

Gospel of the Kingdom

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SONG OF THE BRIDE

Part 31

Elaine

Song of Solomon 5:2, “I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.”

The Lord is here calling the bride to a place of more intimate communion with Him, to suffer the reproach of the cross and to enter into the fellowship of his suffering. He is calling her to leave her place of ease and meet Him outside the gate, at the foot of the cross.

In the early part of the Song, the Lord made Himself known to her as King and looked for a throne of authority in the heart of His loved one. Then, He came to deliver her from the wall that she had erected in her heart. At last, He revealed himself as her Bridegroom and developed the love relationship between them.

But now the call is quite different. He describes Himself as, “My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.” He is portraying to her His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. His precious head was filled with the night dew as He wrestled in prayer. “And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground” Luke 22:44. He was manifest there as “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief” Isa. 53:3.

Up until now we have seen the cross in its first effect—for *the remission of sins*. Then we saw the cross uniting the believer to Christ in *an intimate love relationship*. Not only that, but we have witnessed the Cross *delivering the believer* from the pull of the world and from the corruption of the self-life. One would think, after all this, that nothing would remain but a few steps to physical resurrection and eternal glory.

There is yet to be a further identifying with the cross of Christ. Some feel this is the place Jesus suffered the most—being despised by His Father, and that, as His sons, we also shall experience this.

I have a hard time with that concept, for how could God despise or scorn *Himself*, for He abode in Christ in His fullness. No, I feel that Jesus was despised and rejected of **men**, yet we know that “we did esteem him stricken, *smitten of God*, and afflicted.” When we enter into “the fellowship of his sufferings,” into His “chastenings,” it is the Hand of Love that is bruising us, not out of contempt, ill-will, or despising, but a looking forward to the glory that shall come forth when “He has tried us as gold is tried in the fire.”

As I sought the Lord, I felt He spoke to my heart, “He was despised and rejected of *men*. He was bereft of *My comfort*, for He had to yield His will fully to me as *Man for man*, entering into the state of His brethren, *as one of them*. Only one closely related to them had power to redeem them. It was not in the power of *His divinity* that He went to the cross, but in the full yieldedness of *His will as a man—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief*.”

In the Book of Ruth, Naomi tells Ruth about Boaz, “The man is *near of kin to us*, one of our next kinsmen.” This kinsman is related by *blood*. “Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil...” Heb. 2:14. He had to come into our place, into our state, in order to bring us into His state.

I have often wondered why, in some serious trial, the Lord withheld His comfort until we had *overcome* in that trial. I see now that we had entered into the fellowship of Christ’s suffering. In this aspect of His dealing there is no pressure against our will. He but knocks at our door and entreats us until we are willing to leave our beds of ease and arouse ourselves to press into a deeper inworking of the cross than we have known. Consider the life of Mme. Jeanne Guyon. Her walk with the Lord was such that it shook kingdoms and put fear upon the most powerful figures in the land. Finally, they could not stand her godly influence upon men in high places of the Catholic Church, so the King banished her to the

Bastille, to spend the rest of her days in prison. What she was in Christ was indeed “despised by men” for it threatened their very foundations of earth! So, she opened her heart to receive even this, and from that lonely prison came forth wonderful, anointed words.

Faith Williams once enquired at a gospel Book Store why they didn’t keep any of the books by Richard Wurmbrand (a living martyr). Their answer was that people did not want to read of such total yieldedness to God. It was disturbing to them. This place surely shakes up both the believer and also those who behold Him. The love that is formed in the heat of the furnace is a love that men can scarcely look upon! “Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove. I have a deeper place for you to experience than you have ever known!”

THE BLOOD COVENANT

Part 11

Elaine

It is interesting to know the events that led up to the sacrifice of the Passover Lamb. On Palm Sunday the little *paschal lamb* entered the city by the Mount of Olives. A great procession met it, waving palm branches and singing Psalm 118. The lamb was to be tied in the temple compound for public viewing for four days. It was to be publicly *examined* to determine if it was without blemish.

The same day, Jesus followed the same route as the Paschal lamb had gone, and was met with the same crowd who waved the branches before Him. He taught for four days in the temple courtyard, facing the hardest questions of His entire ministry. He also was being *examined*. Further, He was “*examined by scourging*” after which Pilate delivered his verdict when he proclaimed three times, “***I find no fault in Him.***”

On the 14th day, at 9 a.m., Jesus was nailed to the cross. At the same hour, the paschal lamb was bound to the altar. For six hours, both lamb and Jesus awaited death. The priests would slay all the lambs brought by each family, from 12 to 3 p.m. It was at 12 p.m. that “there was darkness over the land until the 9th hour” (3 p.m.) The priests were unable to slay any lambs in the dark and by God’s design, Jesus was to be the first Lamb to be slain on this Passover. As soon as He gave up the ghost at the 9th hour, and said, “It is finished,” the darkness lifted and the High Priest slew the little lamb in the temple saying, “It is finished.”

I Cor. 5:6,7 tells us: “For even Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.” The feast of Unleavened Bread started at 6 p.m. on the 15th day. At sunset, the people ate the Paschal lamb with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. During the meal they took a piece of *bread and broke it, and wrapped it in linen and buried it*. Jesus said, “I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world” John 6:51.

Like the bread, Jesus’ broken body was also wrapped in linen and placed in the grave by sunset. He kept the time appointed 1500 years before, *to the exact minute!* Today, in Jewry, since the destruction of the Temple, the unleavened, broken bread has become a substitute for the lamb at the Passover meal.

After the first Passover, the Israelites journeyed **three days into the wilderness**. Death was imminent at the Red Sea on the **17th day**. Israel went down into the sea and climbed its banks on the other side, a resurrected people—on the 17th day! In contrast, Jesus was in the grave **three days**, and came up **alive on the 17th day**, at the beginning of **barley harvest**, at the Feast of Firstfruits! He established ***the New Covenant in His Blood!***

TRIAL BY FIRE Gebre Andu

After a 1974 communist revolution in Ethiopia, I worked as a lay leader in the Ethiopian church. I led a house church in Addis Ababa and helped to plant churches. In 1960 Ethiopia had fewer than 200,000 Protestant Christians. By 2000 that number had soared to nearly 12 million, almost 20 percent of the population.

We called it Red Terror. In 1974, a new culture came to us—forcefully, without choice. People were killed because of their political opinion or their faith. Christians had to keep a low profile. Many were taken to prison, sometimes for a few weeks, sometimes for years.

Most churches were closed down. Worshipping in public was against the law, but we had to meet. Some of us had to take the responsibility of meeting in our own homes. If anything happened, it would also affect the leader’s wife and children.

Prisoners were not given food—family and friends had to provide it. If the husband went to jail, the family suffered. The Church did not have the means to support all those in jail. But God

came through faithfully. In offices, communist cadres would watch to see if you were a Christian. In my workplace, they called a meeting to cull out the Christians. But God caused the accuser to fall ill, preventing the cadres from acting on their allegations. In so many instances the Lord intervened and protected us. We were not allowed to sing and shout freely as we do now, but many cheeks were wet while praying. As we went through the persecution, God was doing miracles, and many were saved and strengthened.

Around 1989, the communist government got tired of its own philosophy and started to relax. My church had been closed down in 1980, but in 1989 we reopened it and started development programs that gave us favor with the local community. When the regime was replaced in 1991, the people who had been watching the church from the outside flooded our compounds.

Everyone was hungry for the Word. Even the cadres started to come to the church. In no time our services were filled and we had to run two and three services. People started to worship freely and without hesitation. Anybody could come to the churches, and the doors were always open. The meeting places were so crowded that we had to meet in rented buildings. We came out of our hiding places and suddenly the church grew. My church that had started with 11 people had more than 2,000 members—and some sister churches, by 1998.

The persecution in Ethiopia was a baptism by fire. The fire came and burned away the chaff and the unnecessary things. But what came out was clear, pure and solid. God allowed us to go through it, not to cry, but to come out purified.

A PROPHETIC DREAM David Weber

(I've had so many people ask me what I think it will be like when the church age has passed away. My spirit witnesses to this answer.. Elaine)

Many Christians need to get rid of the fast-food mindsets and “rapture” mentality that Jesus is, at any moment, going to burst through the clouds in the eastern sky and appear to them, and then when they see Him they are going to be changed into His likeness. That is some more Babylonian gobbledygook! That is absolute fallacy!

My mother shared with me a dream that I believe she was given for the purpose of expressing prophetically what is about to happen to many Christians when their traditional doctrines (that

they have embraced so dearly) come toppling to the ground in a rather rapid fashion. In the dream I believe she represents many in the church system. She was walking with a man whom she did not see but was aware of his presence. I believe he represents the Lord.

As they walked down the beach, a fog began to form which became thicker and denser until she said she could no longer see at all in any direction. At this point she seemed not very aware of the presence of the one she had been walking with.. She felt as though someone had spun her around and around to the point that she had no concept of direction. Unable to proceed any further on her own, and with no one else to guide her, all she could do was **stop and wait and listen**. She then heard **a still small voice** calling her from a distance. She knew that she was to follow the voice.”

The interpretation of this dream is very apparent. She represents many Christians who have walked with the Lord, some even for a long period of time, but they never really saw Him clearly, even though they were aware of His presence alongside of them most of the time. The fog represents the traditions and preconceived mindsets that Christians have developed about the Lord during their walk. When these are exposed in the light of the revelation that God is bringing to His people, these will be left in a state of confusion, not knowing which way to turn.

They will come to the realization that they have put their trust in men and the ministries of men to lead and guide them. Ultimately, they will find themselves in a dense spiritual fog, not knowing where to turn or where to walk. The Lord will not leave them in this state of confusion. He shall “appear” to them **in a still small voice**, and if they will just walk by faith and not by sight and follow the voice of His Spirit, He shall lead them through and out of the fog of man’s religious misconceptions of Him, and into a place where they can **behold Him in all His Beauty and Majesty and Glory**. And when they see Him in this way, as He really is and not as tradition has taught Him to be, then they shall be like Him, for they shall be changed into His very likeness and image as they are infused and transfigured by the glory of The One that they behold.

A PATTERN OF SONSHIP Elaine

After six months of walking as a Nazarite, Rees had the choice of resuming a normal life or con

tinuing in a hidden ministry to intercede for the child widows of India whose sufferings were great. He chose to remain in intercession. One day the Lord brought to his attention that these widows lived on only a handful of rice a day, with the reminder of the law of intercession, that before he could intercede for them he must live like them. So, he had one meal of oat porridge every two days. The Lord also told him to rent a room away from home (for his mother's sake).

What pangs of hunger and temptation he had for the first ten days! He would have given anything for a crust of bread! But when you take the place of another, you have to take their suffering too. The Lord doesn't make it easy, but He takes you through it!

His fast lasted for ten weeks and he saw the point of fasting—that it brought the body into subjection to the Spirit. Soon, one meal in two days became the same to him as three meals a day. He was steadily gaining victory so that those widows would be released.

On New Year's day, Rees was going to visit his Uncle Dick who had been an invalid for 30 years. Unexpectedly, the Spirit spoke to him, "It is the Father's will to restore your uncle." His uncle rejoiced to hear this and went to pray for a confirmation. The Spirit told him he would be healed on May 15th on Pentecost Sunday, at 5 a.m. and that he was to walk the three miles to chapel. This was 4 1/2 months away which left plenty of time for the scoffers to have their way, which they did.

During that time, Uncle Dick took a turn for the worst and people said he'd be in the grave before that time came. The Holy Spirit warned Rees not to pray for his healing, for they would be prayers of doubt. Rather, Dick was impressed to pray for the Lord to prepare him for the ministry he would have after being healed!

Two weeks before the date of the healing, the Lord told Mr. Howells he would be leaving home for a few months. That meant he would not be there to witness the healing. Of course, the people would think he had run away and left his uncle to face the ridicule alone. The two men laughed together at the greatness of God's plan and stood on these words: "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord with you."

On the night before Whitsunday (Pentecost), Uncle Dick was as ill as ever. When he awoke in the night, the enemy taunted him: "You are just the same now as any other night and you only

have three hours!" He returned to bed and fell into a deep sleep. He didn't awake until he heard the clock strike five and he found himself perfectly healed! He got ready to walk to church and the Tempter suggested he should take a walking cane in case he needed it. That was met by a stern, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Not until Monday evening did Rees hear of the results of their believing. Some friends called out under his window, "It was marvelous to see your uncle in chapel!"

Uncle Dick was appointed as an honorary home missionary and he ministered within a three-mile radius of his home. Once he walked 18 miles with Rees and never had a day's illness until the Lord took him, after telling him his work on earth was finished.

THE MELCHISEDEC PRIESTHOOD

Part 16

Elaine

I have, in the past while, been aware that the Lord is performing, before our very eyes, His mighty promise to *"build the old waste places: ...raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in"* Isa. 58:12. This is a promise to those who keep the Lord's fast, of ceasing from their own works, to do the works of the Father, to let Him have His way in their lives. What I am going to share is not something from the Oprah Winfrey show. It is not some mighty healing from a famous ministry with a gift. It is a true story of great abuse and great healing and restoration given to a son-in-preparation by the Holy Spirit. It shows us in a very real way the path that this new priesthood shall walk. To preserve her identity, I shall call my friend "Wonder" because she is that—a sign and a Wonder of what God hath wrought! I shall let Wonder tell her story.

"I was walking the streets of a mobile home park, suffering from a lot of soulish pain. I heard the Lord say to me, "Will you allow Me to walk with you through the garden of your soul?" In the Spirit, I saw a trellis that was an opening to the garden. I answered, "Yes, Lord" because I knew that I had a lot of pain in my soul and it was comforting to think that the Lord would walk me through that. At that time I had no idea of the serious discoveries I'd be making in that garden!

"One of the first things I encountered there was my sexual abuse. I had been abused as far back as

I can remember—from a little child till the age of twelve. At the age of thirteen, I accepted the Lord and He gave me strength to stand against it and refuse to submit to it.

“Even though our family had come to the Lord, they still acted like nothing had happened to me. I had, all this time, tried to remain indifferent to what was happening to me, and to forgive it, but the Lord now showed me what a serious thing it was. I had repressed my feelings and refused to look at them for a long time.

“It was many years later that the Lord came into the garden of my soul and when He did, I went to a crisis center and had three months of intense group therapy for sexual abuse. In that period of time I began to recognize various abuses and how they had affected me.

“The person who abused me was someone who loved me and sang to me and took me on outings. Therefore I had a “flip side” on love—that one side was defiling, abusive, and horrible, while the other side was loving and nurturing. This resulted in my never feeling safe with men, and I didn’t feel safe with love.

“As I was dealing with this time-frame of my life, I became aware of how it had affected my behavior in a hurtful way, and how it had contributed to man-hate and other things that were in my life. These things interfered with my marriage and caused me not to know what “normal” was in sexual experiences because it was always in extremes and I didn’t know what a balance was. It was a long process of healing that the Lord led me into.

“When I felt I had overcome this area of my life, the Lord opened up the time there was an attempt on my life when I was 15 years old. It was such a serious thing that nobody had courage to face it, so they paid no attention to what had happened.

“My parent would go into terrible rages which terrified us all. I was always afraid someone in the family would be hurt when he was in these rages. Being the eldest, I was protective of my mom and my siblings. This day I was alone with my parent getting logs out of the bush. Our old truck wouldn’t start and he became quite angry. We were miles from home and had a big load of logs on the truck but it wouldn’t start.

“At last, he flew into a rage. In front of him was the crank that he used to crank the truck to get it going. I was in the truck, trying to help from there by stepping on the gas. I stepped out and be-

fore my eyes, his face changed to purple and his eyes were really dark. He had his arms up and started raging on me, “I’m going to take the life out of you. “ I had been beaten before, so I believed him. Because it was so traumatic, I left my body and I was above myself and saw my blood hitting the leaves of the bushes around me and running profusely into the ground. I thought, “Oh, this isn’t going to be so painful because I am not in my body.” I felt I was already being slaughtered at his hand.

“The thing that impacted me was that my life had no more value than the dirt, as I saw my blood running into the dirt. I thought, “The dirt remains. The bushes remain, but I am gone. My life isn’t even of as much value as the dirt and the bushes.” All the time, I was looking to the Lord and suddenly, I was back, facing this deranged person. His arm was up in the air, holding the weapon with the intent to club me with it.

“ I cried out to the Lord and the first instruction He gave was, “**Fear not!**” If I should fear, that arm would be released to come down on me. God empowered me not to be fearful. That attitude somewhat intimidated my attacker. I just stood there calmly, not even attempting to run away. Then the Spirit told me, “**Look him in the eyes.**” That was a hard thing to do for his eyes looked like fire and his face was purplish and contorted. To look into his eyes was like looking into hell itself and I barely had enough courage to do that, but I obeyed the Lord and I looked into his eyes. I could see then that his resolve was weakening and his arm started to come down. The power to harm me was weakening.

“Then the Lord told me, “**Speak in comforting words.**” I’m just a little teenager and I didn’t know that this is what police do to try to talk someone out of violent behavior. So I said, very calmly, “Maybe, Daddy, if we try again, the truck will start. Let’s try again.” His arm came right down and he walked to the front of the truck to try cranking it again. I prayed hard and the truck started!

“When I got home, my mom was in bed. I told her that Daddy had tried to kill me. She said, “Well, you’re safe now, so go to bed and get some sleep.” I couldn’t do that because my father was pacing up and down in the yard in a high state of agitation. I stood for two hours in the dark by the place where his gun was hanging, guarding it

against his taking it. When I saw him getting calmer, I left my post and went to bed.

“The Lord showed me the effects this experience had on my soul in the area of my self-worth. From that time on, I thought, “My life is not even as valuable as the dirt on the ground. I am the *least*. My life has been *hated*.” I continued to be hated and to have lack of confidence and low self esteem, feeling unworthy to be loved. As the Lord took me through those scenes, I saw where my present behavior started. I could see where I was wounded and where I needed healing. It was so important for the Lord to show me the realities that were in my soul.

“He showed me that this attempt on my life had been so suppressed in me that I had totally forgotten it. I didn’t think it was important at all, for my Mom had not treated it as being important.

“The way the Lord brought all this back to me was in my dreams. I had nightmares in which I was always being hunted down, in fear for my life. They got so bad I could have five dreams in a night and I wasn’t getting my sleep. The Lord brought to me a friend who had experience in dealing with issues like this so, a little at a time, it all came out. Once I could see the reality of it, I could walk with the Lord step-by-step, into complete healing. As I walked, I would see some behavior, or attitude in me that was not balanced, so I would surrender it to the Lord.

“Forgiveness is a wonderful thing! Not only do I believe in the healing of the soul, but the journey of forgiveness is also a process. I found the Lord would give me grace to forgive as I became aware of things. It was an ongoing thing and it accompanied my healing. I did speak to my father about the sexual abuse which he denied. At that, I said, “Okay. Your lawyer can talk to my lawyer.” At that, he broke down and wept

“From that time on, he always told me he was very sorry. And, in his last month of life, he told me again he was very, very sorry. There was a beautiful reconciliation between my father and I because I knew he was really sorry. God had forgiven him and was healing me, and forgiving me for my negative behaviors that had arisen out of this abuse. We both found ourselves on a healing journey.

“God had extended his years to 90, that He might extend his healing and mine. He eventually got control of his anger. I came to love him dearly and to appreciate him and to recognize the gifts

that God had given him. I found that, in the healing of the issues of the soul, those things that had held us captive, wounded and dysfunctional, were turned into strengths so that we could overcome. We *have* the grace of God. We *have* the wisdom and power of God, so when we encounter our brethren in the world, we can recognize where they are in their journey because we’ve been there and have come through! Many times I go into a person’s “hell” with them and am able to discern what they need.

“Do they need a light turned on in the darkness? Do they need to be shown an open door? Do they need an option? Do they need teaching? I am able to lead them out of their hells, sometimes in a single encounter.

“As the Lord was bringing me to the *reality* of what my life had been like, I suffered a lot of inward pain. That presented two choices: either I could forgive and go forward and let the Lord heal and restore me, or I could become vindictive and use that pain in anger and fight back or re-bury the truth and stop this journey in my soul. Even though my chosen path was painful, I knew I needed to see it through. He had given me the revelation that He wanted to restore me *fully*. He gave me faith and hope to believe for that. I found Him to be true to His Word!

“The last visit I had with my father before he died was so beautiful. I didn’t know he was going to die. Like a grandfather clock, he was slowly winding down. I could tell he wanted to talk to me about dying. He said, “I’ve been there. You know—going down the path and the gate and all that. I’ve been there twice, but I came back.”

“I asked, ‘Why did you come back, Daddy?’”

“He said, “I don’t know. I just came back.” I felt to say, “Daddy, you know how it is. The Lord has the number of your days in His Hands and when your last day is up, He just gathers you to Himself.”

“He kind of chuckled and said, “Oh! Well, next time I’ll go all the way!”

“As I was leaving I said, “I love you, Daddy.”

“He said, “I love you too.” And his voice broke and he added, “*Very much*.” One thing I saw with him was that where much is forgiven, there is much deeper love! Because I had forgiven him of much, his love was very deep towards me. As I walked out of the room, I glanced back and he gave me the soldier’s salute—so clean and crisp. I had seen him do that only once before. I knew he

was honoring me. I gave him a big smile and that was my last memory of him.

The very next night, the nurses had settled him in his bed and he had his tape of beloved old hymns playing on the recorder. They saw his mouth moving and knew that he was praying. 20 minutes later when they checked on him again, his spirit had flown. The bedclothes were still tucked in. There was no sign of any struggle. And, in His amazing grace, the Lord let him have several tries at leaving so he could depart this world without fear. Our little talk had given him courage to go all the way! He left in the best possible way: fully restored, healed, saved and cleansed and He left me in the same way also—fully restored, healed and cleansed. I thank the Lord for this miracle!

THE BRETHREN SHARE

1. F. Lee & Betty Houk: Many years ago, while being caught up into the heavenly realm, a prophetic word came through Fred, which we have never forgotten. The Lord said, “The children of Israel walked across the Jordan on dry ground, but it shall not be so with My sons in this day, for I have given you a pattern through Jesus and as He walked on the waters, so shall it be with you. In the days ahead it will seem to the natural man as if there is nothing beneath your feet. Circumstances will change quickly from time to time and the wind will bring swelling waves against your feet and there will not be a dry well-trodden path for you to walk. You will have faith, and yet, you will not know what you will believe for, only that your faith is anchored in God and His faithfulness. My sons shall walk over this Jordan (death) and the water shall be under their feet.” We have been reminded of this word many times over the years when our journey became difficult.

. (Reprinted from **Voice of the Harbinger**, New Day Ministries, P.O. Box 83614, Phoenix, AZ 85071).

2. Elaine’s Progress Report: I want to thank each of you who sent me get well wishes and expressions of your love. I was greatly blessed and strengthened by them. I saw the X-rays of my arm shortly after it happened and it was a long jagged break. The doctor said I would need an operation and screws put in if those two jagged ends did not hold together. Another X-ray on Oct. 15 shows them cleaving together with the bone nice and straight.

I developed multiple blood clots in one lung, possibly from holding my arm so still. The doctor said I’d need to take Warfarin, a blood thinner. I’ve heard some horror stories about people taking too much of that drug which is also used as rat poison, so I talked to the Lord about it. He dropped into my heart, “And if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.” Also, Heb. 13:5,6: “...for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake, So that we may boldly say, ‘The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.’”

Then the Spirit caused me to understand that for most of my life I had been watching over my health so that I would not have to fall into the hands of the doctors! This is true, for I haven’t even taken so much as an aspirin in the last 40 years! He told me it was time to be in the hands of man, but not fearing—simply trusting that He was there with me. It was like going into the fiery furnace as did the three Hebrew children, fearing God more than man, and trusting that He would be with them. The same lesson was learned by Daniel who trusted the invisible God in the face of being thrown to the lions. All of these declared their faith in the living God, no matter what man would do to them. This is where I now stand, in faith and in peace, and am improving every day.

My cast was removed after seven weeks, the third week of October. It will take some time to straighten out so that I can use it to type and write. I am also off Warfarin, for which I’m grateful. If anyone has thought this was a time of rest for me, I’ll have to say that didn’t happen. We have had a lot of God’s family come to see us and they have all been such a blessing!

Bill is taking excellent care of me and I appreciate him so much.

3. Louise Welsh: As to your Sept. paper and the vision by Tommy Hicks, it is quite exciting. I don’t know what liquid drops of light would be like, but I do know what liquid love is. I had it pour over me for 7 years, but only for one person. Oh! God is so wonderful!

4. NOT MADE WITH HANDS: Our new book, a modern-day parable of 204 pages, is ready to send out. Just ask if you would like a copy.

5. William Engberg: If you know of a person in another country who does not have a bible and needs one, please write a letter with their address in care of Cooks, or send an Email to: billengberg@hotmail.com

PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE

1. HE OFFERED FOR US
2. O CAPTIVE DAUGHTER
3. THE CHURCH AGE PASSES
4. GOING ON UNTO PERFECTION
5. SEVEN DAYS OF CREATION
6. ROBBED BY ORTHODOXY
7. PATRIARCHS IN GENESIS
8. JUDGMENT
9. SEEKING HIS REST
10. SHOW ME THY GLORY
11. GOSPEL DELIVERED TO ABRAM
12. POSSESS YOUR INHERITANCE
13. TREASURES OLD AND NEW
14. THE THREE FEASTS
15. BENJAMIN—THE REMNANT SON
16. MELCHISEDEC PRIESTHOOD
17. NEW AGE-COUNTERFEIT FEAST
18. PRIESTHOOD OF THE BELIEVER
19. THAT HOLY THING
20. RESURRECTION
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