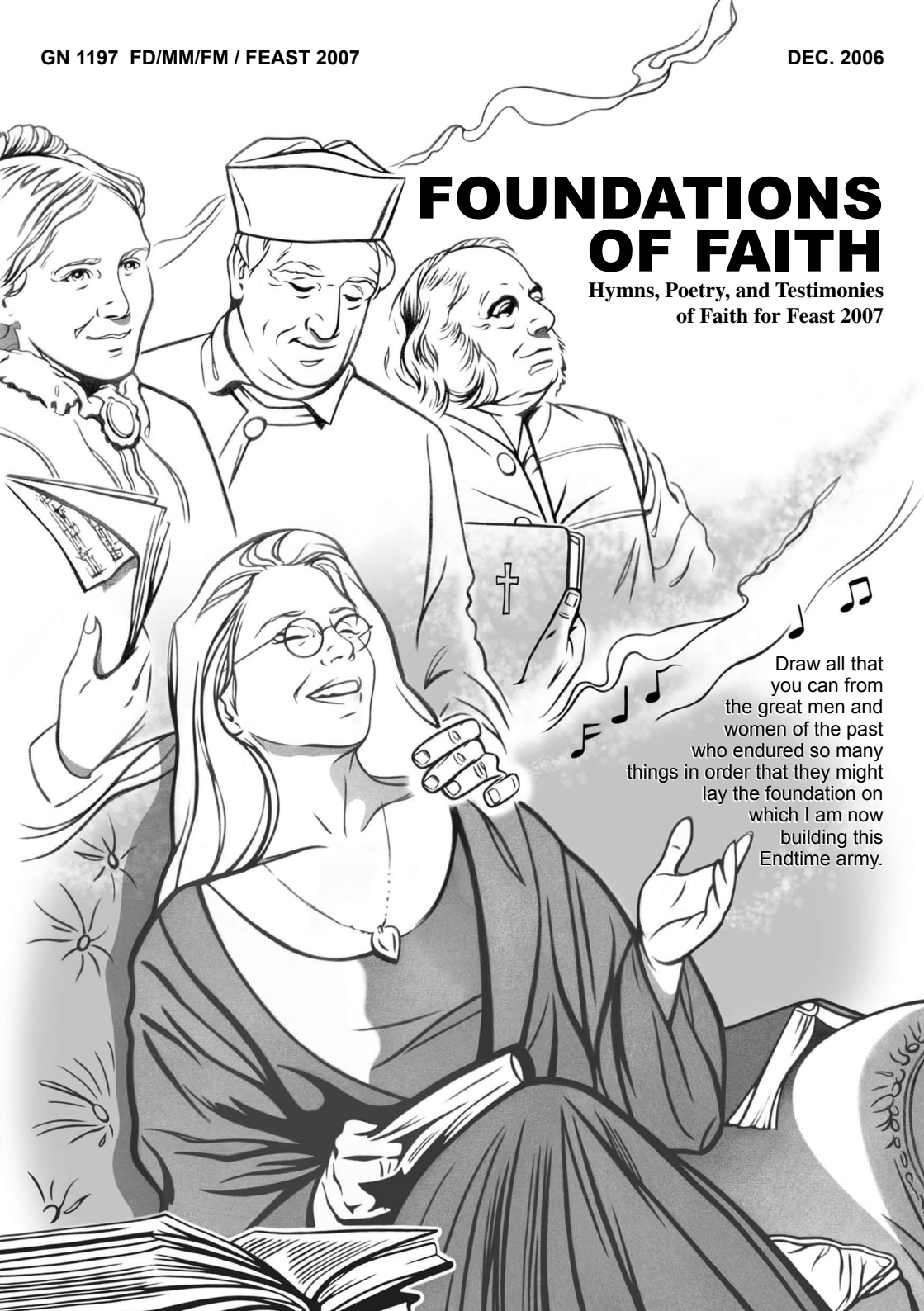


FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH

Hymns, Poetry, and Testimonies
of Faith for Feast 2007



Draw all that
you can from
the great men and
women of the past
who endured so many
things in order that they might
lay the foundation on
which I am now
building this
Endtime army.

FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH

Hymns, Poetry, and Testimonies of Faith for Feast 2007

By Maria

FD/MM/FM 3623 10/06

Hello, dear one. I'm so glad I get a chance to spend this time with you today. You just heard my talk about the importance of resting in the Lord, so we're going to try to do a little of that in the devotions which follows. We're going to try to help you to slow down and get in the spirit and relax and focus on heavenly things.

2. In this time together I don't want you to worry that you're not going to be able to concentrate, or that you're going to be tired, or you're going to fall asleep, which could be a real concern, I understand. So I don't want you to worry, because you can stop this devotion at any point that you want. You can stop and reflect on the words. You can stop and go get a glass of water and stretch. You can stop and take a nap if you're tired. I really want you to be comfortable and to see this as a special blessing from our Husband, and not a burden that tires you out and strains you.

3. This devotions is just for you personally to handle in the way you think is best and the way the Lord leads you. You can listen to it on your MP3 player or your computer, and you can just rest and relax. You can spread it out over quite a few days if you'd like to. Just have little mini-devotions. This is up to you.

4. I wanted to prepare it for you in a very personal way so that you wouldn't have to worry about others being around, so that you can concentrate, you can repeat after me some of the words. You can pray along with me. You can stop the audio and just think about our Husband—anything that He leads you to do. You can get up and dance, you can sing in tongues without distractions, because this is for you, and I wanted it to be private and personal, just between you and Jesus. Of course, I'm with you too, and so we'll have a beautiful little "resting in Jesus" time together.

5. I have a potpourri of things to share with you: some little reflections, some poetry, some words to songs, some quotes, some prayers. Just remember, the purpose of this time is to slow down and quiet our spirits and shut out all the distractions so we can focus on Jesus and come closer to Him and connect with Him.

6. Now, some of the aids to connecting with Him that I'm using in this devotional will be a little different for you, and not ones that we use all the time in communing with Him. But I've found that it's good to do new things. It's good to not be afraid to break out of our mold and try other things that we may think we don't like, but unless we try them, we won't really know. Like Dad's illustration of the little boy that looked at the spinach on his plate and said, "I know I don't like that, I never had any before."

7. Well, it's better to be open to new things, isn't it? The Lord can work in our lives a lot better and use us to a much greater degree when we're open to the new, and open to whatever He brings along in our lives. It doesn't mean we should just be open to anything and everything without praying about it, and without acknowledging the Lord, and without seeing if it's something that is good and that He wants for us. But I think often the Lord does bring things along and we just sort of stick up our nose at them and say, "Well, that's not for me," and we never really look further than that. We just sort of shut the door on it and go our way and never think about it again. Whereas, maybe it's some kind of wonderful opportunity that the Lord wants to give us, or some direction that He wants to start us on. But if we're not willing to be open at all, then we never see the amazing doors that He might open as a result.

8. I think you'll be real happy with the GN that I'm going to be sending to you sometime down the line, about ruts. You know, we all have

them, every single person. I think when you read this, it will cause somewhat of a mini-revolution in your life. Through the influence of this Word, I think you will be able to make some very welcome personal changes in your life that will help you to become a more flexible, more interesting, more valuable and well-rounded person.

9. Anyway, we can start right now getting out of our ruts by letting me share some things with you that go back many years. You're used to reading things and getting things from the Lord that go back a long time, because that's the case with the Bible, and you really love the Bible, you love those precious words, and that's real old-time religion.

10. You now get most of your Word in our modern language, but we started a long time ago with the old-fashioned King James English, which we still enjoy and love, then came the prophecies that at first were gotten in the King James English, although now the Lord usually gives them in more modern-sounding English, for the purpose of making them more understandable and more relatable. But you still love the Bible, even if you don't understand all of the words always. And you enjoy Dad's Songs of Love and Songs of Comfort and the other old-time songs he sang.—Not so much because you're so crazy about that music, but because of the spirit that it has.

11. I'm going to take you back again to some of the old songs, just a different set. So maybe this won't be all that new and different, but I think that it will at least be inspiring if you're looking to draw closer to our dear Husband in any way that you can.

12. I'm not going to do as Dad did and sing them all for you, although I will sing a few, but I'm going to mostly read you the words. The words are beautiful and meaningful because they sprang from the hearts of men and women who had suffered for their Savior, and suffered for their faith. They endured and they brought forth great beauty in their songs and in their poetry. God's commission to them was to share

with the world the songs and the poetry that He had put on their hearts.

13. And you know what? Today, many, many years later, these men and women continue to testify to their faith through the sacred music of the Christian world. These were men and women just like you who were close enough to the Lord and connected to Jesus enough to receive His words, some of it even in prophecy, and certainly by divine inspiration, so that Christians for many, many years to come could find solace, and could find comfort, and could find inspiration and motivation to continue serving Jesus.

14. So, as you venture with me into the world of some of the sacred music, as the Christian world calls the hymns of the faith, you will not only see the depth of the spirit of the authors, but you'll feel a real camaraderie with them. You'll see that these were true Christians who were willing to suffer for their faith, who were willing to give themselves wholly to Jesus, and to go through severe tests and trials in order to witness and testify for their Master and their King.

15. I think it will give you a bond with them. Many of these songwriters and poets are now helpers in the spirit world, some helping the Family right now, and the Lord has promised that more will in the future.

16. Also, it's good to get familiar with some of these songwriters and some of the hymns of the larger church, the greater family of God, because these are the songs that inspire them and that move them, and that they sing worldwide up to this present day.

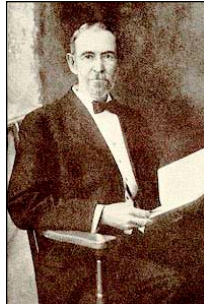
17. So, if you're not a new bottle already, don't worry, just ask the Lord to help you to become one right now, and sit back and enjoy this time of focusing on Jesus, and focusing on the works of His hands, and praising Him for the wonderful men and women down through the years who did His will, and who, out of the abundance of their hearts, created, along with the help of Jesus and His spirit help, a beautiful, beautiful testimony to their faith.

18. The songs of yesterday have a beauty of language that our songs today for the most part don't have, because that beauty of the language, or of the English language, has pretty much vanished from our present-day world. It is a little bit older language and some of the words are a little bit different, but I think you'll be able to understand it well, and if there are a few words here and there that are different, I'll try to explain—that is, if I know what they are! If neither of us can figure them out, well, we'll just accept them and know that they're good, by faith. And I don't think it'll detract from the spirit of the reading.

19. But these songs have been a real blessing to me. I grew up with them. Not all of them, of course, but many of them I grew up singing, or hearing them sung, and they were a great blessing to me, as they were to Dad, and they drew me to Jesus and helped me want to know Him in a greater way, or they expressed the desire of my heart to know Him.

20. Sometimes, you know how you can find a song or a poem or a reflection or a paragraph from a MO Letter that just exactly fits what's on your heart, and it really helps you to see it worded, whereas, maybe you haven't been able to express it before. When you see it you say, "Yes, that's what I mean! That's what I want to do!" It's a wonderful thing when some of these unexpressed thoughts can be expressed, even by someone else, and you say, "Oh, boy, that's just exactly the way I feel!"

21. One of the songs that expressed my feelings so well just before I joined the Family was a song called "Higher Ground," by a man named Johnson Oatman, Jr. This was written in 1898. But before I share this with you, let's ask our Husband to bless our time together now.



22. (Mama prays:) Wonderful Jesus, we love You. Dear, beautiful Husband, we're so thankful for this time that we can be together like this. We call on the keys of imprisonment to quiet our surroundings, and on the keys of rest to calm our spirits. As we come out of the wings and into Your temple of peace, we pray that You will help us to set aside our thoughts and any worries so that all we can think about is You—Your beauty, Your peace, Your love, Your power and Your majesty, Your works through the creation, Your miracles through the men and women who You raised up to do great things for You.

23. Please make this time with You a truly special time, and we know that it will be as we focus on You and Your words. Shut the world out, dear Love, and help this dear bride of Yours to find the sweet rest of Your Spirit that You've promised to all who come to You in quietness of spirit.

24. You said that the power of the keys is like a vortex of energy which draws all good things into it and into us, and sends all things away from us that are not pure and not of You. We want to draw on Your Spirit and ask that You will send everything else away from us that would distract us from this beautiful time of communion with You.

25. We call on the Blue Angels of the keys to usher in the joy of communing with You. You've told us that we all need to learn to slow down and rest in You, and that's what we want to do more of. We want to learn how to make resting in You a habit in our lives. Please teach us, dear Love, through Your Spirit and through Your words and through each time we spend with You. Amen. Thank You, dear Jesus.

26. Okay, I told you that I was going to tell you about this song that struck a chord in my heart just before I joined the Family. I was going to an evangelical church where they preach Jesus, and they preach the Word, and they believed in getting people saved, although, as most churches, they weren't real strong on going out into the highways and the byways and compelling them

to come in, but they did invite people to their church sometimes.

27. There was this one old man, however, who every Wednesday night at prayer meeting, would speak up and give a testimony of who he had witnessed to, or who he had won to the Lord. I always was so impressed by that dear man named Ed. I think he was a gardener. He wasn't real educated and he wasn't real knowledgeable about things, but he sure knew Jesus and you could tell that. He was the one man in the church that had testimonies like that. I think it probably made the other church folks squirm a bit when they heard about it.

28. I always used to love to listen to old Ed's testimonies. I think it sort of put a little wake-up call in my own heart, that, "Oh, yes, Christians are supposed to do this." And not only to win souls, but I had the feeling there was more. I didn't know what. I wasn't a real rebel as far as seeing the hypocrisy of the church and railing against it. I think I saw more the good things about it, and maybe just because I didn't have a real critical or analytical nature, and I hadn't been sort of burned by the church, I don't know what it was, but I was okay with a lot of things about the church.

29. I think because my mother and father, who pastored small churches all my life, were not hypocritical; that might have been one reason. They were sincere, and they were loving, and they were caring, and therefore, I saw the best of the church in them. Not that they went out and won souls, but they certainly believed in inviting people to church and then preaching the salvation message to them. And they gave out some tracts here and there. This was just pretty much how they had been taught. So I didn't fault them for that. I loved them for the sacrifices that they had made in what the Lord had called them to do.

30. But, in the depths of my heart, I did feel that there must be more to living for the Lord than what I had found already. At that time—and that was after I was out of high school—I was going to university, but I had it very clear in my

mind that this was just a temporary or transitory state, and that I was going to serve the Lord.

31. I figured that I would probably go to Bible college and end up being a pastor's wife, like my mother. I'd grown up with that idea in my heart and I felt that that was probably what the Lord wanted for me. But on the other hand, I wasn't real enthusiastic about going to Bible college. I didn't know why, but I just kept sort of putting it off. I kept going to the university, a semester here and a semester there, interspersed with working at a secretarial job. I wasn't in a real hurry to make the decision about serving the Lord because I just didn't know; I didn't feel a call to do anything specific.

32. One thing I did know in my heart was that I wanted more of the Lord. I had a girlfriend that felt the same way and we would go to church together, and whenever they would sing this song, "Higher Ground," we would belt it out with all the enthusiasm that we could muster.

33. I'm going to sing this for you, and our dear musicians are helping me on it so that it will be more enjoyable. The musicians, like the keys, can enhance our enjoyment of things. God bless them!

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I'm onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith, on Heaven's tableland,
A higher plane than I have found;
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
Though some may dwell where these abound,
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.

I want to live above the world,
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
For faith has caught the joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height
 And catch a gleam of glory bright;
 So still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found,
 "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
 By faith, on Heaven's tableland,
 A higher plane than I have found;
 Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

34. Not long after praying this prayer that is expressed in the song, and praying many prayers in my heart that the Lord would show me His will, the Lord took me out of my familiar surroundings and my familiar life, and placed me in a very unusual and unique situation, right in the middle of the beginnings of the Children of God in the Light Club in Huntington Beach.

35. I didn't get in on the very, very beginnings, but I got there just in time to be a part of it, and then to get in on the next stage when we left Huntington Beach and started our trek across the U.S. The Lord had answered my prayers and brought me onto that higher ground. And still, this many years later, we've never attained, and we still climb upward, and we still plead with Jesus to help us to go higher yet, that we want to scale the utmost height, we want to live above the world. He certainly has helped us to experience the thrills and wonders of the spirit as few others have.

36. This is what we were destined for, and in spite of the natural circumstances that would probably have kept me in one of those little churches marrying a preacher and being a preacher's wife, because it was my destiny to go further, the Lord miraculously took me, lifted me out of that, and put me on higher ground. He did a wonderful thing in my life and He gave me the richest and greatest blessings, far more than I could have ever imagined.

37. Well, that's just a little personal testimony, but the Lord marvelously answered my prayer and put me on that higher ground, like He has with

you as well, and He's privileged us with gifts and spiritual weapons because we've been desperate to have more of Him. He's put us on that higher plane where we can learn to know Him better, more of His joy, more of His love, more of His compassion for the lost, more of His heart.

38. These next lines express the praise and thanksgiving of one who is truly resting in their Lover's arms, and who is finding out the greatness of His loving heart.

Jesus, I am resting, resting,
 In the joy of what Thou art;
 I am finding out the greatness
 Of Thy loving heart.

Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
 And Thy beauty fills my soul,
 For by Thy transforming power,
 Thou hast made me whole.

O, how great Thy lovingkindness,
 Vaster, broader than the sea!
 O, how marvelous Thy goodness,
 Lavished all on me!

Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved,
 I know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 I Know Thy certainty of promise,
 And I have made it mine.

Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 I behold Thee as Thou art,
 And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
 Satisfies my heart;

Satisfies its deepest longings,
 Meets, supplies its every need,
 Surrounds and covers me with blessings:
 Thine is love indeed!

Ever shine Thy face upon me
 As I work and wait on Thee;
 Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
 Earth's dark shadows flee.

Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting,
Fill me with Thy grace.

Jesus, I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.

39. "Jesus, I Am Resting, Resting," written by Jean Sophia Pigott, in 1876.

40. It's a Loving Jesus song that I think is every bit as beautiful for that time as the ones we sing today. Slightly different, of course, and not so modern, but, hey, everything doesn't have to be modern, and some of the older things are the most beautiful, most valuable, and it certainly embodies the great love that this writer had for our Husband.

41. Did you notice that the author said, "As I work and wait on Thee; resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus, Earth's dark shadows flee"? The writer had learned the secret of working for the Lord, and at the same time, resting, as the Lord is trying to teach us to do. That resting doesn't have to just be a small part of our life, and in fact, it shouldn't be; it should be the whole of our life. It should be what we do at every moment. We can rest in Jesus and in the joy of what He is, and be constantly finding out more about the greatness of His love.

42. Also, did you notice how she calls Jesus "Brightness of my Father's glory, sunshine of my Father's face"? Very beautiful. Thank You, dear Jesus. Thank You for inspiring this dear woman to love You so passionately that she was able to share that passion with others, and now with us, so many years later. Thank You, dear Love.

43. And here's something else about rest, calm, stillness of spirit, which brings out some of the benefits of our resting in our Husband. It was written in 1872. But you see, down through history, all those who truly connected with the

Lord and truly wanted to be His in body, soul, and spirit, had to rest in Him. It's the only way we can get to know Him intimately, get to really know His heart. It's the only way that we can have that beauty of spirit that rubs off on others.

44. Okay, this is Jesus speaking:

Come ye yourselves apart and rest a while,
Weary, I know, of the press and throng;
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

Come, tell Me all that you have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears;
I know with difficulty souls are wooed and won;
Your fervent prayers are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest! The journey is too great,
And you will faint beside the way and sink,
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

Then, fresh from converse with Me, you shall
return
And work till daytime softens into even;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in Heaven.

45. Something I noticed when going over so many of these songs and poems is that these dear men and women had a heart for souls. They knew that was their mission. They had it instilled in their hearts and minds and it was part of them and it came out in the words to their music. Like Jesus is saying in this poem, "I know with difficulty souls are wooed and won." And He's saying that in order to keep on in our work for Him we must come apart and "in My quiet strength again be strong." "The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn more of your Master and His rest in Heaven."

46. Here's another poem called "Calm Me," by a man named Horatius Bonar. This was written in 1857. And again, you'll see that the implica-

tion in this is that he was preaching the Gospel, he was winning souls, and that he needed the calm and the rest in Jesus to be able to do the job for his Master, just as we do. And this should be our prayer also.



Lord, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds that greet my ear;
Keep me calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

47. You notice that he's even asking the Lord to keep him calm when he's in his prayer closet. And you know, that's not a bad prayer to pray. I'm sure you've experienced that sometimes during your quiet time you come into it so full of the thoughts of the day, or the distractions. Or even if you are taking your prayer in the morning, there's a lot to think about and a lot on your mind about the day, and you have to fight to keep those distractions from overrunning your time with the Lord, and you have to fight to keep those thoughts from interfering with the time that you have with our Husband.

48. But you know, it's not impossible, and you can expect, with the Lord's help, and the help of the keys, to rise above, and to be able to have a calm spirit, a restful spirit, anywhere. Whether it's in your quiet time with the Lord when you're by yourself in the morning or the evening, or even when you're out somewhere where you can't get away from the circumstances, the Lord can give you the calm and quiet in your heart, even "in the bustling street." The author goes on to say:

Keep me calm in the hour of buoyant health,
And in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
And in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame,

Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name.

49. So there's that very strong indication that he's preaching Jesus to many who apparently don't want to hear it.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with heavenly hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

50. And, of course, our praise to our Husband—our "heavenly hymns and psalms" as the author described it—helps us to enter into His gates and into His courts and to calm and quiet our spirits.

51. And here's a song of praise that I've always liked. It's a very well-known song in the Christian world called, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"—or, in our vernacular, the "All Hail" would probably be, "Everyone praise the power of Jesus' name!" You may have heard this song, or even know it well.

52. I'm going to sing this one for you because I would like you to learn this song, the melody, because I think in the future it will do you well to know some of these songs of the faith and be able to sing them in praise and adoration to our King, along with other Christians.

53. You know, if you go into a church and try to fellowship with Christians and you don't know any of the songs that they know, they look at you a little like you're some kind of alien from outer space. You're trying to be a Christian and you don't know their songs? That makes it difficult, really. So at least it's nice to learn some of them, so you have some kind of common ground there.

54. Of course, we have a lot of common ground just because we all believe that Jesus is the way to Heaven and Jesus is the One Who has saved us and lifted us out of the miry clay and brought us into a wonderful life of service for Him, and given us lives of happiness and joy, so many things that we can speak of with other

Christians that help them to realize that we are of the same mind and heart.

55. I enlisted the help of some of our musicians on this song, because music is powerful and can help to transport us into the spirit. So here it is.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

56. Hallelujah! Thank You for this beautiful song, Lord, and the words that were inspired from Your throne. We do hail and praise and glorify You as our King of kings and Lord of lords!

57. Even though millions of Christians sing this song in their churches, few know the story of how several years after it was written, it was used by the Lord to open the doors to the hearts of an isolated tribe in the mountains of India. And I'd like to tell you the story now.

58. Because this was somewhat of a miracle, that when I was going over this song and deciding to use it in this devotions, there was a little bit of a mix-up on who the author was, so we had to ask the Lord about it, and in the process, this story from the spirit world was given to us.

59. We still didn't find out much about the author of the words of the song, E. P. Perronet, except that he worked with John and Charles Wesley in England, preaching the Gospel. But what we did find out was the following fascinating story having to do with this song and how the Lord used it years later in a miraculous way.

60. This is about a young man called Edward Scott whose parents had been based in India, where he was born. He lived in the 1800s. He was part of the upper class and was very advantaged in being able to go to good schools, and he grew up with a unique gift for learning languages, and India was a good place to learn them, because if you traveled into the countryside, many villages had their own dialects. And I'm going to tell you his story now in his own words. He said:

61. I grew up surrounded by a world that many could not even imagine outside of India. My father was an official overseeing the building of railways in the northern provinces. He traveled in his work, and I often traveled with him. I grew to love the people of this land. To me, the world of England was as strange as a trip to the moon.

62. When I was 18, I came to know Christ personally through a missionary I met on one of my travels with my father to a large village, high in the mountains in the north of India.

63. A year later I found myself setting off to learn more of this man, who, though English in body, was as Indian in heart as the people that he had given his life to live amongst, to teach them of Christ's love.

64. It was not like today, where such a trip was a mere flight of a plane or a drive in a car. To reach these towns and villages

required weeks of travel over dirt roads, plagued by bandits. Travel was mostly on horseback or elephant, and you traveled in groups for protection.

65. Any journey was an arduous endeavor through dust and disease. You ate and drank what could be found, and my newfound faith was put to the test in these wild and often unpredictable situations.

66. I had learned the ways of India growing up, but such travels were not like what I had been used to. I would like to say that I was a strong Christian, but at this time I was still weak in faith and had not yet learned the power of desperate prayer. I had journeyed many times with my father, who, due to his position, was always surrounded by guards, and only the bravest or most desperate would ever attempt to bother such a band.

67. I had grown to love the people of India, but my parents were Christians in name but not in deed. They had little concern for the people and they wanted nothing to do with the poor. They were not there to help them, but to govern them. My journey was the result of a series of arguments I had had with them.

68. Jesus had touched my life, and I had realized that He wanted me to use it for the people of this land. Though I was only 18 and had little training other than the helpful feeding of a few missionaries I had met, and a small New Testament they had given me, I felt such a burning passion to use my life to give the joy I'd found to these people who were so often lost in darkness.

69. My zeal, however, was met with anger and threats to send me to England if I spoke of such things again.

70. (*Mama:*) I want to interject here that it isn't anything new that parents try to prevent their children from serving the Lord. There have always been 10:36ers.

71. Edward continues:

72. It was then that I had decided it was time to set my own path in life. With great remorse I prepared for the journey, leaving nothing but a note to my parents to say that I had to obey God and not man. I never told them where I was going, because I knew my father would have had the soldiers carry me back forcibly, if need be, to prevent me from such a foolish endeavor. I never saw them again in that life, but such a conviction had grown in my heart to put the Lord above my parents, in spite of my love for them, that it kept me and gave me peace.

73. I reached the town of my missionary friend. I worked and studied all that he showed me both in the Bible and in life. My years under his training taught me much about desperate prayer and utter dependence on the undying love of Jesus both for us and for the lost. I did not know prophecy as you know it, but in times of great desperation I did hear His voice in my heart comforting, guiding, and answering my deepest sorrows.

74. It was a difficult life. We worked hand in hand with the villagers, ministering to them as we worked, and then sharing what little we had with any in need, along with Christ's Word. It was full-time work, and many times you had to use your last drops of strength to help someone in need, and then turn to our loving Lord to plead for more. But He always gave back all that we needed.

75. It was nearly ten years later that my own mission and calling arrived. It happened when I saw a man, strange in appearance compared to the people of our village. In those days few ventured more than a hundred miles from their home. I brought him to our mission, and with great difficulty, and using every language I had ever learned, I was finally able to communicate a little. I

found out about his village several hundred miles to the north.

76. Over the next month I spent a great deal of time with him, learning bits and pieces of his language and about those of his village. It was a large village for those times, but so remote that he had never encountered foreigners and never heard of Christ. He had been sent on his journey to find spices that had made their way to their village, and to trade for them.

77. After two months, I was able to teach him about Jesus, and he received his Savior as a little child would. I fell in love with this tribe of people whose spirits held a simplicity that fascinated me.

78. I asked him to teach me enough of his language to say a simple message of salvation, and one song, which had always been my favorite. It is the one you know, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Together, we formed the words.

79. Finally, after nearly six months, the time came that he would need to return to his village, and I had already determined that I would go with him. I didn't know what was ahead of me, but the years spent with my missionary friend had convinced me that even if I died in my attempt to reach these people, it would still be worth it.

80. We set off on horses and donkeys for the trek through the mountains on narrow tracks from one village to the next.

81. (*Mama:*) In case you have a question about horses in India, they do exist, along with donkeys, although they aren't nearly as common as bullocks.

82. It took three weeks and many hardships to finally reach his village, and the journey held a tragedy that I had not anticipated.

83. My friend grew sick a week after we had begun our journey. As the days went by, he grew worse. I prayed as I had never prayed

before, but he grew steadily weaker. Then one night, I had a vision of him being carried up by the angels, and in the morning he was gone.

84. Such a loss shook my faith for a time. How could I go on? Was God angry? Had I made a mistake in coming? But each time I prayed, I felt His comfort and His words ringing in my heart, telling me that this had to be in order to accomplish His plan for these people.

85. So I journeyed on with the load of spices and two men who had accompanied my now dead friend. These had not yet found Christ, and I worried that they might abandon me. But they had seen the bond of friendship that we had, and so chose to continue with me.

86. When we finally came to the area where the village was, I had no idea how to explain my presence or the loss of my friend. I felt like Moses before the Red Sea, stepping out to follow his Lord's guidance even though it made no sense. As I prayed, I heard His still, small voice saying to leave the donkeys and the men behind and to walk into the field ahead of us, carrying only my violin.

87. It was a leap of faith that seemed likely to end in disaster. It defied all reason and sense. But then, my life had been little more than blindly following Jesus ever since meeting Him, so I knew I could trust Him that, even if I died, it would somehow be according to His plan.

88. I could see men in the shadows of the trees as I stepped into the field, and I wondered if an arrow or a spear would greet me any second. I stood in the middle of the field and waited. As I looked around, I saw men coming from all sides. Suspicion and fear were written on every face, and their spears, held ready to strike, told me of what my fate was almost certain to be. They came closer until a circle of spears a few feet from me on all sides had contained me.

89. At the Lord's check, I slowly opened the violin case and took out my own weapon with which I hoped to overcome, not just the spears pointing at me, but the very hearts of these. I began to play the one song I knew in their tongue, and to sing it unto my Lord. I closed my eyes to picture the One Who had carried me so far, and when I finished the song, I opened them to a sight I will never forget. Instead of spears, I saw faces filled with tears and smiles. I was taken into the village, along with the spices and the other men.

90. Those who were the parents of my friend welcomed me into their home, and after many months of learning and teaching them of Christ's love, they adopted me as their new son.

91. I poured all that my years of preparation had given me into the people of this village. My time was short. I only lived two years before the arduous life I had been privileged to live for my Jesus was finished, and I took my leave for Heaven.

92. Even though I had grown up in India, and my body was stronger than many of those who came from England, still, the drastic changes in climate in the northern mountains and the sicknesses specific to that locale did take a toll on my body, as it did with many in those days who ventured deep into these areas to reach the people there with Jesus.

93. It was a sacrifice that was a part of the calling. You understood that life would likely be shortened, but the prizes of souls to be won were worth the price. It was not one specific disease but many that finally weakened my body till it was no longer able to carry on. This was true for many then and many even today who venture into difficult places and face the same risks, but face them bravely and gladly to be able to fulfill their mission.

94. (Mama:) Isn't that a lot like so many of our folks in some of these places that are still very difficult? It's not easy for our Family people to be in

so many of the places where the Lord has led them. There are a multitude of difficulties and obstacles to be overcome, but they're so brave, so courageous, and so possessed by that same passionate love that drove Edward Scott. We have the same Jesus and we have the same love for Him and the same passion fills our hearts and compels us to share His love with the people of the world.

95. That's our commission, that's our destiny, that's what Jesus put us here on the Earth for, what He prepared us for in Heaven. Thank You, Jesus, that we can have such a bond with the missionaries down through the years who have had the same love as we do, and who now, many of them, are able to help us in our work for Him.

96. Edward continues:

97. By this time my task was done and most of the village had found their Savior. I had worked hard to learn their language, and to teach them parts of the Bible by translating it for them as I taught them. I had worked hard to teach them the ways of the early church who had made their faith a part of their lives. These faithful ones carried their faith to many others in their region. Mine is but a small part in the grand plan, but it's these small parts that make the whole of His Kingdom come on Earth.

98. (Mama:) Thank You, dear Love. Thank You for this precious one, who, as a teenager, committed his life to You and said, "Lord, I'll do whatever You want me to do, whatever it takes to reach the lost for You. I'll give up everything for You, Lord—my desires, my education, my dreams, even my life. After all, You gave up much more than that for me."

99. Thank You, Lord, for the example that this young man is to us, and thank You, dear Love, that because of Your wonderful gift to us of prophecy, we're privileged to hear his story and be so inspired by it.

100. Thank You for Your invincible weapon of praise that he used to win the savages to You,

to touch their hearts, to begin a friendship that would result in many souls saved.

101. I think dear Edward Scott’s testimony is an excellent example of how resting in the Lord and praising Him are closely related. He must have learned to rest in Jesus during those years working with that missionary. Obviously he wasn’t resting physically; it was very, very hard work, as he explains, but he was able to do that, he was able to make those sacrifices for all those years because he was resting in the Lord. He was able to stay positive and praiseful in spite of difficulties that to us might seem almost unimaginable. But that’s the fruit of resting in Jesus.

102. Meditating on Jesus and learning to stop and get calm before Him, no matter what else is going on in your life, no matter what else is going on around you, is what makes it possible to praise Him. Even when you’re facing what seem like impossible situations. The fruits of praise grow from the roots of learning to rest in Jesus.

103. Here’s another example of how those who have gone before us describe resting in the Lord:

There is a calm the quiet in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distressed;
There is light that gilds the darkest hour.
When dangers thicken and when tempests lower,
It is through faith and prayer and praise that
calm is given,
That peace remains when all beside is riven,
That light shines down to man direct from
Heaven.

104. Or you could say, “That peace remains when all beside is broken, that light shines down to man direct from Heaven.”

105. He speaks of tempests here, and many of the writers spoke of the storm at sea and the tempests—I think probably because many of them

lived in England and they were a seafaring nation, and the tempests and the storms of nature reminded them of the tempests and storms of the spirit.

106. Someone whose anchor held through all the troubles that almost overwhelmed her, and the grief that she endured, and the storms that almost obscured her light, was Fanny Crosby. I think all of you are acquainted with her life and that she was the blind American poetess who became blind at



six weeks of age through improper medical treatment. She’s often been called the queen of Gospel songwriters. Before she went Home to be with the Lord at the age of 95, on February 12, 1915, four years before Dad was born, she had written more than 8,000 Gospel hymns. Millions have been touched by the beauty of the words that flowed from her pen.

107. Fanny had every excuse in her life for giving up. But instead, she just decided that she would try to find the good in every situation, step by step, and day by day, and she found that she could be content. She says:

108. Do you want to know the thing that made all the difference in the world in my life? It’s simple, really. I took lots of time to talk with Jesus. And He often reminded me that no problem or difficulty can befall me that doesn’t have a greater good, and if I would always look for that greater good in every situation, I’d always find it.

109. Some think that being content means that you are tolerating your condition, but that’s not it at all. Being content is finding the joy that comes with trusting completely in Jesus. It’s being thankful and at peace with the difficulties and troubles you have to face in life, because you know that they are a part of the process that will bring the rewards and blessings that

you've chosen to claim for your own. Like a runner who has chosen to be a champion can train and push himself to the limit with joy, because his eyes are fixed on that prize.

110. I count myself mightily blessed. I had hard times, and it took awhile before I found my greatest calling in receiving all those hymns. They were like prophecy. They'd come in answer to the need, and carried the spirit that only words straight from the heart of Jesus can. That was my thrilling calling, and it's a lot like yours in the Family: giving the words of Heaven in your unique way to the lost. Let Jesus' words flow out of your heart to touch others, and you'll know the meaning of contentment in all its glory.

111. (*Mama:*) Fanny wrote a song called, "It'll All Be Right At Last!" This is on the theme of prayer. And I chose this out of the many of her songs that I could have chosen. But we're talking about resting in the Lord, and certainly if we're going to rest in the Lord, lean on Him, acknowledge Him in all our ways, draw close to Him, and put our full weight down on Him, then of course we're going to be praying, of course we're going to be taking everything to Him in prayer, we're going to be talking to Him probably a lot more than we're going to be talking to anyone else.

112. And sometimes when we pray for things, we don't get the answers right away that we're praying for, and then we start to get discouraged. You know, the Lord has so blessed us in the Family over the years, with quick answers to prayer. We pray for those in our Home for various afflictions that they have, or various miracles that need to be done in their lives, or housing that we need, or outreach that we need to do, so many things, and really, our prayers don't take very long to be answered, and we're so used to it.

113. I think part of the reason why we get such quick answers to prayer in the majority of cases is that, well, for one thing, it's one of the

Lord's blessings because we're yielded to Him and we're doing His work, and they are things that we really need, answers we need quickly for the sake of His work. But also it's because He can more quickly answer our prayers because we are doing His will, we are yielded to Him. So He doesn't have to work so hard to put all the balls in place, because we're more easily put into place in His hand.

114. But when we start praying for people in the world, or situations in the world, that's when it starts taking a lot longer. Because answers to prayer depend so much upon the choices people make, and the will of the people involved. And if they're stubborn, unyielded hearts, often the prayers that we pray for them will take longer to be answered. If we're praying for our children who are out of the Family, for example, sometimes it's going to take awhile. We don't see the quick answers that we are used to within the Family.

115. Well, here's some encouragement by Fanny Crosby about praying and continuing to pray even though we don't see the answer right away.

Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
Tho' great thy conflict be;
Look bravely up, and trust in Him
Whose love abides with thee.

Remember how He led thee forth,
Thro' toil and dangers past;
Tho' yet unanswered is thy prayer,
It'll all be right at last.

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
It'll all be right at last;
Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
It'll all be right at last.

(*Mama sings:*)

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
It'll all be right at last;
Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
It'll all be right at last.

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
 It'll all be right at last;
 Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
 It'll all be right at last.

116. Okay, sing it with me:

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
 It'll all be right at last;
 Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
 It'll all be right at last.

117. Hallelujah! And she goes on to say:

Pray on, pray on, and never faint,
 Tho' oft severely tried;
 If thine a persevering faith,
 It will not be denied;

That thou shalt gain thy heart's desire
 His Word this does attest.
 Believeest thou? Then rest assured,
 It'll all be right at last.

(Sings:)

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
 It'll all be right at last;
 Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
 It'll all be right at last!

118. Praise the Lord. Oh, there's another stanza. Here we go.

Pray on, pray on, with steadfast hope,
 For thou shalt yet prevail;
 "Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done,"
 The promise cannot fail.

Cling firmly to the solid rock,
 And hold the anchor fast;
 The clouds will break, the light will come,
 It'll all be right at last.

119. Sing with me again:

(Sings:)

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
 It'll all be right at last;
 Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
 It'll all be right at last.

120. "Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done. His promise cannot fail." Intercessory prayer, a very important part of our lives, and a very important part of being able to rest in the Lord. Because if we're really resting in the Lord, we have made our requests known unto the Lord and we have left it in His hands, and that's why we can rest. That's why we can be calm in spirit, with the quiet assurance that everything is going to be all right, it'll all be right at last. In other words, God's going to take care of everything. Why worry?

121. That reminds me of a little song I loved to sing when I was a child, called, "Why Worry, When You Can Pray?"

(Sings:)

Why worry, when you can pray?
 Trust Jesus, He'll be your stay.
 Don't be a doubting Thomas,
 Rest fully on His promise,
 Why worry, worry, worry, worry,
 When you can pray?

122. That often came to me, you know, those little choruses. The Lord uses them in our lives to get across important points at just the right time.

123. There's another kind of prayer that our Husband is teaching us when He instructs us in meditation. This is the quiet prayer of just looking up into His face and saying, "I want You, Jesus. I'm here for You. I adore You. I need You." It's just like quietly opening a door and slipping into the very presence of God, listening to His still, small voice in our heart, just letting Him love us in silence, or speak His love words to us.

124. One of my dear younger friends wrote something that seems to beautifully describe this kind of prayer, this kind of communication.

Sometimes I just like to sit here silently with You.
 You already know.
 You already understand.
 I don't have to say the right thing, or anything
 at all;
 You accept me.
 You see my thoughts as they form and dance.
 Words could never aptly express them.
 You could verbalize Your every thought perfectly,
 Yet You sometimes choose silence too.
 There's just something about being together,
 Not having to say a thing,
 Because we feel it, we sense it, we know it.

125. Jesus says to you: "Rest in Me and let My Spirit wash over you as the waves lap upon the seashore, cleansing and renewing, while they wash away all of your problems. Claim the keys of rest and enter into My rest, and walk barefoot by the ocean of My Spirit, soaking up its peace and tranquility."

126. (*Mama:*) What a picture of getting alone with the Lord and focusing on Him, not having an agenda, but just thinking about Him and His beauty and greatness.

127. The following is another call to wait on the Lord, rest in Him, think about Him, and learn to know His heart in the quietness and stillness of that meditative state that He wants us to enter into with Him.

Wait thou, my soul, upon the Lord—
 He is thy strength and life:
 Lift up thy heart—mount up and fly
 Above the stress and strife;
 For there thy strength shall be renewed
 In that celestial sphere;
 Then, through the valley thou canst walk
 By faith and not by fear.

Wait thou, my soul, upon the Lord,
 And with the wings of faith,
 Rise up to mountaintops of truth

Where each reviving breath
 Shall fill thy soul with songs of joy;
 And on the sacred height,
 Renew thy strength to walk the plain,
 Amid the gloom of night.

Thou art too weak to walk the paths
 Where days seem dark and long?
 Then wait on Him, thy gracious Lord,
 Until the victor's song
 Thou, too, hast heard amid the heights
 And cherished as thine own—
 Until on mountaintops of faith
 The triumph has been won.

Wait then upon the Lord, yea, wait
 Till earthly cares grow dim;
 Yea, mount above the clouds of gray
 And fellowship with Him.
 There He will train thee for the task,
 Whatever duties call,
 And in the strength renewed by Him
 Thou shalt not faint nor fall.

128. It's interesting, isn't it, that the Lord is talking here about training you for the task while you are waiting quiet and still in His arms. Remember, it says, "Wait then upon the Lord, till earthly cares grow dim; mount above the clouds of gray and fellowship with Him. There He will train thee for the task."

129. The most important spiritual training comes in those times of our quiet fellowship with Him. And it's quiet and still and not hurried or flurried or rushed, and it doesn't involve a lot of stress or strain or hard work. It should be a real happy thought to all of us, that if we'll just wait, we'll just open our hearts and our minds to Jesus and to whatever He wants to give us, whether through His written Word, or His Word through prophecy, or the times of meditation, or whenever we have times with Him, He can give us the input that will be the training that we need for the tasks that the Lord has given us.

130. So many of the poets and songwriters have written on the same theme, because that's not only what the Lord is teaching us, but what He has called all of His children to through the ages, that closer communication with Him. And in order to have that closer communication, we have to wait, we have to be still, we have to be calm, we have to take time.

131. If we're going to be still and take the time, time to trust, time to go slowly, time to stop and tell Jesus we love Him; if we're going to learn to move in sync with Him; if we're going to learn patience, we have to do that in the time we take with Him alone, the time we draw back from everything else, away from all the distractions, and enter that "celestial sphere," as the writer called it, climb to the "sacred height," and just meditate on Him and His awesome power, and His ability to do all that we can't do.

132. Part of that meditating on Jesus involves praise. We learn His majesty by praising Him, and His power by connecting with Him in spirit. And praise is one of those elements that lifts us into His presence, that connects us to Him, that puts us fully under His protection, and His blessing, and His anointing, where we can feel His love and more easily see things the way He sees them. It's just a law of the spirit.

133. Some of this makes no sense to our mind; we have to believe it because Jesus says it's true, and as we believe, we will receive the understanding and the manifestation of it.

134. Praise is the voice of faith. Praise chases away the Enemy. Praise lifts your spirit. Praise humbles you in the spirit because it reminds you that only the Lord is capable of solving problems and bringing solutions. It's one of the weapons of the spirit that the Lord has given us, and it always defeats the Enemy, and it always brings us close to Him. It simply works. So that's one of the reasons why when we go into our times of quiet with the Lord, that it's so important to enter these times with praise.

135. Here's another song with beautiful words of praise to our Husband that I'm going to sing for you, and I hope you'll be able to learn it too.

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb
upon His throne.

Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all
music but its own.

Awake, my soul, and sing of Him Who died
for thee,

And hail Him as thy matchless King through
all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His
hands and side,

Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty
glorified.

No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye at
mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, one with the
Father known,

And the blessed spirit through Him given from
yonder glorious throne.

All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou hast died
for me;

Thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout
eternity!

136. Hallelujah! You feel like the author at least got a little closer than most people to portraying in words the magnificence of God. May we crown Him King every day in our hearts and in our lives.

137. Our great King, in His love, has bestowed upon us, His children, one of the greatest powers that there is—the power of prayer, that we can move His hand to move the world according to our prayers. Listen, as the writer talks about this.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
 When human strength gives way;
 There is a love that never fails
 When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
 That arm upholds the sky;
 That ear is filled with angel songs;
 That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
 Through Jesus, to the throne,
 And moves the hand which moves the world,
 To bring salvation down.

138. Not just salvation for the sinner, but salvation for any situation that we need a miracle for, a deliverance for, a victory in.

139. Here's a prayer from one of our dear folks asking the Lord to help her to wield that power of prayer that moves the hand, which moves the world, instead of trying in her own strength to work things out.

140. Teach me to pray, Lord.

141. Teach me to wait on You and let You work. Show me the value of Your power to intervene as compared to my ability to mess things up. Let me plug into You as the eternal power source, and let me feel it clearly when I try to run around on my own tiny batteries. Make me a useful part of Your plan by showing me that my part is not to try to fix everything, but rather to put it in Your hands so You can fix it.

142. Teach me how to let down my burdens at Your feet one by one and leave them there. Instruct me in the art of tapping into the universe of power that is waiting for my command, if only I am willing to labor in prayer. Help me to go slow enough, to wait enough, that You have

time to give the answers I have sought You for. Let me grow to depend on prayer as my defense, my insurance, my rest, my joy, my labor.

143. Teach me to pray, Lord, that I might truly leave a mark on history. For some trust in their own intelligence and strength, some labor with their hands and endeavor to be great, but I will depend on You, my Lord and God, and through my prayers, You will change the course of history.

144. (*Mama:*) In that prayer we just prayed, we were asking the Lord to help us to put the power of prayer to use, and not continue to do things in our own strength. That's the first step; we've got to decide, we've got to make up our mind that instead of trying to do things our way and fix things ourselves, that we are going to depend upon the power of prayer. The next step is that we're going to have to have the faith that it's going to work. We're going to have to take our burdens to the Lord and leave them there.

145. Prayer is an exercise in faith, isn't it? But as long as we keep praising and thanking Jesus for the answers by faith, then we don't have to worry about them anymore. And if we're claiming those keys of praise, we're not going to be able to be listening to the Devil or thinking about anything negative. Our mind is going to be so much on Jesus and on His Word and on His promises, that we're going to know that He's never going to fail us.

146. Leaving our burdens with the Lord, and praising Him and going on in anticipation of the answers, knowing of a certainty, being assured that He is going to answer us, will give us the joy of the Lord, and will dispel all the stress and the strain in our lives.

147. The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people. And this is the thing that people look at us to see: Are we happy, do we have joy? Otherwise, they don't want to have what we have. Why should they? No use trying to convince them that they should take Jesus, because if Jesus doesn't give us joy, well, they don't want any of it, because people are looking for happiness in their lives. That's really what's the most important thing to them.

148. So the thing that we need to search after with great diligence is the joy of the Lord. We need the joy not only for our sample to others, but we need it because it's our strength. And resting in Him, casting our burdens on Him, giving Him first place in our lives and in our time, is going to bring that joy.

149. Here's something that I like, that I want to read to you about the joy of the Lord.

The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people,
The sunshine that scatters their sadness and gloom;
The fountain that bursts in the desert of sorrow,
And sheds o'er the wilderness, gladness and bloom.

The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's burdens,
And gives to each duty a heavenly zest;
It sets to sweet music the task of the toiler,
And softens the couch of the laborer's rest.

The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's trials,
And lifts the crushed heart above sorrow and care;
Like the nightingale's notes, it can sing in the darkness,
And rejoice when the fig tree is fruitless and bare.

150. And here's the little chorus, which I'm going to sing once, and then maybe you can try to sing it along with me.

Oh, the joy of the Lord is my strength and my song,
My sorrow and sighing are o'er;
I'll rejoice in the Lord, I'll rejoice in the Lord,
I'll rejoice in the Lord evermore!

151. Let's sing it again!

Oh, the joy of the Lord is my strength and my song,

My sorrow and sighing are o'er;
I'll rejoice in the Lord, I'll rejoice in the Lord,
I'll rejoice in the Lord evermore!

Oh, the joy of the Lord is my strength and my song,

My sorrow and sighing are o'er;
I'll rejoice in the Lord, I'll rejoice in the Lord,
I'll rejoice in the Lord evermore!
I'll rejoice in the Lord evermore!

152. It's so sad that many Christians miss having this joy, which is one of the most important sources of strength. So many treat joy and happiness like it's something to be avoided if they're going to be close to Jesus, when it's the very power that helps us to be His disciples. I hope that we always keep His joy alive and well in our lives and Homes.

153. What happens when we don't slow down? What happens when we don't rest in the Lord? We lose that joy, don't we? You certainly aren't having much fun when you're hurrying around and you're worrying and flurrying and you're not taking things to the Lord, you're not going to Him for His answers, for His perspective on things. And then life becomes a huge burden, a drag on your flesh and a drain on your spirit. But more than that, what else happens? How do you think it makes Jesus feel?

154. Well, think about that for a minute.

155. I'm going to read you something that portrays the way He feels when we have lost our joy and we've taken on the burdens that He should be carrying.

156. And this is a poem by a very famous French mystic called Madame Guyon, who had such a passionate relationship with her Savior that when she refused to stop talking about it, she was imprisoned in the Bastille, the very worst of the French prisons. But this only made her passion for her Husband more intense, and when they finally let her out, she continued to write and

talk about it. He cared for her all those years in prison and He held her in His arms and He loved her, and their relationship did nothing but blossom and grow. Though the times were very difficult physically, it was an exhilarating, thrilling time for her spiritually.



157. Anyway, she gave this poem to us recently about how Jesus feels when we lose our joy, and when the stress and strain of trying to do things in our own strength becomes so great.

I paused for my Love
At the close of day,
Exhausted and torn,
Life's joy ebbing away.
By suffering and strife,
I had made it through,
But Your eyes, though still loving,
Held a saddened hue.
"Is it I who have made You sad?"

Weary and worn
I had come to my King,
Expecting "Well done,"
Maybe angels will sing!
Slow, dragging my spoils,
Through effort, hard won.
But the pain I perceive
Has now hidden the sun.
"Is there more I've not done?" I ask.

"I thought You'd be glad
When the task was complete,
And my long day was done,
My work laid at Your feet.
What have I done wrong?
Did I fail once again?
Did I miss some small part?
Did I fall down in sin?
Why do I sense such deep pain?"

He said, "My darling, My hands do not long
For one tired and worn.
My eyes draw not joy
From one bleeding and torn.
I long for a bride
With no thought but of Me,
I reach out to touch you,
But what do I see?
Lifeless works, but not you, in My arms."

I exclaimed in dismay,
"Oh, fool that I am!
For my labors in vain,
While striving to please
Had only brought Him more pain.
Do I try even harder
His love now to win?
What strength do I have
Now to win Him again?
Oh, forgive me for failing!" I cry.

He answered me,
"Cast aside all this strife.
Bring yourself now to Me,
Fill the role as My wife,
Find My love pure and free.
For I long for your touch,
Nothing more than your heart.
But it can't be divided,
I can't claim just a part.
Then My joy you will evermore see."

Now I walk with my Love
At the close of the day,
My efforts without Him
Have faded away.
It's His work, Him I praise,
We now labor as one,
Till at last 'neath the stars,
Hand in hand, we do run,
And a deep, wondrous joy
From His eyes lights my way,
And my heart is at peace,
As His lips gently say,
"I love you, My queen and My bride."

158. Can you picture yourself in this poem? Have you done the same thing? I know that I have. And to think how I have saddened my Husband brings me a lot of pain. Jesus only wanted me; He didn't want the bedroom slippers. He just wanted me, His wife, in His arms.

159. These are lines that we could do well to review regularly and pray desperately that when we come to Him at the end of our day, or at the end of life's day, that He won't look upon us with sadness, but that He can say to us, "I'm proud of you, My wife."

160. And here's a prayer that one of the writers of the late 1800s wrote. She didn't want to see that pain in our Husband's eyes that we just talked about. She had the vision that as she rested in the Lord and leaned on Him, took her burdens to Him, and waited on Him, that then as she came out of the temple she would have the strength to do His work. It would be joyful, and without stress and strain, not exhausted and worn and bleeding.

161. This woman's name was Frances Havergal. And one of the reasons I was impressed with her is that she said that she never wrote a line without first praying over it, and she wrote many lines in her lifetime.



162. She says, "I believe that my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly and go on with it. That is how my hymns come. Writing is praying with me. You know how a child will look up at every sentence and say, 'And what shall I say next?' This is just what I do; I ask Him that at every line He will give me not merely thoughts and power, but also every word, even the very rhymes."

163. Doesn't this sound like what Jesus has been asking us to do? And here it applies especially to our musicians. Maybe you thought this was a new concept, but you can see that there were musicians in the past who got these very beautiful, powerful songs, right from the Lord word for word. I believe that many of the great songwriters did.

164. Frances Havergal's mission was to sing and work for Jesus, and she wrote many songs. Here are the words to one of them, and this certainly can be our prayer as well. Some of these men and women were tremendous role models, weren't they?

Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children lost and lone.

165. And here again is that passion in the writer's heart to win others to Jesus that so many of the Christians of the past had.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
Lord, wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine Own sweet rest to me
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In ardent thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

166. That just about says it all, doesn't it? That's what we want the Lord to do with us, and what our earnest prayer is: for Him to use us, to speak through us, to feed us so that we can feed others; to strengthen us so that we can in turn strengthen others; to teach us so that we can teach others. And in order to do that, of course, we have to keep going again and again for our filling and our strengthening, because we can't do it out of an empty cup. We need the refreshing that temple time brings us.

167. Here's a poem one of our folks wrote after reading the Letter "Temple Time." You might want to call your temple time anything that is meaningful to you personally: your King's court time, your celestial sphere time, or your Husband time, or touch time, maybe refresh or revive time, your treasure chest time, whatever handle is meaningful for you. It could be quiet time, your mountaintop stop, your Jesus break, or your stress reliever time.

Your presence was meant to cover me,
The breath of Your Spirit to comfort me,
Your body destined to love me,
And Your whispers to bathe me in calm.
Yet oft I struggle and tire in battle,
Grow weary and lonely because,
I neglected the simple wonder,
Of time in the temple to pause.

Oh, refresh my spirit with one breath;
Clarify my mind with one strain
Of Your heavenly, exotic music,
To clear all my thoughts away.
Come solve every problem with one glimpse,
And make it worth it all.
Come shower Your fragrance upon me,
And cradle me in Your song.

For I long to hear Your beautiful music;
I wish to marvel at Your sky;
How I crave the breath of Your elixir;
To the height of Your presence I fly.

168. I just feel like praising the Lord again for all His wondrous works to us, His children of the End. When you take time with the Lord to focus on Him and His love and His Word and His provision for us, you almost get overwhelmed with how amazing and marvelous He truly is.

169. Here are some beautiful words, paraphrased from Psalm 148, from a man named William Kirkpatrick, who lived from 1838 to 1921. I asked the Lord to give me a melody for this, I thought it was so beautiful, and again, our dear musicians helped me with it. It might be quite tricky for you to learn to sing it, though. It was basically a one-take and I sang each stanza slightly different, which is not what you normally do, but at least you can praise the Lord along with me as I sing it.

170. By the way, many of the older writers used the Psalms as a basis for their songs. In fact, the first songs of the church were the Psalms put to music, and this practice was continued for many, many years. Okay, here it is:

Praise the Lord, sing hallelujah,
From the heavens praise His Name!
Praise the Lord, our great Creator,
All His angels praise proclaim.

All His hosts together praise Him,
Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
Praise the Lord, O heaven of heavens,
And the clouds that roam the sky!

Let them praise the Lord, their maker,
They were made at His command,
God established them forever,
His decree shall ever stand.

Let the Earth sing hallelujah,
Raging seas and creatures all,
Fire, and hail, and snow, and tempests,
Stormy winds that hear His call.

All the fruitful trees and cedars,
Every hill and mountain high,

Creeping things, and beasts, and cattle,
Birds that in the heavens fly.

Kings of Earth, and all the people,
Princes great, Earth's judges all,
Praise His Name, young men and maidens,
Aged men and children small.

Praise the Lord, sing hallelujah,
For His Name alone is high,
And His glory is exalted
Far above the Earth and sky!

171. Hallelujah! Thank You Jesus! Thank You, precious Love! That just thrills me and carries me into the spirit! As we praise You, we know we're going through Your gates and we're entering into Your courts, and we feel Your presence through our praises to You. Thank You, sweet, dear, precious Husband. We exalt Your Name, dear King, Your glory, our great God, above all the Earth and the sky!

172. You know, truly resting in the Lord and making it a lifestyle is learning to use all of our spiritual weapons—our invincible weapon of praise, our weapon of intercessory prayer, of hearing from the Lord in prophecy, of loving Jesus intimately, of taking the time to meditate, just thinking on Jesus and His great power and love and how awesome He is, and letting Him fill us with a little bit of His power and radiance.

173. The next writer, Mary S. Edgar, used these weapons. I don't suppose she would have thought of them as spiritual weapons, but she put them to use in a personal experience she had, that I'm going to tell you about.

174. Mary was a young woman in the early 1900s when she was working with the Young Women's Christian Association, and she had taken up a temporary post in a large city in a very rough part of town. The girls who came there were often straight out of the nearby slums and had known little or nothing of life beyond

what she called "cold gray canyons of stone and mortar that had held their lives prisoner."

175. Mary Edgar herself tells the story:

176. One night, a young girl came to the shelter. She wouldn't tell us her age, though she couldn't have been more than twelve. Her body was wracked with sickness and the scars of beatings. I'd seen traumatized girls, but the sight of one so young just wrenched my heart incredibly. I spent many hours talking to her and doing what little I could to help her.

177. We talked of her life and I asked if she had ever gone to the countryside. The blank look on her face told volumes. It broke my heart, because from the time I was a little girl, what had opened the doors of Heaven to me was always a walk in the woods. The sounds of creation praising the King of kings could lift my spirit to His throne and take away the struggles and pain that would try to flood my life.

178. I began to describe to her the wonders of walking in the woods and mountains, the sounds, the peacefulness, the beauty. Her eyes filled with tears to know that such places existed. (In case some of you are wondering how this could be, I want to add that this was before the days of TV.)

179. Her eyes filled with tears to know that such places existed.

180. "Do you think someday I might get to see a place like that?" she asked in a tone that made it sound like a dream, too good to be true.

181. I took her hand and promised that I would take her there the next weekend, but that more beautiful than all the wonders of the countryside were the wonders of Heaven, where perfect beauty was everywhere. I told her she could have that beauty living in her heart every day with Jesus, and she eagerly prayed to receive Him.

182. That Saturday I waited for several hours at the center for Liza to arrive, but she

never came. I became concerned and asked some at the center who had known her, and after several more hours of searching and asking, I found out the painful news that Liza had died from a beating at the hands of a brutal, drunken father.

183. It just broke my heart to think that she never got to see the wonders that existed just outside of her gray and cold world, and this became the catalyst that set the direction for my life. I determined that I would do all I could to help children and young people alike to find the beauty that lay on this Earth, which our Savior has made for us to enjoy, and through it, to grow closer to Him.

184. (*Mama:*) But the story doesn't end there. Mary Edgar continues:

185. It was some years later that I received peace through a visit from Liza in my times of quiet meditation. She told me that she had gone home that night after we'd met. She had wanted so badly to see the countryside and she had begged Jesus to make a way. Jesus had told her that He had an even better idea. He wanted to show her the most perfect forests, filled with wonders that not even Earth could contain.

186. She told Him she'd love to go, and days after, He had taken her Home to be with Him. Now she could not just go once to the countryside, but she had a beautiful cottage in a small clearing in the most perfect forest, where new thrills greeted her every day. And she wanted to thank me for helping her to find that place and its wonderful King by giving me a poem that she'd written in praise of Jesus.

187. Then came this beautiful rhyme to my heart. I understood then that even such seemingly painful events as the loss of Liza to my sight, was actually a gift of love from a kind and gracious Lord Who knows the desires of our hearts and loves to grant them to us in the best way possible.

188. (*Mama:*) These are the words that Liza gave Mary Edgar in prophecy as she meditated and reflected.

God, Who touchest Earth with beauty,
Make my heart anew;
With Thy Spirit recreate me,
Pure and strong and true.

Like Thy springs and running waters,
Make me crystal pure;
Like Thy rocks of towering grandeur,
Make me strong and sure.

Like Thy dancing waves in sunlight,
Make me glad and free;
Like the straightness of the pine trees
Let me upright be.

Like the arching of the heavens,
Lift my thoughts above,
Turn my dreams to noble action:
Ministries of love.

God, Who touchest Earth with beauty,
Make my heart anew;
Keep me ever by the Spirit,
Pure and strong and true.

189. "God, Who touchest Earth with beauty." And He certainly touched my heart with that beautiful story and the beautiful poem that Liza gave. And you know what? If Jesus hadn't given us His gifts of the Spirit and His spiritual weapons, even though we would have been able to appreciate the words to this poem, which were published many years ago as a song, we would have never had this moving story, which was given to us in prophecy by Mary Edgar as we were putting together this devotions for you.

190. I had requested that one of our channels ask the Lord if there were any exceptional stories that went along with these songs, and He allowed Mary Edgar to come and give her story.

191. I had some questions afterwards, however, because she was apparently an evangelical Christian, so it seemed quite unusual that she would have accepted hearing from this girl who inspired the poem. Normally the Christian community does not accept hearing from departed spirits, and I wondered if Mary Edgar was an exception, and did she tell others about this experience, and where was she coming from? So we asked the Lord, and here's what He said:

192. Mary Edgar was a part of the evangelical movement, but she was also a woman apart. Her times alone in the woods and forests as she was growing up had caused her to grow close to My voice and to sense My Spirit in the creation that surrounded her. It's true that this experience in hearing from Liza was difficult for her to accept, but two factors caused her to receive the truth that she was given with great joy.

193. The death of Liza had had a deep impact on her life. Again and again she came to Me to question why. Her heart could not understand why I would rob this little one, who so deserved this small kindness for all she had suffered, of the one bit of beauty she'd been offered in her misery-filled life. To Mary's mind, I had seemingly ripped this prize from her tender, scarred hands before she could experience its beauty and find its peace.

194. Mary's heart could not be consoled in this thing. Her desperation for an answer opened her heart beyond what man had told her. It was during one of these times that I sensed that she would be open to anything I would send her if it would replace this pain and nagging doubt with a renewed trust and faith in My loving ways.

195. It was then that Liza was allowed to come to Mary. In that moment of desperation she forgot all the bindings of man's foolishness. She was so overjoyed to see this one in vision—strong, whole, and above all, filled with joy.

196. She could sense the same spirit she had felt in her many talks with Me in the forest. She knew in that moment that what she felt and saw and heard were from My Spirit, even though her carnal mind wanted to balk.

197. She knew the constraints her church placed on these things and that they would never accept or understand what she'd experienced, but then, they already had rejected what she had told them: that God often spoke to her through the creation she beheld. She chose never to reveal what had transpired, but instead to let it motivate and drive her life.

198. She felt that if she could bring others who needed help to these forests, they too might in the stillness hear My voice whispering in their heart, and she was right. Many did find Me in the stillness.

199. Up to the time that Liza came to her, she had pursued her job, but with only half a heart. This vision transformed her, helping her to regain her momentum and drive, and to become the testimony she had longed to be.

200. It is sad that so many bar and shutter the windows of Heaven with their immature and fearful doctrines, instead of learning to come to Me for greater faith, and trusting Me to guide them and grant them the discernment to know who is the Enemy of their soul and who are their comrades in arms to help them win the victory.

201. (*Mama:*) There are many lessons that we can get out of this testimonial from Mary Edgar, this beautiful story, and what our precious Husband has told us. I'm not going to repeat them all, but suffice it to say that these are the kind of miracles that come to those who wait on the Lord, who rest in His arms, who stay quiet in His stillness, and who desperately want to hear His answers.

202. And even though it's sad that so many Christians—in fact, almost all of them—shut the door to the wonders of Heaven and of the spirit world that they could partake of, still, it's a very

happy thought that those who truly seek for the truth will find it and will be filled, and the Lord will break through to them and give them the answers they so desperately seek for.

203. Remember, the Lord said that in spite of Mary Edgar's mindset against many of the things of the spirit, the two factors that had helped her to receive the truth joyfully were what?—Yes, her desperation, and the fact that she could sense the same spirit that she had felt in her many talks with the Lord in the forest.

204. And you know, that's going to be part of our job in the future when Christians are so desperate for answers, to teach them to open the doors of their hearts and minds to receive the wonderful mysteries that the Lord wants to give them. The combination of their desperation, and sensing that we have the Lord's Spirit, is going to help them to overcome their traditions and teachings against the deeper things of the spirit world. Thank You Jesus!

205. I love this prayer, and I ask Jesus to do the same for me: "God, Who touchest Earth with beauty, make my heart anew. Keep me ever by Your Spirit, pure and strong and true."

206. Now we turn to another of the later poets, a prolific Gospel writer named Annie Johnson Flint, who went to be with her Savior in 1932. You may recognize her name because there are several of her poems in the *Thots*. Her poems have touched countless millions with the depth of her love for Jesus, and the expression of her own feelings, and the looking to Jesus for His answers. Here's another poem from Annie Flint:

With the staff that had failed in my need,
Where the road had been stony and steep;
With the lamp that was smoking and dim,
Though the darkness was growing more deep;
Weary, too weary to pray,
And too heavy-hearted to sing,
Faint with the toils of the way,
I came to the court of the King.

There where the fountains fall cool,
Their waters unfailling and pure;
There where the ministering palms,
Stand like His promises sure,
Oh! there was peace in its shade,
Oh! there was rest in its calm;
And its sweet silences lay,
On my bruised spirit like balm.

Long did I kneel in His court,
And walk in His garden so fair;
All I had lost or had lacked,
I found in His treasures there;
Oil to replenish my lamp,
His kindness a crown for my head,
For the staff that had wounded my hand,
The rod of His mercy instead.

A garment of praises I found,
For the sullen, dark garb I had worn,
And sandals of peace for the feet,
That the rocks and the briers had torn;
Joy for my mourning He gave,
Making my spirit to sing,
And, girded with gladness and strength,
I went out from the court of the King.

207. Just another note on Annie Flint. When she was quite young, about 20, she began to feel the effects of arthritis, and it steadily grew worse, until it was difficult for her to even walk, and after a while she was obliged to give up her work and she became increasingly helpless.

208. But she started writing poetry, with a pen pushed through her bent fingers and held by her swollen joints. She started to write without any thought that it might be a ministry, or that it would even bring her any monetary returns. But it was a solace for her in the long hours of suffering, a lot like getting encouragement in prophecy, you know? Very beautiful comfort from the Lord.

209. Finally she became thoroughly convinced that God wanted her to write as a ministry. And although so crippled, she didn't bemoan her lot, and she believed that God had

a purpose in it all. And even though sometimes that purpose was hidden to her, she also believed that He had work for her to do, and she put her very best into the writing of her poems, and the result has been that her verses have an unusually deep appeal to hearts—because she felt what she wrote, and out of her suffering she was able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith she had been comforted of God.

210. For more than 40 years there was scarcely a day when she didn't suffer pain. Her joints eventually became rigid, although she was able to turn her head, and in great pain write a few lines on paper. But now she's with her Lover, her King. Now she doesn't remember the pain, in the joy that is set before her. And she counts it as just a very small sacrifice, a very small gift to the One Who has given her everything.

211. There were others of these dear men and women of God who suffered terribly, and this is something that causes many people to question: Why did they have to go through such things, when others seem to have fruitful lives too, but they're serving the Lord with relatively fewer problems or major struggles?

212. I want to read you what Jesus said in answer to this:

213. Each of you, My children, before you go to Earth, are presented with choices. You are shown the whole picture of what challenges you will face and the potential fruits it will bear, as well as the rewards that await you if you are faithful and cling to Me. I need all sorts of lives, because I must touch all sorts of hearts, and help them to understand that I love them and that they can find victory in Me no matter what the circumstances.

214. Some, like Annie Flint, saw those who were suffering in great pain, who were shut up in their loneliness, where few could reach into their hearts and lives. She knew the price, the loss, the suffering that it would take to fully relate to these, to give them and those whose lives are affected by them, the hope, the vision, the faith,

and the love to endure and to see the good that could come. She knew the price it would cost to turn these to Me. Her love for Me and her broken heart for these were what prompted her to choose this rugged path.

215. (*Mama:*) But, as she wrote in another of her poems that you know, "He giveth more grace." Praise the Lord! Thank You Jesus!

216. This is one of my favorite songs, and it certainly always proves true: He giveth more grace as our burdens grow greater. Isn't that what the Lord has said that He's going to do for us? He's promised us time after time, that, yes, the burdens are going to grow greater, the workload is going to expand, we're going to have more battles, everything is going to be intensified, but, He says, "I'm going to give you enough grace for whatever comes your way."

He giveth more grace as our burdens grow
greater,
He sendeth more strength as our labors increase;
To added afflictions He addeth His mercy,
To multiplied trials He multiplies peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,
When our strength has failed ere the day is half
done,

When we reach the end of our hoarded resources
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limits, His grace has no measure,
His power no boundary known unto men;
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

217. The next lines were penned by someone who had also experienced time in the garden of affliction. They were amazed to see that what had started out as such a trial turned into something priceless.

218. For those of you who haven't been well acquainted with major affliction, and who haven't found the treasures hidden in the gar-

den of affliction, the thought of suffering can be a fearful thing. But those who have had that experience have drawn great strength from it; while weakened in the flesh, their spirits have been strengthened and have become beautiful and radiant.

I needed the quiet so He drew me aside,
 Into the shadows where we could confide.
 Away from the bustle where all the day long
 I hurried and worried when active and strong.

I needed the quiet tho' at first I rebelled,
 But gently, so gently, my cross He upheld
 And whispered so sweetly of heavenly things
 Tho' weakened in body, my spirit took wings
 To heights never dreamed of when active all day.
 He loved me so greatly He drew me away.

I needed the quiet. No prison my bed,
 But a beautiful valley of blessing instead—
 A place to grow richer in Jesus to hide.
 I needed the quiet so He drew me aside.

219. Beautiful! Thank You Jesus for afflictions and other troubles that teach us so many things, and especially draw us closer to You, our Husband.

220. And while we're quiet, the Word becomes so much clearer to us and so much more precious.

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord, with flowers
 bright and fair;
 And everyone who seeks may pluck a lovely
 cluster there.
 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; and
 jewels rich and rare
 Are hidden in its mighty depths for every
 searcher there.

Thy Word is like a starry host: a thousand rays
 of light
 Are seen to guide the traveler and make his
 pathway bright.

Thy Word is like an armory, where soldiers
 may prepare;
 And find, for life's long battle day, all needed
 weapons there.

Oh, may I love Thy precious Word, may I explore the mine,
 May I its fragrant flowers glean, may light
 upon me shine!
 Oh, may I find my armor there! Thy Word my
 trusty sword,
 I'll learn to fight 'gainst every foe the battles
 of the Lord.

221. See if you can fix in your mind those little word pictures of the garden, the mine, the magnificent sky at night with its multitude of stars, and the armory. The Word is the most precious treasure we have, and I think this author did a pretty good job of comparing it with things that are beautiful and valuable and important.

222. If we truly value the things of the spirit, we will take time for them. We'll go slow enough to absorb God's Word, to praise and to appreciate Him, to let Him speak to us and to hear His checks. We can only hear Him—generally speaking, that is—if we're calm and we're quiet and we're waiting.

223. The other day I, as usual, got on the treadmill to do my daily get-out. I had my little fanny pack around my waist with my MP3 player in it, and I had started the player and I had the earphones in my ears, and I got on the treadmill and started the treadmill, and then I remembered that I needed to pray. So I was already in the middle of listening to something on my player, and I shot up a quick prayer asking the Lord for the help of my guardian angels and my exercise helpers and whoever else I needed to be with me and protect me. And then I continued walking on the treadmill just fine, for about 3 minutes.

224. At that point, I took off my jacket and I threw it beside me on the table. It started to fall, and I involuntarily jerked and started to

reach for it. Well, that wasn't a good thing to do while I was on the treadmill, obviously, and I fell. I fell on the moving belt. One leg was on the belt, and one was on the floor, and for a few seconds I was frantically scrambling, trying to reach the side bar to pull myself up. I finally did, but not before I had seriously scraped my knee and scraped a few layers of skin off it.

225. But let me tell you, I was so thankful to the Lord that that was the only thing that He allowed to happen, because I could have done all kinds of things to myself. I could have broken my back, and broken my leg, fallen completely off the treadmill and banged into a door that was open. I could have had all kinds of very serious injuries. But it was just my knee. And while I'm still suffering with that to some extent, at least it's healing slowly and I can walk around, I can still do my exercise, and my back doesn't hurt, and my leg doesn't hurt, except my knee's a little sore. I'm just so, so thankful.

226. And you know, I'm so thankful for your prayers, which I know have kept me protected these many years and so little has happened to me, so few accidents, so few falls. And even when I have had a few, they've been very slight and not serious. My eyes are getting better, and I just praise our dear Husband, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for not stopping your prayers, not ceasing to pray for me. Your prayers have really worked. They continue to work every day for Peter and me.

227. Well, I'd better tell you what my treadmill lesson was. My lesson was that while it was good to shoot up the prayer, and that I'm sure kept me from further injury, that little quick prayer was definitely not enough. Because I went at it so fast and I didn't slow down, I didn't take the time to listen, He wasn't able to remind me that I had forgotten to attach that little thingy, what is it?—That safety key to myself. That's that little device that plugs into the treadmill and has a cord with another little thing on the end that attaches to you, so it's attached to the treadmill and to you at the same time. So that if something happens

and you fall or make a sudden movement, or you jerk, the treadmill will stop, and hopefully you won't fall and be bounced along on the moving belt.

228. It's my habit to attach that cord when I get on the treadmill, because I know it's important, but this time I forgot it. Well, forgetting things doesn't always have to be such a big problem if you're willing to wait and be still and quiet in order to let the Lord remind you of what you've forgotten, and that was my big lesson, that I paid for. I hope that it's not a case of learning, but repeating the same mistake again. Lord help me.

229. Anyway, all that to say that we do have to stop, we do have to listen. We just can't go out in the car, for example, shoot up a little prayer, and expect that everything is going to be taken care of because we said a prayer. It's pretty important to not only say, but listen as well. Not to do all the talking ourselves, but to see if the Lord has anything that He wants to tell us. Because, when it comes right down to it, what He has to say is even much more important than what we have to say. Well, I think that we all agree on that, but it's harder to put it into practice.

230. Anyway, let's try to go slow in what we do and make sure we're doing the right thing, and make sure we get the Lord's mind on things. And the way to know we're doing the right thing is to get the Lord's mind on things.

231. Oh, here's another little something that the Lord just reminded me to share with you, something that happened quite a while ago, but the lesson is just as good for today. I think I probably had learned this lesson previously, but sometimes I don't retain my lessons so well. He certainly has a lot of mercy and patience with me.

232. This one particular day I had been prayerful, I had taken my time to pray about my day and activities, but then I did something very stupid in the course of the day. I went up to a dog who was sleeping on a pile of clothes, and I

pulled some clothes out from under him without waking him up first, and he bit me. Well, that shouldn't have been any surprise. And I finally learned the hard way the truth of that old adage, "Let sleeping dogs lie."

233. But when I asked the Lord later why that had happened, when I had definitely prayed for my day and its activities, the Lord said, "Stupid!" Well, no, of course He didn't. But He should have! He said, "Honey, you have to be careful as well as prayerful." The Lord in His mercy kept me, and it healed quickly, and it wasn't really that bad compared to what it could have been—and compared to what I deserved for my stupidity and my lack of carefulness.

234. If you get into the car and you shoot up that little prayer and then take off at breakneck speed, I don't think the Lord is going to be able to answer your prayer for safety very well. You have to be careful as well as prayerful. And being careful is something else that takes time, just like being prayerful does.

235. We can no longer have the excuse that we don't have time—we don't have time to pray, we don't have time to go slow—because the Lord has told us that He gives us the time to do all these important things. And He is telling us that being quiet, being prayerful, even being careful, asking Him about things, putting our weight down on Him, are all things that we are going to have to do for our survival. And I repeat: These are all things that we are going to have to do for our survival.

236. Here's something else that's related to taking time and going slow. It's a prayer, prayed by one of our young people.

237. Help me to be still, Lord. Teach me to get still, and not only to get still, but to stay still. To stay still for long enough that I can hear Your voice. To stay still for long enough to meditate on what You tell me. To stay still for long enough to know how to weave Your counsel into the fabric of my daily life.

238. Make me willing to hold still, so that my hurry isn't shutting You out just by virtue of generating so many other noises, sounds, and such a frantic pace of activity that I end up missing the most important part of my life—knowing You and being in close touch with You.

239. Show me why it's good to be still. Convince me that there's more value in sitting quietly, in praying, in reaching out to touch You, in loving You, in praising You, in adoring You, than there is in trying to change the world with my own two hands. Make me learn this important lesson.

240. Don't let me get away with not being still. Don't allow me to do the choosing myself, because I'm afraid I will often make poor choices. Tie me closely to You, and reshape my spirit so that I absolutely have to make time to be still. Reward me with Your presence, and change my life in Your stillness.

241. I think we can all stand to make this our prayer, as well as the one that follows. There may be a little variation, a little difference in what you would pray, but basically it all sounds pretty good. We really need it. I know I do, at least! You can adapt it a little bit if you need to, but just praying it desperately and really wanting Jesus to make a change in your life, giving Him leave to do whatever it takes to change you, will bring about dramatic results and the Lord's great blessing upon you, and I think you'll be very happy with the difference.

Still my spirit, Lord, so that You can then fill it;
Fill it with all the goodness and power and wisdom of You.

I don't want to leave this place with just a few drops in me,

Or being a quarter full, or half full, or even "almost" full.

Still me long enough that I will receive all that I need,

That I will stay open as You pour in everything
I crave,

Every ingredient to combine for the perfect
beverage,

That I may go from here and pour it out to
others.

I have nothing to give them, nothing to quench
their thirst with,

Unless my pitcher has been filled by You first.
I know they are thirsty, and I want to slake their
thirst,

But I am thirsty too, and my thirst must be
quenched.

It is a thirst that cannot be satisfied in a day, or a
lifetime,

For I will always and forever long and yearn to
drink You in.

So I come to You today, and every day, and
throughout each day.

I come to drink You in, and You nourish me.
I know I need You, and I want You with every-
thing in me.

It's just the sitting still that sometimes gets to
me.

And as much as my heart wants it, carnality tries
to pull me away.

I know I need sustenance and refreshing of
spirit,

Yet sometimes I leave having had only a few
sips,

When I could have drunk in cup after cup after
cup.

So still me and quiet me today, and keep me here
with You

Until I am complete; thirst slaked, pitcher filled,
mission accomplished.

242. That was written by one of my young
co-workers, expressing her heart to Jesus.
And I'll tell you, the Lord is answering. If
you ask Him, He'll answer, and we're see-
ing beautiful results of these prayers in the
lives of some of our young people, God bless
them. I hold the highest admiration for them.
I really thank the Lord for our dear folks,
young and old, who have stood the test, who
have passed through the fire and the water,

and who have come out beautiful, glowing,
and with a depth of spirit that couldn't have
come in any other way.

243. Do you sometimes feel like you're any-
thing but strong, or glowing, or obedient? Do you
sometimes feel like the Devil's getting the upper
hand, and that you're sinking deeper into despair
all the time? Well, listen to this. This will help—if
you'll do it, of course.

Do you feel like a pincushion and the Devil's
got the pins?

Does it seem like though you're fighting, still
each time he always wins?

When you want a fresh new start, but all your
sins he just replays,

What you need is a new vision, and it floods in
as you praise.

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.

Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall.

Are your walls all weak and shaky and the
storm's a rollin' in?

Do you feel like you are sinkin' in the deep
quicksand of sin?

You've planned the day out to a T, yet each plan
he still waylays.

What you need is a new vision; you can blast
right through with praise!

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.

Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall.

Do your troubles feel like bowlin' balls and
you're the leading pin?

Do the works you thought were made of gold
turn out to be just tin?

Does the path of hope that once was clear seem
lost in foggy haze?

What you need is a new vision; you can turn the
tide with praise.

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.

Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall!

Claim the power of praise and hit him back, the
victory's yours to win!

As you praise you'll wash defeat away, you've
done the Old Boy in.

He'll be fleeing as your arms go up, his plans are
set ablaze.

'Cause you claimed a brand-new vision through
the weapon of pure praise.

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.

Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall!

244. Hallelujah! Keep praising, dear one.
Don't let the Devil get you on the run. Don't let
him be making the progress. Just turn around
and sock him back, and then you start making
progress. Don't let him keep pushing you back
and back; you turn around and start pushing him
back!

245. Let me tell you
about a praise lesson learned
by a writer named Margaret
Clarkson, who wrote what
is sometimes called the
finest missionary hymn of
the 20th century. The song
is called "So Send I You."



246. Margaret was only 22 when she wrote
this. She had given her all to the Lord, she
wanted to serve Him. But because of a physical
disability, severe migraines, and arthritis, and a
congenitally malformed lower spine, she could
never go to the mission field.

247. She learned that during long hours of
solitude and weakness, that repeating hymns and

Scriptures could help withstand the ravages of
pain.

248. She had trained to be a teacher, but with
jobs being very scarce, she was unable to find
a job in the city where she lived, and so had to
resort to teaching elementary school in the far
north of Ontario, where she spent seven years in
a lumber camp and then in a gold mining area.

249. She says, "In the north, I experienced
deep loneliness of every kind—mental, cultural,
and particularly spiritual. I found no Bible-
teaching church fellowship, and only one or
two isolated Christians, in those years. Studying
the Word one night and thinking of the loneli-
ness of my situation, I came to John 20, and the
words, 'So send I you.' The Lord spoke to me
very clearly through these words and told me
that this was where He had sent me. As a result
of that revelation, I wrote the poem, 'So Send I
You.'"

250. I grew up singing this particular hymn
in church. Later she wrote another version,
which I'll also read to you, because the second
version was the encapsulation of the lesson she
had learned.

251. Now, this is the first version, the words
as I knew them:

So send I you to labor unrewarded,
To serve unpaid, unloved, unsought, unknown,
To bear rebuke, to suffer scorn and scoffing,
So send I you to toil for Me alone.

So send I you—to loneliness and longing,
With heart a-hungering for the loved and
known;

Forsaking home and kindred, friend and dear
one,

So send I you—to know My love alone.

So send I you—to leave your life's ambitions,
To die to dear desire, self-will resign,
To labor long and love where men revile you,
So send I you—to lose your life in Mine.

252. Did you perhaps as I read this, relate to it, and feel like, “Yup, that’s what it’s like. That’s how I feel.” You know, the Enemy can really get you down about the sacrifices that you have to make to live as a missionary, and to dedicate your life to the cause of Jesus. But just as the Lord always changes our perspective when we look up, so did He with Margaret.

253. As she grew in the Lord she recognized that she was sent to minister to others, not in sadness, not majoring on the difficulties and the trials, but in triumph.

254. She says, “Some years later I recognized that my poem, ‘So Send I You,’ was really very one-sided; it told only of the sorrows and privations of the missionary life, and none of its triumphs. So I wrote another song in the same rhythm so that verses could be used interchangeably, setting forth the glory and the hope of the missionary calling.” And here is the second one.

255. Remember in the first one how she talked about laboring unrewarded, unpaid, unloved, unsought for, unknown, bearing rebuke, scorn, scoffing, loneliness, forsaking home and loved ones, leaving your life’s ambitions, dying to your desires, being in a place where men revile you. So many difficulties and tests and trials. She practically got ’m all, didn’t she? But listen to this:

So send I you—by grace made strong to triumph
O’er hosts of hell, o’er darkness, death, and sin,
My name to bear, and in that name to conquer—
So send I you, My victory to win.

So send I you—to take to souls in bondage
The word of truth that sets the captive free,
To break the bonds of sin, to loose death’s
feters—
So send I you, to bring the lost to Me.

So send I you—My strength to know in
weakness,
My joy in grief, My perfect peace in pain,

To prove My power, My grace, My promised
presence—
So send I you, eternal fruit to gain.

So send I you—to bear My cross with patience,
And then one day with joy to lay it down,
To hear My voice, “Well done, My faithful
servant—
Come, share My throne, My Kingdom, and My
crown!”

256. That is a victorious statement, isn’t it? Thank You Jesus! That’s beautiful! Hallelujah! Just like we’re learning to wield our weapons of praise, this dear woman, Margaret Clarkson, learned also. In the midst of sufferings, in the midst of tragedies in her life, still, she learned that praise is the way to overcoming.

257. It’s not that the difficulties and the tests and the trials aren’t there, but it’s that the Lord’s grace is able to triumph over them, and with your eyes on Him, He can pull you out of the despair and the discouragement and the sadness. All that, according to natural circumstances, is there, but He can help you to rise above and to be thankful and grateful and positive and praiseful in all things—to really feel praiseful, to feel positive, because you can see things the way Jesus sees them; you can experience His grace, His peace, and His strength.

258. And you know, if Margaret Clarkson could learn to praise like that in the midst of her troubles and tests and trials, and she had many, many of them—constant suffering, emotional difficulties, financial difficulties, all kinds of difficulties—if she could learn the secret of overcoming, then certainly we can do the same.

259. We have no excuse. When we look at our lives with the Family and the wonderful support we have, the prayer power and the brotherhood, being able to be together, to be one Bride, and to make a difference together—we are so far removed from what the solitary missionaries through the years have gone through, with no one with them, no one to labor with them, no one to live with them,

to fellowship with them, to love them, no one to bear them up in prayer that really understood the situation.

260. We are so blessed. Even if you choose to look at all the seemingly negative factors, they're not nearly as negative as what most of the missionaries in the world have had to go through. So we can rejoice that the Lord has been so good to us to give us the fellowship of His saints, and the constant care from them, and constant support. It's just a very, very wonderful thing.

261. Of course, it's not that He loves us any more than He loved them; it's because of the job that He has called us to do that He has to set us in families. He has to set us in a fellowship so that we can live and work together, so that we can grow and learn these lessons together, and so that we can be a sample to the world together.

262. If we'll do what He has shown us to do in using our weapon of praise, we can turn all these things that sometimes seem so negative into wonderful triumph, wonderful glory. If we'll ask Jesus to help us to see things with His eyes, then we'll have an entirely different perspective on things, an entirely positive one.

263. It's good sometimes to hear the stories of these wonderful men and women who gave their all in the place where God had put them. It helps us to realize what a wonderful life we have, and how blessed, and how very privileged we are.

264. Another songwriter—a very famous one—and one who lived many, many years before Margaret Clarkson, was Charles Wesley, who, along with his brother, John, was very influential in preaching the Gospel throughout Great Britain. They, like Margaret, were called to be missionaries to their own countrymen.

265. For many years, both of the brothers, Charles and John, had been very zealous in church ministry, but they had never personally accepted

Christ as their Savior. But when they finally experienced the joy of a real personal relationship with Jesus, from that time their ministry took on a new dimension and great power.

266. During their lives of missionary service, they traveled many thousands of miles throughout Great Britain, mostly on horseback, while conducting a combined total of over 40,000 public evangelistic services, often three or four a day.

267. And if you're thinking, "That's incredible, and that couldn't possibly have happened," you have to consider that their lifetime of evangelism covered many years. Charles preached for 18 years straight, and his brother John had an even longer ministry. And they kept up that strenuous schedule until the Lord finally saw fit to take them Home to be with Him, to their eternal peace and rest.

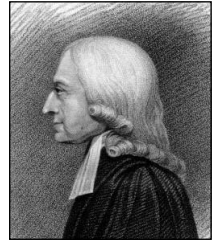
268. Sometimes it wasn't easy. They endured all kinds of persecution, were thrown into jail. They were street preachers, and some people didn't like it, just as they don't like it sometimes when we preach to them. But "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." And so they're our brethren in the Lord, and our brethren in the Gospel, and our brethren in missionary work.

269. Charles Wesley wrote no less than 6,500 hymn texts. The song, "O For a Thousand Tongues," which probably many of you have heard, or possibly know, was written on the occasion of Charles' anniversary of being saved by grace.

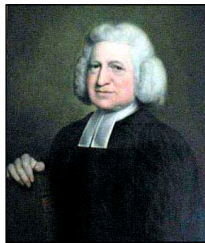
270. Here it is:

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the Earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.



JOHN WESLEY



CHARLES WESLEY

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Glory to God, and praise and love
Be ever, ever given,
By saints below and saints above,
The church in Earth and Heaven.

271. Praise just seemed to be a part of the lives of these men and women who had committed themselves and their lives to the Lord in His service, and for them, there was no turning back. And they had to praise. In order to rise above the difficulties of life, and the difficulties of the persecution and afflictions, and to have the power that they needed, there was nothing to do but praise.

272. And more and more we're going to see the same thing—that in order to stay on top of things, in order to fight the Enemy's attacks, we're going to have to be full of praise. We're going to have to be praising at every moment. Not only in our mind and in our heart, but with our lips, and making definite statements to the Lord's grace and His answers by faith, and praising Him with our whole heart, with our whole life, with our lips, and it's going to have to be something that becomes such a part of us.

273. It's our invincible weapon, remember, and it really is, and that's the only way that we're going to stay strong for the Lord. Because once you start sinking down in that depth of negativity, about the only way you can get back up is to start

praising. And then when you're back up, to keep praising, lest you fall back down again. Because the battles are very strong and the spiritual darkness is getting greater and greater, and you're going to feel it, so you're going to have to fight with all your might. And a major part of the fight is going to be praise. In whatever circumstances, no matter how bad they seem, you're going to have to thank the Lord for them and you're just going to have to keep praising. That's the only way—the only way you're going to survive.

274. And the writers knew that, and that's why they wrote so many of these beautiful praise songs to the Lord. There are so many of them that they almost start sounding the same, because they're all filled with praise for the Lord, and all the writers are trying to express what they feel so incapable of expressing: the greatness of God and His beauty, and their thankfulness for the love that He has given them, the grace that He has poured out, and the salvation that He's brought. I think that's why so many of them are calling on the creation to also praise and help them make known God's glory, since they felt so insignificant and unable to do Him justice just with their words.

275. And do you know that in Heaven, creation really is alive? The lines that the writers penned, when we reach the heavenly realm, we're going to see them in full reality. We're going to see these come to life before us. They're not just talking about ... they're not just imagining some dream when they talk about the ... the leaves that dance for joy, or the hills that leap up in gladness, or the valleys that laugh and sing, or the trees that clap their hands. They really do, and we're going to see it when we arrive in that heavenly realm.

276. Now more praises from another very famous hymn writer, often called the father of hymnology, Isaac Watts, who, along with Charles Wesley and others, were some of the earlier song-writers of the modern-day writers. Maybe this doesn't sound very modern to you, but remember

that we're talking of this era of hymn-writing. Isaac Watts lived from 1674 to 1748, and he wrote over 600 beautiful songs, many of which became very popular.

277. Before I read you the words to a couple of his songs, I want to read you a little message that he gave to us personally recently. He said:



278. I had a very unique calling. I wasn't called to preach the Gospel from a powerful or attractive body. I was given something from which great beauty could spring as the glory of the candle in the midst of darkness. I was what some might call deformed. I was very short, had a large head and huge nose. No one would ever find my sickly, uncomely flesh attractive in any way. I never came to know love in the physical while on Earth.

279. The only love I ever felt beyond my Savior's love in my heart, was a deep, abiding love for children. Their purity of spirit was a constant reminder that Another loved me so much, that it made up for the love I never felt on Earth.

280. For some, this would have turned them inward into bitterness, and for many years I fell prey to this, until one day, sick in body and heart, I could take it no more and longed for death. But my mother's words kept coming back to me again and again. These words had set me on the right path again many times even as a child when I was often scorned and persecuted. She held out a hope to me. She always told me in those deep dark moments that man's eyes saw only what was unimportant, and that for every fault in the physical, the Lord had given me a gift in the spirit. If I would only seek it out, it would more than make up for what I lacked in man's eyes, and would last for eternity.

281. So finally, broken in body and hopeless in spirit, I stopped trying to make up for what I didn't have and I cast myself into Jesus' arms. Then I began to understand that my life wasn't meant to be one of taking for myself and glorying in man's approval, but of giving—giving to the children, giving of praises and of my heart, broken as it was, to my Savior.

282. From that day on, the physical didn't matter. Though I had written many hymns in my earlier years, now I was able to write from a heart that had found true joy—joy that came from above and not from my circumstances. I wrote of the praise and joy that had finally filled my heart. I wrote of the joy of losing myself in His love, and of the simple love of Jesus that was understandable only to those who are as little children in spirit.

283. When you feel inadequate, incapable, ugly in man's sight, remember, if you will only turn it into a praise for Jesus' ways that always turn the darkness into light, then no condition can ever overwhelm you.

284. (*Mama:*) Isaac Watts wrote the words for many Biblically-based praise songs, and here's an example of one of them:

I sing the mighty power of God, that made the
mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad, and built
the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained the sun to rule
the day;
The moon shines full at God's command, and
all the stars obey.
I sing the goodness of the Lord, who filled the
Earth with food,
Who formed the creatures through the Word,
and then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
where'er I turn my eye,

If I survey the ground I tread, or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below, but makes Thy glories known,
And clouds arise, and tempests blow, by order from Thy throne;
While all that borrows life from Thee is ever in Thy care;
And everywhere that we can be, Thou, God, art present there.

285. And another beautiful song that Isaac Watts wrote, that I found when I was researching for this devotional, is in a way a Loving Jesus song. It would be like the parallel for that time of our Loving Jesus songs.

Jesus, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept Thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee.

286. That word "espousals" is of course marriages, "like our marriages, Lord, to Thee."

Let every act of worship be
Like our marriages, Lord, to Thee.
Like the blessed hour when from above,
We first received the pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,
Oh, may it ever, ever stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, or love grow cold.

Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy Name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

287. Hallelujah! Beautiful!

288. And while we're talking about Loving Jesus songs, here's another one.

Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
I'll say aloud Your Name,
Till it softly, slowly,
Sets my heart aflame.

Jesus, name of cleansing,
Washing all my stains;
Jesus, name of healing,
Balm for all my pains.

Jesus, name of boldness,
Making cowards brave;
Name that in the battle
Certainly will save.

Jesus, name of gladness,
Through the vale of tears,
Till I reach the Homeland
And the eternal years.

289. "Jesus, name of gladness, through the vale of tears." "Vale of tears" or "valley of tears" is a term used for our time on Earth where we have to go through the tests and the trials of life, and there are lots of tears along the way.

290. Thank You Jesus. Thank You for these beautiful words that strike that chord in our heart and make us bond with these writers who are now in the heavenlies who are helping us and are at our disposal and who are trying to help us to love You better and to understand the beauty of Your heart, as they understood it.

291. Another writer who was very passionate about Jesus was Frederick W. Faber, who lived from 1814 to 1863. He wrote a very famous song that you probably are all acquainted with, "Faith of Our Fathers." If you didn't



grow up in either the Protestant or Catholic church, both of which sing this song, then you probably heard it when Dad sang it on his song videos.

292. I thought it was a Protestant song all these years I grew up singing it, and when I talked to Peter about it, he said, “Well, I grew up singing that in the Catholic church.” And probably the reason for that is that Frederick Faber was first affiliated with the Church of England, but then he left because he was fed up with their lack of passion for Jesus, and he joined the Catholic church, which he felt was much more in line with the way he thought and the way he believed about the Lord.

293. Faber wrote “Faith of our Fathers” not long after his break with the Anglican church. He was a deeply devoted disciple of Jesus and he believed that a Christian’s relationship with their Husband, Jesus, ought to be deep and personal. This is what he said:

294. My superiors in the Anglican church could accept some of their nuns taking their relationship with the Lord to this extreme; after all, to them, they were just silly women, but a clergyman? Oh, no! That set their heads awl, to be sure. So I left them and I joined the Catholic faith because they were accepting of such things. The simple, trusting faith of the Catholics had no limits as to how far such passion could go, as long as it was sincere.

295. The song “Faith of Our Fathers” was my proclamation that I would fight to keep my love strong and pure, and I wrote: “Faith of our fathers, living still, in spite of dungeon, fire and sword; faith of our fathers, holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.”

296. “O Jesus, Jesus” and several others were expressions of the deep, passionate love I felt for my Savior. In some circles, such ways of seeing one’s faith was acceptable, but in others, they were no more tolerant than they are today.

297. Today the darkness has surrounded mankind like a death shroud that suffocates. Were I there on Earth today, I would be as much an outcast as you, the Family. I chose to give up anything that stood between me and Jesus, and now I’m one of the spirit helper choir masters in Heaven. Of course, my style has changed quite a bit. We have some lively numbers up here! And if some of your musicians could use a hand, you might be surprised to hear what I can inspire.

298. (*Mama:*) So here is the song “O, Jesus, Jesus” that Faber mentioned:

O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Indulge me when I say,
For very love, Thy sacred Name
A thousand times a day.

O Jesus, Lord, with me abide;
I rest in Thee, whate’er betide;
Thy gracious smile is my reward;
I love, I love Thee, Lord!

I love Thee so I know not how
My transports to control;

299. By the way, the word “transports” could be translated “emotions” or “feelings.”

I love Thee so I know not how
My feelings to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth;
My heart’s desire, my body’s strength,
My soul’s eternal health.

Burn, burn, O love, within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

O light in darkness, joy in grief,
 O heav'n begun on Earth;
 Jesus, my Love, my Treasure,
 Who can tell what Thou art worth?

What limit is there to this love?
 Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay?
 On, on! Our Lord is sweeter far
 Today than yesterday.

300. Thank You Jesus. There might be a little bit of this that you didn't quite understand, because there's some wording that is older and isn't used so much today, and that is the last stanza that says: "What limit is there to this love? Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay? On, on! Our Lord is sweeter far today than yesterday."

301. And Jesus says:

302. Picture My love as a beautiful bird climbing upwards into the sky, reaching new heights as you wonder at the lengths I will go to reach a soul, to lift the broken and lost.

303. Now read these words again, remembering that in old English the word "stay" meant to stop or reach a limit or point where you went no further, as in "stay thy hand," meaning to stop or hold back from what the person is doing.

304. Note that the word "Thou" is capitalized. This is because it is referring to Me. It is saying there is no limit to My love, and as it soars like a bird to new heights, is there anything that My love will not surpass? Where is the limit? Where is the stopping place, the point where My love fails? There is none.

305. And here again the words, "What limit is there to this love? Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay?" In other words, "Jesus, where do You stop? Where are Your limits? You don't have any." "On, on! Our Lord is sweeter far today than yesterday."

306. And here's another of those praise songs that's called, "Oh That I Had a Thousand Voices!"

Ye forest leaves, so green and tender,
 That dance for joy in summer air;
 Ye meadow grasses, bright and slender,
 Ye flowers, so wondrous sweet and fair,
 That live to show His praise alone,
 Help me to make His glory known.

Ye creatures that have breath and motion,
 That fill with life, Earth, sea and sky,
 Oh, join me in my heart's devotion,
 As I exalt the Lord most high:
 My utmost powers can ne'er aright
 Declare the wonders of His might.

307. How are you doing? Are you still comfortable? Before we wrap up this devotional, I'd like to include what I think is a very significant story by a woman named Belle, telling us of her experience, which was a turning point in her life. I think the following illustrates everything that we've been saying in this devotional today. It's like a story summary of it. She says:

308. The heart of man and its needs are the same, no matter what the outward trappings of life may appear to be. Every heart needs those moments of peace when the mind pauses in its hectic struggle to live, and the heart has a chance to slake its thirst in the deep rivers of God's love.

309. I had the unique chance to see this illustrated before my eyes, and it opened a door to me that changed my life forever. It was a simple thing, really. I was a single mother, struggling to make ends meet. My life was a rush of odd jobs, children to feed, and the multitude of tasks that fill a life.

310. I lived across a small side street from a little chapel. Like the neighborhood, it was poor and simple, though just a few blocks away was a modern glitz of high-rise office buildings and upscale stores for the executives who spent their days behind their glass and steel façades.

311. Each morning I saw a woman, much the same as myself, as she hustled her three children to a nearby bus stop, where their school bus carried them off to their day's studies. As she walked back past my window, she always looked so tired and worn. But each day she would stop and go into the tiny chapel.

312. When she left about ten minutes later, there was a visible change. A smile lit her face, and her steps were always lighter and seemed full of new energy. I never thought too much about it, as I was busy myself getting my little ones ready for their own day in school nearby.

313. At lunchtime when I returned to make a quick bite to eat, I would sit at my window and would often notice someone else going into the chapel. A large black limousine would pull up close to the chapel and a businessman would quickly jump out of the back. He was often checking his watch and walking quickly; the lines of stress were often visible on his face. But there was also a look of what almost seemed like anticipation as he went into the chapel. Like clockwork, exactly 20 minutes later, he would emerge from the door of the chapel.

314. At first I hadn't paid close attention to him, but remembering the woman, my curiosity was piqued. I began studying him as well. I was impressed by the look of calm that seemed to fill his face. His step was steady and slow compared to when he had arrived, and the lines of stress that had marked his face were gone. He actually looked younger than when he had entered the chapel.

315. I was fascinated, and began watching for people coming and going to and from the chapel.

316. That evening, as I sat with my children at the dinner table, I noticed something that at first alarmed me. A young man, dressed in leather and piercings, strolled

slowly toward the chapel. His head was hanging down as he looked nervously around before entering. I considered calling the police, but decided to wait.

317. Fifteen minutes passed before he came out, but to my amazement, he, like the others, was another person. His head was held high and there was almost a dance to his steps as he bounced out of the chapel as though life had just placed some long-lost fortune in his hands. He slid down the short railing in the middle of the steps, and practically skipped off into the night.

318. I observed these same people for a week, with the same results. I had to understand what was going on, and I decided on my one day off in the month to approach them.

319. The woman told me simply that since her childhood when problems came up, she'd been taught to find a quiet place and simply stop to tell Jesus how much she loved and needed Him and to rest there for a moment. "Life has dealt me a pretty tough hand," she explained, "but every day I just bring it to Him and let Him carry it for me. I couldn't make it without that time in there just loving Jesus."

320. The businessman was a bit more formidable to approach, but I decided to wait at the door to the chapel to ask him. He looked straight into my surprised eyes and told me that after a breakdown he'd had a year ago, a close friend had told him about Jesus, and taking time to just stop and love Him and let Him wash away the pressure. "My life is still hectic, but those moments in His quiet presence are what keep me alive and sane. To be honest, I owe my life to these times of rest with my Savior. They've become the most important appointment to me and can never be cancelled. You should try it."

321. I was dumbfounded to hear the same story from both of these. I was driven

now to know about my third person, but this took all the courage I could muster. This wasn't a very safe neighborhood and I couldn't stand in front of the chapel as I had done before, since it was evening.

322. When the young man entered the chapel, I waited for ten minutes, and then crossed the street and went inside. Somehow I felt like there was something driving me forward past my concerns and fears. There he sat near the back of the chapel, still, with his eyes closed. I waited until he began to get up to leave.

323. "Excuse me," I said a little apprehensively. He turned and looked at me with a broad smile. "I couldn't help noticing that you come here every day, and that something always seems to change about you when you come out. I know this isn't any of my business, but I'm curious what it is you do here," I asked.

324. "Well," he said, looking a little embarrassed. "I don't know. It's kind of like a place where I can come and just be me. You see, my mom used to bring me here when I was a kid, and she taught me to just get quiet and, like, picture Jesus. I know it sounds corny, and if my friends knew, they'd put me down for it. But, well, my mom died when I was 15 and I've been surviving on the streets ever since. Sometimes it's pretty bad, and I don't know if I want to keep on living like I have to, but I found that coming here like this takes me back to those times when things were really cool. I don't have to be anybody, and I don't feel ashamed of what I am or nothin'. I can just sit here with Jesus and He accepts me. And it feels good, you know?"

325. He turned and strolled out of the chapel. And that evening was the beginning of a habit that I kept up for the rest of my life. It made all the difference in the world. I learned that it doesn't matter if you have it all, or nothing at all, there's always one

thing that can make it better; as my three teachers showed me, it's all in taking the time to just love Jesus.

326. (*Mama:*) After I heard Belle relate this experience, I fervently prayed, Lord, please never let me forget this, and the importance of loving You, what it does for each person regardless of their station in life, regardless of their age, regardless of their circumstances. It's so necessary for each one of us.

327. These three, who were such a sample to Belle, I'm sure never realized that they were being a sample to anyone, or that their simple lessons were of any importance to anyone else.

328. But see, in spite of the fact that they were unaware that they were even being observed, the Lord used this to have such a great impact on this woman's life. And now, her lessons, her testimony, is being used to have an impact on our lives, to lift us and to motivate us to want to do the same.

329. It's impossible to praise Jesus enough for how He works in all our lives to accomplish His purpose and to answer the deep, desperate cries of our hearts. But we can keep trying and praising Him with everything that's in us. And here's a song of praise to our God Who has touched us all with His beauty. I think probably all of you will recognize the melody. It's a classical song called "Ode to Joy," with music by Beethoven. You've probably heard it many times, with its driving, victorious beat, but you might not have heard the words. You can almost picture the Lord in the clouds and His children praising as they sweep up to meet Him. Times to come are going to be dark, but the joys to follow are only going to be all the greater because of it.

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of glory,
 Lord of love;
 Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee, opening
 to the sun above.
 Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; drive the
 dark of doubt away;

Giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the
light of day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee, Earth
and Heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of
unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain, flowery
meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain call us to
rejoice in Thee.

Mortals, join the happy chorus, which the
morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us, brother love
binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward, victors in the
midst of strife,
Joyful music leads us Sunward in the triumph
song of life!

330. Thank You, thank You, thank You, our
great Lord of love, our Lord of peace, our Lord
of life, and our Lord of Heaven! Thank You that
we can praise You with this writer's inspired
words, as we also adore You!

331. Now that we're almost at the end of
this devotional, I want to share a revelation that
the Lord has given us about these folks from the
past that we've been hearing from and about, the
songwriters, the poets, the witnesses, the mis-
sionaries, the pastors, anyone who was trying to
live for Jesus.

332. You've probably heard the term, "Getting
back to your roots." It's used in the world to
mean learning about the history of your ances-
tors and how they have influenced your life in
order to hopefully gain a greater understanding
of yourself.

333. Spiritually for us, this "getting back
to our roots" means gaining a deeper under-
standing of how these godly men and women
of the past are a part of our spiritual heritage.
It's learning how their influence in our lives,

even when we haven't realized it, has a major
impact on us.

334. What the Lord wants us to realize is
how deeply our lives are affected by theirs, and
how dependent we are upon them. They're not
simply good samples or inspiring role models,
but they are vital to our lives. Their history is our
history, and without them we would not even be
here.

335. I think that this knowledge will give
us a new perspective and add an entirely new
dimension to our lives. It will also help us to
be more humble as we realize that they have
made it possible for us to be what we are today.
Humility is always so good for us, because the
more humble we become, the more like Jesus
we become.

336. Now, here's our wonderful Love and
Teacher to help us understand our roots, and our
foundation.

337. It's a bit like a building. The foundation
work seems to take so long and require so much
upheaval of the ground, painstaking examination
of the soil, the ground water, the potential for
erosion, even the need for retaining walls and
footers, the tedious laying of rock and cement,
and then the curing of that cement, just to get
this little, low foundation of concrete that you
barely see and that isn't even nice looking to
you.

338. Then you compare it to the rapid work
of putting up the structure, and so little effort is
required for such beautiful-looking results, that
it's a temptation to think that the construction
of the building is the truly important part. Can
you see what I'm getting at?

339. In My eyes, both are equally important.
The speed with which you can spread the Gospel
today, the glorious miracles that I've told you
you'll be performing, the worldwide attention
that your stand for Me will generate in the days
of darkness, even the amazing gifts of flowing
prophecy to guide your every step, and the relative
comfort I have granted you, compared to what

so many endured in the past with seemingly little fruit, can easily tempt you to begin thinking that you are special and different and more important than those of the past. But you must always remember that without the foundations of faith, which these faithful ones of the past laid, the building of this Endtime powerhouse of My Spirit would not be possible.

340. I have opened the door for all the experience, training, skills, and anointing of the millions who have gone before you to be at your disposal. For My second and third generations, there will not be time for you to learn the things that a lifetime of experience teaches you. Normally it would be impossible for you to fully grasp the many things that help to give you the wisdom that you will need to make it through these days ahead. But I've allowed a shortcut, both for you and the first generation, to access not just the wisdom you could gain in your own lifetime, but the wisdom and training of millennia.

341. These poems and songs that My queen has shared with you are not just nice little ditties that someone woke up one morning and decided to write, someone in their soft, comfy bed and in their life of ease and luxury, and that they decided would make a nice little something to sing as they sat in their pews next Sunday.

342. These were declarations of faith and praise, bursting from the hearts of tough and seasoned soldiers on the battlefield of life. These songs came from their hearts as their aching bodies struggled over the rocks and through the mud of this world, surrounded by the screeching missiles of doubt and difficulties, as they used the last of their strength and drive to rescue some wounded one, or to destroy the Enemy who was wreaking havoc on so many.

343. These are they who faced the massive armies of the Enemy, and against all odds still held their sword high and led the charge into his ranks, knowing full well that only a miracle could bring them through alive.

344. These are they, both young and old, who had the conviction that what they were called to do was worth giving every speck of themselves to Me, without reservation, even if it cost them their lives, and they did it gladly.

345. These are they who sometimes were called to a lifetime of continual suffering, but who had so much love for Me that they held on. They refused to give in to anything that would stop them from the task that I had called them to.

346. These are your peers in every way. Perhaps they only wrote a few poems that they are still remembered for. Perhaps they only won a tribe of people up in the mountains. But I look at the conviction, the dedication, the determination, the love and the faith that drove them to do what I gave them to do. Their testimonies live on for eternity.

347. I have already given a few of you in the Family great crosses to bear, and you have stood the test. Some have already endured unto the end. I see you as mighty men of valor standing side by side with these faithful ones of the past. For many others of you, your tasks still lie before you, and you are going to need the backup power of these of the past to support you in those battles. Each of these had others who supported them, who inspired their faith by showing them a sample; others who helped them catch the vision by their own sample of faith and conviction.

348. These great ones of the past all needed the ones who went before them, to help spur them on. Without that support, they would not have made it. It was the dedication of others before them that acted as a foundation for each one of them, and it is these who now act as your foundation. Use them to the full and their added assistance will help you to reach the goals that you have chosen to strive for.

349. You might look at them and think, "What do I need them for? This is a new day, and my generation is different from every generation that ever went before me, so I can do this myself."

350. But if you think this way, you are so, so wrong. You may have unique circumstances outwardly, but the core battles, the struggles of the spirit, are the same as man has had to face since Adam and Eve.

351. The battles of light against darkness, right against wrong, faith against despair, and life against death, are still fought on the same battlefield.

352. Dangers may have a new surface painted on them, but they are the same dangers: compromise, lethargy, fear, doubt, and distraction from the battle at hand that will give your Enemy an opportunity to deal you a blow.

353. Each generation feels they are unique, and in some ways they are. Today's temptations may seem greater, more engulfing, and more difficult to fight than in times past, but the traps of the Enemy used against each generation have had just as powerful a pull on their lives, if they chose to yield to them. It's also true that those snares can be shattered and destroyed just as effectively today as in the past, when attacked with conviction, faith, and a militant spirit.

354. This generation faces a very intense negative pull by the world, and the forces of evil seem harder to fight against than in times past. However, with the weapons you have been given, the victory is no more difficult for you than for any other generation, if you choose to seize that victory and fight for it. If you use the firepower at your disposal, you have just as much ability to overcome as any other generation has had, because you have the compounded experience, vision, and strength of all generations at your disposal, which no other generation on Earth has ever had.

355. I especially developed this era of the 19th and part of the 20th centuries—in other words, the 1800's and early 1900's—when there was such an outpouring of poetry, hymns and faith, as a time when the foundations were laid for the Endtime. So draw all that you can from

these who endured so many things in order that they might lay the foundation on which I am now building this Endtime army.

356. Let their strength and conviction bolster your own; let their determination and vision convict and envision you and prepare you for the battle of all battles. You need them, and with their help, you all will soon sit down together in My Kingdom. We will toast the victory that could not have been won without each one of you uniting as a team to bring the greatest victory of all time.

357. (*Mama:*) Hallelujah! Praise You Jesus! So beautiful, dear Love. Thank You for that insight. Thank You for opening up the mysteries of Your Spirit to us. Thank You for these words from Your heart of love. Praise You, sweet Love. Hallelujah! (*Tongues*)

358. It's so hard to find the words to express our emotions and our gratitude for our Husband's wisdom and amazing foresight. Our hearts always know what to say, but in a wonderful time like this, our minds just can't find the words.

359. At times like this, we can turn to the only adequate way to express that praise, speaking or singing in tongues, to express what our minds cannot. Often when you hear tongues, your mind can't grasp what is being communicated, but your spirit senses it, and it lifts you into the heavenly realm.

360. Last time, when the Lord led me to sing in tongues on a recording for you, it had a tremendous impact on so many people. I don't think I've gotten so many wonderful reactions to something as I did from that little song in tongues with the inspired music. It seemed to set off a chain reaction in the spirit for many people.

361. I thought it would be fitting to close this devotional with another song of praise in the spirit.

(*Mama sings in tongues.*) ■