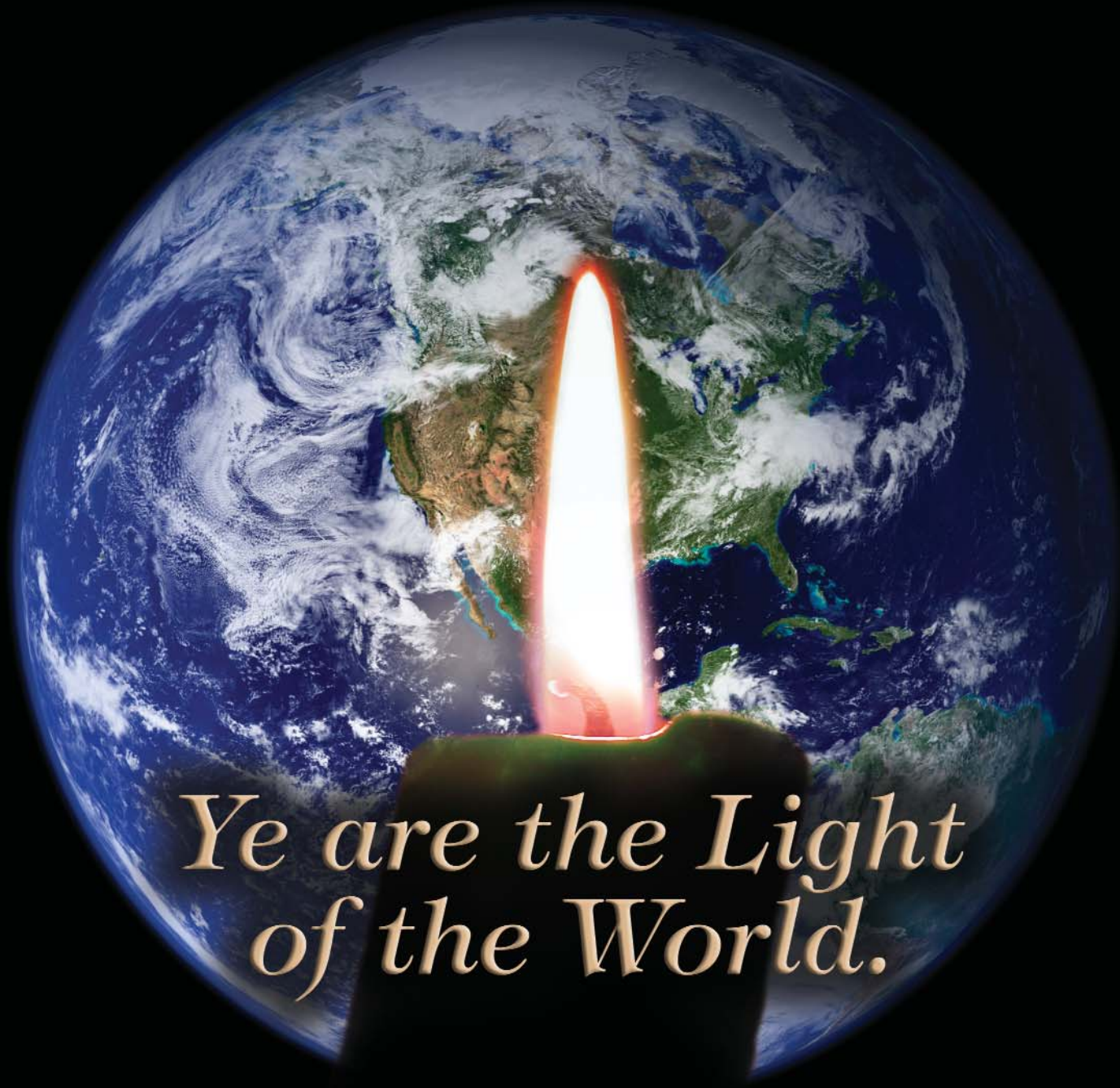


The Heartbeat of
The Remnant

July / August 2004 Volume 10 Number 4



*Ye are the Light
of the World.*

... is the Testimony of Jesus

The Heartbeat of
The Remnant

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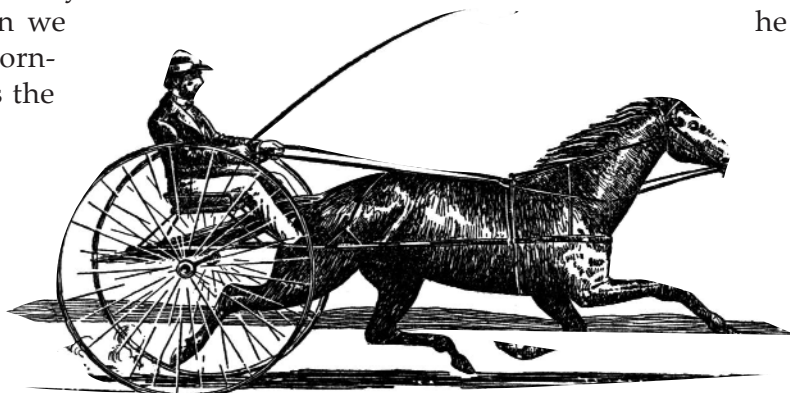
by Charles T. Studd

I was taken to church and baptized the right day, and after a time I was confirmed and took communion. There was not a moment in my life when I ever doubted that there was a God, or that Jesus Christ was the Savior of the world; but I did not know Him as my personal Savior. We didn't believe much in converts in those days. We thought that the Chinese and Africans had to be converted; but the idea of an Englishman being converted was absurd....

I was brought up in the Church of England and was pretty religious—so most people thought. I was taken to church and baptized the right day, and after a time I was confirmed and took communion. But I did not know anything about Jesus Christ personally. I knew a little about Him, as I may know a little about President Taft, but I did not know Him. There was not a moment in my life when I ever doubted that there was a God, or that Jesus Christ was the Savior of the world; but I did not know Him as my personal Savior. We boys were brought up to go to church regularly, but, although we had a kind of religion, it was not a religion that amounted to much. It was just like having a toothache. We were always sorry to have Sunday come, and glad when we came to Monday morning. The Sabbath was the dullest day of the whole week, and just because we got hold of the wrong end of religion. A man may get

hold of the wrong end of a poker, and I got hold of the wrong end of religion and had to pay dearly for it. We had lots of ministers and lots of churches all around us, but we never saw such a thing as a real convert. We didn't believe much in converts in those days. We thought that the Chinese and Africans had to be converted; but the idea of an Englishman being converted was absurd, because it made him out a heathen before he was converted.

My father was just a man of the world, loving all sorts of worldly things. He had made a fortune in India and had come back to England to spend it. He was very fond of sports of all kinds. He would go into regular training that he might go fox hunting, but above all he was an enthusiast on horse racing. He was passionately fond of horses to begin with and when he saw fine horses he would buy



them and train them, and then he would race them. He had a large place in the country, where he made a race course, and he won the biggest steeple-chase in London three times. At last he got hold of a horse better than anyone he had ever had, and so certain was he of winning the race that he wrote to a friend in London and said, "If you are a wise man you will come to the race tomorrow and put every penny you have on my horse."

Unknown to my father this man had been converted. Mr. Moody had come to England and had been preaching.

Nobody believed very much at that time in a man getting up to preach the Gospel unless he had two things—the title of Reverend, and a white tie round his neck. The papers could not understand such a preacher as Mr. Moody, who had neither, and of course they printed column after column against him. But they could not help seeing that he could get more people to his meetings than half a dozen archbishops, and that more were converted than by twenty ordinary ministers. Of course they did not put the right construction on things. They said that Mr. Sankey had come over to sell organs, and Mr. Moody to sell his hymnbooks. My father read the papers day after day and these things tickled him immensely. I remember one evening he threw the paper down and said, "Well, anyhow, when this man comes to London I am going to hear him. There must be some good about the man or he would never be abused so much by the papers."

Well, father went up to London the next day according to promise, and met his friend. This man had been over to Ireland when Mr. Moody was there, and as he was about to leave Dublin had missed his train. God was even in that, missing a train. It was Saturday night, and the man had to remain over Sunday. As he was looking about the streets that evening he saw

the big bills advertising Moody and Sankey, and he thought, "I will just go and hear those Americans." He went and God met him; he went again and God converted him. He was a new man, and yet when my father wrote that letter he never said anything about it. When they met and drove along in a carriage father talked of nothing but horses, and told this man

if he were a wise man he would put up every penny he had on that horse.

After father had finished his business he came back to this friend and said, "How much money have you put on my horse?" "Nothing." My father said, "You are the biggest fool I ever saw; didn't I tell you what a good horse he was? But though you are a fool, come along with me to dinner." After dinner my father said, "Now, where shall we go to amuse ourselves?" His friend said, "Anywhere." My father said, "Well, you are the

guest; you shall choose where we shall go." "Well, we will go and hear Moody." My father said, "Oh, no, this isn't Sunday. We will go to the theater, or concert." But the man said, "You promised to go wherever I chose." So my father had to go. They found the building was full and there were no seats in the hall except special ones. This man knew he would never get my father there again, so he worked himself into the crowd until he came across one of the committee. He said to him, "Look here; I have brought a wealthy sporting gentleman here, but I will never get him here again if we do not get a seat." The man took them in and put them right straight in front of Mr. Moody. My father never took his eyes off Mr. Moody until he finished his address. After the meeting my father said, "I will come and hear this man again. He just told me everything I had ever done." My father kept going until he was right soundly converted.

That afternoon my father had been full of a thing that takes possession of a man's heart and

...my father had been full of a thing that takes possession of a man's heart and head more than anything else—that passion for horse racing; and in the evening he was a changed man. It was the same skin, but a new man altogether inside...of course he could not go on living the same life as before.

head more than anything else—that passion for horse racing; and in the evening he was a changed man. It was the same skin, but a new man altogether inside. When we boys came home from college we didn't understand what had come over him, but father kept continually telling us that he was born again. We thought he was just born upside down, because he was always asking us about our souls, and we didn't like it. Of course, he took us to hear Mr. Moody, and we were impressed a good deal, but were not converted.

When my father was converted of course he could not go on living the same life as before. He could not go to balls, card parties, and all that sort of thing. His conscience told him so, and he said to Mr. Moody: "I want to be straight with you. If I become a Christian will I have to give up racing, and shooting, and hunting, and theaters, and balls?" "Well," Mr. Moody said, "Mr. Studd, you have been straight with me; I will be straight with you. Racing means betting, and betting means gambling, and I don't see how a gambler is going to be a Christian. Do the other things as long as you like." My father asked again about the theater and cards, and Mr. Moody said, "Mr. Studd, you have children and people you love; and now you are a saved man yourself, and you want to get them saved. God will give you some souls and as soon as ever you have won a soul you won't care about any of the other things." Sure enough, we found to our astonishment that father didn't care for any of those things any longer; he only cared about one thing, and that was saving souls.

He took us to hear Mr. Moody and other men, and when Mr. Moody left England my father opened his country house, and held meetings there in the evenings. He asked ministers and business men from London to come down and speak to the people about their souls. The people would come for miles to attend the meetings, and many were converted. One of these

gentlemen came down to preach one day and as I was going out to play cricket he caught me unawares and said, "Are you a Christian?" I said, "I am not what you call a Christian. I have believed on Jesus Christ since I was knee high. Of course I believe in the church, too." I thought by answering him pretty close I would get rid of him, but he stuck tight as wax and said, "Look here, God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. You believe Jesus Christ died?" "Yes." "You believe He died for you?" "Yes." "Do you believe the other half of the verse—'shall have everlasting life?'" "No," I said, "I don't believe that." He said, "Don't you think you are a bit inconsistent, believing one half of the verse and not the other half?" "I suppose I am." "Well," he said, "are you always going to be inconsistent?" "No," I said, "I suppose not always." He said, "Will you be consistent now?" I saw that I was cornered and I began to think, "If I go out of this room inconsistent, I won't carry very much self-respect." I said, "Yes, I will be consistent." "Well, don't you see that eternal life is a gift? When somebody gives you a present at Christmas, what do you do?" "I take it and say, 'Thank you.'" He said, "Will you say 'Thank you' to God for this gift?"

Then I got down on my knees and I did say "Thank you" to God. And right then and there joy and peace came into my soul. I knew then what it was to be born again, and the Bible, which had been so dry to me before, became everything.

One day when I was in London, a friend asked me to come to tea with him and his wife who were Christians. After tea, when we were talking about the Bible around the open fire, this friend said, "Have you heard of the wonderful blessing Mrs. Watson has got lately?" I said, "Why, she has been a Christian a long time." He



said, "Yes, but she is quite different now." I had heard people talking about getting other blessings besides conversion, but I would not believe it. Then my friend opened his Bible and showed plainly enough from the Scriptures that there were other blessings besides conversion. Then he said, "Have you these other blessings?" I said, "No, I have not." I was just angry because I wanted to know what I was going to do for God. We knelt down and asked God very simply that God would give us all He had for us. When I went back to my room I got hold of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." That night I just meant business, and it seemed to come so plain—old truths, it may be, but they seemed to grip me that time. I had known about Jesus Christ's dying for me, but I had never understood that if he had died for me, then I didn't belong to myself.

Redemption means "buying back" so that I belonged to Him, either I had to be a thief and keep what wasn't mine, or else I had to give up everything to God. When I came to see that Jesus Christ had died for me, it didn't seem hard to give up all to Him. It seemed just common, ordinary honesty.

Then I read in the book: "When you have surrendered all to God, you have given him all the responsibility, as well as everything else. It is God who is responsible to look after you and all you have to do is to trust. Put your hand in His and the Lord will lead you. It seemed quite a different thing after that and in a very short time God had told me what to do and where to go. God doesn't tell a person first by his head; He tells him first by the heart. God put it in my heart and made me long to go to China.

There were lots of difficulties in the way. Possibly some of you have difficulties in your way. Don't turn aside because of the difficulties. There was not one of all my relatives but

thought that I had gone clean mad. My elder brother, who was a true Christian, said to me one evening, "Charlie, I think you are making a great mistake." I said, "There is no mistake about it." He said: "You are away every night at the meetings and you do not see mother. I see her, and this is just breaking her heart. I think you are wrong." I said, "Let us ask God. I do not want to be pig-headed and go out there of my own accord, I just want to do God's will." It was hard to have this brother, who had been such a help, think it was a mistake. We got down on our knees and put the whole matter in God's hands. That night I could not get to sleep, but it seemed as though I heard someone say this verse over and over, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." I knew it was God's voice speaking to me. When I got to China I knew why He said that verse so often. Winning souls out there is the same thing as here, only more difficult. The devil comes to one and says, "Why don't you go home? You

can save more souls there than here." But I had received marching orders to go to China and I had God to give them as plain to go back. Not only did God make it right with the brother, but the night I was leaving home God made my mother willing that I should go to China.

My father made me become of age at twenty-five. I was twenty-three when I went to China; and for two or three years it seemed as if God kept me walking up and down that country. Finally I was sent to a station where there

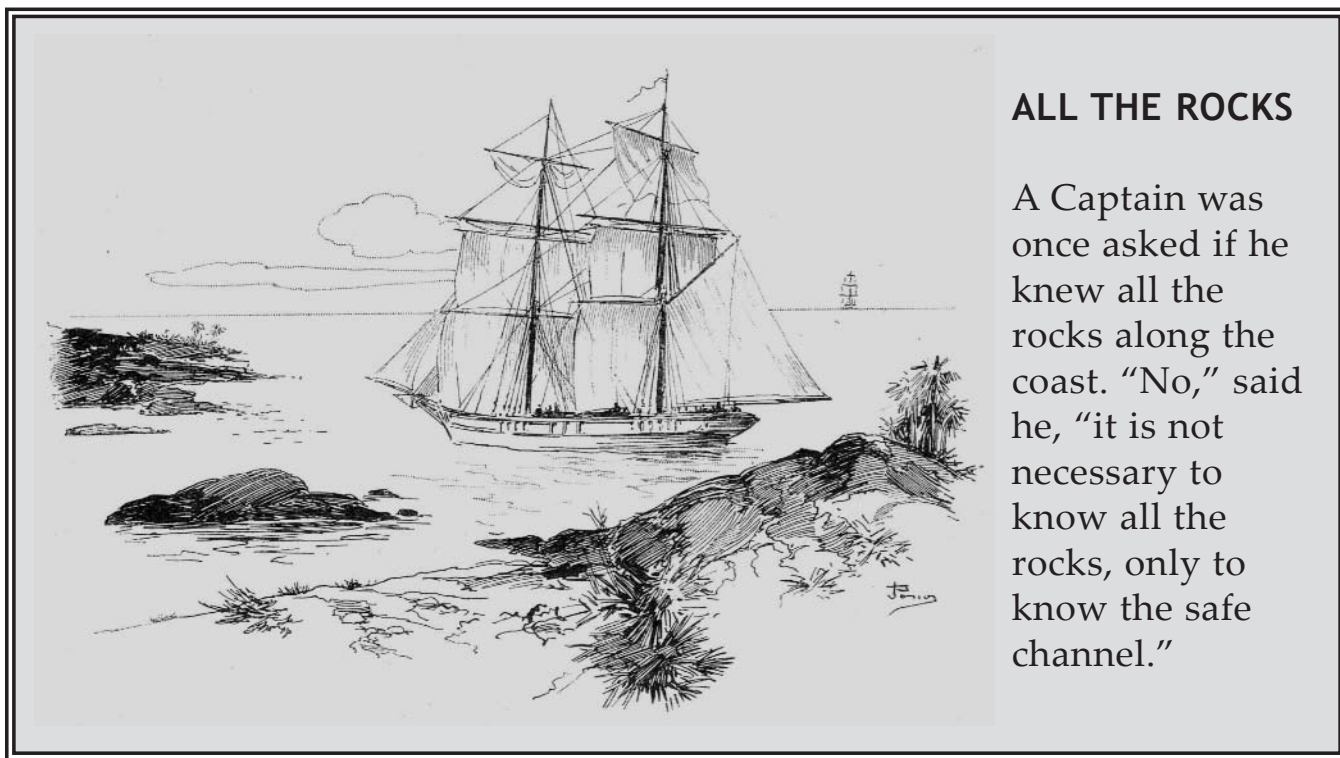
had been a riot. Every missionary's house had been knocked down, and they had been sent away; but the British consul was there, although he had been nearly killed. When a friend and myself got into that town we meant to hold the fort. When the consul saw us it was as though he had seen a couple of ghosts. He said,

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"However did you get here? There are guards in every gate of the city to prevent any foreign devil from coming in." We said that God had brought us in and told him what we had come for. He said, "No; you cannot stay here; I can give you a passport up or down the river, but no foreigners are allowed here except myself." After a little he said, "If you would like to stay in that hovel there you can; but there is not room for more than one." Then we began to discuss which should stay. My friend was going to be married and I was not, but he wanted to stay. Finally, the consul asked us to dinner, and in the midst of dinner he turned to me and said, "Studd, will you stay with me?" That settled the matter. I didn't know why God had sent me to that place until some time afterwards.

One day when I was reading the harmony of the Gospels I came to where Christ talked with the rich young man. Then God seemed to bring all the vows I had made back to me. A few days later the post, which came only every half-month, brought letters from the solicitor and banker to show what I had become heir to. Then God made me just ordinarily honest and told me what to do. Then I learned why I had been sent to that particular place. I needed to draw up papers giving the "power of attorney," and

for that I had to have the signature of one of Her Majesty's officers. I went to this consul and when he saw the paper he said, "I won't sign it. You don't know what you are doing." Finally, he said that he would give me two weeks to think it over and then if I wished he would sign it. I took it back at the end of two weeks and he signed it and off the stuff went. God has promised to give a hundredfold for everything we give to him. An hundredfold is a wonderful percentage; it is ten thousand per cent. God began to give me back the hundredfold wonderfully quick. Not long after this I was sent down to Shanghai. My brother, who had been very ill, had gone right back into the world again. On account of his health the doctors sent him round the world in search of better. I thought he would just come and touch at Shanghai and see me. He said he was not going to stay very long for he was mighty afraid he would get too much religion. He took his berth for Japan about the next day after he arrived. But God soon gave him as much religion as he could hold and he cancelled that passage to Japan and stayed with me six months. When I saw that brother right soundly converted I said, "This is ten thousand per cent and more." □



ALL THE ROCKS

A Captain was once asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast. "No," said he, "it is not necessary to know all the rocks, only to know the safe channel."

Soul Nourishment FIRST

by George Müller
May 9 1841

It has pleased the Lord to teach me a truth, the benefit of which I have not lost, for more than fourteen years. The point is this: I saw more clearly than ever that the first great and primary business to which I ought to attend every day was, to *have my soul happy in the Lord.*

The first thing to be concerned about was not how much I might serve the Lord, or how I might glorify the Lord; but how I might get my soul into a happy state, and how my inner man might be nourished. For I might seek to set the truth before the unconverted, I might seek to benefit believers, I might seek to relieve the distressed, I might in other ways seek to behave myself as it becomes a child of God in this world; and yet, not being happy in the Lord, and not being nourished and strengthened in my inner man day by day, all this might not be attended to in a right spirit.

Before this time my practice had been, at least for ten years previously, as an habitual thing, to give myself to

prayer, after having dressed myself in the morning. Now, I saw that the most important thing I had to do was to give myself to the reading of the Word of God, and to meditation on it, that thus my heart might be comforted, encouraged, warned, reproved, instructed; and that thus, by means of the Word of God, while meditating on it, my heart might be brought into experiential communion with the Lord.

I began therefore to meditate on the New Testament from the beginning, early in the morning. The first thing I did, after having asked in a few words the Lord's blessing upon his precious Word, was, to begin to meditate on the Word of God, searching as it were into every verse, to get blessing out of it; not for the sake of the public ministry of the Word, not for the sake of preaching on what I had meditated upon, but for the sake of obtaining food for my own soul. The result I have found to be almost invariably this, that after a very few minutes

my soul has been led to confession, or to thanksgiving, or to intercession, or to supplication; so that, though I did not, as it were, give myself to prayer, but to meditation, yet it turned almost immediately more or less into prayer.

When thus I have been for a while making confession or intercession, or supplication, or have given thanks, I go to the next words or verse, turning all, as I go on, into prayer for myself or others, as the Word may lead to it, but still continually keeping before me that food for my own soul is the object of my meditation. The result of this is, that there is always a good deal of confession, thanksgiving, supplication, or intercession mingled with my meditation, and then my inner man almost invariably is even sensibly nourished and strengthened, and that by breakfast time, with rare exceptions, I am in a peaceful if not happy state of heart. Thus also the Lord is pleased to communicate unto me that which, either very soon after or at a later time, I have found to become food for other believers, though it was not for the sake of the public ministry of the Word that I gave myself to meditation, but for the profit of my own inner man.

The difference, then, between my former practice and my present one is this: Formerly, when I rose, I began to pray as soon as possible, and generally spent all my time till breakfast in prayer, or almost all the time. At all events I almost invariably began with prayer, except when I felt my

soul to be more than usually barren, in which case I read the Word of God for food, or for refreshment, or for a revival and renewal of my inner man, before I gave myself to prayer. But what was the result? I often spent a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, or even an hour, on my knees, before being conscious to myself of having derived comfort, encouragement, humbling of soul, etc., and often, after having suffered much from wandering of mind for the first ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, or even half an hour, I only then began really to pray.

I scarcely ever suffer now in this way. For my heart, first being nourished by the truth, being brought into experiential fellowship with God, I then speak to my Father and to my Friend (vile though I am, and unworthy of it) about the things that He has brought before me in His precious Word. It often now astonishes me that I did not sooner see this point. In no book did I ever read about it. No public ministry ever brought the matter before me. No private intercourse with a brother stirred me up to this matter. And yet, now, since God has taught me this point, it is as plain to me as anything, that the first thing the child of God has to do morning by morning is, to obtain food for his inner man.

As the outward man is not fit for work for any length of

time except we take food, and as this is one of the first things we do in the morning, so it should be with the inner man. We should take food for that, as every one must allow. Now, what is the food for the inner man? Not prayer, but the Word of God; and here again, not the simple reading of the Word of God, so that it only passes through our minds, just as water runs through a pipe, but considering what we read, pondering over it, and applying it to our hearts. When we pray, we speak to God. Now, prayer, in order to be continued for any length of time in any other than a formal manner, requires, generally speaking, a measure of strength or godly desire, and the season, therefore, when this exercise of the soul can be most effectually performed is after the inner man has been nourished by meditation on the Word of

Now, what is the food for the inner man? Not prayer, but the Word of God; and here again, not the simple reading of the Word of God...but considering what we read, pondering over it, and applying it to our hearts.

God, where we find our Father speaking to us, to encourage us, to comfort us, to instruct us, to humble us, to reprove us.

We may therefore profitably meditate, with God's blessing, though we are ever so weak spiritually; nay, the weaker we are, the more we need meditation for the

strengthening of our inner man. Thus there is far less to be feared from wandering of mind than if we give ourselves to prayer without having had time previously for meditation. I dwell so particularly on this point because of the immense spiritual profit and refreshment I am conscious of having derived from it myself, and I affectionately and solemnly beseech all my fellow believers to ponder this matter. By the blessing of God, I ascribe to this mode the help and strength which I have had from God to pass in peace through deeper trials, in various ways, than I had ever had before; and after having now above fourteen years tried this way, I can most fully, in the fear of God, commend it.

In addition to this I generally read, after family prayer, larger portions of the Word of God, when I still pursue my practice of reading regularly onward in the Holy Scriptures, sometimes in the New Testament, and sometimes in the Old, and for more than twenty-six years I have proved the blessedness of it. I take, also, either then or at other parts of the day, time more especially for prayer.

How different, when the soul is refreshed and made happy early in the morning, from what it is when without spiritual preparation, the service, the trials, and the temptations of the day come upon one. □

“No one present could tell exactly what happened on that Wednesday morning, August 13, 1727, at the specially called Communion service. They hardly knew if they had been on earth or in heaven.”

A MODERN PENTECOST

POWER
FROM
ON
HIGH

THE MORAVIANS AND
COUNT ZINZENDORF

by John Greenfield

A Moravian historian wrote that Church history abounds in records of special outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and verily the thirteenth of August 1727, was a day of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We saw the hand of God and His wonders, and we were all under the cloud of our fathers baptized with their Spirit. The Holy Ghost came upon us and in those days great signs and wonders took place in our midst. From that time scarcely a day passed but what we beheld His almighty workings amongst us. A great hunger after the Word of God took possession of us so that we had to have three services every day: 5:00 a.m., 7.30 a.m., and 9:00 p.m. Everyone desired above everything else that the Holy Spirit might have full control. Self love and self will, as well as all disobedience, disappeared and an overwhelming flood of graces swept us all out into the great ocean of Divine Love.

No one present could tell exactly what happened on that Wednesday morning, August 13, 1727, at the specially called Communion service. They hardly knew if they had been on earth or in heaven. Count Nicholas Zinzendorf, the young leader of that community, gave this account many years later: We needed to come to the Communion with a sense of the loving nearness of the Savior. This was the great comfort which has made this day a generation ago to be a festival, because on this day twenty seven years ago the

Congregation of Herrnhut, assembled for communion (at the Berthelsdorf church) were all dissatisfied with themselves. They had quit judging each other because they had become convinced, each one, of his lack of worth in the sight of God and each felt himself at this Communion to be in view of the noble countenance of the Savior. O head so full of bruises, so full of pain and scorn. In this view of the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, their hearts told them that He would be their patron and their priest who was at once changing their tears into oil of gladness and their misery into happiness.

This firm confidence changed them in a single moment into a happy people which they are to this day, and into their happiness they have since led many thousands of others through the memory and help which the heavenly grace once given to themselves, so many thousand times confirmed to them since then. Zinzendorf described it as 'a sense of the nearness of Christ' given to everyone present, and also to others of their community who were working elsewhere at the time. The congregation was young. Zinzendorf, the human leader, was 27, which was about the average age of the group.

OUT OF PERSECUTION

The Moravian brethren had sprung from the labors and martyrdom of the Bohemian Reformer, John Hus. They had experienced centuries of persecution. Many had been killed, imprisoned, tortured or banished from their homeland. This group had fled for refuge to Germany where the young Christian nobleman, Count Zinzendorf, offered them asylum on his

estates in Saxony. They named their new home Herrnhut, "the Lord's Watch". From there, after their baptism in the Holy Spirit, they became evangelists and missionaries. Fifty years before the beginning of modern Foreign Missions by William Carey, the Moravian Church had sent out over 100 missionaries. Their English missionary magazine, *Periodical Accounts*, inspired William Carey. He threw a copy of the paper on a table at a Baptist meeting, saying, "See what the Moravians have done! Cannot we follow their example and in obedience to our Heavenly Master go out into the world, and preach the Gospel to the heathen?"

That missionary zeal began with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Count Zinzendorf observed: "The Savior permitted to come upon us a Spirit of whom we had hitherto not had any experience or knowledge.... Hitherto we had been the leaders and helpers. Now the Holy Spirit Himself took full control of everything and everybody". When the Spirit came Prayer precedes Pentecost. The disgruntled community at Herrnhut early in 1727 was deeply divided and critical of one another. Heated controversies threatened to disrupt the community. The majority were from the ancient Moravian Church of the Brethren. Other believers attracted to Herrnhut included Lutherans, Reformed, and Baptists. They argued about predestination, holiness, and baptism.

The young German nobleman, Count Zinzendorf, pleaded for unity, love and repentance. Converted early in life he composed and signed a covenant: "Dear Savior, do Thou be mine, and I will be Thine." His life motto was, "I have one passion: it is Jesus, Jesus only." Count Zinzendorf learned the secret of prevailing prayer. He actively established prayer groups as a teenager, and on leaving the college at Halle at sixteen he gave the famous Professor

Converted early in life, Count Zinzendorf composed and signed a covenant: "Dear Savior, do Thou be mine, and I will be Thine." His life motto was, "I have one passion: it is Jesus, Jesus only."

Francke a list of seven praying societies he had established. After he finished university his education was furthered by travel to foreign countries. Everywhere he went, his passion for Jesus controlled him. In the Dusseldorf Gallery of paintings he was deeply moved by a painting of the crucifixion over which were the words: Hoc feci pro te; Quid facis pro me? (This have I done for thee; What hast thou done for me?)

A COVENANT AND A 100 YEAR PRAYER MEETING!

At Herrnhut, Zinzendorf visited all the adult members of the deeply divided community. He drew up a covenant calling upon them "to seek out and emphasize the points in which they agreed" rather than stressing their differences. On May 12, 1727, they all signed an agreement to dedicate their lives, as he dedicated his, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Moravian revival of 1727 was thus preceded and then sustained by extraordinary praying. A spirit of grace, unity and supplications grew among them. On July 16 the Count poured out his soul in a prayer accompanied with a flood of tears. This prayer produced an extraordinary effect. The whole community began praying as never before. On the 22nd of July many of the community covenanted together, on their own accord, to meet often to pour out their hearts in prayer and hymns.

On August 5 the Count spent the whole night in prayer with about twelve or fourteen others following a large meeting for prayer at midnight where great emotion prevailed. On Sunday, August 10, Pastor Rothe, while leading the service at Herrnhut, was overwhelmed

by the power of the Lord about noon. He sank down into the dust before God. So did the whole congregation. They continued till midnight in prayer and singing, weeping and praying.

On Wednesday, August 13, 1727, the Holy Spirit was poured out on them all. Their prayers were answered in ways far beyond anyone's expectations. Many of them decided to set aside certain times for continued earnest prayer. On August 26, twenty-four men and twenty-four women covenanted together to continue praying in intervals of one hour each, day and night, each hour allocated by lots to different people. On August 27, this new regulation began. Others joined the intercessors and the number involved increased to seventy-seven. They all carefully observed the hour that had been appointed for them. The intercessors had a weekly meeting where prayer needs were given to them.

The children, also touched powerfully by God, began a similar plan among themselves. Those who heard their infant supplications were deeply moved. The children's prayers and supplications had a powerful effect on the whole community.

That astonishing prayer meeting beginning in 1727 went on for one hundred years. It was unique. Known as the Hourly Intercession, it involved relays of men and women in prayer without ceasing made to God. That prayer also led to action, especially evangelism. More than one hundred missionaries left that village communi-

ty in the next twenty-five years, all constantly supported in prayer. One result of their baptism in the Holy Spirit was a joyful assurance of their pardon and salvation. This made a strong impact on people in many countries, including the Wesleys.

The Moravian revival of 1727 was thus preceded and then sustained by extraordinary praying. A spirit of grace, unity and supplications grew among them.

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

In 1736 John and Charles Wesley sailed to America as Anglican missionaries. A company of Moravian immigrants was also on the vessel. During a terrible storm they all faced the danger of shipwreck. John Wesley wrote in his journal: "At seven I went to the Germans. I had long before observed the great seriousness of their behavior. Of their humility they had given a continual proof by performing those servile offices for the other passengers which none of the English would undertake; for which they desired and would receive no pay, saying, 'It was good for their proud hearts,' and 'heir loving Savior had done more for them.' And every day had given them occasion of showing a meekness, which no injury could move. If they were pushed, struck or thrown down, they rose again and went away; but no complaint was found in their mouth. Here was now an opportunity of trying whether they were delivered from the spirit of fear, as well as from that of pride, anger and revenge. In the midst of the Psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship and poured in between the decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sung on. I asked one of them afterwards: 'Were you not afraid?' He answered, 'I thank God, no.' I asked: 'But were not your women and children afraid?' He replied mildly: 'No, our women and children are not afraid to die'".

In Georgia, John Wesley sought spiritual counsel from the Moravian Bishop, A. G. Spangenberg. Back in England in 1738 the

...the sea broke over, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship and poured in between the decks... The Germans calmly sung on. I asked one of them afterwards: 'Were you not afraid?' He answered, 'I thank God, no.'

Wesley brothers became intimately acquainted with the Moravians, especially Peter Bohler who later became a leading Moravian bishop. On March 4, 1738, Wesley wrote in his diary: "I found my brother at Oxford recovering from his pleurisy; and with him Peter Bohler: by whom (in the hand of the great God) I was, on Sunday, the 5th, clearly convicted of unbelief; of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved. Immediately it struck into my mind, 'Leave off preaching. How can you preach to others who have not faith yourself?' I asked Bohler whether he thought I should leave it off, or not. He answered, 'By no means.' I asked: 'But what can I preach? He said: 'Preach faith till you have faith.' Accordingly, Monday, the 6th, I began preaching this new doctrine, though my soul started back from the work. The first person to whom I offered salvation by faith alone, was a prisoner under sentence of death."

Eventually John Wesley came to assurance of salvation. His own testimony reads:

"Wednesday, May 3, 1738. My brother had a long and particular conversation with Peter Bohler. And it now pleased God to open his eyes; so that he also saw clearly, what was the nature of that one true living faith, whereby alone 'through grace' we are saved.

Wednesday, May 24. In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change that God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. Friday, May 26. My soul continued in peace, but yet in heaviness, because of manifold temptations. I asked Mr. Telchig, the

Moravian, what to do. He said: 'You must not fight with them as you did before, but flee from them the moment they appear, and take shelter in the wounds of Jesus'.

The Methodists and Moravians often met together then for Bible study and prayer. George Whitefield's biographer wrote: Whitefield began the New Year (1739) as gloriously as he ended that which had just expired. He received communion, preached twice, expounded twice, attended a Moravian love feast in Fetter Lane, where he spent the whole night in prayer to God, psalms and thanksgivings; and then pronounced "this to be the happiest New Year's Day he had ever seen." This love feast at Fetter Lane was a memorable one. Besides about sixty Moravians, there were present not fewer than seven of the Oxford Methodists, namely John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, Wesley Hall, Benjamin Ingham, Charles Kinchin and Richards Hitchins, all of them ordained clergymen of the Church of England. Wesley writes: "About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, inso-much that many cried for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out with one voice 'We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!'"

Wesley's estimate of the Moravian revival which resulted in his own conversion was prophetic. When Peter Boehler, nine years his junior, left England for America after several months, Wesley recorded in his journal: Peter Boehler left London to embark for Carolina. Oh what a work hath God begun since his coming into England! Such an

one as shall never come to an end, till Heaven and earth pass away! Peter Boehler wrote to Count Zinzendorf, saying: "The English people made a wonderful to do about me; and though I could not speak much English they were always wanting me to tell them about the Savior, His blood and wounds, and the forgiveness of sins".

IMPACTING ALL SECTIONS OF SOCIETY

Zinzendorf's speaking, preaching and letters were full of Christ. Everywhere the Moravians went they spoke of their Lord, sang of him, and witnessed naturally. The Holy Spirit had filled them, as in the early church, with great love for their Lord. Their Bishop Spangenberg, for example, told how Johannes, an Indian chief who had been a very wicked man, was converted. The chief said that once a preacher came to their tribe and proved to them that there was a God. They informed him that they were not ignorant of that and told him to go away. Another preacher came and told them not to steal, drink too much, or lie. They regarded him as a fool because they already knew that, and they sent him off to preach to his own people who were worse than the Indians in those vices. Then Christian Henry Rauch, one of the Moravian Brethren, came to his hut, sat with him and told him about Jesus.

Then fatigued from his journey, Christian Henry lay down and slept, unafraid of the chief. Johannes could not get the Moravian's words out of his mind. He dreamt of the cross. He told his tribe about Jesus and they repented as the

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Holy Spirit moved their hearts. Johannes said to the bishop, 'Thus, through the grace of God, the awakening among us took place. I tell you therefore, brethren, preach to the heathen Christ and His blood and death, if you would wish to produce a blessing among them.'

In Europe, a Countess with close friends among kings, emperors and princes, famous for her brilliant gifts and witty conversation, found that none of her amusements and recreations satisfied her any longer. A humble Moravian shoemaker came into her presence and she was struck with his remarkable cheerfulness. She asked him why he was so happy and he replied that 'Jesus has forgiven my sins. He forgives me every day and He loves me and that makes me happy through all the hours.' The Countess thought about that and began to pray. Conviction led her into the same joyful faith and she became a great witness for Christ among titled people, especially in the court of the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I, her close friend.

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A NEW SONG

Then, as now, the baptism in the Holy Spirit upon the Moravians and then the Methodists, produced a flood sacred song. Many of the best hymns may be traced to this outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Moravian hymns were filled with praise to Christ, adoration of him as God, and proclamation of His virtues and work. Moravian hymns were generally prayers to Christ. It was a Moravian characteristic that their prayers were generally addressed to their Savior. Honoring the Son they honored the Father who had sent him as well as the Holy Spirit who glorified Christ. The chief singer then was the godly young nobleman Count Zinzendorf. He became the prince of German hymn writers.

ENGLAND SAW SIMILAR DEVELOPMENTS

One of the many spiritual children of Peter Boehler was John Gambold, a young clergyman of the Church of England, an Oxford graduate and a friend of the Wesleys. He joined the Moravian Church and became its first English Bishop. Some of his hymns and sacred songs became well known. Another of Peter Boehler's

English converts was James Hutton, a famous bookseller. He also wrote some precious hymns. The best-known English Moravian hymn writer during the Great Revival was John Cennick. At one of Cennick's famous open-air meetings a young Scottish laborer, John Montgomery, was converted. He joined the Moravian Church and John and Mary Montgomery become Moravian missionaries in the West Indies where they died and were buried. Their

son James was educated in the Moravian school at Fulneck. James Montgomery ranks with great hymn writers of that era. Charles Wesley had more than 6,000 hymns published after his conversion in 1738 through the witness and prayers of Peter Boehler. The majority of his hymns testify to his great experience of salvation.

Peter Boehler had told him: "If I had a thousand tongues I would praise Jesus with every one of them.' This prompted Wesley shortly after his conversion to write the immortal lines:

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise
The glories of my God and King
The triumphs of His grace. He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

FRUIT THAT ABIDES

A traveler of that period wrote this striking testimony, "In all my journeys I have found only three objects that exceeded my expectations: the ocean, Count Zinzendorf, and the Herrnhut congregation." Herrnhut had become a spiritual centre visited by people from all parts of Europe seeking to be saved or to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and with fire. John Wesley's visit to Herrnhut was typical of thousands of others. "God has given me at length," he wrote to his brother Samuel, "the desire of my heart. I am with a Church whose conversation is in Heaven; in whom is the mind that was in Christ, and who so walk as He walked". In his journal he wrote, "I would gladly have spent my life here; but my Master called me to labor in another part of His vineyard. O when shall this Christianity cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea?"

At the end of his life Count Zinzendorf could triumphantly say: "I am going to my Savior. I am ready. There is nothing to hinder me now. I cannot say how much I love you all. Who would have believed that the prayer of Christ, 'that they all may be one,' could have been so strikingly fulfilled among us! I only asked for first fruits among the heathen, and thousands have been given me. Are we not as in Heaven! Do we not live together like the angels! The Lord and His servants understand each other. I am ready."

Over four thousand people followed his body to its resting place on the Hutberg, including Moravian ministers from Holland, England, Ireland, North America and Greenland. His tombstone bore this inscription: "Here lie the remains of the immortal man of God, Nicholas Lewis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and

Pattendorf; who through the grace of God and his own unwearied service became the ordinary of the Brethren's Church, renewed in this eighteenth century. He was born in Dresden on May 26, 1700, and entered into the joy of his Lord at Herrnhut on May 9, 1760. He was appointed to bring forth fruit, and that his fruit should abide".

RENEW OUR DAYS

The renewal of the Moravian Church can stir our hearts to pray, "Renew our days as of old." In 1927, 200 years after the revival in of the Moravian Church, the editor of *The Biblical Review*, New York, wrote: No matter whether one is sympathetic toward the idea of revivals or not, if he wants to study the question thoroughly, he cannot afford to overlook the history and teachings of the Moravians. Theirs has been from the beginning a great Revival Church, and its service to the general cause of Christianity, and to foreign missions in particular, is deserving of wide recognition. The story of their spiritual development and its influence is one of the most inspiring in the annals of Christianity.

Their first great experience that gave the Moravians such spiritual power was a personal experience of salvation. The second great experience that gave them such spiritual power and leadership was the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Dr. J. Kenneth Pfohl, a

Moravian pastor, wrote in *The Moravian* in 1927 "The great Moravian Pentecost was not a shower of blessing out of a cloudless sky. It did come suddenly, as suddenly as the blessing of its great predecessor in Jerusalem, when the Christian Church was born. Yet, for long there had been signs of abundance of rain, though many recognized them not. In short the blessing

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Past Redemption Point

The English Channel waters flowed broad and deep, never crossed in their entire breadth by any human arm. Fired with ambition to do what none had done before, and conscious of muscular power, the celebrated swimmer Matthew Webb swam those twenty-five miles, and set foot on the coast of France.

Oft in the water, and always unscathed, he seemed to think he bore a charmed life; and looking at the boiling current of Niagara, determined to risk his life for fame—fame that never yet satisfied any yearning, human heart—saying, “It’s all luck, and the end, I don’t think about that; I’m going to take my chance.”

For the last time, though he knew it not, on the 24th of July 1883 he dressed in his familiar swimming garments, and took the fatal leap into the angry, whirling torrent, rising from his dive, as usual, to float and strike out, but the eddying waters had him as a straw in their giant grasp, and hurled him unseen and powerless into the vortex he had so badly braved; lost in sight of thousands standing in safety round him, safe themselves, but with no power to help him.

On the shore of that great river is a rock called “past Redemption Point.” A little cape jutting into the water, unnoticed by travelers, but beyond it not human being has ever been known to be saved. On one side is life, hope, and salvation; on the other, death, despair, damnation; and only such a little way apart.

In the overflowing stream of life we are daily drawing nearer the point whence no traveler returns; and you know not how soon you may drift, half dreaming, “past redemption point.” That whisper in the heart today of a text learned by a mother’s knee; that wonderful preservation in a moment of intense danger; that day you stood by an open grave and looked into its unfathomed mysteries; that illness that drew you so near the Kingdom of God, yet not inside—Oh! who shall say when the Voice shall plead with you for the last time.

Can you tell which of these circumstances shall be the “Past Redemption Point” of your life? God says, “My Spirit shall not always strive with men (Gen 6:3)” and “If thou knewest, even though, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes (Lk 19:42).” □





How Do We
Prepare
Our
Youth Girls
For the
Future?

by Helen Leibee

Occasionally my husband and I, others at our church, or the tape ministry will receive letters asking us how we prepare our born again young ladies for their futures. These letters are often asking if we send our girls to universities, to Bible colleges, to seminaries, etc.

With currently twelve youth thirteen years and up living in our home, and numerous others in the past, we have spent much time in prayer and practical application on this area. I will try to answer the question from our own experience. I am sure there are others who could add much wisdom to

the subject. This is just one family's perspective.

Young converted girls in the home bring so much joy, vitality, and sweetness to the home. They are wonderful helpers, companions, prayer warriors, and encouragers! They teach *us now!* Yet their days of training are not over. Just as many people in the world will spend a fortune training their youth in colleges, we still want to invest our time, love, and prayers in the continuing of our young peoples' preparation for life! They are a treasure and the future Kingdom of God should Jesus tarry.

It seems that in Titus when instructions are given as to how to train young women, we are to train them AS IF they are going to marry and bear children. We know that some women are called to serve God in a single state, and we want our girls to be content in whichever state God chooses for them. We explain to our girls that there is a possibility marriage will not be their future, we also explain that training in that direction will still be very beneficial. Should they remain single, they will still operate in the same "realm" in many ways: in a home with their parents or a sibling; helping a family on the mission fields; working at a Christian residential home for the disabled, orphaned or elderly, etc. God has a wonderful plan to use each of these young women for the furtherance of the Kingdom.



Homemaking

So we seriously set out to train them in homemaking: the everyday tasks of keeping a home, being self sufficient (as far as having the ability to sew, cook, can and garden), making the home a tidy, simple haven reflecting Jesus and not the world's tastes. This takes up much of their time and these are fun lessons. (By now my girls are better than me at most of these tasks so they are no longer lessons, just lots of practice sprinkled with words of advice.) It is such a blessing when the girls find joy in these everyday tasks—it will add grace and beauty to their future homes. When the mother in a home delights in her duties, it gives an air of contentedness.



Childtraining

We guide them in the ways of childtraining: lovingly guiding children, teaching them God's truths, and disciplining. We daily stop to point out to the older girls the very subtle, often unnoticed moments of training. We call them aside and explain why we are working on a particular sin or habit in someone's lives and what the outcome would be if it went

undealt with. We show them scriptures, expose them to tapes, let them hear our hearts on the applications, and acknowledge our failures. We are open with them concerning difficult training issues and speak to them about loving discipline, even occasionally taking them in to watch how we handle chastening. Although we encourage them to listen to tapes or to read *The Pursuit of Godly Seed*, we still think that watching the application and seeing the victories and failure in their own home is the most effective.



Helping in Other Homes

Occasionally our girls have the privilege of helping out in other homes. This exposes them to other godly women and to other ways of running a household. We do not want them inflexible, thinking our way is the only way. In fact I enjoy discussing their time with them when they return because *I* continue to learn as well!



Receiving Correction

In addition to the homemaking side, we continue to work very diligently on the spiritual side. One area is

Receiving correction. At this age we work very hard at getting the girls to a point where they GREATLY DESIRE that any sin or failing which they have be pointed out to them. We are setting them up so that they will be teachable and ready when a husband, minister or other authority in their lives comes to them to rebuke or to give counsel. We believe we live in an age where young people (all people?) are not being taught that at all. Often any form of rebuke, whether it be in person or from the pulpit, is received with offensiveness, hurt, denial, etc., in the world and even in the churches. We are trying to train our young people that we have nothing to fear in admonishment and often much to gain. By the time our young people are around fifteen years old, they actually come often asking us to shine a light on some area of their lives. It is not uncommon for us to get a note or hear from them in person something along this line: "You haven't come to me in a while about anything specific in my life. Please, if you see anything that is not pleasing to the Lord, come and point it out to me. I so want to grow and be more like Him." They are sincere in their requests; they desire input and receive reproof with gratitude. Praise the Lord. This is more exciting than a college level course in "Ethics".



How We Handle Offenses

Related to this same area, we have noticed in this age that within churches, businesses and families there is a great tendency for people to get hurt or offended over small things. How we handle offenses is so important. We spend time in these later years helping our young people with the true working out of the scripture, "Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them." Psalm 116:165.

Many offenses come from speculating that someone meant or said or simply implied something which is derogatory towards us personally or which puts us in a not so good light. We first try to train by word and example that we should simply give grace and assume that we are probably perceiving wrong (because we should think the best of people, especially the brethren). In addition we try to humble ourselves and realize that truly we do have many faults and there may be a measure of truth in what the person thinks about us. Thirdly we try to help them understand that even if someone is completely wrong, we must realize how many times in this life we have done something wrong that no one saw or noticed; therefore it certainly does us

very little harm for the good parts of our character or personality to also go unnoticed sometimes! Or for us to be misunderstood.

Oh you may think these are little things, but so many wives are nervous and overly sensitive because they are so often offended. They can save many years of useless tears, hurts, strivings, and counseling sessions! And give more time for ministering and caring for others. God's way is so different from man's way and so beautiful!



A Meek and Quiet Spirit

We train our girls to be quiet and meek, not to stand out in a crowd. It actually goes against most of our natures to be gentle and calm. In our flesh we like to be the center of attention—to be noticed—to be the prettiest or the most talented or the smartest. Today's society pushes girls to the forefront in these areas. It is sometimes done subtly (writing long holiday newsletters bragging on the children's every achievement) and sometimes not so subtly (talent shows and beauty contests.) We want to teach the young women God's way of a meek and quiet spirit. One that loves Jesus and wants His name exalted.



Not to Fear Man

While training them to be meek and quiet we also train them NOT to fear man and not to be afraid of sharing about Jesus. We set up opportunities for them to die to self as far as shyness. We gather with other families and have them give reports on assigned themes, etc. We give them opportunity for door-to-door evangelism (in groups) in the inner city. They do this in a supporting role rather than a leading role.



Minister to the Hurting and the Widow

We encourage the girls to minister to the hurting and the widow. They often write notes of love, spend time in prayer or deliver meals or gifts. I wish we did it even more often!



Study the Bible

We encourage our young people in a comprehensive study of the Bible. I am so thankful that my husband teaches the children from the Bible for years on end, hav-

ing studies and discussions of specific books of the Bible from the time they are little until the day they leave home. Some days we miss it. Some days we get together twice and some days once. Sometimes we read missionary books or other spiritual books. But over the years there have been hours and hours of Bible teaching and oh how these add up in our young peoples' minds and hearts. In addition we have the privilege of being at a church where the Word of God is taught in Spirit and truth. The sermons and other messages are kept on file at our tape ministry and so there are years of topics for the growth of the soul. Occasionally our youth will study a series of tapes from the past on soul winning, or fasting. Sometimes they may study methods of reaching Muslims. There is much availability to the Word in person and on tape. But primarily the young people diligently seek the Word themselves during these important years.



Missionary Medical Intensive

Around the age of twenty, we allow our boys and our girls to take part in a week-

long twelve-hour day intensive course called "Missionary Medical Intensive." For a girl this prepares her to be a helpmeet should her husband spend time on the mission field. Or it enables her to help a missionary family or work in a mission clinic. At the end of the course there is a section on emergency midwifery. The textbooks are a tremendous resource for the future and are written by Christian MD's. Not all of our youth will take this course. It depends on their vision and circumstances.



Advanced Missionary Training

Occasionally some of our church girls have attended a three-week Advanced Missionary Training course in North Carolina. It has proven valuable to many a future missionary. We would only recommend very consecrated girls and then only in groups so as to encourage and sustain them in a pure walk with the Lord. Should one of our daughters court a man who is headed to the mission field, we would likely send her in a group to this course if that were the desire of her future husband.



Love the Lord Jesus Fervently

Before our children leave home we want them to love the Lord Jesus fervently. We want them to have a firm mindset that they are ready and very willing to die for the cause of Christ. It is with much prayer and teaching; much exposure to the writings on the martyrs and dedicated (*dedicated* not *glamorized*) missionaries; and many hours of discussion. We watch for that turning point that seems, to the best of our discernment, to be a true dedication to that end.

Those are a few of our ideas on preparing godly young women. Do not be overwhelmed by it. It is *our* list not *yours*. And it is worked at over a long span of their youth which can be anywhere between five and ten years depending on your definition of youth and how long they are in the home. And it is a joy. It is bathed in prayer and sought after in faith that it is Jesus Christ who enables us and it is His presence in their lives that makes them into tools for His use. We are not always *guiding* these girls. Oh no. We are working side by side with them and daily learning things from them that make us more conformed to His image. May the Lord continue to lead us all as we serve Him together. □

Train up a "youth" in the way "she" should go: and when "she" is old, "she" will not depart from it. Proverbs 22:6

Little Trouble Maker

by Carl Giordano

Allow me to relate the following, stranger than fiction, true story.

A few years ago we were at an all night prayer meeting on Halloween night. Except one lady, all were total strangers to us. We arrived and sat down in the living room. (This prayer meeting was called to intercede against the works of Halloween Witchcraft, Human sacrifice, etc.)

A lady named Patty then arrived with her 5-year-old son Max. We had never met Patty and Max. I was seated on the couch and Max ran over to where I was seated. He dug his claws into the arm of the couch, where I was seated, and began to howl and hiss, with spit flying everywhere. I turned my head in astonishment to look at this little boy and it was like looking into the eyes of Satan himself. This boy was totally demon possessed. In a little while his mother took him home.

We became good friends with the couple who had the all night prayer meeting. We learned that people who came in contact with Max quickly wound up hating the boy. He was totally repulsive because of the demons that inhabited him. He was very dangerous and violent.

Well, within a couple of months we were at another prayer meeting and once again, in walked Patty and the little terror Max. As we were all praying, Connie interrupted everything and said, "Max come here to me."

Max walked over to Connie and then Connie said, "Max you sit up on this chair and I'll be right back." Max took his place on the chair and the room grew quiet with suspense as Connie left the room. In a few moments she returned with a basin of water

and a washcloth. She knelt down in front of Max and said, "Max would you mind if I wash your feet?"

Max said, "It's OK." He took his little shoes and socks off.

Connie wept profusely as she washed Max's feet. You could hear a pin drop in that room. When Connie finished washing and weeping she laid her hand on the top of little Max's head and commanded, "You foul spirits of Hell, I command you in the mighty Name of Jesus, come out of this boy NOW!!! LEAVE!!! And never torment him again."

Then Connie took Max in her arms and gave him a great big hug and kiss. Little Max INSTANTLY became the sweetest little boy.

I mean it was instantaneous. When spoken to, from that moment on, he always replied with "Ma'am" and "Sir" to adults. He played very quietly and sweetly with other children and was extremely kind and loving. His mother Patty was overjoyed with her new son.

We saw Patty and Max several times after that and Max was just as loveable as he used to be repulsive. It was hard to believe he was the same little boy who introduced himself to me, that previous Halloween night, with howlings, hissings, and spit-tings.

Max has the blondest hair you ever saw and the bluest eyes.

Now when you look into his eyes it's like looking into the eyes of a little angel. □

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The Church Must First Repent

by J. Edwin Orr

*“As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.”
Revelation 3:19*

The occurrence of the word “Repent” in the messages to the Seven Churches is truly remarkable. The word *repentance*—in the mind of the average Christian—is connected with sinners and not with professing Christians. And yet the word used throughout the New Testament in the presentation of the Gospel message to sinners is exactly the same word repeated by our Lord in His messages to the Seven Churches.

The word “Repent” occurs over seven times in these seven messages. It is omitted from two of them—Smyrna, the poor, persecuted Church—for a church in persecution is generally a purified one, and Philadelphia, the loyal Church, the Church that had kept the faith. The noun “*metanoia*” (repentance) is defined variously as a change of mind, a change of heart, a change of attitude, or a change of direction.

With this information borne in mind, let us examine the uses of the verb in the Revelation.

1. In the first message, Ephesus is described as an energetic church, patiently laboring for God, and perfectly sound in doctrine. “I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars: And hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name’s sake hast labored, and hast not fainted. Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent....”
2. The (third) message to Pergamos complains of their eating of meat sacrificed to idols, of fornication committed, and of the holding of the hated doctrine of the Nicolaitanes. “Repent!”
3. Thyatira is likewise rebuked in the fourth message. And again repentance is urged.
4. The dying Church of Sardis is again commanded to repent.
5. And Laodicea is urged to repent as well.

Before we come to the application of these messages, it is appropriate that we should consider the nature of the word “Church” for the simple reason that many people repudiate it as applying to a really Christian Church. “*Ekklesia*” the word used, may be interpreted “assembly” or “gathering of called-out ones”, or “convention” in the best sense of the word (being convened). It occurs more than a hundred times in the New Testament, and is always translated “Church” with the exception of the instances regarding the Civic Assembly in Ephesus.

In the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, the word *Ekklesia* is used along with the Greek for Synagogue to translate the Hebrew *Kahal*,

which fact throws further light on the subject. For *Kahal* is used variously in the Old Testament to denote a called-out assembly of Israel or of a tribe, or an assembly gathered out for worship.

So whether we use the word "Church" to denote the general professing Church, or the actual Church of believers, there are lessons to be learned.

It is when we study the message to the Church of the Laodiceans that we find our message.

The condition of the Laodicean Church fits our present-day state in Christendom exactly.

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked...As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me"

Can this be made to apply to the spiritual condition of believers? Let us see. First of all, Laodicea was an *ekklesia*, a gathered-out assembly for worship. Secondly, it is suggested that this church was in a peculiar relationship with the Lord, because of the

words: "All whom I hold dear, I reprove and chastise."

"For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." (Heb 12: 6-9)

This makes me think that the rebuke given Laodicea may be fairly applied to believers. Lukewarmness, self-satisfaction, half-heartedness, backsliding, formalism, indifference, self righteousness, greed for gold, worldliness, pride, self-deception, spiritual destitution, blindness and lack of vision, easily-seen-through—these are the characteristics of Laodicea, and these are the characteristics abounding to-day.

What would anyone think of an individual who possessed all these characteristics...surely the greatest backslider living! But examine the position collectively.

- ✧ Are there any lukewarm Christians in your church?
- ✧ Any self-satisfied?
- ✧ Any indifferent?
- ✧ Any self-righteous?
- ✧ Any backsliding?
- ✧ Any formalistic?
- ✧ Any half-hearted?
- ✧ Any greedy after lucre?
- ✧ Any worldly?
- ✧ Any proud?
- ✧ Any self-deceived?
- ✧ Any spiritually destitute?

- ✧ Any without vision?
- ✧ Any shameless?

Put together they look rather bad. If the majority of your church members share a majority of these indications of spiritual poverty, then your church is a Laodicean church.

And if the majority of churches in your district are thus backslidden, then everything said to Laodicea applies to your neighborhood. What would you do with an individual Christian who was thus backslidden in heart and life? You would first pray for him. You would seek to show him his need. You would seek to make him concerned about his need. You would point out to him the life more abundant. You would tell him that Calvary means power, and that Christ will restore.

All that has been said about individuals applies with equal force to the larger groups in which individual Christians find themselves a place. The life of the majority of churches and societies is sub-normal, stunted in growth, paralyzed instead of powerful. What is the trouble? It is just general backsliding.

The author was once told by an agnostic: "I think I would be a Christian [if it were not] for the Christians." Another man of communistic views is reported having said to a parson: "I have a regard for your Jesus, but I am sure I see no connection between Him and the life of your church."

Churches, and all other groups of Christians, are just

like individuals—either they are growing in grace or else they are backsliding. Such backsliding is often a vicious circle, for spiritual poverty produces worldliness, and worldliness brings greater spiritual poverty.

Little by little, the church loses its grip on essential things, becomes a social club, goes to sleep or flies off at a tangent. All over the world we find sleeping churches, and all around them are the gospel-starved masses. Instead of performing the first thing of importance, evangelizing the masses, they are engaged in a bewildering variety of pastimes—anything but the real thing.

It has pleased the Lord to intervene at times to bring back His people to a more normal life. This is called revival. Revival, it must be noted, is solely the concern of believers, and is not an evangelistic campaign as many seem to think, although such a gospel effort may be the outcome of revival among Christians.

The greatest need of the churches today is revival.

Revival is of course a matter for individuals as well as churches—and in such cases, it is often called “full surrender”, or “a clean heart”, or “victory over sin”—the term is not of such vast importance provided we recognize that the experience is simply the forsaking of a subnormal experience for the normal Christian life. This is individual revival.

Returning to the words of Scripture, we find the message

of the Lord blunt and powerful. “I counsel thee...” There is no mistaking what the Lord thinks of that Church. His denunciation; “You say that you stand in need of nothing” is met by an offer of pure gold instead of dross, clothing instead of shame, ointment to cure the blindness.

Again...repentance! What does it mean? Be in earnest, and change your warped mind, change your backslidden heart, change your wrong attitude, change your contrary direction. Repent! The next exhortation is one of mixed tenderness and urgency; ‘Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with Me.’ This plea, preached so often with effect to unregenerate sinners, would be even more effective with believers in the Church.

It is the Lord Christ Who stands outside the door of the Laodicean Church. He is patiently, tenderly knocking. Few hear Him, and many of those that do are too busy with other things to open the door. And those that are eager to open the door are often hindered by others who stand in the way. Still He is knocking.

To the individual, there is wonderful comfort. Christ does not say, “If you persuade all the rest to let me in,” but rather, “If any man hear My voice.” Individual responsibility is as great regarding revival as regarding salvation. Letting Christ into the heart means revival for the individual who does it.

If “revival is the reception by the church of life abundant,” revival is also reception by the individual of the life abundant. Revival has always begun through the obedience of individuals. Four young men, together with individuals scattered throughout the Province, prayed down the Ulster Revival Of 1859. Evan Roberts and other individual servants of God prayed down the Welsh Revival Of 1904. God lit little fires here and there in individual heats and when they became numerous the place went on fire. Andrew Gih, listening to a plea made by Paget Wilkes, in Shanghai, did not wait until the rest of China was moved. He opened his heart to revival, and God has been using him as a revivalist ever since. Instances could be multiplied.

“If any man hear My voice, I will come in and sup with him, and he with Me.” Revival must begin somewhere. It must begin in some heart. Who knows but it might start with you?

Many Christians are waiting for a collective stirring...something that will be labeled “revival” right away. God is waiting for individual stirrings, and He is waiting for you. Get the perspective right. “If any man....”

The Church will be moved when its members are moved. Who will be one of Revival’s advance guard? And so the fact remains, revival is the greatest need of both individual and Church. We must not regard revival as some

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TURMOIL TO PEACE

A Teenager's Story

by Jessica M. Draur

I'm fourteen, almost fifteen. I've been through an awful lot for a fifteen year old. Let me start at the beginning. I was born December 29, 1988, in Omaha, Nebraska, to my VERY young parents, Ron and Shelley. Dad drank—heavily, and chewed tobacco. He worked all the time, and was rarely home when my older sister Amanda and I were awake, so Dad was like some mythical being Mom told us about.

I became more aware of Dad as I grew older. He was my Superman—in my young eyes, Dad could do anything. He was perfect. If he got mad, it was my fault. Then, as I grew even older, I realized that he really wasn't perfect. He came home mad almost all the time, and I hadn't been there to make him angry; and he smelled funny. At that point, I didn't know it was alcohol that I smelled, I just knew it wasn't normal. My "Superman" was turning into a monster. Mom would send us to our room when he pulled up at night, so she could decide if it would be okay that night or not. I can remember huddling on the bed with my little siblings, hiding under the covers with the lights out, listening to Dad yell and curse at Mom on a bad night.

We had our good family times with Dad when he wasn't drunk. I cherish those memories of running to him to be lifted up to touch the ceiling from his shoulders, being

swung around in circles by my hands, sitting on his lap while he read to us, playing tag out in the backyard, and eating burnt hotdogs out on the porch together. But we still waited anxiously under the covers most nights.

We moved out of Omaha when I was seven, Amanda was eight, brother Ronnie was six, and sisters Holly and Rebecca were four and three. Dad still worked in Omaha, and the drinking got worse. With an hour's drive, he could drain a six pack on the way home. Our relationship continued to decline with the drinking. Now I knew that drinking was wrong. I had been noticing Dad drinking something from a bottle in the truck out of the corner of my eye when I rode with him. Once I asked him why he had beer in the back of the truck. He didn't answer my question, but he made me promise not to tell Mom. Although I'm sure she already knew, Satan twisted my young mind into thinking I had this big, huge, horrible secret that I could never, ever breathe a word about. Out of fear, I avoided talking to my mom.

To add to family stress, I felt a keen rivalry with Ronnie. I felt that he was a threat to me in vying for Dad's attention and praise. So I got him in trouble as quietly and as often as possible. By the time I was ten or eleven, we had a sad love-hate relationship: one day we could play together and have a grand



time, the next we were constantly at each other's throats like rabid dogs.

Around age eleven, I began struggling with suicidal thoughts. Honestly, it scared me. I'd never felt like that before. I've always had a strong will to live, and all of a sudden, I was thinking about killing myself. I didn't know what was happening to me.

About that same time, Mom somehow discovered Charity tapes. She began listening to them practically all the time. I hated the Godly Home Series. Mom started to spank us, when before she had just yelled or something like that. She quit arguing with Dad all the time, which just made him angrier. He only listened to one tape, and then he didn't listen to another for a very long time. Mom began covering her head. Mom and Dad decided we were not going to wear pants anymore. (Dad was keeping up the Christian outside, because it was good for him. He worked in a 'Christian' mill shop.) That threw a big loop in my life. I was convinced that whoever Brother Denny Kenaston was, he was dead evil, my greatest enemy, and definitely not my 'brother'. 'He' made my life positively miserable. I'd always been too peer-dependant, and always wanted to be accepted in the 'cool' circles. No one in those circles wanted to be with a weirdo, and so I became a cynical, bitter, proud outcast at a young age. I dreamed about how I would show the world who I really was when I grew up; I was going to be a rock star, a movie star, or a CIA agent. Then, later that same year: "You girls are going to start wearing a covering like your mom's."

I was so mad at that Denny Kenaston in Pennsylvania! But when Dad asked us if we had any objections, I said no. I'd learned years ago that objecting would just make matters worse,

so I kept quiet and just rebelled in my heart. I started to express myself in my clothes. We were allowed to wear skirts, so I wore the shortest, most form-fitting skirts and shirts I could

get away with. I made the "white thing" look like a pure fashion statement—several girls told me they liked my "hat." I think it was at this point that I quit trying to make Dad love me as much as it seemed he loved Ronnie, but still remained at odds with both of them.

The Council Bluffs Library had a self-serve check out

counter, and I used it to check out many books my parents would most definitely not have approved of. But I had my own list, and never had a late book so Mom would never need to look at that list. I read ghost stories, teen romance novels, murder mysteries, etc., and scores of them, too. I snuck some of Dad's forbidden war novels, as well as J. R. Tolkien's "Lord of the Ring" series (pure witchcraft, by the way!) This deceit just deepened the chasm between my parents and I and destroyed my conscience. I didn't care what I read, as long as no one found out. I should have cared—my life was wide open for demonic activity.

I grew up with 'Christian' music: Michael W. Smith, Ray Boltz, Sandi Patti, Point of Grace, Sierra, etc. I listened to the radio almost non-stop—it was the only way I could escape from the reality of my life and not think. I could sing to my favorite song and just be happy, and all the stress would go away. When I woke up, I turned it on—a 'Christian' radio station, of course—and when I went to bed, I turned it off.

I was afraid of silence, especially at night. All my life, I've been tormented with horrific nightmares. Always, I've been afraid of the dark. I saw dark, shapeless blotches on my walls out of the corner of my eye, whipping away out of



sight whenever I looked directly. I was forever gripped by a sense of evil, gloom, and fear.

I was a mistress of disguise. No one could ever tell if I was upset if I didn't want them to. I didn't want anyone to find out just how awful my life was. I thought my friends would desert me if they knew my dad was an alcoholic, that he'd actually left my mom at one point for another woman, and him, the preacher of our little homechurch! It was enough that I didn't wear 'normal' clothes. They'd managed to look past that and we were all pretty close, but the other stuff in my life? I was scared to death to tell them about that.

So I bottled it all up and shoved the cork in as tight as it would go. I became prone to acid reflux and easily cried or got angry. Usually, I

just crawled into my nice, thick shell and didn't come out until I was either alone or with my girlfriends. But at church I wore the right clothes, wore the headcovering, said "yes, sir" and obeyed, didn't talk back, went to church every single Sunday unless I was sick, smiled and said,

"Oh, I'm doing great!" if anyone asked how I was. I had good grades, made friends easily, and all that. And everyone that I knew was totally fooled. They believed I was a perfectly happy 13-year-old girl with a fantastic life. Or maybe I just deceived myself into thinking they were fooled; I don't know.

Then Dad started trying to be my friend and Mom tried to be one of my girlfriends. Amanda got really weird on me—she started preaching to me whenever I complained about my life, Ronnie started to cry when before he'd just fought back, and all of that made me feel like a really mean individual. Dad said it was because he'd gotten 'saved.' He had quit drinking. I knew that, but I didn't think it would hold out too long. I never once believed a word of what he called his 'testimony,' that God had taken away his very desire to drink and had

given him a love for his family. I still loved him, but I just couldn't trust him. I didn't believe him—at all. He had 'quit' before and not even a week after the vow, he'd be at it again, and worse than before.

Brother Denny became a bigger threat to life as I knew it—Dad had listened to a tape (wonder of wonders) on family devotions. Dad started holding devotions at night—pure torture for me. I usually just spaced out while looking enthralled, but if anyone had asked me what devotions were about the night before, I would've said something like "Umm..." I could hardly wait for bedtime to hurry up and come so he'd shut up. Then just this past year, things got worse in my life. Mom had been trying to get me to change my style of dress for a long time, and had made me several Amish-type cape dresses. And I wore them—outside in the garden.

It's somewhat blurred in my mind, but one morning, I got mad at Mom. She wanted to talk to me after I'd yelled at her and said my piece, but I said no. I took the stairs two at a time to my room and slammed the door behind me. Turning on a tape and sky-rocketing the volume, I jumped into my bed and steamed.

Lying there, listening to my tape halfheartedly and feeling angry and sorry for myself, I decided I just couldn't and wouldn't take it any more. I was going to leave. So I jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed, brushed my hair back into a ponytail, and threw my headcovering on the floor. Turning up the volume on my stereo even more, I pulled open my door. Stealthily, I opened a window that was missing the screen, and crawled out onto the porch roof. I abandoned the window and ran around the corner of the house. I shimmied down to the edge of the roof, and looked dizzily downward. Taking a deep breath, I made the drop. My knees buckled and slammed into my chin, and my glasses fell off, but I didn't feel a thing. I dashed to the woodpile, hoping no one would look out the living room window and see me, and I took off behind the barn and into a cornfield.

I ran crying, terrified of what I was doing, wanting to go back but seemingly unable to. I was being driven by a force stronger than my own, with the thought pulsing in my head,

They believed I was a perfectly happy 13-year-old girl with a fantastic life. Or maybe I just deceived myself into thinking they were fooled; I don't know.

coming out in a frenzied jumble in my own voice, repeating over and over “You’ve got to go, you’ve got to get away, run, run, run!” I was running like that until I came to a dirt road that lies about a quarter mile from our driveway. I climbed the fence and jumped down, sliding a bit in the mud, and started walking.

I walked for a half hour on the gravel, a little more calm and in control—yet not in control. I ducked into the ditch whenever I heard a vehicle approaching. I heard someone call my name once, but I pushed relentlessly on.

After a while, I reached the highway. I decided to go towards Oakland, rather than back to Omaha, because I knew Dad would be on his way home if Mom had called him at work—which I was sure she had. I was walking for about two hours on that highway. Once I thought about calling home and telling them not to even dare looking for me, because I didn’t want to come home, but I was too scared to stop at a stranger’s house to use the phone. And by the time Dad and Ronnie found me, I did want to go home.

That was just in the spring. By the middle of July, I was more than ready to leave again. After I’d run away once, Mom and Dad took away almost all of my privileges: telephone, unless someone called me, and then only for five minutes, computer time, time alone with my friends, time in my room, and Dad confiscated my stereo. I was so mad; not only at myself for saying I’d wanted to come home, but at my parents for taking my ‘life’ away from me. In pure rebellion, I decided that if Christian music wasn’t good enough for them I’d listen to the other stuff. So I used my radio alarm clock, and tuned in to secular rock, punk, pop, and rap music. To my disillusioned mind, it served them right. I was only proving that we lived in America and I could do what I wanted.

One day, Mom and I had a big fight over what I was wearing that day. It was very worldly for being a skirt—I could’ve walked into the mall or a public school and looked right at home. That was exactly the look I wanted, and exactly what Mom and Dad didn’t want—which was why I did want it. When Dad got home, Mom told him about it. He sat me down and said I needed to take a big black trash bag

and put all my separates into it and then take it out to the truck to be disposed of. I almost cried, but immediately set my jaw and marched to get the bag. I marched up the steps, threw open my top drawer, and commenced to yank out all the sweaters, turtlenecks, T-shirts, and button-downs and throw them on the floor with reckless abandonment. Shoving those in the bag, I marched it downstairs, out to the truck, came back in, grabbed another sack, and repeated the process with the other drawers and then the closet. When I finally went to bed that night, I realized something in my room was missing. It took just a second to figure it out—Dad had taken all my CD’s and tapes; somewhere near twenty-five or thirty of them—and my alarm clock. I asked loudly where my music was. Dad very calmly told me that he had taken them. I immediately suspected another of Brother Denny’s tapes. So it was Dad’s and Denny’s fault that all I had to listen to were the horrid congregational singing tapes. I hated them with a passion.

I was seriously making plans to run away again. My nightmares were regularly waking me up at night, and I decided I would just keep a pair of leggings and a turtleneck ready to go, and if Mom and Dad were sleeping and it was early enough in the night to get a good head start, I’d just slip outside, change, and disappear. A greater Head had a better idea.

In October, Amanda got an acceptance letter to the Ephrata Bible School. My reaction was “Oh, great. Bible School. Now her bedtime sermons will be more enriched.” I absolutely did NOT want to go. Not only was it PENNSYLVANIA, but it was a 30-hour drive and we’d be taking two other youth—both boys. It was Bible School, and on top of all that, Dad expected me to sit in on most of the sermons. I looked at it as a horrible waste of a week. Besides that, I’d heard stories about this Bible School and what happened to people who went there. I didn’t want to get “saved.” I was just fine. I didn’t want to change. So for the whole month I tried to weasel my way out of it. Friends (mine) offered for me to stay with them. Dad only considered one offer—two sisters had asked if I could stay with their family. They were my age and Dad knew them and their parents pretty

well—a good, Christian family, we both knew. I thought I had a chance at skipping out, but their father decided it would be better for me to spend the time with my family. I almost cried.

So I didn't have a choice.

I decided that I was going to be a total stick in the mud. I was going to scowl and crab the entire drive and just see how Dad took that. I was going to absolutely abhor our host family, I was NOT going to make any friends at the Bible School, I was not going to take notes—just doodle in my notebook and space out, and I would NOT listen to the messages at all.

I kept Vow #1 easily. How hard is it to have an awful time with 30 hours in the car? I just jammed my headphones on and ignored everyone the best I could. Vow #2 was quickly thrown out the window. Our host family had an

adorable baby, and two daughters close to my age that followed me around everywhere. But I decided that my host family didn't matter. I just wouldn't make any friends, take notes, or pay attention. So Monday night, Dad said we had

to all come to the meeting. When we got there, Amanda drug me around, introducing me to all these girls I'd never seen before in my entire life. They were all pretty sweet, and I immediately liked them. But I promised myself that I wouldn't make any more friends, take notes, or listen to the sermon. I didn't make any more friends, or take notes, but the last one?

David Cooper was speaking. He's a very passionate, descriptive, expressive speaker. The title of his message was, "To See the Living God." His love and passion for God just radiated through his words. One of the first things he said captured my heart and pricked my benumbed conscience.

"I want to thank all of you visitors, thank you for coming. Thank all of you for caring

enough about God to come and spend a week and seek God." I felt like the lowest worm on earth. "Some of you are struggling with the world and the flesh. My prayer for you is that God would grant you a victory over the world and the flesh. Some of you are bound by the devil"—I grasped my rebellious spirit in desperation and thought to myself, some of us are both—"And my prayer for you is that you would be delivered in the name of Jesus. Some of you are unbelieving"—and some of us are all three—and defiled just like 1 Corinthians says—"And I pray that the mercy of God would be with you tonight; I pray the mercy of the Living God would rest on you tonight. If you are unbelieving and defiled here, God be merciful to you." I was momentarily floored, but shrugged it off as he spoke again. "And then there are some of you that are defiant,"—and some of us are all four—"some of you are actually in defiance against the Living God. And my prayer for you is that God would open up your eyes, and your ears, that you may become wise, and kiss the Son."

I was shocked, positively shaken. How could he? Why would he feel so much for someone who had turned their back, made their choice, and burned their bridges behind them? I melted just a little. I couldn't help myself—I soaked in every word he said like the thirsty earth. In spite of everything, my wounded heart was sliding out of the protective shell I'd created.

Near the end of his message, he spoke about the conscience being like a cake pan. He said we are like the one washing the pan. A good girl will scrub until she thinks it's clean, and then hold it up to her mother's inspection, and if Mamma thinks it needs to be scrubbed more, she willingly scrubs some more. He then said that a bad girl will scrub a little bit until she thinks it's good enough, and then shove it in the back of the cupboard, hoping no one asks to see her work. I was really wishing he had used a boy.

"Are you afraid tonight to hold up your life like that? Can you open up your heart to God right now? When your pan is in the cupboard, you know it. Are you holding your heart up to the light, to the eyes of the All-Seeing God? Can you say honestly to God, 'Lord, is there any-

I melted just a little. I couldn't help myself—I soaked in every word he said like the thirsty earth. In spite of everything, my wounded heart was sliding out of the protective shell I'd created.

thing in my life that I'm saying no to, that I'm hiding from you?' You know it if you are."

I was smitten in my hard, rebellious heart. My seared, blackened conscience came up into the light that night. I knew I hadn't even tried to scrub, I hadn't even half-heartedly wiped. I was scared, desperate; yet still holding back. How I hoped there wouldn't be an altar call! I just knew I could hold out longer than Monday night, after everything! All these thoughts were churning in my mind when he said, "Is there someone in this room who is ashamed to do business with God? Are you ashamed to do business with God? When you think of coming up here, and confessing that you are a needy soul, does that cause you shame? In light of who God is, in light of the Living God, who longs for you, and wants to make you clean, don't be ashamed."

"I love you all. I pray that God will open your hearts; open your hearts to everything." I wished with everything within me that David Cooper would stop praying! I didn't want to go up and admit defeat. I was too proud, too stubborn. I made it through three verses of "Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling."

"Can you hear an earnest, tender call?" — Hear it? I could feel it! My heart was beating twice its normal rate, and that down in my stomach. I felt positively ill; sick in my very soul. "If you're sitting in your seat—and I know some of you are—you are sitting in your seat saying, 'I just can't do that,' may I add to the plea of Jesus Christ: don't wait, please."

I remained sitting, as if glued there. I just couldn't do it. We sang the last verse. He directed those who had responded to the prayer rooms, and gave one last invitation. "If you are sitting in your seat, and you know you have business to do with God, I encourage you to get up, and to go to the back rooms there, and find help. This week will be all the more blessed for you if you do." He waited a moment, then he started to say "God bless you counselors," then stopped. If you listen carefully to the tape, you hear rustling noises. A young girl had gotten up, and was making her way to the front of the auditorium.

I didn't break through my chains that night. We came out of the prayer rooms, and someone

was being sung for. I felt like an alien in a strange land. I wanted that joy so much! The pain was excruciating. We went back to our temporary home that night, and I crawled under the covers and cried out to God to show Himself to me. Praise God, He did! I found my counselors the next afternoon, and we prayed through together. I repented and renounced, forgave and was forgiven. Hallelujah! My heart is still overflowing.

The rest of that week was just incredible.

I learned so much! I felt just like the sponge Paul Hershberger used as an example that week, totally submerged in something completely alien to me, and soaking it all in (I took notes.) I was so dry, I don't

think anything ran off, though I'm still digesting everything. The youth testimonies really blessed me, especially that of a young man named Titus Kauffman. He said that he'd gone to Bible School last year and been converted. He'd been in bondage to all the types of music like I was. The end of Bible School had come, and he'd gone home. He said that he went up to his room and got all of his music and trashed it, and smashed his stereo in. He knew that if he had a radio in his room, he'd eventually break, and fall back into that sin. I knew I had some music—stuff I'd hidden from Dad—that absolutely had to go the way of Titus Kauffman's.

When we got home, the parents of the boys that had ridden with us were there, as well as an unsaved friend of mine and her godly parents from church. I went up to my room and got the music out of my closet, but on the way out, my big bookcase caught my newly cleared eyes. They had all kinds of abominable books on them—I think Dad had been afraid to confront my books and I. But I knew right then, that they were just as bad as rock music. So I set

The rest of that week was just incredible. I felt just like the sponge Paul Hershberger used as an example that week...I was so dry, I don't think anything ran off, though I'm still digesting everything.

the CD's and tapes down, went out to the porch, and grabbed a box. It took two—two good-sized boxes to fit all of that stuff in—and I actually went back up to my closet and carried out some clothes that I'd also hidden. We had a glorious singing around a big bonfire that night.

Every day, I'm more blessed by the change God has wrought in me. He has turned my heart toward Home. Daddy and I can talk together (we love to talk together,) and I'm not crying, yelling, or totally ignoring him. There's been reconciliation between my brother and I. We are able to tell each other, "I love you." Just a short while ago, we were up for an extra hour talking together! Amanda and I can talk together about the more important things in life. God has given me a love for His Word, and He's teaching me to pray. I no longer want to be accepted into those circles of lost youth,

but I long for true friends, sisters and brothers in Christ. By God's grace, I am going to be a keeper at home! Mom has been teaching me to sew, and I am enjoying it immensely. I get great joy from singing with the congregational singing tapes. I have had only one nightmare since that week, and it was because I had let a book cloud my heaven. I repented of that, burned the book, and have since slept soundly in Jesus' arms!

My prayer, as I've been writing this, has been that if there is anyone reading this who has not found peace, who feels that there is no hope for them, that they would be given hope through my own seemingly hopeless situation. I pray that the way becomes clear to clouded eyes. The only way to peace is death to sin and self, and life only in Christ Jesus!

"Oh, come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee!" □

continued from page 25, *The Church Must First Repent* by J. Edwin Orr

supernatural occurrence that we cannot understand. Revival for the individual is simply deeper blessing. Revival in the Church is simply deeper blessing. And deeper blessing is the reward for growth in grace.

One finds that certain groups of Christians and certain schools of thought put forward their own formula for revival. It is our strong conviction that God's truth is always simple—it has nothing complicated about it. The Lord stirs up His people in many mysterious ways, but the fact remains, He has promised revival to those who ask, to those who will pay the price.

Thus we see the greatest tragedy of all—this paralyzing, deadly backsliding is wholly unnecessary, wholly uncalled for. At any time, an

individual or a church may receive "blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Sin is very deceptive. The backslider or backsliding Church makes all the excuses possible for the deplorable state of backsliding and powerlessness. There may be a noticeable amount of energy—that is all part of the pretence. Backsliders see so few better than themselves that they begin to feel secure—they lull themselves to sleep, and snore so loudly that they cannot hear the call "Awake!"

But many individuals feel a sense of disappointment and failure. Their hearts are hungry for deeper blessing. Many more pretend that their lives are all right, when they are not all right. They are more dangerous than conscious back-

sliders, for they are always praying for blessing upon "somebody else," ignoring their own greater need.

Pretence and disappointment—disappointment and pretence. This is the condition of multitudes of starved Christians. The author has been privileged to witness God's power manifested in many genuine revivals—and it has always been noticed that those who are disappointed get a glimpse of new hope...those who pretend get shown up. "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts; see if there be any wicked way in me; and lead me in the way everlasting." (Ps 139:23)

The important thing to remember is repentance is the prelude to revival. The Church must first repent! □

Two Young Girls

taken from the Martyr's Mirror

About the year 1550, it happened in the bishopric of Bamberg, that two young girls espoused and received Christ by faith, were baptized upon their faith, according to the doctrine of Christ, and arising from sin, sought to walk in newness of life with Christ.

On this account the anti-Christians sought to hinder them in this good resolution, and to quench their good intention as much as lay in their power: They therefore cast these two young lambs into prison, where they tortured them with great severity, and sought also with other unchristian means to cause them to apostatize; but as they were firmly built upon Christ, they remained faithful and steadfast during the entire trial. (Col. 2:7; Rev. 2:10.)

Hence, the authorities, who herein generally follow the advice of the false prophets, condemned them to death; at which they were joyful and undaunted. When they were led out to execution, their persecutors, by way of reproach and mockery, placed wreaths of straw upon their heads; whereupon one said to the other, "Since

the Lord Christ wore a crown of thorns for us, why should not we wear these crowns of straw in honor of Him? The faithful God shall for this place a beautiful golden crown and glorious wreath upon our heads." Thus these two young branches armed themselves with patience, according to the example of their Captain Jesus, remained faithful unto death, died steadfastly, and obtained, through grace, the glorious crown with God in heaven.



The girl's adversaries remarked that they died quite undauntedly and steadfastly, and that they had the true foundation and ground of the Christian faith in their Redeemer Christ Jesus, whom they openly confessed, and called upon in their distress, wherein they steadfastly died with a firm hope.

The executioners were so impressed with the way that they died that afterwards they started to doubt as to whether they themselves were not in greater error before God, than these young girls, even though the girls were Anabaptists. □



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

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

The Heartbeat of the Remnant is such a blessing to my wife and myself and provides good spiritual nourishment.

I especially appreciated your recounting the history of the revivals in the Hebrides in Scotland. My heritage is actually from the Isle of Skye and the little church of Scotland at Broadford still faithfully preaches God's plan of salvation, both in Gaelic and English. Though we are Scottish and English, our home church is a small Mennonite fellowship in New York. We are so blessed there and our thanks go to a godly brother who introduced us to your magazine.

New York



Dear Remnant,

I would like to share with you my blessings of vision imparted to me by those dear men of God that have meant so much to me over the years—who have, as Paul, brought to my spiritual table "some spiritual gift that I might be established," even the deeper more pure Word of God.

And, although I have been through many painful fires in those years, I am yet grateful for the steadfast voices of the true and faithful saints of God. For had those voices resounding the truth to me continually (through the Remnant) not been there, I am positive my life would have been like tinkling symbols and sounding brass knowing how snared I was to the way of religion. Oh, what a poor testimony I must have been in the eyes of the one who bough the Church with His blood and calls us to

give our lives to her as well. It ceases to amaze me how far I've come, through the many tears of needs, as I agonized over the words written in the many Remnants received over the years.

Thank you for being the fathers and mothers that I have needed to get me through those times.

Iowa



Dear Fellow Christian brothers and sisters,

Greetings in Christ's name. Though we are poor in this world, yet are we rich; because of God's mercy and grace, whereby we are saved because of Him, not something we did. All of our works, now, should be to His honor and glory. (Psalm 115:1) If we were financially able, we'd contribute to the work and efforts all you at

Charity and Ephrata are undertaking...but nevertheless we do so appreciate your ministries. Continue to reach those souls in the religious network! (ex. Hutterites, Amish, etc.) Continue to spread good news to people all around this world, by tapes, literature, and so forth. We may well be poor, but we do pray to God for you! We have you in our prayers daily.

The article in the May/June 2004 issue of *The Remnant* about "The Passion" was well put into words. I say, "Amen, and Bless God!!" Crookedness cannot be glazed over. Evil and corrupt trees cannot bear good fruit. No one goes to a waste pail to find something to

prepare a meal to eat! Can we make amendments to clear our consciences, when we know something is not right? Can anything good come forth of something so corrupt (Hollywood)? Except they repent they shall all likewise perish. How can we tolerate something coming from an evil institution: filming wickedness, and filling people with rottenness? "Come out of her my people, that you receive not of her plagues" comes to my mind. (Rev. 18:4) I appreciated the article and hope others take hold on it; and lay it to heart.. Thank-you! God bless, real good!

Virginia



Dear Heartbeat of the Remnant,

God bless you, for standing against the "devil" against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places (Eph. 6:12), so boldly in paying your respect to movies. I stand right with you, even though I am miles away.

South Dakota



continued from page 16, *Power From On High* by John Greenfield

of the 13th of August, 1727, was diligently and earnestly prepared for. We know of no annals of Church history which evidence greater desire for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and more patient and persistent effort in that direction than those of our own Church between the years 1725 and 1727."

Two distinct lines of preparation and spiritual effort for the blessing are evident. One was prayer; the other was individual work with individuals. We are told that "men and women met for prayer and praise at one another's homes and the Church of Berthelsdorf was crowded out." Then the Spirit came in great power. Then the entire company experienced the blessing at one and the same time. In another article in *The Moravian*, Dr E. S. Hagen declared "The great revival in 1727 in Herrnhut was the normal and logical result of prayer and the preaching of the Word of the Cross. 'Christ and Him Crucified' was our brethren's confession of faith, and 'the inward witness of remission of sins through faith in His blood' their blessed and quickening experience."

Lecky in his *History of Morals* says of John Wesley's conversion, May 24, 1738, in the prayer meeting of Moravian Brethren in Aldersgate Street: "What happened in that little room was of more importance to England than all the victories of Pitt by land or sea."

...A renewal of our days as of old involves a return to fervent prayer and to the earnest and effectual preaching of the remission of sins through the vicarious sacrifice and the shedding of the blood of Jesus Christ the Son of God. Revival time is coming. We cherish a high expectancy of it. Sooner than we dream of, to God's people, who give themselves to earnest, persevering prayer, and the Scriptural testimony concerning the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, the windows of Heaven will be opened.

The day of revivals is not past. The Holy Spirit still waits to fill believers with power from on high. □

Adapted from a reproduction by Geoff Waugh of John Greenfield's "Power from on High".
Edinburgh: Marshall, Morgan, and Scott.

Authority

*When mountain walls confront the way,
Why sit and weep? Arise and say
"Be thou removed" and they shall be
By the power of God, cast into the sea.*

*All power on earth, all power in heaven,
To Christ the Son of God is given;
And from the throne He will endue,
And hindrances will flee from you.*

*O'er all the power of fiend and man
Say through the Lord, "I surely can"
Take from Him power on earth to tread,
On serpent's sting, on dragon's head.*

*Whate'er thou art, Oh mountain high,
Where'er thou art in earth or sky,
Whene'er thou art, truth is the same,
"Be thou removed in Jesus name."*

*"Be thou removed" faith bids thee start
For yonder see—arise! depart!
I may, I can, I must, I will,
The purpose of my God fulfill.*

Anonymous

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