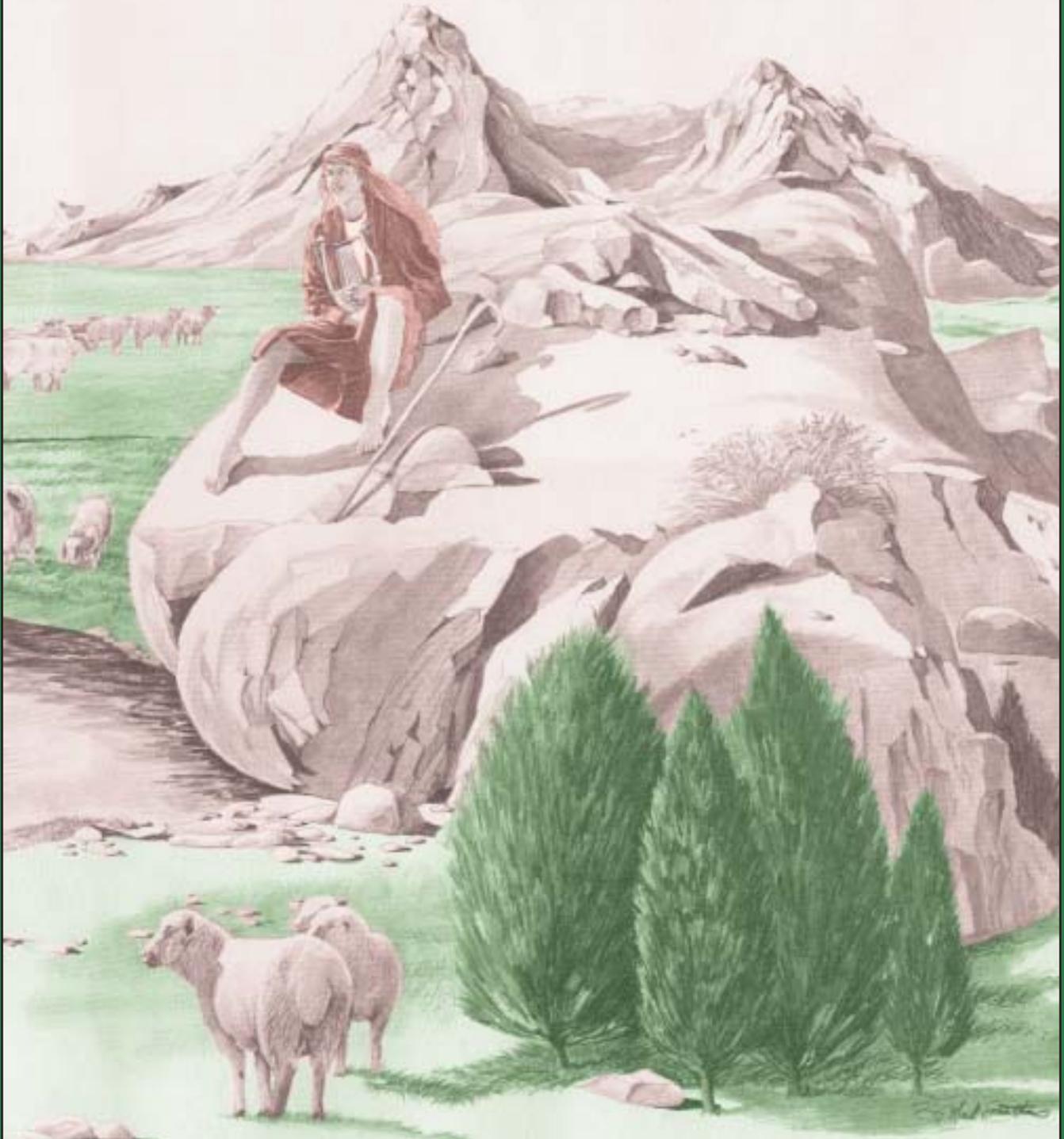


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The Heartbeat of

The Remnant



... is Fighting for the Next Generation

The Heartbeat of
The Remnant

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Fighting for the Next Generation

by Denny Kenaston

*But my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit with him,
and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went;
and his seed shall possess it.*

Numbers 14:24

Caleb is one of my heroes in the Bible. I want to be like him. The words recorded above are few but packed with meaning. God uttered these words in the midst of an intercessory prayer that Moses made for the children of Israel. They had failed to enter into the Promised Land because of their unbelief. Caleb, however, was different.

God said that Caleb had another spirit with him that was different from all the rest of the people. Caleb had a spirit of faith and victory. He was a pioneer with a fighting spirit. The Lord said, “He followed Me fully—not halfway. He followed the fullness of the revelation that I gave Him of My person.” There is a secret for us in Caleb’s testimony.

Those of us who want to go on in our Christian life must be like Caleb. We must have a

spirit of faith that says, “Come on, let’s go. God will help us. Let’s go in and take some of that land. Give me that mountain! It’s mine, I want it and I’m going to have it.” Words like these express the heart attitude of a Caleb. The Lord gave a prophetic promise to Moses about Caleb. He said, “I will bring him into the land.” God promised Caleb the land that he saw and walked upon. We see in the book of Joshua that this land was not obtained without a fight, and that is how it is in our Christian lives also.

The Lord made another statement of promise about Caleb in the same verse. It holds some thrilling inspiration for us parents today. God said, “His seed shall possess it.” This promise has tremendous applications for our homes this very day.

Our children shall possess what we, as parents, have fought for.

If we were to visit Hebron, the mountain Caleb possessed, in the early days of the book of Joshua, we would hear the noise of battle. We would see the strain of war and hear the sound of prayers. We would see Caleb, the man of war, standing there and leading others in a battle for the land. We would hear Caleb saying, "God said He will give me this land. And bless God, by His grace, I'm going to take this piece of land." He might have been eighty-five years old, but he had the strength, fire and zeal of a young man. We need the same thing, brothers. We need this zeal of young men.

If, however, we were to visit the mountain of Hebron twenty years later, we would find a totally different scene. We would find Caleb's children and his children's children there on that mountain, working in the fields and living in peace. There they would be, plucking olives off the olive trees, picking grapes, grazing the sheep on the hillside, gathering the honey and milking the goats. They would be enjoying all of the things God said that they would find in the land that flowed with milk and honey.

This is a beautiful picture, but it would not have been so except for a man named Caleb, who was willing to fight for his inheritance. He was willing to fight for that land God said he could have. If it were not for Caleb, you would not see all of those children living in all the good of the land. His children possessed what he fought for. It is the same for us today. Caleb was a pioneer. There's something very stirring about being a pioneer. There's something very challenging and adventuresome. There's something adventuresome about being a first generation Christian looking down the road and saying, "Bless God, I'm going to fight for everything I can get for the sake of the children that live in my house. I want them to possess what I was willing to fight for."

I know that not everyone is a first generation Christian. A first generation Christian is one that has no Christian heritage. You were lost. You were undone. You had no thought of God. You found yourself face to face with the reality of God. Your eyes were opened, and you were born again. That's where my wife and I found ourselves twen-



We looked out there and saw the beautiful land of a happy marriage and a godly home, and our hearts said, "I want that mountain."

ty-nine years ago. We were standing on the good side of the river Jordan, just gazing out over the land. Ah, there it was! All that land! We had nothing—absolutely nothing—but we were born again. We saw so many things as we gazed over the land of Canaan. We saw the beautiful land of the disciplined life. We saw the beautiful land of love. We saw the beautiful land of the character of Christ. We looked out there and saw the beautiful land of a happy marriage and a godly home, and our hearts said, "I want that mountain."

There were preachers along the road who said, "You can have it! It's God's will! Go in and possess." We started our Christian life very undisciplined in probably every area. Marriage didn't go too well. We didn't know how to be a husband or a wife. We were not doing too well with our children. We didn't know much about raising them. Leadership was terrible. Finances were a struggle. I could give you a big long list of the failures in which we needed to grow twenty-nine years ago when we gazed at the land.

The children in my own home have been saved and salvaged from so much. Some of the

older ones know the battles and fights that took place, but the younger ones—all they know is a happy mom and a happy dad. All they know is order in the home. All they know is sweet fellowship around about the table. All they know is order, discipline, leadership and fellowship. They don't even know there was a war to get those things, but there was a war to get every single one of them. We fought with the enemy for everything we have. By the grace of God, we fought for it. The children in my home today are literally possessing what we fought for. The little ones are growing up in a home where there is a sweet spirit of love and kindness. They know nothing of anger and arguments. They don't know any of those things. They are just simply possessing a sweet spirited home.

But, brothers and sisters, that didn't happen by accident. We fought for every bit of it. By that I mean that we wrestled with God. We wrestled with the devil. We wrestled in prayer. We wrestled with each other. We argued sometimes. It didn't always go the way it should have, but we saw the piece of land. We knew that God wanted us to have it if we were willing to keep on fighting. By God's grace, we do possess that land. The children just grow up in the midst of it, as if that was the way it always was. That's exactly how God wants it to be. God wants our children to grow up in peaceful habitations. Yes, we can tell them, "It hasn't always been this way," but they will never know the strife, the fight, the battle and the struggles that we went through, because they were safely born in the midst of the things we fought for. What a beautiful truth. What stirring thought that is to my own soul.

We Set the Battle in Array

As I look back over the battles over the last twenty-nine years, I think about the strain. I think about how the enemy tried to discourage and destroy and try to get our eyes off the Lord. Through the years God kept drawing our hearts to keep our eyes looking ahead at the beautiful pieces of land of a happy marriage, of harmony in the home, of a disciplined life and of prayer that's real. We saw the land of godly character and of loving attitudes. We said, "I want them! I want them! I want that mountain! I will have that mountain!"

I look back over our experience. I used to hate children. I couldn't stand them. "Get them out of my sight! I don't want children around! They're a noise, a bother. They're just trouble." Imagine my children possessing that, but they know nothing of it. They don't even know it ever existed unless I tell them. I used to hate old people. I would not give them the time of day. My children know nothing of that. I fought for that piece of land, and my children know nothing of the other. My life was filled with insecurities and negatives. That's the way I was. That's the way I looked at life. I wouldn't try anything new. I was full of negatives. If the sun were shining, I wish it would rain. If it were raining, I wish the sun would shine. Some of my children know what that's all about, but the little ones know nothing of it. They grow up in a land filled with confidence in God, with positive attitudes and with an uplifting anticipation of what God can do today. That is all they know, because I was willing to fight for a piece of land back there years ago in my Christian life.

Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all.

I Timothy 4:15

In the above verse, Paul wrote to Timothy about this subject of advancement in the Christian life, or maybe we should call it "taking new ground." I would like to look at one word in this verse. It is the word *profiting*. That word means "pioneer advance." What is a pioneer advance? It's taking new ground. It's heading down a road that you've never been down before. It's standing there in a covered wagon with Mama beside you and two little children in the back of the wagon, looking out over a vast wilderness out in front. And, oh, you dream of a California you've never seen, but only heard about. It's standing on the edge of that wilderness, dreaming about California on the other side of the mountains and saying, "We're going to California. Whatever it takes." That's what a pioneer advance is. It's taking new ground that you've never taken before. That's what the word *profiting* means. Consider the context of this word.

Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in

*charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting—**thy pioneer advance**—may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.*

I Timothy 4:12-16

Paul told Timothy, “Don’t stay where you are. Be an example to the believers in every area of your life. Give attendance to reading and exhortation. Give attendance to doctrine. What do I mean by giving attendance? Meditate upon them. What do I mean by meditate? Mill it over and over and over again. Give your heart wholly to the things you are meditating upon, so that everybody can see that you are advancing in your Christian life—that you are taking new ground that you never had before.”

Pioneers

In our Christian lives we stand looking ahead. You don’t know what’s ahead, but you read the Bible and see that there is much more land to possess than what you already have. There you stand in the little wagon, with your wife beside you, with a couple children in the back, and you look out ahead and say, “Let’s go for it.” You husbands look over at your wife and say, “Honey, let’s go for it. Let’s not stay here. Let’s go on. Let us go forward. Let us pioneer. Let us advance. Let us go in and possess. Let us go and take that little mountain over there.” Maybe today, your marriage isn’t going too well. Brother, sister, there’s land up ahead. It’s beautiful land, and God wants to change that marriage of yours. And for the sake of those two children in the back of that wagon, go for it with all your heart! Maybe there is chaos in your home. There is disarray. There is strife. There is fighting. For the sake of those children, you need to go ahead. Fight for that piece of land. Your children shall grow up in the midst of that beautiful land with all of its milk and honey and with all its fruits and grapes. They can grow up in the midst of

that, knowing nothing else, if you are willing to keep on persevering. It doesn’t have to be the way that it is.

There is something stirring and adventure-some in that whole thought to me. As I look on down the road of my Christian life, I realize that there is much land yet to possess. I want to take my children in the good of everything I am willing to fight for. When it’s time for them to take their own little wagon, I want them to look out ahead and say, “Bless God for all the land we obtained from Mom and Dad, but let’s not stay here. Let’s keep on going.” I don’t know a better way to teach the children on how to fight and possess the land than to teach them by example. We aren’t going to stay on the riverbank. There are too many beautiful things out there that God wants us to inherit. We aren’t going to stay on the riverbanks. We are going to keep on going.

I tell you every piece is worth fighting for. Think with me. It is the will of God that our children grow up in the midst of the things that we fought for. Let it be that way. Some are just married. Go for it, newlyweds. Keep everything you have; go for everything you can get. Your children will just grow up in the midst of everything you get. They will not know anything else. “Fighting? What is that? Angry words? I don’t know what they are.” Your children can just grow up in the midst of the things you are willing to fight for. I don’t know what it is. Maybe there is fighting in your home? God wants you to possess a better land. Maybe there is chaos? Don’t settle for that. Maybe you’re an undisciplined, lazy person? Don’t let them grow up in the midst of that. Let them grow up in the midst of a diligent home. They can grow up not knowing anything else. It is all in your hands today.

That happy marriage you need to have, it’s worth fighting for. It will be worth straining over. It will be worth crying about. It will be worth every struggle and every energy you put into it. It will be worth every hour that you spend pondering what a happy marriage should be. It will be worth every hour you spend praying, meditating and facing your needs. It will be worth every bit of it when you look at it in light of the children who just grow up in the midst of this happy home.

continued on page 19

Charles Spurgeon's

H o m e L i f e

by Denny Kenaston

*And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God,
I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh:
and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,
and your young men shall see visions,
and your old men shall dream dreams....*
Acts 2:17

There are times when great tragedy strikes that we must simply say, "God is sovereign." We all know times like these when we do not understand why God is allowing things to happen as they are. This also applies when miraculous things happen which defy our understanding. God is sovereign, and He can do what ever He wants. Spurgeon's life is one of those miracles. He preached his first sermon at the age of sixteen with anointing and zeal. By the time he was nineteen, he was preaching to crowds of five thousand, turning many to the Lord. You say, "How can this be?" I do not know; God is sovereign. The scripture above seems to give room for sixteen-year-olds preaching the gospel in like manner. I must admit, I wish we had more young men who were so



full of God and His word that they cannot but speak.

When Charles was a young boy, he lived with his dedicated grandparents for about six years. Grandpa was a preacher of the gospel, a pastor of the same church for fifty-four years. While he lived with his grandparents, when he was about ten years old, a very unusual event placed an eternal stamp on his heart. A godly evangelist was staying at the home for a few days and took an interest in the hungry boy. Preacher Knill, stirred by the amazing hunger Charles had for Bible knowledge, broke out in intercessory prayer for the lad. He finished by prophesying that the boy would love Jesus and preach the gospel in the largest chapel in the world. These prophetic words set the course of Charles Haddon

Spurgeon's life. He began to dream dreams and see visions from that day forward. His heart united with the words of the Apostle Paul who wrote of being separated from his mother's womb that he might preach the gospel to the heathen.

Godly Roots

God can do anything He wants to do with anyone He wants to use. It is worthy to note, however, how many times He reaches down into a godly family line to prepare a special servant. Spurgeon is no exception to this observation. Two hundred years of godly generations preceded him. Two hundred years before him, his forefathers sat in prisons for their faith in their native land of Holland. Those were days when men and women raised up repeated generations of children who followed the Lord with their whole heart. The Spurgeon family finally left Holland with desires to live and worship God according to their conscience, and they settled in free England. In the freedom of England, they continued to display solid Christian convictions and a dedication to God that graced the family testimony all the way into the days of their famous son.

Grandfather's House, A Special School

While we can clearly see God's divine stamp upon this vessel from an early age, it is just as clear to see that God used many human instruments to shape and mold this chosen vessel. Charles was one of sixteen children, born in a poor and humble setting like our Lord Jesus. Perhaps this alone explains why his grandparents raised him for six years. His parents were poor and could not afford to provide for his

needs. Whatever the human reason, God had His divine reasons for placing Charles under the care of this wise old preacher. He learned the Bible from Grandfather, who taught him faithfully morning and evening. He learned about prayer from Grandmother, who sat before the fire in her rocking chair praying the hours away each day. In addition he learned his studies from "Auntie Ann" who homeschooled him faithfully for six years. The Lord ordered a beautiful blend of godliness for this growing preacher boy: the strength and character of a solid defender of the faith, the gracious love and tender care of a "Proverbs thirty-one" grandma and the ordered discipline of his intelligent aunt. Grandfather's house was a special school for a little boy who had a holy calling on his life. Let us look at some the classes in this school.

- *Grandpa's Study*
The Father of Lights had His beautiful designs in Grandpa's study. Charles spent hours in this room reading many commentaries and theology books. This brought many questions to his inquisitive mind, and Grandpa was very willing to answer them. Imagine the natural training of a disciplined mind that took place during the important years of development.
- *The Setting of a Little Farm*
Chores for the little boy built character that lasted all his days of public ministry. The cows had to be milked morning and evening, and many other responsibilities demanded the will to keep yielding. This is a most valuable school, one that can not be measured in money.
- *The Sitting Room*
This is the room where visions were born in the heart of a young boy as he sat for hours listening to Grandpa's many visitors. Preachers, missionaries and young aspiring students of the ministry provided much dialogue to ponder. As wise parents, we should provide opportunities for this kind of interchange. If we will honor the godly in the

hearts of our children, they will listen with reverence.

■ *Bible Reading with Grandpa*

This was one of Charles Spurgeon's privileged responsibilities while he lived with his grandparents. Morning and evening for six precious years, he was called upon to read the text out loud. This taught him to read the sacred pages with meaning and awe. He also had the liberty to ask any question he had about the particular text. When he was finished, Grandfather expounded on the verses for the day.

■ *Refined Character of the Aged*

How many of us parents would long to give our children a more refined, mature Christian example? Spurgeon had the fatherlike care of a loving man, coupled with a godliness that flowed from years of walking with God. Grandmother's example was just as clear and upright. This greatly challenges me, as I ponder my own children. I must give them a mature example to follow. Like produces like in all of God's creation. In the same manner, godliness is passed on from one generation to the next by word and example.

■ *The Fireplace*

A healthy imagination is an important part of training and development in the life of a child. God uses many ways and means to stimulate free, imaginative thought. Three things stand as beautiful memories of the years at Grandpa's house. The rippling brook, Grandpa's prayer garden and, most of all, the evenings around the fireplace. It seems the changing images of a crackling fire stirred Spurgeon's imagination night after night. He referred to this fire continually during his many years of ministry.

■ *The Ordered Life of Auntie Ann*

Much is recorded about the influence that Spurgeon's grandpa had on him, and rightly so. He was clearly an instrument in God's

hand to mold "the prince of preachers." Auntie Ann, however, probably had as much or more influence on him, as she was the one who guided his young life on a day-to-day basis. A quick mind and an ordered life were the strengths of her character. Young Charles benefited from all of this. While there were times of freedom to roam the fields and meditate upon creation, she provided plenty of structure to the passing days. The security and the stability that this breeds are hard to measure.

■ *One Holy Picture*

There was a special picture that hung above the mantle of the fireplace. This picture had a most profound influence upon Charles all his days. One thousand words flowed out of the picture of David and Goliath. Charles slew many giants as he sat by the fireside during evening meditation, and many more real giants fell at his feet during his years of ministry. Be careful about the pictures you place before your children. They are feeding from the messages the picture brings. Spurgeon referred to this picture repeatedly in sermons for forty years. Is a picture just a picture? The answer is No, for a picture has a message in it, and our children listen to its message many times.

■ *Sacred Solitude*

Have you ever sat in the presence of a godly man while he was deeply engaged in meditation? There is a sanctified silence that is powerful. The manifest presence of God can be felt as the godly man ponders or silently prays. Charles had this privilege many times. At first he was a noisy little boy who did not know what an opportunity he enjoyed. However, as time went on, he yielded to the silence and became a recipient of its glories. This happened scores of times when Grandpa was called upon to watch over the lad while the ladies were away. May the Lord help us fathers to provide such silence for our little ones.

Home Life

Though the school at Grandpa's house was rather impressive, Charles moved on to another school no less influential. He moved from a quiet, meditative home to a busy one with many brothers and sisters. Oh the manifold wisdom of God! How beautifully He orders a life. Back at home, there is poverty. Back at home, there are many opportunities to share. Back at home, there is a reality of everyday life that will train him for life in the real world. The combination of these two homes is a perfect blend of his life and ministry. Two things made Spurgeon one of the most influential men of his day. He loved God with all his heart (the quiet meditative life), and he lived for others with all of his being (life in a busy home). His days of successful ministry expressed a beautiful blend of these two great commandments. Again we can see God preparing a servant in these very different godly homes. As parents, we can glean from both of these examples. There are times when we are tempted to think our large family is a hindrance to the children. We must resist this temptation and translate every day into learning experiences for our children. If they ever become mighty on this earth as God promises in Psalms 112:2, it will be because they have learned to live for others.

A Few Powerful Books

As I study the homes of godly men, I repeatedly see the influence of books. This is not a small issue in the training of the next generation. Readers are leaders, as the saying goes, but what kind of readers and leaders are we going to have? If we allow our children to read all the books filled with vanity, what kind of

leaders will we have? We do not lack for books in this land of ours. However, we do lack for good, solid books that will guide the tender minds of our youth. Spurgeon's father provided the best books for his children to read. He was a poor man, but he placed a high priority on good reading material. Charles found a life-time companion in Bunyan's *Pilgrims Progress*. He read it through once a year for his entire life. His father also bought books of the martyrs and current publications of evangelistic nature. It is written of Charles that he would sit and discuss theology with the men at the age of twelve. This follows the pattern of our Lord Jesus, who also astounded the teachers of His day with His knowledge of the Holy. The parents of both of these children watched over the precious, pure minds of their promising sons. We must follow their lead in this area. There is a desperate need to sanctify the bookshelves in many of our homes.

Father and Mother

It is easy to see how God used the ideal setting of Grandfather's house to train and mold His servant. He also uses the less than ideal. I am glad for this because most of our homes fit into the second category. Spurgeon's father worked full time and did the work of the ministry evenings and weekends. Some of us know that this is not an easy task. There was not much time for his large family. (Praise God for his faithful wife.) Although John Spurgeon was busy providing for the family needs, he still made time for family worship, morning and evening. He was loved and revered by all of his children. They anxiously awaited his return home in the evening. They gathered with anticipation to hear the stories of the day and of his evening of ministry.

Mother was a saintly figure in the Spurgeon home. She brought her children before the Lord

in prayer continually. Because of her husband's busy life, she had to fill in the blanks with the children. I am sure there were times when she felt her husband should be home more. She did not respond with any bitterness. This would have made her life and influence of no affect with the children. Instead, she gave herself to the task and received the reward of praise from all of them. The example of this godly woman's life guided the family into the way of holiness. They sat at her feet to learn and gazed at her life and followed.

Training for the Ministry at Home

This last point in our study comes as a shock to many a preacher who trained for the ministry in a seminary. Spurgeon did not go to a Bible College to prepare for his lifework of preaching the gospel. Looking back over his life, it is very evident that he was trained for the ministry. The setting, however, was not very orthodox. He prepared at home. His father, his grandfather and his Heavenly Father oversaw his training. That is not a bad combination, is it? God, in His

providence, would not let Charles Spurgeon go to a seminary. When others began to recognize the call that God was placing on his life, they quickly counseled him to get some formal training. As Charles began to pray about this major move in his life, he had no peace. This caused him to question the leading that he was getting. He sought God more earnestly, and while he was on a meditative prayer walk, God made it very clear to him. In Spurgeon's own words, "It was as if God spoke audibly to me. 'Do not go to Bible College; trust me.'" That was all he needed; he never looked back. So he set out on one of the most far-reaching ministries a man ever had, without a degree. He had the Holy Ghost and the Holy Word abiding in his heart. It seems that was all he needed.

We live in a day when it can be dangerous to go to seminary. There are many good things imparted there; however, there are many things that must be unlearned after you have finished. I favor the type of training that Spurgeon received. We must remember that the early church had no Bible college. They had the Christ within them, and that was all they needed. We have not matched their effectiveness in two thousand years. Lord, lead us back to the old paths, wherein is the good way. □

Wanted...Earnest Parents

Brother Denny is going to re-preach *The Godly Home Series*. While writing his book, *The Pursuit of Godly Seed*, it became very evident that a more organized, updated series on the home was needed. The need for a digital copy of the series is another motivation for preaching them again.

We Need Your Help

We are looking for serious, earnest parents to help us in this endeavor. We need earnest hearers who want to seek God for their homes for ten days. The depth of desire in the hearers will affect the preaching of the messages. All preachers know this fact. We plan to seek God together, with fasting and prayers, for our hearts and our homes. If you are interested in ten days of brokenness, openness and fervent fellowship, we could use your help.

Dates: January 17-26, 2003

Services: All ten evenings, with a morning meeting on the weekends

Location: The Church at Cleveland; Cleveland, NC

Registration: Contact **Charity Ministries** for a registration form:
400 W Main St Ste 1
Ephrata, PA 17522
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Lodging: Some lodging will be provided in homes and other options will be sent with your registration form. All this depends on how many attend.

No Rest

My soul is not at rest within,
My heart for action calls,
For I have seen the chains of sin,
Have shuddered at its galls.

The vows of God upon my life,
Constrain all strength and nerve.
His call has pierced me as a knife;
Him only will I serve!

The voice of loved ones, freedom, fame,
Have all grown strangely dim;
My heart's desires now informed,
To fully follow Him!

He was a man of sorrows, grief
His footsteps now I trace;
Dare I search out selfish relief,
While He has run the race?

But, no! I too shall fight the fight
Which He has planned for me!
No matter what the cost of right,
E'en this my cause shall be:

To tell of all His wondrous love,
Salvation's call so free.
And point souls to my Lord above
Who's done so much for me.

You think it as a sacrifice
To leave this secure land,
Forsaking comforts oh, so nice
And houses which are grand;

But I am thinking of my Lord
Who left His deity,
Upon the ground His blood was poured
Purchased salvation free.

So someday, in a far-off land
My dying eyes I'll lift,
To gaze on Africa's burning sand,
My life lay down a gift.

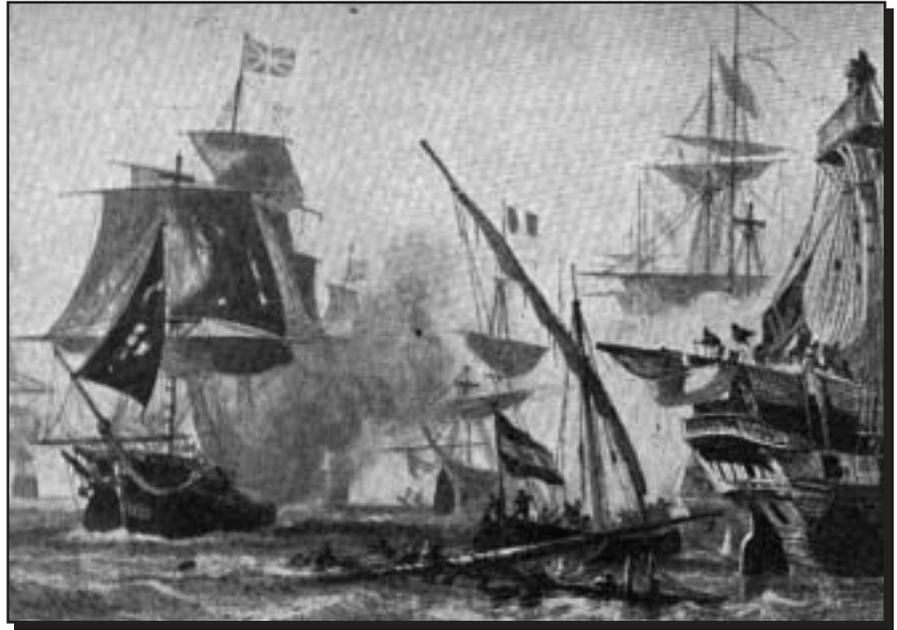
Then when on heaven's golden shore
The natives sing His praise;
My heart with joy shall swell yet more
And there thanksgiving raise!



-RLK-

Wake up, Church of America!

It is time to stop playing around and get serious about this war we are in. Sure, you might say that Christ finished the work on the cross. He finished His; now we need to finish ours.



On September 23, 1779 a famous battle was fought and won against all odds. America was engaged in the Revolutionary War, and this battle was fought in the North Sea.

John Paul Jones was a Scotsman recruited by Benjamin Franklin and urged by the same to come to America to join the war. John Paul, although soft spoken and of calm demeanor, had much quiet strength and confidence. He thus favorably impressed John Adams, who was then serving on the Congressional Committee

for the Continental Navy. Jones was eager to prove himself to the Americans, and they allowed him the freedom to choose his own style of fighting.

His most famous battle took place on September 23, 1779. He was then in charge of an old merchant vessel that he rebuilt, equipped with forty cannons and named the *Bonhomme Richard*.

In this battle Jones took on a British ship called the *Serapis*. The *Serapis* was part of a fleet of British ships bringing supplies to their troops in America. The two ships quick-

ly engaged in battle. At first the *Serapis* was the easy winner due both to its superior weapons and to an accident. Two of the largest guns on the *Bonhomme Richard* jammed and backfired, killing many of the crewmembers. The *Serapis* quickly took advantage of the *Richard*'s troubles, blasting the American ship until Jones and his crew had only three big guns left.

The Americans fought on. The two ships were very close to each other. Finally Jones ordered the two ships to be tied together, and the crew engaged in hand-to-hand com-

bat. The battle became exceedingly violent and bloody.

The Richard was on fire and many were dead. One American sailor began screaming for surrender, but Jones refused to give up. When the captain of the Serapis asked if he planned to remove his flag in a gesture of surrender, Jones cried, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Now my question is this: Are we, as Christians, not engaged in warfare? Has the battle not been fierce? Does it not appear many times that we are outnumbered and overpowered? Don't we feel like giving up at times? Yet we have the promise that the Creator of the world, who is also the author and finisher of our faith, will never leave us or forsake us.

Friends, let this be a clarion call to all who are true disciples of Christ and who have truly forsaken all to follow Him—we have not yet begun to fight!

Where is the power? Where is the zeal? We are not merely two ships engaged in battle; we are at war between good and evil. This is the war that has been raging ever since Christ arose from the grave. And that same Spirit that raised up Jesus from the grave is still with us today. We are talking about resurrection power! We cannot win this fight of our own strength but by His power who conquered

death, hell and the grave. How? By humbling Himself. By being totally submissive to His Father. With much watching and praying. By fixing His eyes on the goal and for the joy that was set before Him. He endured all. He steadfastly refused to turn back or to the left or to the right.

If temporary freedom from Great Britain meant so much to Jones and all Americans back then, surely then eternal freedom from all eternity of sin is worth everything we have!

Many don't seem to think that sin is so bad. Some even play around with it, enjoying it. We expect the world to do this because it is the very nature of the world. But many that name the name of Christ are equally as unconcerned.

Think about AIDS. It is a terrible disease, right? As far as we know nobody has ever recovered from it. As far as we know there is no cure. Once you get it, get ready to die, because you will. But sin kills the soul—forever.

It is time to stop playing around and get serious about this war we are in. Sure you might say that Christ finished the work on the cross. He finished His; now we need to finish ours. If you think you can just sit back and coast into heaven, you are wrong. This fight is unto the death. Nobody is excluded. If you are alive, you are in this war. Is not Jesus worth your very best effort? He lived a perfect life so that He could be the supreme sacrifice for us. Not only is He the sacrifice for us, He is also our Savior, our

friend that sticketh closer than a brother and our mighty general. He showed us the way. Now we must follow Him if we would be saved from the wrath to come.

Another interesting story from the Revolutionary War: A certain man owned a house in, I think, Boston. During the war his house was taken from him and occupied by one of the British Generals. When the American army came to that town to take it, he pointed out his house to them and even offered a reward to the man who hit it first.

Now why was he so willing to have his own house destroyed? Because the enemy dwelt there!

Are we willing to let our bother in Christ take a "shot" at us to show us where we need to improve? Have we recognized our flesh as the enemy that it is? Is heaven worth everything to us? Are we willing to give up our earthly house in order to gain victory? How loyal are we to our General? Or are we so busy pursuing the American dream that we are actually holding back those who are fighting? We are either helping or we are a hindrance. We are either going forward or we are going backward. There is no neutral zone in this war.

My friend, please consider your position. If you find that you are lax, please don't put it off—get right with God now! Be willing to humble yourself. You have nothing to lose and Heaven to gain.

May God bless you.

-J. Mast

□

I Am Resolved

The Resolutions of Jonathan Edwards



Whenever we think of revival, our minds often turn to one of the men God greatly used in the past: Jonathan Edwards. During his brief life of fifty-five years, he became known as a great thinker, theologian and pastor.

Edwards was committed to a desire and discipline unto godliness. He fleshed out some of his hunger for God by making personal commitments he termed “resolutions.” These resolutions provided a framework or pathway for him to follow so he would not stray from God and become cold and indifferent.

I believe these resolutions are appropriate for us to consider today. We might change the terminology slightly, but not the theology. If we are to be men and women who would be used of God for the cause of revival, we too should make these resolutions our own.

-Dr. Wynne Kimbrough

Being sensible that I am unable to do anything without God’s help, I do humbly entreat Him by His grace to enable me to keep these.

Resolved, if I ever shall fall and grow dull so as to neglect to keep any part of these Resolutions, to repent of all I can remember, when I come to myself again.

Resolved, never to lose one moment of time; but to improve it the most profitable way I possibly can.

Resolved, to live with all my might, while I do live.

Resolved, never to do anything, which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life.

Resolved, to think much on all occasions of my own dying, and the common circumstances which attend to death.

Resolved to be endeavoring to find out fit objects of charity and liberality.

Resolved, never to do anything out of revenge.

Resolved, that I will live so, as I wish I had done when I come to die.

Resolved to live so, at all times, as I think is best in my devout frames, and when I have clearest notions of things of the gospel, and another world.

Resolved, to maintain the strictest temperance, in eating and drinking.

Resolved, to endeavor to obtain for myself as much happiness, in the other world, as I possibly can with all the power, might, vigor, and vehemence, yea violence, I am capable of, or can bring myself to exert, in

anyway that can be thought of.

Resolved, whenever I do any conspicuously evil action, to trace it back, till I come to the original cause: and then, both carefully endeavor to do so no more, and to fight and pray with all my might against the natural of it.

Resolved, to examine carefully, and constantly, what that one thing in me is which causes me in the least to doubt the love of God; and to direct all my forces against it.

Resolved, to cast away such things, as I find to abate my assurance.

Resolved, to study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly and frequently, as that I may find, and plainly perceive myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

Resolved, to strive to my utmost every week to be brought higher in religion, and to a higher exercise of grace, than I was the week before.

Resolved, never to speak evil of any, except I have some particular good call for it.

Resolved, to inquire every night, as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent—what sin I have committed—and wherein denied myself; also at the end of every week, month and year.

Resolved, never to speak anything that is ridiculous, sportive, or matter of laughter on the Lord's day.

Resolved, that no other end but religion, shall have any influence at all on my actions; and that no action shall be, in the least circumstance, any other wise than the religious end will carry it.

Resolved, never to allow the least measure of any fretting uneasiness at my father or mother. Resolved to suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech, or motion of my eye; and to be especially careful of it with the respect to any of our family.

I frequently hear persons in old age, say how they would live, if they were to live their lives over again. **Resolved**, that I will live just so as I can think I shall wish I had done, supposing I live to old age.

Resolved, to improve every opportunity, when I am in the best and happiest frame of mind, to cast and venture my soul on the Lord Jesus Christ, to trust and confide in Him, and consecrate myself wholly to Him; that from this I may have assurance of my safety, knowing that I confide in my Redeemer.

Resolved, never to give over, nor in the least to slacken, my fight with my corruptions, however unsuccessful I may be.

Resolved, when I fear misfortunes and adversities, to examine whether I have done my duty, and resolve to do it, and let the event be just as providence orders it. I will as far as I can, be concerned about nothing but my duty, and my sin.

Resolved, not only to refrain from an air of dislike, fretfulness, and anger in conversation, but to exhibit an air of love, cheerfulness and benignity.

Resolved, when I am most conscious of provocations to ill nature and anger, that I will strive most to feel and act good-naturedly; yet at such time, to

manifest good nature, though I think that in other respects it would be disadvantageous, and so as would be imprudent at other times.

Resolved, that I will not give way to listlessness which I find unbends and relaxes my mind from being fully and fixedly set on religion, what ever excuse I may have for it.

Resolved, when I find those groanings which cannot be uttered (Romans 8:26) of which the Apostle speaks, and those breakings of the soul for the longing it hath, of which the Psalmist speaks (Psalm 119:20), that I will promote them to the utmost of my power, and that I will not be weary of earnestly endeavoring to vent my desires, not of the repetitions of such earnestness.

Resolved, very much to exercise myself in this, all my life long, with the greatest openness, of which I am capable of, to declare my ways to God, and lay open my soul to Him: all my sins, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, fears, hopes, desires, and everything, and every circumstance.

Resolved, after afflictions, to inquire, what am I better for them, and what I might have got by them.

Resolved, to confess frankly to myself all that which I find in myself, either infirmity of sin: and if it be what concerns religion, also to confess the whole case to God, and implore needed help.

Resolved, always to do that, which I shall wish I had done when I see others do it. □

Charity Gospel Tape Ministry & The Heartbeat of The Remnant

April-June 2002 Financial Report

Greetings in the name of our coming King, "Lord Jesus Christ." It is hard to believe that eight months of the new year have already passed. We have a saying at our house that explains why time goes by so quickly. We say, "Life is full." We do not say life is busy, because our lives overflow with beautiful blessings; so instead, we say, "It is full." This is a good way to describe the work at the Tape Ministry and the *Remnant* publication over the last months. Life is full and running over. Blessings abound on every hand. Souls are coming to salvation, families are being transformed and God's people are seeking higher ground. God is raising up dozens of families every week, who are marching to the beat of a different drum. We received the picture on this page some time ago. I have been saving it to use in one of these ministry updates. Even the little ones spend time gazing at the pictures in the *Remnant*.



We have posted the financial statement for April, May and June on the following page. We stand amazed at God's faithful provision for this ministry. We have our ups and downs and times when we are not sure how we will make it; however, God always comes through. This is kind of like real life for most of us. We never lack what we need. Thank you for all of your help. Many of you give, and many more of you pray. We are grateful for both. We receive many letters that state how much you pray for us. Thank you. Every aspect of the ministry is on the increase. The number of tapes we sent out is far ahead of last year's totals. We are at 133,000 so far this year. The *Remnant* subscription gains 200 subscribers with each new printing. Moreover, the Charity Ministries website activity has doubled in the last few months. Please keep praying, there are many adversaries.

New Tape Set

We have a new series of tapes available from our weekend of meetings in August.

Revelation's Timeless Doctrines is the title of the tape set. It will stimulate your thinking and challenge your end time theology. This set offers a very practical look at the book of Revelations. It's emphasis is not on interpreting the signs and symbols of the book, but rather on applications that challenge us to get ready and stay ready. The teaching follows the patterns of "two's" in Revelation: two Kings, two Kingdoms, two people, two cities, two women and many more.

-Bro. Denny

04/01/02 Beginning Balance	-\$4,262.84
Receipts	
Tape Ministry Donations	\$71,259.22
Remnant Subscription Donations	\$5,439.90
Total Receipts	\$76,699.12
Disbursements	
UPS & Postage	\$8,276.06
Tapes, Albums & Labels	\$32,352.26
Equipment & Software Purchases	\$1,343.55
Equipment Maint & Repairs	\$1,290.52
Mailing & Office Supplies	\$1,861.72
Rent, Housing & Electric	\$3,600.00
Telephone	\$1,811.24
Website Development & Maintenance	\$428.46
Miscellaneous	\$1,297.89
Payroll Expense	\$9,800.01
Books & Catalogs	\$2,276.00
Remnant Publishing & Mailing	\$6,975.22
Total Disbursements	\$71,312.93
06/30/02 Ending Balance	\$1,123.35
Difference	\$5,386.19

continued from page 7, Fighting for the Next Generation, by Denny Kenaston

We will close with the words of Caleb. He was standing in the midst of all of God's people. He was listening to them, and they were settling for less than what God wanted them to have. They were struggling over the giants. They were complaining about how hard it was. They were even talking about Egypt. They were saying, "Maybe it would be better if we weren't here. Maybe it would be better if we didn't follow the Lord."

Caleb, who was victorious and had a great heart, said along with Joshua, "The land, which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land. If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land, and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us: and their defense is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not."

Caleb simply said, "All the land that God talked to us about is everything God said it was. Let us go in and possess it. Don't give in to those discouraging thoughts that are in your minds. Don't listen to those demons, those lying spirits, who come to lie to you and fill your mind with unbelief, doubt and discouragement. They tell you how it will not be worth it, and you cannot have it. Don't listen to them. If the Lord's blessing is upon thee, if heaven is open upon thee, if God's grace is upon thee, surely He will give you all of the land—all the land that you want."

What do you want? What do you need? What are you willing to fight for, that your children can grow up in the midst of the good land?

What you are willing to fight for is the heritage you leave for your children. □

The Blessing Corner

Dear Remnant,

I received a great blessing from the foot washing article in the last copy of the magazine. I too have a story to tell about my experience with my godly mother. It does work!

Last August my mother was put in my care until she died. The rest of the family wanted nothing to do with her daily care, such as washing her, feeding her and taking her to the doctor. Her precious body had heart disease and diabetes. Her legs were so painful that she would stay up and read her Bible through most of the night. I couldn't stand to see her like that any longer.

I took a bowl and put water and soap in it. I put it down in front of her and said that I felt God wanted me to wash her feet every day to make them feel better. She couldn't believe that I would do this. Her face lit up, and she said that I could if I wanted to. I put her precious swollen feet in the bowl of warm water and started washing and rubbing them. When I lifted my head to look at her, I saw her eyes all watery looking at me. She looked so contented and so loved.

When I finished drying off her feet and putting lotion on the them, she made a statement that changed my life. It strengthened our relationship like

nothing before. She said, "You know, Jean, your two sisters are both nurses and one has been a pastor's wife for thirty years. They never did anything like this for me before. You don't know how good this makes me feel."

My dear Christian mother is in heaven now. She died on Christmas Eve. I am so glad that she doesn't have to be in pain anymore. I miss her so much, and I will never forget how much she loved having her feet washed. She looked forward to it every day. This is a great truth that seems to be lost in the church today.

My dear mother was the greatest in the world. She never worked outside of the home. She made our clothes, taught Sunday school, helped start two big churches in the area and took care of her sick husband. She was a widow for twenty years, and never once did her pastor come to see her.

She deserved to have her feet washed by every Christian who knew her. It is a shame that we cannot see that this humble act brings such joy and relief to the weary. I just wish I would have done it sooner. It brought our hearts together in her last days like nothing else.

God bless you and your paper. Keep up the great work.

-Jean Williams

DRUG PROBLEM

I had a drug problem when I was a young person and a teenager.

I was drug to church on Sunday morning. I was drug to church on Sunday night. I was drug to church on Wednesday night. I was drug to Sunday School every week. I was drug to Vacation Bible School.

I was drug to the family altar to read the Bible and pray. I was also drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents.

Those drugs are still in my veins. And they affect my behavior in everything I do and say and think. They are stronger than cocaine, crack, or heroine.

If our children would have this drug problem, the world would certainly be a better place.



The Wisdom of Work

by Rachel Weaver

Dear Mother Friends,

It seems so long since I have chatted with you. I am a grandma now twice, and my little band of followers has become much smaller. The oldest two are married. One daughter is often gone to help other mothers cope and survive, and our son is out on his lawn-mowing job. Once again our children at home daily are fourteen, twelve, nine, seven and four years old. How quickly the ten years have passed since the last five were that age! How many lessons we have learned.

Reflecting over my twenty-five years of marriage, I can see things we could have done differently. But I also see lots of joyful, happy times and many beautiful memories. Stop and savor each minute that you have. Smile, sing, smell the roses, cuddle your little ones and work beside your growing up ones. I see many hidden blessings in the principle of hard work. When we mothers seek to instill this in our children, it has a way of multiplying our time. Anybody out there need more of that?

The wisdom of work is so

fruitful. It is a practical theme built upon a spiritual principle. Ecclesiastes 9:10 says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." In another place, in the New Testament, Paul says we should work "heartily as unto the Lord." Proverbs mentions many things that an industrious woman can and should do. The principle of working with our hands is found all through the Bible and is a major theme in the life of the Proverbs thirty-one woman.

Working Together

It is up to us whether our children are going to be able to carry out these commands joyfully. We, as parents, are their teachers and role models. The best way for them to learn is right beside us.

First, and foremost, we must like to work ourselves. There is a tremendous satisfaction in a job well done. A clean, neat house is a blessing and an accomplishment. If we do not enjoy rolling up our sleeves

and filling the sink with hot, soapy water and leaving the kitchen shining, then we must begin with ourselves. Who can hope to have children who work with a will and sing as they scrub, if they do not set that example themselves?

So dear mother, if you are struggling with this, stop and consider. No one taught you the joy of a job well done. No one trained you to clean up your mess before making the next one. Here you are, twelve to thirty years later, and the mess has multiplied. You still do not like to work but your work has multiplied. What then can be done?

I believe that you need to seek the Lord seriously and cry out to Him to help you change. Study the Lord's instructions about working. Memorize them. Then realizing that you cannot teach that which you do not enjoy, set out earnestly to get rid of these hindrances.

Take a close look at the time wasters in most of our homes. We all recognize the phone as a major one. With your husband's consent and blessing, plan a one hour slot every morning and evening when

you take the phone off the hook, or use the answering machine, so that you are free to work with the children.

Make 7:30-8:30 a.m. your clean up time (you set the hour) and list the tidy-up morning chores that should be completed. At our house they look like this. Everyone helps.

- ♥ Check to see if beds are made.
- ♥ Do dishes.
- ♥ Shine refrigerator, counter and stove.
- ♥ Sweep floors, vacuum rugs.
- ♥ Empty all trash.
- ♥ Clean and shine bathrooms.
- ♥ Put in a load of laundry.
Comb little girls' hair.

Then when these chores are done, you could stop and read a story to the children for half an hour from that interesting book you just purchased. You will be amazed at how fast they can whisk away the chores with only a small incentive. If you repeat the process immediately after lunch and again after supper, varying the chores to suit the time of day, you will find that the house begins to stay a bit neater.

Limit your phone time *all the time*. You will have more time to work with the children. If you must talk, try setting a timer for fifteen minutes and excuse yourself when it rings. Use a cordless phone and walk from room to room picking up things and putting them away. Teach your children, by your example, to be tidy.

The computer is also a huge time thief. It was not available when our older children were

small. There was no email or Internet. Now I watch many young mothers (and older ones, too) glued to the screen on email loops and surfing the net for information. No matter how good the communication or information, no matter how much good you think you are serving, if you are not meeting your first responsibility, you are making a mistake. No one else will teach your growing daughter how to make a good meal and keep a neat, tidy house. No one else will teach your young son to pick up the broom when the meal is over and quickly and neatly sweep the floor and empty the trash. The day may come when you may have the time for the phone and computer, but you do *not* have it now. I do not have it now. As much as I love to read and write, I am not on email loops. I do not have the *time*. These children of mine are only here for a short while. I see this more keenly now than ever.

It is up to me to create many of the good work habits in my children. If I teach them to feel comfortable living in a mess with jobs half done, who will teach their children? Many, many mothers in the last forty to fifty years had a profession as their priority. They were not in engaged in making mothers and homemakers. They had escaped that drudgery. You may be the fruit of this professional mothering. No one taught most of you to bake fresh, crusty homemade bread or even keep a tidy kitchen. Now five, or even eight, children later you are throwing up your hands in despair.

Although it will be a painful process, I believe you can change this. How special it would be if each of you dear sisters could have an older mom come and show you how to do this for a few weeks, but it simply cannot be done. Most of us are still training our own nest full. Perhaps with my paper and pen, I can inspire you and show you the way, bit by bit.

The Freedom of a Schedule

Schedules are a real help at our house. Let me share with you what usually works for me. Sometimes I need to re-evaluate and change things a bit. You may need to use different times or add other chores. I am fond of saying, "My schedule is only a framework. It is adjustable." It gives us a comfortable goal to work for. It is a proven fact that those who use a schedule can get more work done than those who do not.

We eat our breakfast at 7:00 A.M. since our daddy works at home. Then he sits down and has worship with us. After that, each of us gets a chore to do.

7:45 to 8:00 a.m.

- ♥ 7-year-old does the dishes.
- ♥ 9-year-old cleans and shines the bathrooms.
- ♥ 12-year-old sweeps the floors and vacuums the rugs.
- ♥ 14-year-old works with the laundry and combs hair of

7-year-old.

Mom oversees, picks up here and there and in general works beside the children. I might rinse and stack a few dishes for the seven-year-old and check on the bathrooms and floors. Often I help a bit sorting wash or hanging up dresses in the laundry. By 8:15-8:30 we are done, and the house is neat. Remember, there was *not* a big mess to start with. If you do have a big mess, you may need to stop everything for a few days. No using the phone or computer. Simplify meals and concentrate on getting things back into order. Then begin to try and keep them there.

- ♥ 8:30 A.M. Finds us ready for school or projects, depending on the time of year.
- ♥ 12:00 Lunch.
- ♥ 12:30 We go through the clean-up routine all over again.
- ♥ 1:00 Free time for everyone, usually quiet reading or projects while Mom and the four-year-old take a rest.
- ♥ 2:30 Time for school or projects.
- ♥ 5:30 Supper meal.
- ♥ 6:00 Rerun chore time.
- ♥ 7:30 Read aloud story.
- ♥ 8:00 Bedtime for little ones.
- ♥ 9:00 Bedtime for fourteen and up.

Afternoon chores also have a bit of order according to the day of the week.

- ♥ **Monday:** always a big wash day, boys work for Dad.

- ♥ **Tuesday:** project day: sew, bake, landscape and mulch.
- ♥ **Wednesday:** odds and ends of jobs, stop early for prayer meeting.
- ♥ **Thursday:** clean bedrooms, remake beds with fresh sheets, clean upstairs bathroom.
- ♥ **Friday:** clean main floor and windows, dust and do laundry.
- ♥ **Saturday:** clean out refrigerator, bathe children, lay out Sunday clothes, prepare food for Sunday.

We try to wash every day except Wednesday. Sometimes we even do then. We always do a huge wash of about eight loads on Monday. Tuesday there are usually one or two loads. Thursday there are quite a few if we wash the bed sheets, and often there are five loads on Friday. If we do this consistently we can keep our heads above water and “Mount Washmore” seems more conquerable. This means the twelve or fourteen-year-old spends a *lot* of time doing laundry. I help some. We all help with folding. The littlest ones fold table napkins and washcloths. The next one folds dish towels and towels. We sort the wash into piles by owner as we fold. When the laundry is completed our “UPS men” deliver them to the right rooms for the owner to put away. In reality, laundry is a *huge* chore for big families. It is lots more fun to do it, fold it neatly and put it away, than to have smelly piles lying around or clean wash heaped here and there unfolded. That is downright depress-

ing. Our laundry person (8-14) is supposed to start one load when she rises in the morning (sometimes I do it for him or her). That way, after breakfast, a new load can be put in and we are on the way.

You Do Not Have to be Perfect

Our house is *not* spotless, mind you. Sometimes I drop by with friends whose families started when ours did, and they have four or five children. Their homes are spotless. There are no toys or little shoes in sight. The window panes are not smudged or the wash overflowing. I still have little folks who flatten their noses on the windows and leave sticky handprints on the door. They love bug collections and pressed flowers. Sometimes they do not sweep in the corners or wash the dishes clean. They forget to take a load of dresses out of the dryer and hang them up promptly. They track in dirt. But we are learning, and we will get it accomplished. I must remember that this too will pass.

Day after day, I must train my children gently, consistently and patiently. That is where the rubber meets the road for me. The gentle, patient part. It has been a lo-o-ong day. I am weary—and, oh no—someone has finished sweeping and there are still crumbs underneath the table. Do I come unglued? Or do I patiently teach and train again? God has

been working in my heart the need to be a more patient mother, blessing as I train. When I am joyful, the children joyfully respond to me. When I am critical and demanding, their response is very poor.

Join me in learning to love working with your children. Do it enthusiastically. Sometimes make a game out of it. Make chores a family-together time when possible. Bless the children for their efforts. Over time, you will find your workload lightened and your home a more tidy, restful place to be.

Take the phone off the hook, shut off the computer, and you will be amazed at how much more time you have in your day. Try it for a week, maybe two. You may never want to go back to being “plugged in” again.

God is so patient with us. He teaches us again and again. He leads us on so gently. Let us strive to be like Him as we teach our small bands of followers. Let us lift up our eyes and our hearts and be joyful and bless His name.

A Job Well Done

Childhood is your golden opportunity to teach them to enjoy the satisfaction of a job well done. My husband’s mother always said, “Let the child help you when he wants to (he is usually very young). Then by the time he is old enough to do the job well, he already enjoys helping.”

I find this is so true. Four-

year-olds can do breakfast dishes by making a big mess, but they love it. When they are seven, they can be depended on to do them pretty well.

Inspire your younger child (six and down) by making some chores fun. They love to become mailman and deliver picked up items to their proper places. They enjoy becoming a horse and pulling the wagon up the drive to dump the trash (keep the bags small). Every three to five-year-old loves to stand at the sink and wash breakfast dishes. This is our smallest pile of dishes. We fold a towel over the edge of the sink and put a plastic apron on the child so he doesn’t get totally soaked. I show them how to wash cups, and I come back every so often to rinse (and wash!) and stack them to dry. Then we work at the silverware. It takes a long time, but it occupies them so well. When we are done, we wipe everything dry. Sometimes we even end up changing Johnny’s clothes, but he had fun. Who says work isn’t fun? And always, if possible, let them stretch to do a chore that is almost too big for them. That is the one they usually want to do. Then praise them for a job well done. Our dishwasher can hardly wait to clean the bathroom. Our bathroom cleaner is so anxious to graduate to doing the laundry. Each step up indicates a growth in character and person. When they beg to be transferred, we tell them, “As soon as you can do this job cheerfully and without reminder, you can move up.” It is amazing what an incentive

that is. By the time they are fourteen, they can run the house fairly well even if Mom has a special day off. They love to show me they can do it. They have everything clean and everyone happy when I come home.

Blessing a child for a job well done is a great incentive. I remember very clearly my childhood from ten to twelve. My mother was not well, and as the oldest of the five children, I had to go ahead. She often says to me now, “I wish you would not have had to work so hard.” I am thankful that I did. I never really minded it. Mother was always so grateful for what we accomplished that we felt special.

♥ Teach each child to clean up his own mess. Even at two, he can be trained to pick up his Duplos or put away his Playdough. When he is done with a project, require him to put away his scissors, glue and colors. There can be penalties for projects that are not cleaned up. Be innovative. Just be sure you teach it. Do not let them throw their caps and coats on the floor. Be sure there is a place for them and require them (as young as two) to put them there. Never let them throw candy wrappers or other trash on the floor. These go in the waste can. You may think this goes without saying, but this is not always so.

♥ Teach them to wipe up their own spills as soon as they can run for a towel. Be there and help them, but let them do it. This minimizes carelessness

and sticky messes. When garbage is on the counter, empty it. Do not let it set there overnight to smell and draw flies.

♥ When dishes are dirty, wash them. We expect our cook and baker to clean up their dishes and bowls when they are done baking. This is part of their job. We do not let it for the next meal. This cuts down on major kitchen messes.

♥ When we have a big cooking, canning or baking day, we do have a big mess. But our day is not completed until the dishes are done and the floor is washed.

♥ Teach each child to make his own bed, hang up his night-clothes and dispose of his dirty laundry properly. Work together weekly to clean up outside. Pick up trash and sweep the sidewalks and porches. Pull weeds together. Pick beans together and sing while you work.

Children work better with you than alone. There is a secret here. They do a better job, and it is more fun to do it together. The prophet says, "And the people had a mind to work." I find this happens much more easily when we do it as a family. Sometimes we will make a meal for someone, and we all take part. The smaller ones do little jobs, and someone makes the dessert. We all get involved in cutting, chopping and frying. We enjoy it so much that occasionally the children will plan a special meal with lots of festive

dishes and invite a few families over to join us. Perhaps we will serve an Indian feast or a Mexican fiesta meal. Or maybe we will just have a baked potato bar with lots of toppings. Of course it takes time to get it all ready, but we spend a whole day of fun doing it. Then we spread the table with a nice cloth and cut fresh flowers for a centerpiece. We have an exciting evening of fun and good food. The children will be learning to work, and they won't even know it. Sometimes we will take an afternoon off and go help another mother. Each child gets his marching orders, and because we are blessing someone, floors, dishes and laundry seem like fun.

What Can the Children Do?

There are so many things that children can do, if we will put our mind to work on it. Here is a list compiled by Karen Johnson taken from *Vintage Housekeeping for the 20th Century Christian Woman*. It is broken down into categories of age. You can see at a glance that there are great possibilities here. You can make your own list by taking some time to do creative thinking.

18 Months to 3 years

- ♥ Help pick up and put away toys.
- ♥ Fold and put away washcloths.
- ♥ Run get and put items as

directed.

- ♥ Set spoon and cup on high chair for meals.

3 to 5 years

- ♥ Dress self.
- ♥ Fold and put away clothes.
- ♥ Empty small garbage into bigger pails to take to the dumpster.
- ♥ Take laundry to washer from hampers.
- ♥ Finish straightening pillows and coverlet.
- ♥ Feed and water family pet.
- ♥ Bathe self with some help (hair and back).
- ♥ Set table for meals.
- ♥ Clear table after meals.
- ♥ Empty silverware from dishwasher without sharp knives.
- ♥ Clean spots from floor.
- ♥ Stack books for bookcase.

5 to 7 years

- ♥ Make bed completely.
- ♥ Change sheets.
- ♥ Vacuum room.
- ♥ Dust room and lower furniture.
- ♥ Wash, rinse and dry general dishes.
- ♥ Sweep and mop small rooms or entryways.
- ♥ Fold towels.
- ♥ Sort and load washer.
- ♥ Straighten drawers and closets.
- ♥ Care for personal care unsupervised.
- ♥ Fold top bed blankets, afghans, etc.
- ♥ Take buttons off old garments.

continued on page 31

Where is your brother?

The Cain Spirit

by Daniel Kenaston



I am sitting down to share these thoughts with you a day later than I had planned. I must say that my already full heart has been filled even fuller by the circumstances that God has allowed to intervene. I will come back to the subject of those unexpected circum-

stances in a moment, but for now let me share a bit about the subject that God has laid on my heart. This month, as is commonly the case, I am sharing with you out of the things that God is doing in my heart and life. My life is filled with my responsibilities as a missionary to a largely unreached

tribe. The things I write are heavily influenced by the scenes that meet my eye everyday and by the burden that I carry for my people, the Konkombas. I am not and do not try to be “balanced” in my writing, as I lean heavily towards the work of God among the forgotten and least-reached peoples of our day. I know that balance is essential in this as in every other area. I hope that my sharing as a voice from afar, tilted though I am in one direction, can be a challenge and a blessing to you there. I hope that it can possibly help keep us not only balanced but in line with God’s heart that is bleeding for the world.

I am writing all of this to explain why I continue to come back to the same burdens over and over again in these articles. The burden that motivates them is with me constantly, and I cannot get away from the realities that surround me. If you can bear with me, I would like to unburden my heart once again concerning the millions of Christ-less people that today pass on the road towards hell and share most specifically concerning our response to that plight. I ask you to bear with me, because you do not stand where I stand. Our perspectives are different. I am trusting that God can use the view I have from here to be a challenge to you there, even as He has used you to be a challenge and an encouragement to me here. I believe it was David Livingstone who said, “I have seen the smoke of a

thousand villages.” The land on which the Konkombas are spread is too vast and the terrain is too flat to allow me such a view, but the Konkomba tribe alone fills two thousand villages. I have not seen or been in them all, but I have been in many. What I have seen and felt in them has given birth to these thoughts.

“And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother’s keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground.”
Genesis 4:9-10

These verses were on my heart yesterday as I prepared to sit down to write this article. Over the previous week or so God had been laying them on my heart every time I was in a village. Now I was searching for a way to put into words the burden I was feeling.

Just before I was to begin writing, I noticed a little cluster of men coming up the trail to our compound. I could tell by their demeanor that they had something they wished to meet with me about. I took a bench outside and greeted them, as is customary before inquiring about their purpose in coming. They came requesting that I take the Land Rover to a nearby village and carry their sick brother home, as he was near death. As is usual, I inquired into the facts surrounding the case. I found out that the young man had been sick for

some time and had gone to a number of hospitals without being cured. The last resort here is to take a case like this to the local juju doctor/herbalist for treatment. That is where the young man was now, in the home of one such medicine man in a village a few miles north of us. I agreed to help them in this way as soon as I was certain that he was too sick to be carried on a motorcycle. We set off with a couple of his relatives.

When we arrived at the house of the “doctor,” we again went through all of the greetings before we were informed that the young man had died only thirty minutes before we arrived. The relatives sat there in silence for a couple of minutes before going into the room where their brother lay. A few minutes later they carried him out, wrapped up in a cloth, and laid him in the back of the Land Rover. We said goodbye to the medicine man and headed home. The village where the young man was being treated was from another tribe. I noted with the interest of a cultural learner that though they showed almost no emotion in the village, as soon as we got in the car they began moaning softly, especially the young man’s mother, who was with him when he died. I have been at a number of funerals among our people, but since these are held at a later date than the death and burial, I have rarely experienced their initial response to death.

We drove slowly back the ten miles or so to their home

village, mostly in silence with an occasional word of grief from the boy’s mother or one of his brothers. As we neared the village, I thought about the fact that the village expected us to be bringing home a sick young man rather than a corpse. I wondered what the culture dictates as a right response in such a situation.

We drove up to the young man’s house. His father was standing there watching our arrival. We parked the vehicle under the tree by the gate, and the brothers, who were in the car with me, got out and wordlessly removed the corpse. They carried it into the big round room, which serves as a family room in a Konkomba house. The father looked on with not so much as a blinking eye to signal that he was understanding the scene before him. That is the emotional reserve of a Konkomba man. The mother, however, climbed out of the car and walked into the family compound to meet her fellow wives and daughters. As soon as she crossed through the gate into her own compound, she began to wail. The women and girls of her compound picked up the wail. As I stood there for a few minutes surrounded by stoic, silent men, the information was quickly carried throughout the village, evidenced by the men who began streaming towards the house and by the wail which arose from each house as the sad news reached the women in it.

I sat silently with the father and brothers of the

deceased for a few minutes, and my mind went to the verse in Ecclesiastes chapter seven, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting." So for a while I did that. I sat in silent mourning with those who silently mourn. I pondered over the burden of what I would have been writing had the call not come to go to the house of mourning. I knew as I sat there that this interruption was not a coincidence, for the young man who had just died was a Konkomba. As far as I know the sorrow that I was observing was not only Konkomba sorrow, but it also was the sorrow of those that have no hope. I shared a few words of sympathy with the father, asked permission to leave and headed home again with a heavy heart. I could not help but think about the difference it would have made in my heart and in the hearts of the grieving had we had the assurance that the deceased was not permanently dead but only resting in God's care, awaiting the resurrection. I fear the reality was far from this for these idol worshippers, and the only solace that I could give were mere words of sympathy.

I pondered the helpless feeling of trying to console the sorrowing. The reality of the flames the young man had newly entered was ten times worse than anything the family was able to grieve over. To no avail was their careful handling of the body, for he could know no comfort now. To no avail were the rituals that

would be carried out over the corpse before burial, to no avail were the offerings poured on behalf of the deceased and to no avail were the all night drumming, dancing and drinking. For, dear ones, as we know through God's word, the afterlife is not decided by such means as these carried out after the death of a loved one, but rather by the faith that is or is not in the heart of the individual towards God and His Son. You and I are privileged to move towards the precipice of death, not in the grip of an unanswerable fear, but in the firm confidence that our Savior has gone to prepare a place for us. We have an assurance that because of the blood of Jesus we are qualified to inhabit the place prepared for us. But, alas, the young man and family of whom I am writing did not have such a confidence. In their grief and mourning, their own fear of the unknown future found expression. The Bible describes them in these words, "they which have no hope." More poignant words could hardly be found to express the atmosphere in which I found myself yesterday as I sat in the house of mourning. No Hope!

Let's leave this scene and go back to the verses in Genesis. Because God is all knowing, we can be sure that when He asks a question such as He asked Cain, He is not trying to gain information. This conversation, which started with a question and ended with one of the most serious curses verbalized in scripture,

was an attempt to get Cain to face up to his guilt. "Where is Abel thy brother?" Cain, as we know, denied not only the ghastly deed he had committed but went further in his insulting answer to assert that he was not his brother's babysitter! Abel was a shepherd. It seems likely that Cain used this almost like a pun as he retorted to God's probing questions, "Am I the keeper of the sheep keeper?" Notice that God did not answer Cain's attempt at interrogation but rather informed Cain in no uncertain terms that He knew both the nature and location of the crime. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Cain judged himself by his own words and attitude. God's judgment of him was just, but it is still quite staggering to meditate on the curse God pronounced upon his head, "The ground shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength, a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth!"

I know and trust that no one who will be reading this article would ever think of having such an uncaring attitude and lack of concern towards his or her brother, much less dream of carrying out a bloody murder on a blood relative. You may be wondering what the connection is between the Konkomba burden I mentioned above and the biblical story of Cain. I beg you to bear with me as I try to connect these two in the way that God has impressed them on my heart in the last days. In chapter ten of the book of

Luke we find the parable of the good Samaritan, in which Jesus broadens the category of neighbor to include basically everyone with whom we have contact of any sort. He did this to break down the justifications of a self-justified man, who felt that by sending an occasional gift to the three people whose properties touched his own, he had fulfilled the law about loving your neighbor. Jesus pointed him back to the spirit of loving your neighbor and in so doing let him know that he had a long way to go before he could boast of perfection according to the law.

If Jesus redefined the concept of neighbor to include all those in need of our help, wouldn't we be not only safe but also wise to broaden our idea of who our brother is? I know that we are applying and not interpreting scripture when we use it in this way. But if you will walk with me through these verses in this new light, I think that you will agree that God can use an old and familiar story from His word to convict and challenge us in totally new areas. I mentioned above, my perspective is different than yours because my surroundings are so vastly different. Here then is what I see when I look at Genesis 4:9-10 in light of the scores of Konkomba villages I have seen and in view of the hopelessness that I have observed at numerous funerals in those villages.

God comes to the church quite often with a question, the same question that He asked of

Cain thousands of years ago. Now, as then, He is painfully aware of the answer before He even voices the question. The knowledge of the answer makes the question come forth as the mournful longing of a father seeking for a lost child. God finds us, the church, busy with whatever it is that we may be busy with. But whatever we are doing shouldn't really matter in light of the question that is etched on the face and heart of God as He comes to us, "Where is your brother?" We hear the voice of God clearly asking a question that He has repeated thousands of times, yet as He begins to speak the intensity of His demeanor could make us believe that we were the sole subject of His eternal interrogation, "Where is your brother?" He voices the question, His eyes looking for an answer in our face, but His voice sounding more like that of a judge pronouncing His verdict, "Where is your brother?"

The only thing that could make such a heartrending query more heartrending would be if the question and the questioner were ignored or unheard in their moment of lonely agony. Alas, this is what commonly happens! For though God asks this question with an intensity born out of intense agony and a clarity acquired through a thousand repetitions, the noise created by our own little kingdom with all of its little projects is enough to banish the questioning voice of God into the nether regions of our consciousness.

Alas for the question which falls on unhearing ears, but a thousand times alas for the times when the voice is faintly heard but is brushed aside with a self-justifying question in response, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The truth, horrible as it may seem when we are faced with it, is that we rarely hear the question that flows like an unending river from the heart of God. When we do hear it, we are often so blinded by our own way of life that we do not even think the question applies to us. We deign to ask, like the misguided man in Luke chapter ten, "And who is my brother?" as if by the definition of this word we can prove that we are of no relation to the brother of which the question speaks. Even if we give mental assent to the idea that we are in fact brothers with the one in question, we easily brush off any possible responsibility by sarcastically asking whether we are in the end responsible for every action our brother may take. We stress our brother's free will, as if that negates our blood link and moral obligation to care for his wellbeing. We make a great ado of the fact that we are so busy trying to keep track of ourselves that we have little time to even think (much less actively care for) our brother. We think that we remove guilt from ourselves by this confession, when in fact we only incriminate ourselves still further.

Like Cain, we as the church may try to wiggle our way around the question that

pounds in the heart of God and occasionally whispers its query into our hearts in a quiet moment. When all of our excuses are exhausted and our self-serving questions have died unanswered, God's question still remains, and He adds another to it, "What hast thou done?" You and I may prefer to think of our neglect of our brothers in every nation as something that we have not done, rather than as a sin that we have done. We think as though a sin of omission is less grave than one committed more overtly. But in this exchange it is God who asks the questions that really matter. He is asking what we have done. Actually, He is not asking, for He gives us no chance to respond, knowing as He does exactly what we through our unconcerned neglect have done. He is distinctly aware of what we have done, for His bleeding heart has been yearning and watching over our forgotten brothers all the while we have been actively engaged in neglecting them. He speaks again, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

From this point on in the story of Cain, God announces to Cain the curse that He has placed on him because of his sin. Though some part of what is said to him may equally apply to us, only God can truly judge. So I will refrain from commenting on the curse which God pronounces on Cain. I hope that the point of all of these words is manifestly clear by now, but I will clarify a couple of points.

In this New Testament era, in which all humanity is one and equal in Christ, I think we can safely say that every human being is our brother both by creation and by merit of the blood that Jesus shed equally for the sins of the whole world. God is, through Jesus, redeeming or buying back His sons and daughters who entered the realm of Satan through sin. Hence every person alive is a lost child in some sense. God's word is clear that He is actively working and longing for the return of each one. The church, as the gathering of the redeemed, bears no small responsibility in bringing back to the Father, by persuasion and example, our brothers still lost in sin.

Because of this responsibility—or maybe I should say because of our neglect of it—God's heart is always crying out to anyone who will listen. He is asking His lost children and hoping that maybe some will join Him in His quest to find and redeem the still remaining millions of our lost brothers. Historically, and in current reality, the church for the most part has found ways to get around its responsibility by being engaged or entangled with our own little worlds. We rarely hear and even more rarely act on our duty to our brothers, whether they be Konkomba, Haitian, American or otherwise. Through the ages, multiplied thousands of our brothers have died, uncared for and forgotten by the people who should have cared most about bringing them

back to the Father. While God holds them accountable for the choices they have made, God also places a heavy weight of blame on us for our uncaring inactivity in the light of such need. The sum total is that although many of our brothers are being redeemed to their rightful Father, many more remain to be found. God's heart still rings out through time and eternity with the question posed so forcefully to Cain and now applied to us, "Where is your brother?"

Dear ones, I beg you to understand that I write not with judgment in my heart but with tears in my eyes. Yes, tears for my failures. Tears for the complacency that is common among you, and tears for the inactivity of the church before us that brought us to this deplorable place. I am far too attached to the things of this world, and hence I am far too insensitive to the call and question of God. I do have some tears for my lost Konkomba brothers and for our mutual Father, who bleeds for my lost brothers and for my own dullness of heart.

I am watching my people die in hundreds of villages without the knowledge of the One who seeks to redeem them back to Himself. I am burdened. I share with a heart that desires that we, myself included, would pull back from our fevered activity long enough to hear God's question and long enough to allow some of the burden that God feels to flow into our own hearts. This burden and vision will then drive us to care for

and be active in the finding of our brothers, lost in sin but already purchased with Christ's blood.

I am praying that God will find in us not the spirit of Cain, who looked for a way out of his responsibility to his brother. I pray that He would find a spirit that looks for

those to whom we are related by creation and blood and willingly picks up the burden of helping them back to the Father. My dream is that we could one day bring joy to our Father, who looks daily for His lost children, by being found not busily engaged in our own pursuits, but actively answer-

ing the question of the ages, "Where is your brother?" May those who surround us when we stand before our Father one day in heaven be our answer to that question!

*For Our Konkomba Brothers,
Daniel Kenaston and Family*



continued from page 25, The Wisdom of Work by Rachel Weaver

- ♥ Hang simple clothes from dryer to hanger and on line.
- ♥ Make rolls from bread dough.
- ♥ Cut biscuits for pans.
- ♥ Mark cook-ahead dishes.
- ♥ Help pick up around house.
- ♥ Hand embroidery work.
- ♥ Sew a 9-patch quilt.
- ♥ Transplant plants into garden.
- ♥ Weed garden.
- ♥ Water plants.
- ♥ Bring in wood.
- ♥ Pick-up yard.
- ♥ Harvest vegetables from garden.
- ♥ Help prepare and pack canning jars.

8 to 12 year olds

- ♥ Cobweb inside and outside house.
- ♥ Sweep inside and outside house.
- ♥ Sweep and/or vacuum under dining room table.
- ♥ Vacuum.
- ♥ Water lawn and garden.
- ♥ Rake flowerbeds.
- ♥ Hoe garden and flowerbeds.
- ♥ Bring trash to curb.
- ♥ Stack cook-ahead meals in

- freezer and get daily.
- ♥ Pour drinks for meals.
- ♥ Start washer.
- ♥ Put all laundry on laundry line (expect sheets or other big items).
- ♥ Fold most clothing articles.
- ♥ Make simple lunch meals or cook-ahead meals.
- ♥ Prepare and make cookies, muffins and cakes.
- ♥ Sew basic patterns.
- ♥ Iron basic clothes carefully.
- ♥ Stack wood.

For Those Who Have Failed

What do you do if your children are beyond the age of excitement and eagerness? What if work is drudgery to them? How do you turn the tables around and enlist their cooperation?

Here a few suggestions:

- ♥ Learn to like work yourself.
- ♥ Work with them. Do not spend long hours doing other things while they plod along.
- ♥ Sit down with them and confess your faults. Tell them what God is showing you.

Enlist them to help as you both learn these lessons.

♥ Give them time off as rewards for jobs well done, or plan a Popsicle party when the weeds are pulled. Use your imagination.

♥ Set to work fixing one room at a time, and then try to keep it neat. You may only get the kitchen and dining room done the first week. Don't forget to scrub the stovetop and clean the cupboards and refrigerator. Keep it neat for at least one week before going on to the next room.

♥ Enlist your oldest child first and train him. Then move down. Soon you will all be working together.

Do not despair. Begin now. Work at it slowly, and slowly you will see a difference. Teaching your children to work will take a long time, but one day they will be your best helpers. When you are sick, they will carry on. You will go away, and they will cook and clean. This is what I call the reward period. It will come if we are diligent. When it does come, it is a great blessing. □

Book Review

by Andrew Weaver

With Christ in the School of Prayer

by Andrew Murray



Probably every honest Christian will admit to some deficiency in prayer. Some may spend inadequate time in prayer, others may pray too selfishly to receive an answer and still others may pray mechanically, without faith and without fellowship with God. Whatever your particular area of need, you will probably find it addressed in the beloved classic *With Christ in the School of Prayer*. Like many of Andrew Murray's books, this volume contains thirty-one chapters, one for each day of a month of study. This book treats prayer as a lifelong learning experience, the school of prayer, where the Teacher is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. Most of the chapters begin with a Scripture containing some teaching of Christ on the subject of prayer, and the rest of the chapter simply expands on the words of Jesus.

An early chapter explains how our prayer can be effective only when we live in the attitude of a dependent child.

The prayer of a child owes its influence entirely to the relation in which he stands to the parent. The prayer can exert that influence only when the child is really living in that relationship and in the home, in the love, and in the service of the Father. The power of the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you," lies in the loving relationship between us as children and the Father in heaven. When we live and walk in that relationship, the prayer of faith and its answer will be the natural result. And so the lesson we have today in the school of prayer is this: Live as a child of God and you will be able to pray and most assuredly be heard as a child.... He that gives himself to be led by the Spirit in his life will be led by Him in his prayers, too. And he will find that Fatherlike giving is the Divine response to childlike living.

The chief lesson the Lord has for us in His school centers on the name of Father. We must learn to say, "Abba, Father!" and "Our Father which art in heaven." Whoever can say this has the key to all prayer. The Father listens in all the compassion with which a father listens to a weak or sickly child, in all the joy with which he hears a stammering child, in all the gentle patience with which he tolerates a thoughtless child. We must meditate upon the heart of our Father until our

every prayer goes upward on the faith of this Divine word: *"How much more shall your heavenly Father give good gifts to them that ask Him."*

Another chapter looks at the marvelous promise contained in the words of Jesus in Luke 11:13: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

It is impossible to conceive of God bestowing any higher gift on His child than His own Spirit. God is what He is through His Spirit; the Spirit is the very life of God. Just think what it means for God to give His own Spirit to His child on earth.... The one necessary element in the spiritual life is the Holy Spirit. All the fullness is in Jesus. His is the fullness of grace and truth from which we receive grace for grace. The Holy Spirit is the appointed intermediary whose special work is to convey Jesus and everything there is in Him to us. He is the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. If we yield ourselves entirely to the will of the Spirit and let Him have His way with us, He will manifest the life of Christ within us.

Another amazing promise of Jesus is considered in the chapter "The Faith that Takes": "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them."

The tendency of human reason is to intervene here with certain qualifiers, such as "if expedient," "if according to God's will," to break the force of a statement which appears dangerous. Beware of dealing this way with the Master's words. His promise is most literally true. He wants His frequently repeated "all things" to enter our hearts and reveal how mighty the power of faith is. The Head truly calls the members of the Body to share His power with Him. Our Father places His power at the disposal of the child who completely trusts Him. Faith gets its food and strength from the "all things" of Christ's promise. As we weaken it, we weaken faith.

This book also considers the need for fasting to accompany prayer:

...Prayer needs fasting for its full growth. Prayer is the one hand with which we grasp the invisible. Fasting is the other hand, the one with which we let go of the visible. In nothing is man more closely connected with the world of sense than in his need for, and enjoyment of, food... It was with bread that Jesus was tempted in the wilderness. But He triumphed in fasting... Disciples of Jesus! You have asked the Master to teach you to pray, so come now and accept His lessons! Isn't the prize worth the price? Give up everything to follow Jesus in the path He opens to us! Fast if you need to! Do anything you must so that neither the body nor the world can hinder us in our great life-work—talking to God in prayer, so that we may become men of faith whom He can use in His work of saving the world.

"The Power of Persevering Prayer" is a chapter that deals with the mystery of needing to persevere in prayer until an answer is received, even though God has eternally known both the need and the answer.

Of all the mysteries of the prayer world, the need for persevering prayer is one of the greatest. We cannot easily understand why the Lord, Who is so loving and longing to bless us, should have to be petitioned time after time, sometimes year after year, before the answer comes. It is also one of the greatest practical difficulties in the exercise of believing prayer. When our repeated prayers remain unanswered, it is easy for our lazy flesh—maintaining the appearance of pious submission—to think that we must stop praying because God may have a secret reason for withholding His answer to our request. Faith alone can overcome difficulty. Once faith has taken its stand on God's Word and the Name of Jesus, and has yielded itself to the leading of the Spirit to seek only God's will and honor in its prayer, it need not be discouraged by delay... Just as each of ten thousand seeds is a part of the final harvest, frequently repeated, persevering prayer is necessary to acquire a desired blessing... Of course the husbandman longs for his harvest. But he knows it must have its full term of sunshine and rain, so he has plenty of patience. A child so often wants to pick the half-ripe fruit, while the farmer knows to wait until the proper time.

continued on page 35



Precious Letters from Our Readers

We 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

Greetings in the name of our precious Lord and Savior.

I do apologize for not letting you know sooner how encouraging and uplifting *The Remnant* has been to our family. It seems that when we’re not sure we are hearing answers correctly, we receive confirmation through one or more of your articles. The Lord is so good to confirm His word to us!

As you strive to pass on what the Lord has blessed you with, may you truly receive His guidance and direction for your individual lives as well as *The Heartbeat of the Remnant*.

Englehart, Ontario

* * * * *

We really appreciate your magazine and the stand you take for the truth. God bless

your ministry. Lydia and I find *The Heartbeat of the Remnant* a great blessing. Trying to live as a part of the remnant testimony has brought us into much isolation here in England with our family. Much of what we read confirms many of our Christian experiences and what we have gleaned from the Word of God.

Suffolk, Great Britain

* * * * *

There are no “plain” churches in our area. When I received *The Godly Home* tape series, I just could hardly stop crying. I was so grateful to hear truth. Amos 8:11 speaks of a famine of hearing the word of the Lord. There is plenty of gospel being preached all over the United States (2 Cor. 11:4), but not much (that I can find)

of God’s Word. I thank God for your ministry. It has been used of God to bless me beyond words.

Hernando, Florida

* * * * *

We have been so blessed by *The Remnant*. It has been a light to us in a dark world. We live in a very small town with no like-minded Christians around, so you can see why *The Remnant* might be a blessing. We always read it from front to back as soon as we get it. It then goes on a shelf with several other copies of *The Remnant*, so that we may read good literature at any time. Thank you so much for your ministry. May God open the heavens and pour out a blessing.

Ashton, Nebraska

We deeply appreciate all the articles and seek to use them to benefit the church here in China. We read and re-read everything and keep it for review. Daniel's illustration with the U.S. embassy (May/June 2002, pg 32) was so apt—just one of the many things we can easily identify with in the missionary news. We're praying for your ministry in the Lord.

Zhejiang, China

* * * * *

I am a reader of *The Heartbeat of the Remnant*. I have to say a word of thank you for the wonderful work that you are doing. The Lord is really

touching our hearts through the written word—as such, I say your labor is not in vain.

Lanet, Kenya

* * * * *

Greetings from us here in the earthly Jerusalem. Brother Denny, it was six or seven years ago that I heard for the first time your cassettes about family life. From that time, year after year, I was in your congregation in my dreams and imaginations. But problems of life, finances and others avoid me from reaching Pennsylvania. There is always more than something in *The Remnant* that stirs my feelings and spiritual heart to such a

degree that I feel that I miss the Lord Jesus so much.

All the Song of Songs, especially chapter five, becomes for me such a reality that I am bathed in tears again and again. Besides this is all the tension which comes from a nervous neighborhood, terror and conditions that make life even with Jesus a warfare that doesn't stop day and night. It is a big comfort to receive *The Remnant*.

Please pray for us that we will keep the faith in the midst of chaos, rejoicing always and leading a holy life that the glory of the knowledge of our Lord will shine in our focus and be evident to everyone. God bless you.

Jerusalem, Israel

continued from page 33, "With Christ in the School of Prayer" by Andrew Murray

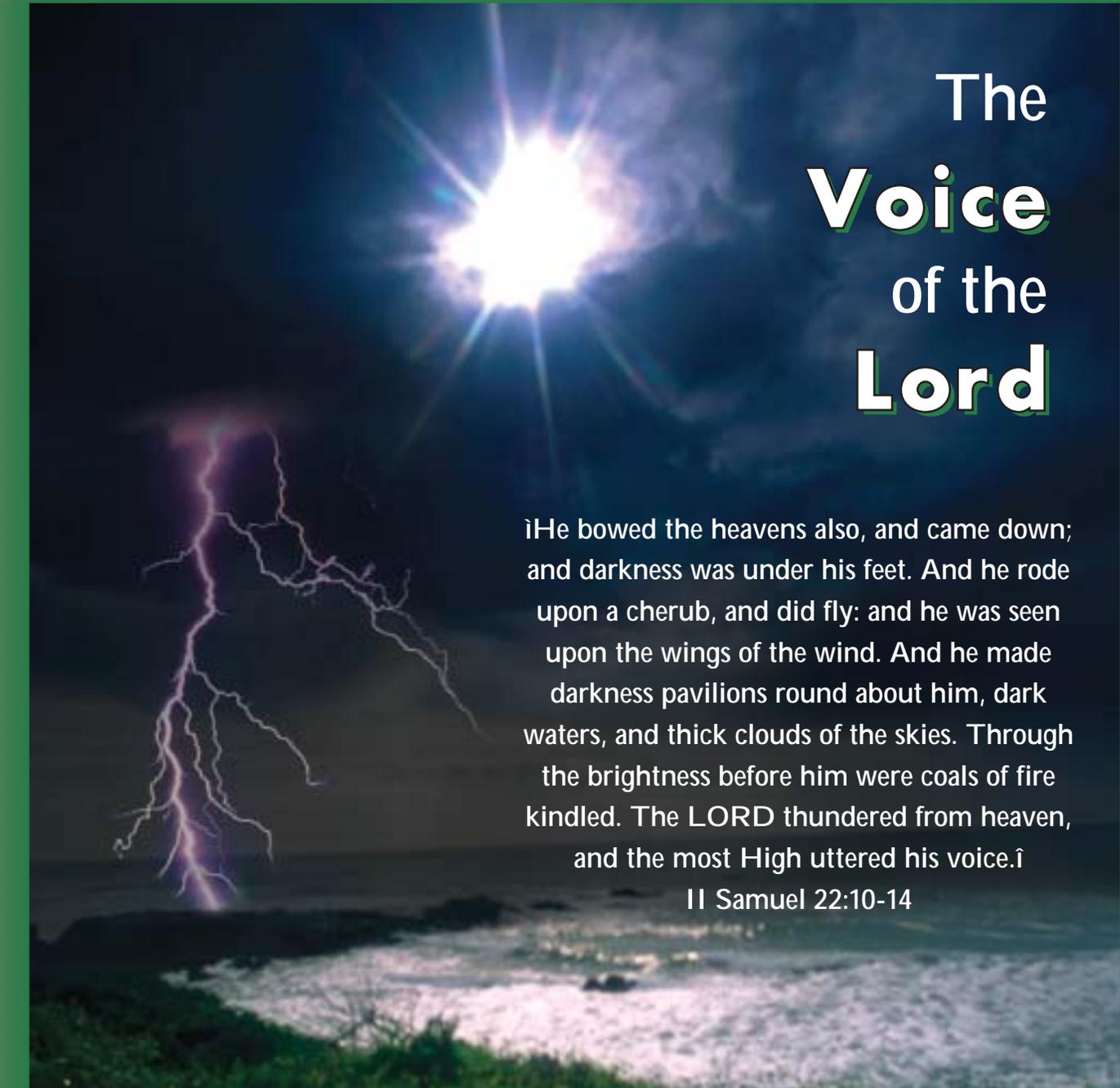
Another chapter faces more of the puzzling questions about prayer:

How extensive is the power of prayer? How can God grant to prayer such mighty power? How can prayer be harmonized with the will of God? How can God's sovereignty and our will—God's liberty and ours—be reconciled?... The prayers of the Son and His people weren't included in the eternal decrees simply for show. Rather, the Father listens with His heart to every prayer that rises through the Son. God really does allow Himself to be moved by prayer to do what He otherwise would not have done. This perfect, harmonious union of Divine sovereignty and human liberty is an unfathomable mystery because God as the *Eternal One* transcends all our thoughts. But let it be our comfort and strength to know that in the eternal fellowship of the Father and the Son, the power of prayer has its origin and certainty.

Through our union with the Son, our prayer is taken up and can have its influence in the inner life of the Blessed Trinity.

Many other important aspects of prayer are covered in other chapters, and I believe every honest Christian will find opportunities for life-long growth in prayer. You will appreciate that the example of Jesus Christ's life of prayer is the inspiration for this book, and your life can only be blessed as you accept the invitation to enroll *With Christ in the School of Prayer*. □

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The Voice of the Lord

He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: and he was seen upon the wings of the wind. And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. Through the brightness before him were coals of fire kindled. The LORD thundered from heaven, and the most High uttered his voice.†

† II Samuel 22:10-14

The Heartbeat of

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