to be a "cross" to them. As well might a wife think there must be something wrong in her love for her husband, when she finds all her services for him are pleasure instead of a trial!

I hope this sampling of this book's riches has been enough to persuade you to read it for yourself and uncover more. May God bless you and enable you to daily enjoy *The Christian's Secret of A Happy Life*. □

**The Christian's Secret of A Happy Life**  
is available through your local bookstore.



## I'm Standing

I'm standing, Lord;  
There is a mist that blinds my sight.  
Steep jagged rocks, front, left and right,  
Lower, dim, gigantic, in the night.  
Where is the way?

I'm standing, Lord;  
The black rock hems me in behind.  
Above my head a moaning wind  
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.  
I am afraid!

He answered me, and on His face  
A look ineffable of grace,  
Of perfect, understanding love,  
Which all my murmuring did remove.

I'm standing, Lord;  
Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see  
Thou hast beset – these rocks are Thee!  
And, since Thy love encloses me,  
I stand and sing.

- Betty Stam -  
*Missionary Martyr*

*The Heartbeat of*  
**The Remnant**

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