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The Texas Herald, V. 14, No. 1, January 1963

J. A. Dennis

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GOOD NEWS

THE TEXAS HERALD

VOL. 14, No. 1

AUSTIN, TEXAS

JANUARY 1963

"LEAVE THE MIRACLE TO HIM"

(John 2: 5)

"Whatsoe'er He bids you, do it,"

Though you may not understand:

Yield to Him complete obedience,

Then you'll see His mighty hand;

"Fill the water pots with water,"

Fill them to the very brim;

He will honor all your trusting—

Leave the miracle to Him!

Bind your Isaac to the altar,

Bind him there with many a cord;

Oh, my brother, do not falter,

Can't you fully trust your Lord?

He it is who watches o'er you,

Though your path may oft be dim;

He will bring new life to Isaac—

Leave the miracle to Him!

Face to face with hosts of Midian,

Gideon's men are sifted out;

Forth they go, these chosen heroes,

With no sword the foe to rout;

Do you wonder if the victory

Can be gained by band so slim?

See, Jehovah's sword is gleaming,

Leave the miracle to Him!

Bring to Christ your loaves and fishes

Though they be both few and small,

He will use the weakest vessels,

Give to Him your little all.

Do you ask how many thousands

Can be fed with food so slim?

Listen to the Master's blessing —

Leave the miracle to Him!

Oh, ye Christians, learn the lesson!

Are you struggling all the way?

Cease your trying, change to trusting;

Then you'll triumph every day!

"Whatsoe'er He bids you, do it,"

Fill the water pots to brim;

But remember, 'tis His battle —

Leave the miracle to Him!

Christian worker, looking forward

To the ripened harvest field,

Does the task seem great before you?

Think how rich will be the yield!

Bravely enter with your Master.

Though the prospect may seem dim,

Preach the Word with holy fervor —

Leave the miracle to Him!

—Thomas H. Allan

GOOD NEWS

THE TEXAS HERALD

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Editor J. A. Dennis

"The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit, and they are life. (John 6: 63)

GUEST EDITORIAL

KINDLING WOOD

By C. H. CAMPBELL
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Every true child of God is a constant seeker for more of God and for the advancement of His kingdom. The more spiritual he is the stronger the desire for fresh new infillings. Over against this ideal state, church history, from Pentecost to the present, records a monotonous pattern of cooling off and settling down in complacency; resting under the glow of past blessings and achievements instead of seeking more and better experiences. Oh, yes, there are occasional partial revivals or there would be no life at all.

The account of the seven churches of Revelation 2 and 3 from our Lord's lips is unique in that it not only lists seven different types but traces the church age up to today. Five of the seven churches needed revival, and Laodicea — typifying today's church — receives the strongest rebuke. Lukewarm! Of course a dead, cold church is good for no one, but Jesus seemed to prefer Sardis — "I would that thou wert cold or hot."

What does our Head desire? What is the answer? Fire up! Dr. Vance Havner, the southern evangelist who preaches in the spirit and power of an Elijah or John the Baptist — mostly to the

church, recounted recently in the Pittsburg convention that as a lad his job was to start the home fire each morning. Standing shivering on the hearthstone in his bare feet, he would clean away the dead ashes and look for an ember or two that was still red. Then reaching for kindling wood nearby which he had prepared the night before, he placed it on the embers and, with his face close, blew hard to revive the dying fire and get a spark or two.

Finally the tinder-dry wood was ignited and the little blaze set the contents of the grate on fire. "Never," said Mr. Havner, "did I try to light the big backlog first! — Now my altar call is: Who will be kindling wood for a revival in this church?"

Let us examine the properties of kindling wood as we consider ourselves as such. It could be that we have become so modern and up-to-date that we may miss the point — everything has become automatic, perhaps even our religion isn't even "old-fashioned." First, kindling wood must be cut small and from combustible material, wood shavings are the best, so that a tiny spark will ignite them. Let God cut us down to size; we're too big, at least in our own opinion. Oh that we might get the John-the-Baptist experience: "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30).

Another fact about kindling wood is that it is spoiled for any other use. The saints who are all out for God are spoiled for the world but eminently fitted for setting other hearts aflame. They are remnants, and "God is still in the remnant business."

Next, kindling wood must be dead — green wood resists the fire. Just so, there must be a drying out, a death to the world and its applause. The sap of worldly ambition and self-interest must be evaporated — and it will be when under the warm rays of the "Sun" of righteousness. "The body of sin" must be destroyed. Then the fibers of our souls will reach out and welcome the Holy Ghost fire which sets us aflame! And the fire will spread!

Make no miscalculation: no dead church or individual gets on fire until "ye who are spiritual" catch a fresh flame! The kindling wood set on fire does the work. Revival starts in the hearts of those closest to God. Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, was riding to his Sunday appointment. Feeling cold and indifferent in his soul, he dismounted, tethered his horse and, falling on his knees under a tree, confessed his coldness and plead for a fresh infilling. The fire fell. He arose, mounted his horse and rode on to the waiting congregation, hours late; but the delay was worthwhile for one of the greatest revivals Wales had ever experienced broke out that day.

Wherever fire is there is either containment or conflagration. We spend billions of dollars and employ millions of fire-fighters to control and extinguish fire. This is repeated to the spiritual shame of us — the spiritual fire should spread and spread. There are many spiritual fire-fighters even occupying our pulpits, especially in modernistic churches, also in formal churches. Should a sanctified saint emit a fiery amen or hallelujah in their services, he and his fire would be ejected. The first church was ushered in when "tongues of fire" were evident on every head of the 120, indicating inner burning.

But how about the evangelical and especially the holiness groups? Surely we're not engaged in checking and putting out the fire — we must never seek to contain it, but spread it. Our trouble is rather the lack of it. Oh yes, we have it, but it seems so easily contained! Everywhere I meet God's chosen, there is unanimity that revival is the need — Oh Lord, send the fire!

Would that we might be an energetic band of holy arsonists, busy starting spiritual fire everywhere we go until the conflagration covers the earth. "Go ye into all the world" spreading the fire!

'Tis burning in my soul, 'tis burning in my soul;
The fire of heavenly love is burning in my soul.
The Holy Spirit came, O glory to His name;
The fire of heavenly love is burning in my soul.

— The Wesleyan Methodist

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SAVED THROUGH "INSURANCE POLICY"

Ghana, West Africa
August 24, 1962

Dear Saints,

I am very glad that through you I have known Jesus as my Saviour. I paved a visit to my friend and on his table found a paper entitled "God's Eternal Life Insurance." Having read it I at once believed that without God or Jesus' Blood there is no life after death.

I do beg you to write my name as one of your members and teach me to know more about God.

I have started talking to friends about God but they do not believe me, so try to send me some tracts and certificate to show that you led me to Jesus.

I am looking forward urgently to hear from you. My soul needs your help, so write to help me.

Yours in Jesus,
J. T. S.

OUR REPLY

Austin, Texas
Aug. 28, 1962

Dear Brother S . . .

We are very glad to have your lovely letter today, and to know that you were saved and gave your heart and life to Jesus Christ, after reading one of "God's Eternal Life Insurance" policies.

We do not have any "members" or any certificates of membership, but we are sending you in this letter a few tracts that will help you, in another small envelope we are mailing two of our booklets and one Gospel of John. If you read them carefully and prayerfully, God will show you what you are to do to be a real, born-again Christian.

To be saved, we must first realize that we are sinners, and that Jesus Christ is our only Saviour from sin. Then we must repent of our sins, confess them to Him, and ask Him to come into our heart and cleanse it from all sin, and forgive us and save our souls. Then He will, and will make us a new creature in Christ Jesus. Then we will be baptized, and live holy, and we will have God's promise of going to Heaven when we die, instead of burning in the fires of hell.

You do not convince people that you are a saved, born-again Christian by a certificate or membership in some society or church. You convince them by your changed life, by the Spirit of Jesus within you, that changes your thinking, your talking and your living, and gives you love for other people and a love for God and a desire to obey and serve Him. Then people will know whether you are a Christian or not, not by what you say, but by what you are.

When you talk to your friends, tell them about Jesus Christ,

Tribulation Song

By MARIE STRACHAN

I wonder what song Paul and Silas sang
In that dark prison cell so long ago —
With feet in stocks, with sharply cruel pang
Of bleeding backs, from many a dreadful blow.
What words and music rose from their full hearts?
All, all was praise. To suffer for Christ's name
Was utter joy. They could forget the darts
Of pain. Could we, were we to bear the same?
For them a mighty earthquake shook the place:
The jailed were free, the doors were opened wide.
If we, in tribulation, showed God's grace
By prayer and praise, what doors He might provide!
Oh, Paul and Silas, will you sing again,
For us some day, the song God gave you then?

—Herald of Holiness

the only Saviour, and show them in His Word where He came into the world to save sinners. Many people believe in God, but they must believe in Jesus Christ, His Son, as their Saviour, to be saved.

May the Lord richly bless you and make you a soul winner for Jesus Christ.

Sincerely,
J. A. Dennis

HIS ANSWER

Ghana, West Africa
October 13, 1962

Dear Saints,

I am very, very glad to report to you that yours dated on the 28th Aug. has come to hand and the contents are very encouraging to me in my Christian life I am practicing now.

I do know that I will grow in spirit because of your helpful tracts I am reading periodically.

I do beg you to send me about six or some of the God's Eternal Life Insurance" because the only one you sent to me is working wonderfully.

Please, I am looking forward urgently for this request and any additional tracts or books. You have changed me to Jesus, and I am also changing my friends to Jesus.

I need your help so that I may have strength to do this work. My greetings to you in Jesus. I am waiting Sir.

Your New Soul,
J. T. S.

AGAIN AVAILABLE!

"G O D ' S INSURANCE POLICY"

Promising Protection and Divine Health
for the Believing Christian, from God's
Word, and,

"G O D ' S ETERNAL-LIFE INSURANCE

Promising forgiveness of sins and Eternal
Life for all who will accept Jesus Christ
as their Saviour. Gives God's plan of
Salvation, from His Word.

As the Lord provides the funds for printing and mailing, we will send 50 of these Policies — one kind or assorted — Postpaid, to anyone who will prayerfully distribute them for God's Glory and the Salvation of souls.

This offer — a \$1.00 value — is made possible by the free-will love-gifts of those who care. If these Policies have been a blessing to you, your gift will enable us to send them to someone else. Thank you.

THE TEXAS HERALD

Box 2156 Capitol Station Austin 11, Texas, U.S.A.

Pentecost Comes To A Reformed Church Minister

By HARALD BREDESEN
Pastor, First Reformed Church,
Mount Vernon, New York

The reformed church is the Dutch equivalent of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, only the Presbyterians named themselves after their form of government and the Reformed after their theology. Both groups have the same government and the same theology. However, I grew up in a Lutheran setting. My father, grandfather, and grand-uncle and cousins were all Lutheran ministers, and it was hoped that I would follow in the family tradition. But I had other plans for my life. My uncle was in Congress, and he had promised me that he would prepare a post for me in the Diplomatic Service if I would prepare for it.

If anybody had asked me at that time, "Harald, do you love God?" I would have said, "Why, of course I do." I would have been afraid to admit the real state of my mind. Actually I loved God about as much as a debtor loves his creditor, and I appreciated His presence about as much as a schoolboy, who doesn't have his lessons, appreciates the presence of his teacher.

In my last year of college, I was at church one morning. My father was preaching on a text where Peter had denied Christ, and, feeling very much the sense that he had failed his Lord, he returned to his old job of fishing. Peter and the others had been out all night and had caught nothing. That morning, rowing towards shore in the early morning light, John spied a familiar figure on the shore and he exclaimed, "It is the Lord!" And at that, Peter jumped into the water, swam ashore, and, as I visualized it that morning, cast himself at the feet of Jesus to ask His forgiveness. Jesus didn't say one single word of rebuke. He didn't say "Simon, in your moment of opportunity you denied me three times with oaths and curses." He simply asked, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" And he repeated it three times. That morning, my father repeated this question three times, just as Jesus did. In that moment, it seemed that the pulpit, the pew, and everything else just fell aside. For the first time in my life, Jesus Christ stepped out of the Word of God into my heart, and He was asking me this question, "Harald, do you love me?"

Up to this point, I would have had to say, "Why, no, Lord, you just make me feel uncomfortable." But in the very moment that He asked me if I loved Him, He gave me a glimpse of who He was, of how altogether lovely and loving He is, and all my plans and ambitions for my life fell at His feet. I had just one desire, and that was to bring joy to the heart of Jesus!

Immediately after the service, I dashed up to the sacristy and said, "Dad, I'm going into the Lutheran ministry!" My father was overjoyed to know that he was going to have a son in the Lutheran ministry. I guess if he had known that I wasn't going to stop there he would not have been quite so happy!

That fall I entered Lutheran Theological Seminary. We had very many devout professors there who were a great blessing to me, but the man at whose feet I learned most was a Pentecostal gangster. I was hitchhiking home one day and I was picked up by this dark-complexioned young man who had headed a notorious gang in the Twin Cities. He told me that he had gotten involved in the drug traffic, and the F.B.I. had put him behind prison bars in what amounted to a life sentence. He was dying of kidney disease. He said, "Right there, on my death-bed, in the hospital prison, I began to think of the words of my godly old grandmother who had said, 'Warren, no matter how far you get from God, in your moment of need, turn to Him.' And I knew this was my last chance. I cried out, 'Jesus, save my soul!' I was lifted up off my bed. The power of God went through my body, and when I fell back on my bed, I knew that I was completely whole. And, sure enough, the prison physicians had to confirm the fact that I was completely healed. Then I was released from prison!"

Then he said, "Now, I want to hear your testimony." Up to that point I had thought I had a testimony, but it seemed as if his testimony took all the wind out of my sails. I don't know that I was aware that this man was Pentecostal, but I knew that he was in a dimension spiritually, that I had never known anything of, and that, even as I talked with him, my heart burned within

me like those two men on the Emmaus road who walked unwittingly with Christ!

The next experience along this line came on my theological internship. In the Lutheran Church we have four years of college and then four years of advanced training, one of which is like a medical internship. I had prayed that I would be under a highly spiritual minister. The Lord answered that prayer by putting me under the most coldly intellectual pastor, I trust, in the entire Lutheran Church. Because a larger portion of the large congregation were professors and students, the pastor thought he had to preach very high philosophical sermons. Most of them were far above the heads of his congregation who seemed to enjoy the thought that they had the most intelligent minister in town. One little girl, I thought, had a deeper insight, when she came home and said, "Mommy, I wish our pastor wouldn't talk so much about pillosopy."

The pastor had one thorn in his side, and that was the Assemblies of God pastor who came and set up shop in a little basement tabernacle, just a few blocks from our church. At first our pastor did not even acknowledge his existence. If he met him on the street, he wouldn't even greet him. But the time came when we could no longer ignore his presence, because some of our people were straying over to his church and never coming back.

I was given a list of derelict members to call on. The first home I came to, the wife said, "Well, it wasn't easy for me to leave the Lutheran Church. All of my family and friends were there. But when my little baby was dying of pneumonia, your pastor came and he said a prayer. Then the Assembly of God pastor came and he really laid hold of God, and didn't let go until six o'clock in the morning, when my baby coughed up an object from his lungs. And now you can see him completely healed and well!"

I thought this woman was too far gone for anything I could do for her, so I went to the next person on the list. She related that she had had a large exterior goiter. She had gone to the church to be prayed for. Nothing had happened, but in the taxicab on the way home, she had coughed up her goiter into her handbag!

The third person told me that he had been so hopelessly cross-eyed that he had to use large, teleopic lenses. He said, "They prayed for me at this little church, and, in faith, I threw away my glasses and went back on the job as a section hand. When the other men on the crew discovered the reason I wasn't wearing my glasses, they really had a field day with me, and for six weeks I went through Hell. I was get-

JESUS ORDAINS SEVENTY DISCIPLES

(News as it might have been written if there had been newspapers 1900 years ago.)

Reaching out to cover all the land of Canaan, Jesus of Nazareth who, by his teachings, threatens the country with revolution and chaos, today ordained seventy more ministers and sent them out without provisions, to spread his doctrines.

Like the twelve he sent out last year, they are to live off whoever will take them in.

We hope something will soon be done to stop this dreamer who dares to challenge our existing customs.

The Jerusalem Herald,
Dec. 15, A. D. 29.

ting extremely discouraged. I came up from the basement one morning, groping my way up by the hand rail, and suddenly everything came into focus. Now look at me!" And I looked at his eyes and they were completely straight. It was impossible to believe they had ever been crossed, or that they were the eyes of a man who would tell a lie!

I suppose I should have been very delighted to discover that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever, as the Scripture affirms, but instead of that, I was very much upset. New truth is always upsetting, and this was particularly so because, if it were true, it would mean that I would have to re-evaluate so many of the statements that I had taken at face value, that I had been taught from earliest childhood. One of these was that the Age of Miracles was past. I thought the best way for me to find out the truth of this was through a test case.

There was in our congregation a hopelessly crippled invalid, who had suffered from very painful arthritis for eighteen years, completely confined to her wheel chair. I went into the church office and I said, "Lord, if You heal today just as You did when you were on earth in the body, then prove it to me in Your Word. I'm just going to take a Bible at random off the church library shelf, plunk it down with my eyes closed, and put my finger down. The very verse my finger strikes, I want You to tell me: "Do You heal today, or don't You?" It was a very naive approach, but many times God does meet us at that naive level if we are sincere. When I opened my eyes and saw the verse my finger was on, I was astonished! It was: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases!"

And so, thus armed, I went to this woman's home and told her what had happened and I asked, "Do you want me to pray for you?" She said she would be delighted. I anointed her with oil, according to the statement of James where he says, "If any of you be afflicted, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them anoint him with oil."

I remember how small my faith was at that moment. It was, I'm sure, at absolute minimum. But I'm so grateful that God never asks much faith of us. He asks just enough faith that we obey and, if we do that, we're sure that the results will cause our faith to grow.

I went back the following day with very little expectancy, and was met by a radiant housewife. She said, "Pastor, last night, for the first night in eighteen years, I had absolutely no pain." And now the woman, instead of being a helpless, hopeless invalid, was up and around, taking care of her family.

I went back to Seminary for my last year, and I recall a sentence made by one of our most capable professors: "Boys, don't laugh at the Holy Rollers. It's quite apparent that

they're getting some Spiritual Vitamins which we lack!" Later on I had the opportunity to go back and share these Vitamins with him from my own personal experience!

When I got out of the Seminary, I felt that I was so deeply immersed in my churchy background that I really couldn't quite call my soul my own. I felt like a chick that had to burst its shell in order to live. So I went to New York City and became Public Relations Secretary for the World Council of Christian Education, affiliated with the World Council of Churches. It has member councils in some fifty-seven different countries. This was right after the war, and it was my job to enlist men of money and influence for the reconstruction of the war torn Christian Education Systems of Europe. I went to Washington and got resolutions introduced into Congress, spoke to President Harry Truman, and enlisted him as a sponsor. Then I got the King of England and about five or six other Heads of State, as well as Henry Ford, Ex-President Herbert Hoover.

"HAIL — 1963"

I used to greet each new year
In a boisterous, festive way;
But now I choose to go apart
To meditate and pray.

The year drew near its ending
And the new was soon to start.
Alone in meditation, I was moved
To search my heart.

At length I fell to wondering
Just what might lie ahead.
Would next year be a good one
Or one to fear and dread?

As thoughts grew apprehensive,
FEAR whispered in my ear:
"The road ahead is all untried
And there is much to fear."

"Its cares may be too much for you.
Your strength and wealth are small.
With want and sorrow everywhere,
Much trouble may befall."

I felt depressed and fearful
To see the new year start
Until I heard another voice
Speak softly to my heart.

"Life may not all be easy
In your future, yet unknown;
But I am with you always, and
You will not walk alone."

I recognized my Savior's voice.
He calmed my foolish fear.
And I arose with confidence
To hail the coming year.

—Roberta Johnson Beck

er, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, and two hundred people of that caliber, as sponsors. All at once the number of our contributors jumped by about 1100 per cent.

The General Secretary, of course, was delighted. He said, "Harald, we want you to think of this as your life's career. You could travel from country to country in which we have members and set up these promotion programs."

I was very much titillated about this at first. I thought, "Well, here I handed over the glamour and excitement of the Diplomatic world to serve God, and now He's giving it all back to me on a silver platter." Yet within me was this still small voice which was questioning, "Is this really Christian education. Is it really Jesus Christ that these vast sums of money are being used to exalt, and to bring these children to, or is the money going to wheels within wheels, so that the organization is becoming an end in itself, rather than a means?"

I didn't want to answer that question, because I was afraid it would cost me my job. The moment that I refused to be honest with myself on this issue, it seemed as if all the creative springs within me dried up. Whereas before I had been bubbling with ideas, now it seemed as if I became absolutely arid. It really panicked me! Nobody on the staff knew what was going on within me, but I became more and more rigid until, finally, one morning, while dressing in the bathroom, I said, "God. I cannot go on this way, half for myself and half for You, or I'll split apart! I don't care what You do with my life, whether You put me to digging ditches in North Dakota or working in a state insane asylum (those were the two worst things I could think of) just so I can be sure I am where You want me to be, doing what You want me to do!" I had no great emotion. As far as I knew at the time, that prayer didn't go above the bathroom ceiling.

But that night I found myself in the hotel room of Abraham Vereide. It was around twelve o'clock. He said, "Harald, I believe God is calling you to work among world leaders. These very men, whose money and influence you have been exploiting for public relations purposes, you should be leading to Jesus Christ!" At that thought, my inwards turned to jelly. But the fact that this call had come the very night following the morning that I had handed my life over to God seemed to be more than a coincidence. So I got down on my knees and I said, "Lord, if this is a call from You, confirm it, please, in three ways: first, make Yourself real to me; lead me like a little child; and open up the doors. Lord, if You'll do these three things for me, I'll go anywhere or speak to anyone about You!"

Again, I had no great emotion. I left Vereide's room, and was walking home through the shadow of the Empire State Building, which is a very dark, deserted part

of town at that time of night, and I asked, "Lord, how can You ever use me as a witness to world leaders?" I enumerated a long list of disqualifications. Just like the stroke of a bell came these words, "I have chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." And I said, "Lord, on that basis, I qualify!"

For the first time in my life, I felt completely secure! Up to this time, I had felt that everything depended on my own wits and I knew that one of these days people were going to discover how few I had, and I'd be way out on a limb. But now it was so marvelous to discover that all I had to be was a little child who didn't know what in the next step was, putting my hand in the hand of an all-wise God! My heart was so filled with gratitude to God for making it all so simple, and for being able to use me, just as I was, that I had to pour out my soul in praise, and thanksgiving, and adoration right there on the street! I couldn't sing a hymn — I just made a melody of praise and worship to God!

Suddenly, I was aware of a man walking right behind me. His face was shining. He came up and asked, "You're a Christian, aren't you?"

I answered "Yes."

He said, "I came up behind you, and the Holy Spirit said to me, 'I need that man. Speak to him.'"

I replied, "Well, who are you?"

He said, "You might think of me as the Lord's Minute Man. He has led me to give up my business and go out on a highway-

byway ministry like the early disciples."

"Maybe He's led you to me," I replied. "This morning I gave my life to God, and tonight I received a call from Him, and I feel so completely inadequate to work among leaders."

And he said, "Well the Lord has been using me in much the same strata." I was very much encouraged by the things he told me. He said, "God can lead you and open up doors in the same supernatural way. But, first, you must have the same endowment of power that the early Christians had before they were sent out, because Christ didn't send these ignorant fisherman out unprepared. He told them 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the world; but first, ye must tarry in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high!'"

He told me that what I needed was this Baptism of the Holy Spirit which would enable me to be an effective witness, and to be led by the Spirit of God, who would open the door into the realm of the Spirit.

Two hours later, I left for home, promising to meet him at Glad Tidings Tabernacle the following morning, which happened to be Sunday.

The next morning, we met at Glad Tidings Tabernacle. I don't remember the message — I just remember the altar call. The British guest minister said, "If anyone has a sense of need, let him come forward to the altar." I knew that what I needed was the infilling of the Holy Spirit I went to the

altar, and was met there by an old high school chum and classmate whom I hadn't seen for about fourteen years. And he said, "Harald, since I knew you, the Lord has saved me, and filled me with His Spirit, and now I'm an Assemblies of God Chaplain. I just got off my ship, and I believe God has brought me to this altar to meet you, to encourage you to continue your quest for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit!"

So I went to the Assemblies of God Camp Meeting at Green Lane, Pennsylvania, and it was almost like going to the Promised Land. I had never seen so many faces filled with light, and love, and joy. I thought of the early Christians of whom they said, "See how these Christians love one another." These people seemed to delight themselves in the Lord. I had never seen people really enjoy God to this extent before.

During their service, someone would frequently raise his hand and would speak in what appeared to be a very sublime foreign tongue. I had a smattering of linguistics in preparation for Diplomatic Service, consisting of about five different languages, so I knew the difference between gibberish and articulate speech. This was articulate speech, but the person had not studied the language being spoken. Then I went into the prayer room and began seeking for this infilling.

I was soon aware of how bored I was with my prayer, and of how bored God must be, and I thought how wonderful it would be to go to bed. Suddenly, I just took my soul by the scuff of the neck and said, "Lord, if it gives You any satisfaction, if it gives You any joy, I'll praise You till I drop!"

The moment I abandoned all thought of personal comfort, I suddenly found myself entering into a new dimension in which I was being borne along as if someone else was praying through me. God gave me such a glimpse of His Glory that my worship became involuntary. In that moment, it seemed as if I saw a large reservoir of limpid, pure water, while all around was a huge parched wilderness and desert. It seemed as if that water was yearning to burst its dikes to beautify that desert. But there was one bottleneck and that was Harald Bredeesen — not only my sins or my vices — just Harald Bredeesen seeking to realize himself and at the same time seeking to serve God. I said, "Jesus, make me after Thine own heart!"

The next morning, in the service, there came a glorious message in tongues, with interpretation. The Lord said to us, in effect, "Oh, my people, if you could only stand where I stand and see this world hurtling toward destruction, littered with broken, wounded hearts! I yearn to pour the healing balm of my gospel into these hearts, but to do so I must have channels, human channels, completely yielded and surrendered to me. Will you not yield? Oh, will you not yield?" And there was such a yearn-

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LISTEN TO

Harald Bredeesen, David Du Plessis, Jim Brown, Dennis Bennett, J. Rufus Moseley, John Osteen, Dr. William S. Reed, and other Spirit-filled men and women give their testimonies of what God has done and is doing in their lives?

Then write to the address below and ask for their catalogue of The Inspirational Tape Library, and how you may Borrow or Buy these tapes from them.

Write To:

PRAYER FOUNDATION, INC.
616 North 3rd St. Phoenix 4, Arizona

ing in that voice that, for the first time in my life, I realized that our God is a heart-broken God; that the thing that breaks His heart is not the sins of the sinners, but the satisfiedness of the saints; that we are satisfied in having so little of Him and in His having so little of us!

In that moment, I caught a glimpse of the love of Christ, as if He yearned to possess me utterly. It was as a jealous lover who would not be satisfied until he had all of me. Up to that point, I had loved God with reservations. I had served Him with reservations. Therefore, I thought that He must love me with reservations. But now it seemed that my sins and failures had no more power to shut out the love of God for me than a fly speck could shut out the sun. My gratitude to Him for His love and wanting me was so great that it was unutterable. I said, "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus!" And my hands suddenly rose involuntarily in awe and wonder! Immediately, as if a bottle within me was uncorked, my real, innermost being that had always been inarticulate was given a voice! There poured out a torrent of words in a tongue that I had never heard before! I thought, "Lord, if this language is from you, then reveal to me what it is. I'm going to leave this place and walk in the woods."

As I walked in the woods, still speaking this tongue, I was met by a little girl about eleven years old, and she looked at me, laughingly, and said, "Why, you're speaking Polish!"

I wrote on a piece of paper, "Where is there a Polish man? I want to speak to him." I was afraid to speak in English for fear I would never be able to speak in tongues again. She led me to a man standing on the stoop of his cabin. The moment I saw him, I said inwardly, "I have never met this man before, but in Christ we are brothers." And he cried out to me, "In Polish you are saying, 'We are Brothers!'"

I was preaching at a state mental hospital, on weekends, and I went to the man who is now the clinical director and I gave him my testimony. He said, "I wish I had what you've got! I would lose professional caste with my associates if I shared with them my theories regarding some of these incurables here. But I am convinced that many of them are not split-personalities, but invading personalities from without. I have been looking for the power to cast out demons as Christ promised His church. I find only two groups who pay them even lip service. One of the groups are Roman Catholics who ordain their priesthood according to Mark 16, to a three-fold ministry of preaching the gospel, healing the sick, and casting out demons. But I think it is more of a ritual than anything else, now. The other group are the Pentecostals, who claim to have this power, and I believe they do!"

I became pastor of a Lutheran Church

where I served until I was called to the First Reformed Church. The Lutherans were extremely good to me and I love them very much.

I was called to the First Reformed Church at Mount Vernon, New York, through a vision. I had just told the president of the Lutheran Church that I did not want to accept a parish ministry. I didn't feel that I was equipped for it, and that my real niche was the promotional end of the kingdom. A friend of mine called me over to her home, and told me that the night before she had seen a vision of me peraching in a church. She said after she had seen the church and the environs, a large yard, and parsonage right next to the church, she had seen my wife standing by the organ. There was a cluster of women around her and they seemed so delighted to have her as their minister's wife. Shortly thereafter, when we were called to the First Reformed Church, it turned out that this was the very church she had seen in the vision!

The Lord has enabled me to open up many doors among the "up-and-outers," which was my original calling. This church might not have seemed the best base of operation for that, but it has turned out to

be so. God has performed a great many miracles, all of them direct manifestations of the Holy Spirit!

Our healing service in this church is a very free type of worship. I do not stand up in front or occupy the pulpit. I sit with the congregation and we just wait on God to minister to us through the various members of the body. We have a number of gifts operating within the church, such as gifts of revelation, prophecy, tongues, interpretation, and exhortation. We just enjoy basking in the presence of God!

Our service last Sunday lasted for two and a half hours, after which we all felt so rested, including myself as a minister. We were all refreshed because it had been God who had been ministering to us, not a minister. I believe one reason so many ministers are having nervous breakdowns is that they, rather than the Holy Spirit, are carrying the burdens!

Let us, every minister of every denomination, first receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and then let us allow the Holy Spirit to minister through us! He, the Spirit of Truth, will lead us into all Truth, and will life up Jesus, Who will draw all men unto Himself!

—Herald of Hope

My Saviour And I

A Testimony to His Presence and Power

By THOMAS D. WHITEMAN

Dallas, Texas

MY INSURANCE POLICY — 91st PSALM

The insurance business is a multi-billion dollar business, and extends to all lands. A man without a "policy" these days is considered as lacking in good common sense. The ordinary policy pays off at the close of an earthly life, and it pays in the "coin of the realm." Many people make a real sacrifice to keep their policy in force.

But I am thinking of the one great policy for all mankind and for all eternity. It does not pay at the end of any given time — my policy pays off daily, in fact every moment of the day. The Source, or head of this "assurance" is the great Trinity — God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit — three in activity, yet one in reality. God, the Eternal Father of us all; Jesus, the Intercessor and Wayshower; the Holy Spirit as the Comforter and daily Companion.

The Promise: "With long life will I satisfy him and show him My salvation." The Home Office is in the Kingdom, and the Kingdom is in my

heart.

I also pay in the "coin of the realm," but that coin is not metal, but it is Love and Obedience to His will, Praise and Thanksgiving! My policy reads that if I continue to pay "in the coin of the realm," it not only guarantees life in abundance here, but everlasting life in the Kingdom of the Heavenly Father! What a blessed privilege it is to be a "policy holder" in that "Great Company."

The premium you pay, is to Trust and Obey!

"He that dwelleth in the Secret Place of the Most High" — is already a member!

Read the 91st Psalm — and sign up today!

I know of no admonition that is better with which to end this series, than the one with which I started: "Ye must be born again." (John 3:7)

That is the great quest of life — to be born of the Spirit!

"But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His Righteousness, and ALL these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6: 33)

Store, claim the promise as his own, and take it home with him. Health is there, and joy, and peace; authority and happinesses and the Holy Ghost. Each has your name on it and each has been paid for at Calvary by God's Son. Prayer and desire will not deliver them. But when you come boldly to claim them, by faith in his promises, they are yours.

Do you want to know how you can possess your PROMISED LAND?

First, you must Believe God's Word. Jesus said, "All things are possible, only believe." According to your faith, be it unto you." What is faith? Faith is believing that God tells the truth. Believing that what God said, He will do. And believing that his promises are for YOU. Not just for the Disciples, not just for the Jews, not for someone else — but for YOU. "God is no respecter of persons." What He promises anyone, He promises YOU.

"God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" (Num. 23: 19)

Second, you must openly, boldly claim your promise. The gold miner wrote his name on the stakes around his claim so that all could see it; he went to the land office and said, "This is mine, I claim it!" You, too, must "stake out your claim."

Have you dared to openly, boldly SAY that the thing you have been praying for, the thing God has promised you, is going to come to pass? We "write our own tickets" with our tongues. Many dig their own graves, with their tongues.

"As truly as I live, saith the Lord, as ye have spoken in mine ears, so will I do to you." (Num. 14: 28)

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering." (Heb. 10: 23)

And, **third**, you must DO something to prove to yourself, to the world, and to God, that you believe Him, and are expecting His promise to be fulfilled.

Here is what Joshua told the Israelites as they paused before the flooded Jordan. "Prepare you victuals, for within three days ye shall pass over this Jordan, to go in to possess the land, which the Lord your God giveth you to possess it." (Joshua 1:11)

"Prepare you victuals!" DO the thing you WOULD DO if you KNEW God was going to DO the thing He has PROMISED to DO!

It was the Israelites' duty to obey God and get their victuals ready. It was God's responsibility to divide the waters of the Jordan so they could cross. They proved their faith by preparing their victuals. God honored their faith by opening the Jordan for them.

Remember, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall TREAD UPON, that have I given unto you."

The Kingdom of Heaven is YOUR Inheritance.

Go in and possess it.

My Testimony

8. LIVING IN THE KINGDOM

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33)

FOOD

After the crucifixion of Jesus the discouraged disciples went back to their fishing boats. They toiled all night and caught nothing. Tired and hungry, the last thing on earth they would have expected to see was the Son of God on the shore GETTING BREAKFAST FOR THEM. But it was true! He said, "Come and dine." (John 21:12)

Twenty years ago I gave up the security of a pastorate to go about proclaiming the messages that God had laid upon my heart, wherever I found the opportunity. Selling furniture and car, my wife and I stepped out on God's promises and Christ's command:

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on . . . but seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6: 25, 33)

In those twenty years we have never been without sufficient food.

SHELTER

When Jesus went to Jerusalem for his last Passover Feast, the disciples were worried about finding a room in the crowded city where they could eat the Passover together. Jesus sent them to a certain street where they found a room ready and waiting for them. (Mark 14: 12-16)

We have done considerable travelling during these 20 years of congestion and housing shortages. We have made it a practice not to write or wire ahead for a room, believing that God would have one ready for us when we arrived. I could tell several experiences, some of them amusing, all glorious, as a result of this "trying out" of God's promises.

Sixteen years ago our only daughter was expecting a baby, and my wife had gone to Minneapolis, Minnesota to stay with her. She wrote me that the doctor had said a Caesarean operation would probably be necessary and that our daughter was frightened. I was praying for her as I travelled towards Cedar Rapids, Iowa to see a brother and visit the Amana Society, a religious colony nearby. The train would reach Cedar Rapids that night and I intended staying with my brother over night and going out to Amana on a bus the next day.

Learning that my train would go through Amana that evening at 6:00, I felt guided to get off and stay there that night, look over the colony in the morning, and go on to Cedar Rapids the next day by bus. I got off the train and carried my heavy suitcase for several blocks through the dark village until I came to an inn. Going in I asked for a room.

The clerk said they had none. I asked to see the manager and while waiting for him, enjoyed a good meal in the dining room. I then explained my visit to the manager, but he had no room and said there was no private home where a room would be available.

Then he offered to drive me to an adjoining village of the same colony, where there was another small hotel. As we drove the three miles, he answered my questions about the society. Arriving at the other country hotel, we went in and he said to the old man who came out from a room back of the desk,

"I've brought this gentleman over to get a room."

The old man said, "Why didn't you give him one?"

"I didn't have any," said my escort.

"Well, what made you think I have any?" the old man replied, "I've been turning them away all day."

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But I found I could not ask God to take care of her

as I had been doing previously. The words that kept welling up inside me were those of a Negro woman I had heard pray in a little West Texas church several years before. She had knelt and given simple thanks for her meager possessions and blessings, and instead of pious platitudes had repeated emphatically, with shining face, "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus!"

All I wanted to say that night was, "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus!" For the first time I felt assurance that our daughter would come through alright. About 10:30 I went to bed feeling very happy.

The next morning I caught a ride back to Amana in a company car, talked to the secretary of the colony corporation, visited the stores, and took a bus to Cedar Rapids. My brother told me that my wife had been calling from Minneapolis. When I got the call through, she told me our daughter was the mother of a fine baby boy, and had no trouble at all. She had gone to the hospital at 8:00 the night before, and at 11:00 the baby was born naturally, to the surprise of the doctor.

MONEY

Peter was once worried about paying his income tax. The tax collector had stopped him and asked about it. Jesus told him to go down to the shore and throw in a hook and he would catch a fish with a coin in his mouth which would pay the tax for both of them. (Matt. 17: 22-27)

At times during these years as a wandering minister and free lance evangelist I have been down to a few cents in my pocket. Occasionally I must walk places because I do not have city bus fare. I then know that the Boss thinks I need exercise. Golfers pay money to walk off their waist lines, so I step out gladly, for I can walk free. But whenever rent time rolls around, or a trip must be made, I have the necessary funds. Two months before the trip to Minneapolis, recounted above, I didn't have enough money to buy a ticket anywhere. But a meeting, a business deal, a bill slipped in my pocket, and I had money enough to make this 1000 mile tripe, stay two months, and leave some money for the new grandson.

PROTECTION

Once when Jesus was crossing the Sea of Galilee in a boat, He fell asleep and a fierce storm came up. His disciples despaired of their lives and woke the Master. He arose and rebuked the wind and sea, and also the disciples. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. 8: 26)

They seemed to forget that God had sent Jesus to earth on a special mission, and wasn't going to let Him drown before that mission was accomplished. Wm. A. Buttrick, in "Prayer," says "God will keep a man until his word is spoken and his work is done. And any man that is a man will not ask for one breath more than that." Peter says, "Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" (I Pet. 3: 13) And the Psalmist, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." (Ps. 91: 10)

Since a small boy I had been afraid of ridicule, of the dark, of violence, of death. When I set out to see if God could be trusted, this fear had to meet the test.

I deliberately made myself quit locking doors, night or day, at home or in strange hotels or cheap boarding houses. Anyone can come into our living quarters, day or night, rifle our clothes, and take our possessions when we are away, or do violence to us while we sleep. We have felt secure because we were on God's business and had nothing we thought belonged to someone else. Only those with more than their share, must protect it with locks and guns and bombs.

One place where I was working during the week and preaching on Sunday, a drinking, swearing, booted rancher came up to me and in almost insane rage threatened to mob me and run me out of the country if I didn't leave, because I had been saying, and trying to do some of the things Jesus said and did.

I cannot say I was unafraid. He was big and rough and had once killed a man. As calmly as I could, I told him my religion was not the "running kind." After that I had to pass his house every day, and my knees often knocked together as I looked to see if he was coming out with a gun.

When I came in sight of his house, I would begin to repeat, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." (Acts 18:9-10)

This man caused me to lose the job I then held, but I made myself stay in that community for a full year afterwards, and saw the day when he spoke to me civilly as we passed on the street. Now I can walk calmly down any dark city street at night, in Negro, Mexican or rough white section, if on God's business. With my Bible in my hand, I feel much more secure than if I had a six gun on each hip.

A DONKEY

"He could have had a stallion,
And on his head a crown,
Instead, a simple donkey,
He chose to ride to town"
—Dorothy Samuels.

When Jesus approached Jerusalem for his Triumphal Entry, He sent two of his disciples to a nearby village to bring a small donkey which they would find tied at a certain corner, waiting. (Mark 11: 1-10)

If the donkey could have reasoned and talked, he would probably have said, "You've made a mistake. I am not the one to carry Jesus in the parade. Go get a big, fine horse, a gold trimmed saddle and bridle. I'm not worthy or able. I'm not trained to the bridle, and not broken to the saddle. No one has ever ridden me, and I don't even know the way to Jerusalem. I'm just a dumb donkey. Go get someone else."

Jesus calls mediocre people like you and me to do some special task. We often excuse ourselves and say, "No, get someone better qualified." The donkey didn't realize that it wasn't necessary for him to know the way to Jerusalem or be trained to the bridle. If he obeyed the gentle pressure of the rider's knees, he could not go astray. The Rider knew the Way!

Neither did the donkey realize that if Jesus had chosen a prancing steed that day, one with flowing mane and waving tail, the crowd would have said, "See what a pretty HORSE he is riding." But who would give a second glance to a donkey? It was, "Behold the MAN!" (John 19: 5)

God revealed to me in this story of the donkey, the entire obligation of my life. How often had I, like the donkey, said, "No, get somebody else. I'm not properly educated, not big enough, or wise enough. I can't do it." Then I remembered that Paul said:

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are

not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." (I Cor. 1: 26-29)

It dawned on me that Christ didn't need wise men to serve Him. He had all the wisdom necessary. All He needs are men who will OBEY. He knows the Way, He can give all the orders necessary, but He has a terrible shortage of help who will obey, without talking back or trying to do the job some other way.

Perhaps that is why Jesus, in choosing men for the twelve most important positions in the world, that of being his Apostles, passed up the lawyers and theologians of his day.

Then I realized that the donkey couldn't be led to serve Jesus until he was UNTIED, and if he pulled back on the rope it was difficult for anyone to get him loose. And I saw that I, like that other donkey, and perhaps like some of you, had been pulling back on the rope. Jesus had sent his Messenger, the Holy Spirit, to untie me from myself, my doubts and fears and inferiority complex. That he didn't need, nor could He successfully use, learned men who were wise in their own conceit, but that He desperately needed men who didn't know any more than to trust Him and believe everything He said.

I said, "Lord, all of my life I've tried to think of myself as a prancing, handsome steed that you'd be proud to have lead the parade. I see now that you couldn't use me while I had that idea. I realize now that I'm just a donkey, like that one you chose, with no college education, no great eloquence, no fine clothes, no dashing appearance, or compelling personality. But if you need another dumb donkey, Lord, here I am. I've quit pulling back on the rope."

Since then I've found that He has a job for me where ever I go. It may be keeping books for some business or holding a revival meeting, or cheering up a traveller on the bus, or writing or praying. There is usually some vacant pulpit to fill on Sunday, and He has given us the ministry of Words of Life and The Texas Herald, to spread the Good News about Jesus and the Kingdom of Heaven.

He has a job for you, if you are willing to be a donkey, and quit pulling back on the rope.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Before Jesus left this earth, He promised the disciples a Helper, another Comforter, the Holy Ghost. (John 14: 16-18; John 16: 7-13; Acts 1: 5, 8)

For years I had sought and prayed for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. When finally I quit pulling back on the rope, the Messenger was able to lead me to Jesus, and I received the Holy Spirit as He promised. Now I know the joy that Jesus had, even as He faced the Cross; the joy that the disciples had even when they were beaten for preaching Christ; the joy of the Holy Ghost.

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. 14: 17)

HEALING AND HEALTH

About 20 years ago I took the Great Physician as my only doctor (Exod. 25: 26), and his Word and Grace as my only medicine. Since that time He has healed me of a touchy, nervous stomach, delivered me from sinus trouble and hay fever, and fifteen years ago took off my

glasses that I had worn for 20 years, restored my vision, and keeps me well and strong, for which I give Him all the thanks and praise. About 14 years ago He healed my wife, instantly, of tumors which the doctors had said would put her in a wheel chair unless operated on immediately. He keeps us young and well and happy, as He has promised to do, if we love and trust and obey Him.

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." (Ps. 103: 5)

LIVING IN THE KINGDOM

God, by giving me the grace and courage to take some of His great promises "out of the Bible" and put them into practice in my daily life, has led me to KNOW that central verse in the Sermon on the Mount is true, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33)

Having no money, I am rich; owning nothing, I have everything; having given up a home of our own, we are invited into many finer ones; giving up our automobile, we are invited to ride in better ones; having given up the pleasure of a beautiful garden, all men's gardens, and the city parks are ours.

Whenever I NEED a suit, my Father has one in one of his stores, or hanging unused in some one's closet, waiting. When I need to go anywhere, I merely say the word, and up rolls one of His many taxis or busses or trains. If, in an emergency, I must get somewhere in a hurry, He has a plane at the airport, waiting for me.

When I need a friend, He sends one by; when I need an idea or a message, He gives me one or shows me where to go and find it. When I need guidance He has it ready in His Word, or in my heart. (Isa. 30: 21)

Now that I know the happiness of living in the Kingdom of Heaven, I wonder why I was content to live so long "outside."

For me there is no money problem, for money no longer is my goal or trust. There is no "division," for I am at home in any church, I can worship in an open field or pray in a crowded bus, for God is everywhere. For me there is no "race problem" for all men are my brothers, if they belong to God. I ride or work or worship with them all. And no matter what other men or other nations, or my own may do, for me there can be no war.

I live in the Kingdom of Heaven and at peace.

"Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear." (Heb. 12:28)

The second printing of The Kingdom of Heaven booklet will soon be available.

As the Lord provides the funds for their printing and mailing, we will send 10 of our booklets — one kind or assorted — Postpaid, to anyone who will prayerfully distribute them for God's glory and the blessing of His people.

This offer — a \$2.00 value — is made possible by the free-will love-gifts of those who care. If our books have been a blessing to you, your gift will enable us to send them to someone else.

THE TEXAS HERALD

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Things Are Different Now

By George Holmes (California)

In a certain northern England city where I served as pastor, was a junk shop. It was located by a bus stop so we often had time to look at it.

As far as we could see the shop existed for no other purpose than to satisfy the whim of the eccentric proprietor. No customers were ever seen to go into the shop and there were no indications that they would be welcomed or even expected. With its drab, dusty windows, dull peeling paintwork and its illegible sign, the outward appearance was sufficient to deter anyone from entering the shop.

Occasionally we tried to peer through the glass front, but all we could see was piles of old furniture, broken musical instruments, ancient weapons, old boxes, books and magazines, all stacked haphazardly and covered with dust. We always turned away with the same question: "However does the old man live with all this?"

One day, the eccentric proprietor died. For a few weeks the front door of the shop was locked. It looked as though, through lack of interest, that was the end of the junk shop.

NEW OWNER. UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT. We rubbed our eyes. Was it possible? Yes! Chalked on the large dusty window was the startling information. Who was the new owner? we wondered was he another eccentric? Where would he begin to straighten up this mess?

Whoever he was, he wasted no time. The shop was cleared of its junk; a few items of value were cleaned, polished and shown to advantage. The plate-glass window had its first good wash in years; it could be seen through, now. The old paint was burnt off and several fresh coats put on by a craftsman who knew what could be done and, in his mind, saw the end from the beginning. The new owner's name was printed boldly on the outside and business began — under new management. It was a striking example of conversion.

The Christian is under New Management

An equally obvious and even more wonderful change comes about when men and women yield themselves to Christ at the time of their conversion. The new Owner,

Jesus Christ, promptly tells the former owner to quit. Sooner or later, the old man dies. Actually, he is as good as dead, but tries to keep his hold. He has a great attachment to the old premises. Very often, because of this sentimental attachment it is some while before the new and rightful owner can begin to exercise his full rights of possession. But it need not be so, because the purchase price was paid in full when Christ gave His life a ransom for many.

When a man belongs to Christ he undergoes a thorough cleansing. Much of the old junk of life is cleared out. He was so full up of selfish ideas, pride of possessions, egocentric ways and confused thoughts that there was no room for the finer and more attractive qualities to be seen.

The new Owner, Christ, works a steady, though drastic change, so that a man becomes "transformed by the renewing" of his mind. His body, too, becomes a dwelling place for God, through the Holy Spirit. People begin to see in the shop window things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report and virtue. These fine qualities are just the advertising the new Owner expects. It helps with the selling of the gospel to others.

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away, behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5: 17).

A New Pattern

The pattern of living is different. If a man is in Christ, Christ is the circumference of his living: i.e. he will not want to move out of this circle. He, also, becomes orientated to a new centre — the local church, his spiritual home. When a visit from his friends, for instance, coincides with the time of a service at his church, he kindly tells them of the appointment, informs them they are welcome to come with him, but if not he will be keeping the appointment just the same because it is of more importance than even a doctor's appointment. Thus the friends will begin to see and understand the new pattern of living. They will grasp what "seeking first the Kingdom of God" means.

The pattern of week-end living will change too. Instead of being out pleasure-hunting

or watching TV till the small hours of Sunday morning on the assumption that Sunday is given to allow people to sleep half the day, the man under new management discovers that his Sunday, spent in God's House, is far better if the body and mind have had reasonable rest Saturday night. Likewise, his wife who, maybe, has been accustomed to doing a week's housework on Sunday will also find a new and better pattern. She will be happy to work fewer hours or even give up her job if she realizes the necessity of the Christian having regular opportunity for fellowship and the ministry of the Word in the courts of the Lord.

A New Purpose

The purpose of living is different. The Christian, under his new owner, comes to realize that there is a fresh ambition making itself felt. It is a newborn desire to live so as to please God and do His will. As he seeks, through prayer, to understand that "good, acceptable and perfect will of God" he finds there is an unseen Hand on the steering wheel. For instance, instead of hurriedly deciding to pull up the family roots and take off for another area, he will carefully consult his Lord to see if such a move would please Him. Or, again, instead of undertaking some additional heavy financial responsibility because he wants to acquire a popular article of furniture or entertainment, he will consult his Owner. This may result in him being reminded of his tithes and offerings and the many departments of Gospel work that are to be maintained by the faithful and wise stewardship of money. His budget will be on a different basis, now.

A New Power

The power for living will be different. The new Owner is also the new Resident. He loves and cares for His new treasure. He is most interested in the success of His servants and will give them all the encouragement they need. There is ample power to enable them to go against the prevailing current of selfish and godless living. It is possible to drift into hell, but the kingdom of heaven can only be seized by force.

Yes! the New Owner really makes a change in people and their ways. Don't you think it is about time you invited Him to take possession of what is His property?

—Redemption Tidings